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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

Volume XXVII: October, 1907 to March, 1908

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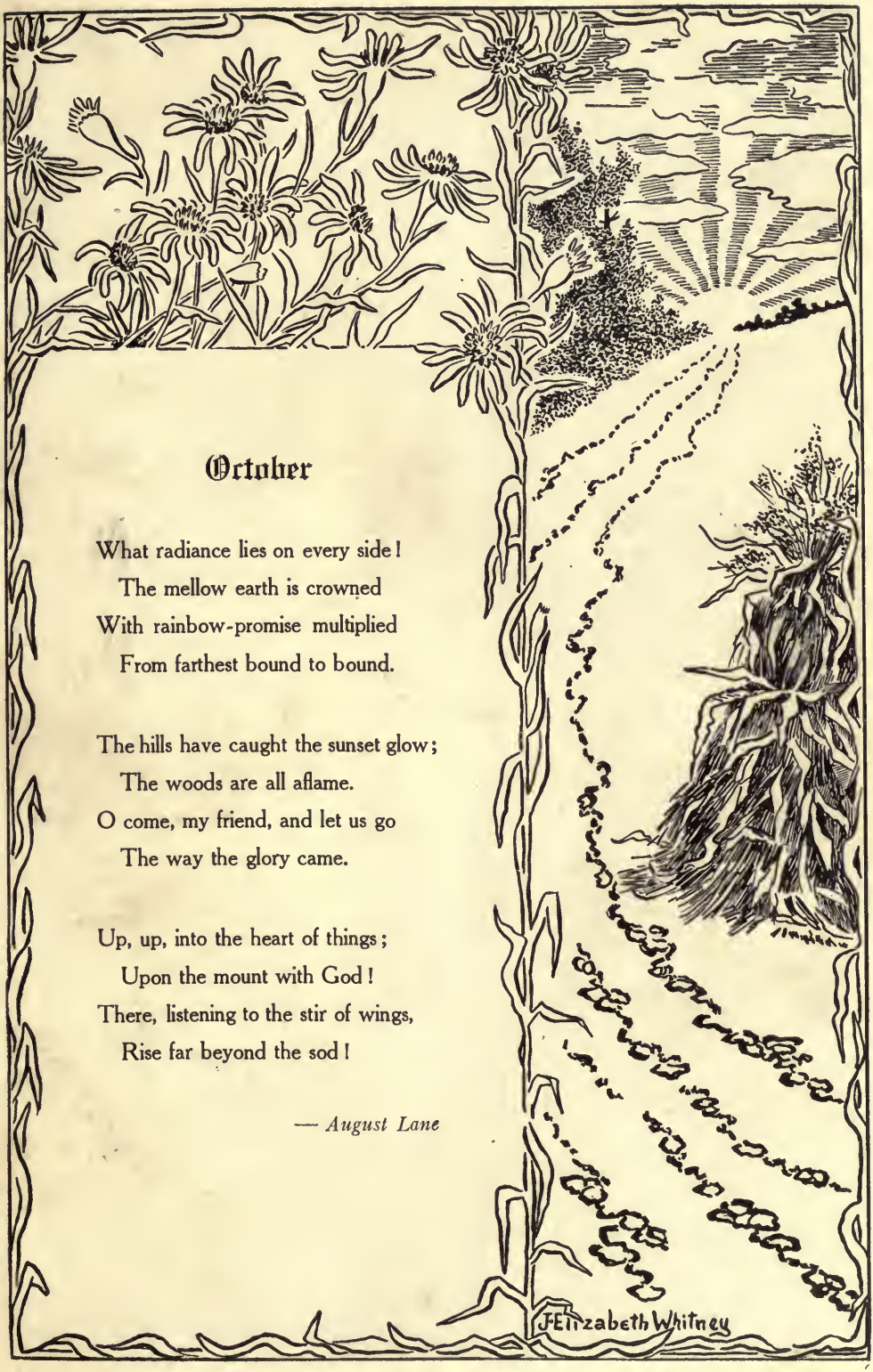

October

What radiance lies on every side!
  The mellow earth is crowned
With rainbow-promise multiplied
  From farthest bound to bound.

The hills have caught the sunset glow;
  The woods are all aflame.
O come, my friend, and let us go
  The way the glory came.

Up, up, into the heart of things;
  Upon the mount with God!
There, listening to the stir of wings,
  Rise far beyond the sod!

— *August Lane*

CROWNED WITH AN AURORA OF ELECTRIC SEARCHLIGHTS THE DOME OF THE AUDITORIUM FLASHES OUT [illegible] NIGHT LIKE A VAST

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII OCTOBER, 1907 NUMBER ONE

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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

DURING the mellow days of October the three co-ordinate branches of government return to Washington with a full head of steam after a summer's play. The President was firmly seated in the executive chair. Supreme Court judges doff their golf suits for the somber silken robes, and legislators, both congressional and senatorial, engage in that most wearing function of a session of Congress — preparing apartments for their winter's work.

Amid autumnal foliage of variegated hue, the red glare of gorgeous cannas and scarlet salvias in the White House grounds and about the public buildings, Washington seems content with itself, serenely awaiting the opening overture of the Sixtieth Congress — wherein many strong minds and prospective leaders of statecraft will play their part.

Armed with a free-burning cigar which flared like a campaign torch, I started up the Avenue on one of the solitary rambles that always makes me feel a concrete part of the great United States government, and part-owner of the great estate which Uncle Sam has built on the banks of the Potomac.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1814

In the spacious grounds about the Capitol are many walks not frequented by the pedestrian. The square stones have lain there for years, warped by drought and frost; and in the cracks which time has widened the delicate mosses have woven their broidery of velvety greens and yellows. These deserted walks suggested that perhaps it was in just such solitary shades that Plato walked, discussing wisely in the golden days of old Athens.

SENATOR CHESTER I. LONG, MEDICINE LODGE, KANSAS

No philosophers did I discover in the classic shadows of these deserted walks—only a stray negro, asleep on a bench, and a child. The good-humored policeman insisted that no other footsteps except mine have been heard in that granite by-way leading to the Capitol in the years that he has passed on that beat.

OFTEN have I been impressed, after introducing some friend who was visiting Washington, to some public man, with the not unusual remark made with considerable emphasis: "Why, he is entirely different from what I have always supposed him to be after reading about him in the papers."

It is always desirable, and often delightsome, to see the "other side" of a man; for even the senators who have been most viciously attacked are often just the men who are most delightful people to meet, and of whom the public have the most erroneous impression. This is especially true of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. I have never met anyone who knew him personally who could be made to yield one jot or tittle of their admiration for the quiet, forceful senator from Rhode Island, who has so long kept his hand on the throttle of important national legislative movements. There is something in the calm way in which he goes about his work that commands admiration from all those who actually see him and understand what his influence means to the nation. On entering his committee room, one always meets with a quiet, deferential, polite reception, followed now and then by just a nervous twitch of his mouth, or a pull at his heavy gray moustache, while his brown eyes sparkle with interest and animation that presage the power and strength of one who possesses the dynamic force of leadership.

Beginning life as a grocery clerk, his career of over a quarter-century in the Senate is a record of energetic effort and progress; and the history of Rhode Island will not reveal men of wider national influence and power or of greater ability than Senator Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich. When he goes about the Senate chamber, it may be to have a conference with Senator Tillman, or a word with some other member on the democratic side; or in consultation with his confreres in his own

SENATOR GALLINGER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

party, there is always a courteous deference in the bearing of the listener; and in action and word a strong personal confidence is manifested when Senator Aldrich speaks on any subject, in private or public.

* * *

THIS reminds me that several congressmen have written me that they have had a jolly good time this summer, getting acquainted with the folks at home. They have not put off the opportunity for seeing their constituents until just before the campaign opens, when they want to pass them the "glad hand" and receive in return a favorable ballot. A congressman, in order to know his constituents needs, must keep in close touch with them. One legislator has written me that he has visited fifty-eight out of sixty-five of the townships of his district. He says:

MRS. NEEDHAM, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE J. W. NEEDHAM, OF MODESTA, CALIFORNIA

"Joe, you don't know what fine people we have out our way. I want you to come and take a trip with me, because I believe we have the most intelligent and attractive people in our district that can be found in the whole country. Come to visit me, and I will prove it. You would be surprised to learn how little the wild eddies of hysteria and passion affect the rural districts. They think out things to a logical conclusion, and abide by their sane decisions.

"I never realized what a splendid constituency I had when meeting them in the campaign of my first term; but now, when I get over the fence and talk with the farmers and the farmer's wives; when I sit on the shady porch and drink buttermilk, I begin to understand the force that has made the prosperity of this beloved country more than a merely economic question.

"I am going, right now, to attend a pioneer picnic—come out, and I will give you a chance to speak—no Chautauqua prices here."

* * *

UNCLE SAM'S income keeps on steadily increasing. Assistant Secretary Reynolds won his wager in regard to an increase which he prophecied in imports, but the most gratifying phase of the trade situation for the past year has been the tremendous increase in domestic manufactures.

Nearly 1,400 establishments in this country, with 150,000 wage-earners, are making boots and shoes, and the increase in this trade during the past twenty years has been tremendous. While the manufacture has been largely confined to New England and the North, Central and Middle Atlantic States, the absolute increase of twenty-five per cent. in the value of the products is a most gratifying showing. New York comes next to

SENATOR CHARLES A. CULBERSON OF DALLAS, TEXAS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BOYHOOD HOME
RAILROAD STATION AT OYSTER BAY
THE PRESIDENT'S NEW SUMMER HOME
THE TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE
A GLIMPSE OF OYSTER BAY

Massachusetts in the amount produced, with Ohio, Missouri, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Maine, Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, in the order named, following hard after. Sixty cities produce four-fifths of the total value. The exports have also increased nearly seven-fold in the last ten years, and the last figures available give an export value of over $8,000,000 in boots and shoes.

The market all through Europe and Central and South America, Australia, South Africa and China reveals the fact that the United States leads all nations in this line of manufacture.

In leather gloves and mittens, over 10,000 wage-earners turn out over $17,000,000 worth annually, but most of the women's and children's handwear is imported, because of the scarcity of suitable skins and leather for this purpose in this country. The total value of kid and leather gloves imported in 1905 was $43,000,000, three-fifths of which came from France and Germany, which was a decrease of thirty-two per cent. in importation, owing to the fact that knit and cloth gloves have been more in vogue of late years.

Another wonderful extension in American manufacture is emphatically indicated in textiles, which are third in the group of industries in value of product, and far ahead of any other group in number of wage-earners. Over 45,000 establishments are turning out approximately $280,000,000 a year; a striking item in the wonderful story of industrial development. The United States today ranks second in the world in cotton manufactures as measured by spindles, third in woolen manufactures, and second in silk. Nearly $50,000,000 of the total product was exported.

In hosiery and knit goods, the value of the product was nearly $150,000,000, and wool manufactures are driving production up toward the $400,000,000 mark, with Massachusetts at the front in total value of all lines; Pennsylvania ranking first in carpets and rugs, and New York content with the belt for felt goods and wool hats. Over $8,400,000 of shoddy was used in these manufactures. That word "shoddy" has a bad sound, but it is an important basic factor in the manufacture of clothing.

Fashion's changes have much to do with the variations of figures and the success or failure of specialties. Long ago, the tall

beaver hat ranked high in production; now it has fallen to almost infinitesimal proportions. The tremendous increase in wage-earning power has effectively maintained very strong local markets for the immensely-enlarged output of American manufactures.

HAVE I made my annual pilgrimage to Oyster Bay? Yes; certainly. It was evident at the close of the last session of Congress that the President had made up his mind to rest just as decidedly as he had worked, for very few visitors have been re-

From stereograph copyright 1907 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AND THEIR FAMILY, TAKEN AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, AUGUST 15, 1907

ceived at Sagamore Hill. The President has keenly enjoyed his quietude and relaxation, and will return to Washington in the mellow October days refreshed and strengthened for the battles.

Over Moore's grocery the executive offices are in full swing; plain and simple as they were last season, and with not even a carpet on the hall floor: plain, ordinary offices, such as any man might arrange for temporary convenience. In the corner alcove stands Secretary Loeb's desk, and he is busy looking over his mail and keeping in close touch with his ceaseless press of correspondence. On the wall is a picture of President Roosevelt, taken at the unveiling of the Lawton statue. The newspaper boys are at hand, ready to take note of anything new, but enjoying a practical *dolce far niente*. Diagonally across the way a new business block is being built. Prosperity has not overlooked Oyster Bay.

As we drive out to the hill, along the shores of the bay, improvement and progress are very noticeable, for until Roosevelt is no longer a name to conjure with, ancient "Iseter Bay" will have a vogue. In the harbor, the Mayflower lies at anchor; just returned from Provincetown, where the famous "Laodicean" speech aroused the long-dormant New England spirit with its arraignment of men who have lost all enthusiasm, and are "neither hot nor cold." It is an ideal day—sunny, warm, calm, comfortable; and the land and the ocean, the waves and the clouds, speak of beauty and peace. Just at the turn of the road looms up a portentous sign—not an ugly word—just four letters, but they suggest to me the lesson of the hour. All around and about the bend, at the entrances to the Sagamore Hill estate, those same four letters spell the sententious "S L O W." These signs are commented on sarcastically by some of the visitors from "Noo Yo'k," who wonder if the President has ever read the signs, and if they indicate that he is intending to go "slow" with that big stick of his when he meets up with the bad trusts.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND SECRETARY LOEB

The tennis court is deserted today, and the secret service men are yawning at their posts. There is an air of quiet restfulness about the house on the hill that always brings to mind the thought that, even while on a vacation,

MRS. P. J. McCOMBER, WIFE OF UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS WASHINGTON, D. C.

the President is just a man in the full, unmeasured sense of the word.

When the President is seen dashing over the fields, or a glimpse is obtained of him in the hay field or the hip-roofed barn painted a modest gray, caring for his new-mown hay without any more poetic comment on Maud Muller than is implied in burying his pitchfork in the fragrant dried grass and tossing it about in the direction it ought to go—well, one glimpse of the President with that pitchfork suggests that it might be well for Senator Tillman, if he purposed to encounter him, to choose some other weapon.

There are no "nature fakirs" around; but a squirrel dashes up a tree, and if I dare say so, I would suggest that the little, furry creature winks at me as he switches his tail in the air—a streak of ruddy, vibrant, living flame. Still, I may be mistaken, and that wink may be nothing more than the shadow of his tail.

The livery horse, when he reaches the bottom of the hill, certainly seems to have a gleam of intelligence in his eye as he turns his head to look at us; as if inquiring if we cannot go back instead of on up the hill.

"You might as well go on a level road as up a hill," say his big brown eyes.

JOHN BARRETT, DIRECTOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS

How many times I have visited Oyster Bay; and yet there is always a charm about it; and doubtless in the illuminated pages of future national song and story that will yet deal with the decade of 1901–1910, there will be many references to events at Sagamore Hill, and allusions to the legends that cluster around Oyster Bay when it was practically the temporary capital of a great nation, and even Oyster Bay has its tradition that here President Washington once spent a night, and the Swedish Prince

PHOTO SHOWING REAR VIEW OF BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS, LOCATED ON JACKSON SQUARE

Wilhelm was entertained without the serious social eruptions that occurred at other places. The Prince insisted he had a "bully time," and the President was pleased.

* * *

UNDER a composite flag representing the colors of twenty-one American republics, I found Mr. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, the busiest man in Washington. The present offices are located on Jackson Square, diagonally across from the White House, and immediately across the street from the State Department. It was a hot day, and the doors swung open in a sort of welcoming way. The brass plate was shining, and there was a characteristic air of American business methods in these temporary apartments which was formerly an aristocratic Washington residence.

The callers were pouring in, and Director Barrett was equal to the rush.

"Your Excellency" was the way he addressed a minister of a South American republic, and then drifted into sonorous Spanish. No wonder John Barrett tackled and has practically settled the knotty problems at Bogata. There is something fetching in the manner of the big bold Oregonian, born in Vermont. There were also present that day young men who were starting for Argentine, Mexico and other South American countries, obtaining final clearance instructions from Mr. Barrett. They were to exploit American manufactures. One automobile concern is to spend $50,000 in soliciting trade to the South. There were requests there from Argentine for data to

MRS. RACHEL BELDEN FREASE (GREENE)

establish a Department of Commerce and Labor similar to the one at Washington. Two mail bags of material were despatched. There were college presidents looking up instructors in Spanish, and it is estimated that

GEORGE E. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO. FORMER DIRECTOR OF THE MINT

over 1,000 new students begun lessons in September in Spanish. These are incidents in the very energetic and enthusiastic work of Mr. Barrett. In his room are pictures of Columbus and Bolivar (pronounced Bo-lee-var). On the wall was also a photographic and allegorical adorned representation of the members of the Hague conference two years ago.

The work on the handsome new building of the Bureau has commenced, and the generosity of Mr. Carnegie in adding $750,000 to the regular appropriation will equip a handsome home. Each of the twenty-one countries are represented in the board of directors by the representatives in Washington from the various countries, and equal representation is given every nation in the affairs of the Bureau, while the expense is apportioned according to population. While Uncle Sam pays a large per centage of the cost—the representation is the same as the smaller republics. Since Secretary Root's visit to South America, and Director Barrett took charge, there has been a keen awakening in the project, which was one of the great dreams of James G. Blaine. It has now become an international clearing house in which the business genius of the times holds and welds the economic and social relations of the American republics. It has begun an educative campaign which cannot fail to produce good results to every nation that is represented. The map of the Western Hemisphere will look different to the American people as the work of the Bureau progresses and the completion of the Panama Canal approaches. Farmers, merchants and manufacturers — especially the aggressive spirits of young America—find here the machinery for true expansion.

HON. F. A. MCLAIN, GLOSTER, MISSISSIPPI

Mr. Barrett tried his Spanish on me—and when I found myself groping hopelessly for a meaning, I made up my mind that, of all the foreign languages that will be of

most utilitarian use for the next half-century, that of old Castile will be in the lead.

"*Adios, Senor,*" saith I to Mr. Barrett.

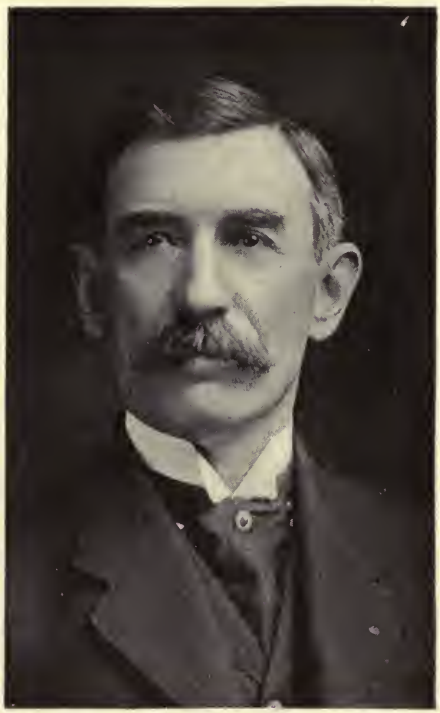
* * *

TRULY, this is an age of accumulation. It has been stated that there has been more accumulation of wealth and useful property in the world in the last fifty years than in any previous era of civilization. Long ago, men lived in an age of appropriation. The strong man "came and saw and conquered." He saw something in the possession of the weak man that he thought he could use, and he calmly grabbed it, regardless of the feelings of the former possessor. This is conquest; but it is passing away and giving place to honest accumulation.

In the old days it was the practice with almost everyone to live from hand to mouth, so to speak. Often, it was necessary, for

CONGRESSMAN JAMES FRANCES BURKE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

the working man could barely earn a living wage—there was no "margin of profit" for him to set aside, however honest and hard-working he might be. Then there were the lazy and careless—just as there are today—who never wished to make provision for the future. By and by people began to listen to the voice of Burns and other poets and philosophers who had drank deeply of na-



I. A. NADEAU, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

ture as they turned up the sod with the shining ploughshare, or pursued their daily toil in other walks of life, slowly working out the conviction that economy is best.

Self-respect grew, and with it came the desire to accumulate. If you want to know how the tendency toward accumulation is advancing by strides and bounds, go to the census office in Washington. It is an exhaustless store of information, and bristles with facts that are collected day by day, and that are an education in themselves.

As I looked over the figures concerning the printing and publishing business, I felt that after all, the National Magazine was a very infinitesimal part of the whole; for here was an estimate, for the year 1905, of 26,422 printing establishments, with a capital of about $385,000,000; double that of 1890. The value of the products reached nearly

a half-billion dollars, an increase of almost $150,000,000 in ten years. The printing and publishing business ranks seventh in industries, having a value in products exceeding that of other manufacturers, which might be supposed to eclipse book-making of any kind. The total is $320,000,000 ahead of the cotton, woolen and boot and shoe manufactures.

The product of 100,000 acres of timber

MRS. LOUD, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN GEORGE A. LOUD OF MICHIGAN

are transferred into the reading matter of the nation, and it may be truly said that "trees have tongues."

It is gratifying, of course, to read how monthly publications have made the largest increase, and outstripped in the race the weekly and every other class of printed matter, reaching nearly 65,306,000 per issue, almost half the total circulation issue of all classes of publications in the United States.

WASHINGTON will have a "Fourth of July" street, if the present movement, which is supported by quite a number, is successful. It seems that in Paris they have a "Fourteenth of July" Avenue, which commemorates the fall of the Bastile, and there are those who think that a "Fourth of July" street for Washington would be both patriotic and distinctive. The candidate suggested for carrying this honor is Sixteenth Street—Fourth of July would be much more distinguished. This street is lined with beautiful residences, and has seen many improvements during the past year. The French Embassy will occupy the new structure which is being erected by Mrs. John B. Henderson at the corner of Kalorama Avenue, and just above the new embassy is the new residence leased by Secretary Strauss, one of the most beautiful homes in Washington. In fact, Sixteenth Street feels that a more distinguished name than simply that of a numeral will now fit its honors.

* * *

THE Swedish minister is a man of considerable wealth, holding enormous interests in iron and steel properties in his home country. He has been called the "Carnegie of Sweden." He was kept on a merry round of social as well as official duties as a result of the visit of Prince William of Sweden. With Mme. de Lagercrantz, his wife, he was with Prince William at Jamestown, Newport, Boston, and other cities. The minister as a result met more people both in an official and social way than he would otherwise have met in several years of the regular routine of diplomatic service. The minister and Mme. de Lagercrantz and family spent their summer on the shores of Lake George, with which they were delighted. The scenery there, a combination of mountains, forests, high cliffs and crystal water, is so much like the beauties of the country in the northern part of Sweden that they felt very much at home. Although only a few months since he arrived at Washington to represent Sweden, the minister will begin his winter's work there with a wide social acquaintanceship. He has an interesting family of seven children, and their pleasure in the summer spent at Lake George was so pronounced that he has decided to build a large summer home there.

WITH bumper crops to her credit, it is no wonder that the citizens of Kansas feel well satisfied with the record of 1907; and in this general satisfaction no one participates more heartily than United States Senator Chester I. Long. A harder worker than Mr. Long cannot be found in the Senate. Born in Pennsylvania in 1860, he was admitted to the bar in Kansas in 1885; became a member of the State senate in 1889, and was elected to Congress four years later in 1873. He served continuously until just before the fifty-eighth Congress. He was chosen to succeed Hon. William A Harris in the Senate to serve out the balance of the "long term," ending March 3, 1909.

* * *

IN analyzing the masculine outcry made in regard to women crowding the men out of trades and professions, the census report shows that many means of earning a livelihood are still practically the sole possession of the sterner sex. In the entire United States only two women were found encroaching upon the rights, titles and dignity of street car motormen, and but five women were employed as steamboat pilots, and ten as baggagemen. Thirty-one women were acting as brakemen, and seven as conductors; forty-five as engineers and firemen, and twenty-six as switchmen, yardmen and flagmen. Forty-three were carriage and hack drivers, while the surprising number of 185 were found to be blacksmiths and 508 machinists, and thirty-one were charcoal, coke and lime burners. These figures have little sociological significance, except as they indicate that there are few kinds of work in the United States from which the female sex is absolutely debarred by law or custom.

A NIGHT PICTURE OF THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Despite the many trades open to women, it was found that one-fourth of the workers were engaged as domestic servants, and it will surprise many to learn that next in regard to numbers, come farm workers, of whom there are almost a half-million, though the greater proportion of these are reported from

the Southern states. Over 338,144 women are employed as dressmakers, and the other avocations approximating this number are teachers, laundresses and farmers, while a large number are employed as textile workers. These figures will compel us to revise our ideas as to women workers and bread-winners.

* * *

AMONG democratic people, few Southern legislators are more popular than Senator Culberson of Texas. His splendid record in the Senate and his strength in the Lone Star State have long since suggested him as one of the representative men of the South for the presidential contest. The feeling is quite prevalent throughout the South that in 1908 they ought to have a nominee. The state of Texas has shown wonderful growth in the last few years, and its statistics give only a faint idea of its development. The state constitution provides that it may, at any time, divided itself into four parts without any action on the part of Congress. If such a course were followed it would mean a multiplication of representation in the Senate which would add much to the strength of Southern senatorships. However, homogeneity and state pride appear to be strong in Texas, and there is no suggestion of division at this time, and with the support of the solid South, Senator Culberson would be a formidable nominee to other candidates.

LOOKING UP THE HUDSON

ONE of the congressmen of Mississippi whom it is a pleasure to meet is F. A. McLain, who is never too busy to look after the wants of his constituents, and yet gives close attention to pressing work in committee.

His connection with the affairs of the District of Columbia entails a great deal of careful and oftentimes vexatious work, dealing as it does with both municipal and national interests, which are not always reconciled without difficulty. On the Committee on Pensions his work has been creditable.

* * *

THERE is one congressman whose name it would not be kind to mention, who is noted for the gloomy aspect with which he meets every event—whether it be of yesterday, today or tomorrow——if he ever sees any sunshine it is reflected from the far remote past.

It is related that he is noted as a regular and persevering reader of the good book, a fact which attracted the attention of some of his colleagues, who remarked that he did not seem to get much pleasure out of his religion, and they wondered what good it did him. However, the secret of his persevering reading was revealed when some one happened to go to his rooms and find the copy of the Old Testament which engaged the attention of this legislator. The sad-faced congressman had discovered a man more in need of sympathy than himself, for the pages of Jeremiah and the Lamentations were evidently more read than any other part of the book. His colleague looked over the leaves, noting that the gloomiest passages were marked in pencil, but in bold handwriting, at the end of the book, stood out the words:

"Jeremiah, cheer up old boy!"

* * *

THE Treasury Department has been a first-class training school for young men now prominent in commercial and industrial life. The latest recruit is Mr. George E. Roberts, who for many years served as director of the United States mint. He comes

THE SWISS VILLAGE
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BUILDINGS

ARTS AND CRAFTS VILLAGE
PALACE OF COMMERCE

SCENES AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION. NOW AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS BEAUTY AND INTEREST

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from the state of Iowa, and has served his apprenticeship as a newspaper man, gradually climbing successfully into one position after another, each more responsible than the last. Though still a young man, he has had an eventful career. He is now president of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, having succeeded James C. Eckles, former comptroller of the currency.

Business conditions have undergone a revolution in the past decade, such as requires the keen, alert activity of young men who have had a broad and comprehensive training. The city of Chicago is indeed fortunate in having among its business men one with the trained ability possessed by George E. Roberts.

* * *

ONE of the most significant municipal campaigns in the country is that which will occur in Cleveland. This has already attained the proportion of an election of national import. Congressman T. E. Burton has thrown down the gauntlet to Mayor Tom L. Johnson, and the dust has begun to fly. These men have been pitted against each other heretofore, in which contests the congressman has always been victorious.

Mr. Burton has been a devoted congressman, and has now acceded to the wish of the people of Cleveland to become a candidate for the mayoralty. The campaign promises to be one of the most vigorous and important that has occurred for a year past. If Congressman Burton defeats Mr. Johnson it necessarily means his promotion and a disastrous defeat to the ambitions of the doughty mayor. If Mr. Johnson is elected, it means another candidate for Democratic nomination. Altogether, the magnetic needle by which this election is guided seems to point inevitably to presidential possibilities. None can gainsay the splendid and conscientious career of Congressman Burton. He offers the citizens the same talents that he has hitherto placed at their disposal, and pledges himself to serve his term fully and faithfully

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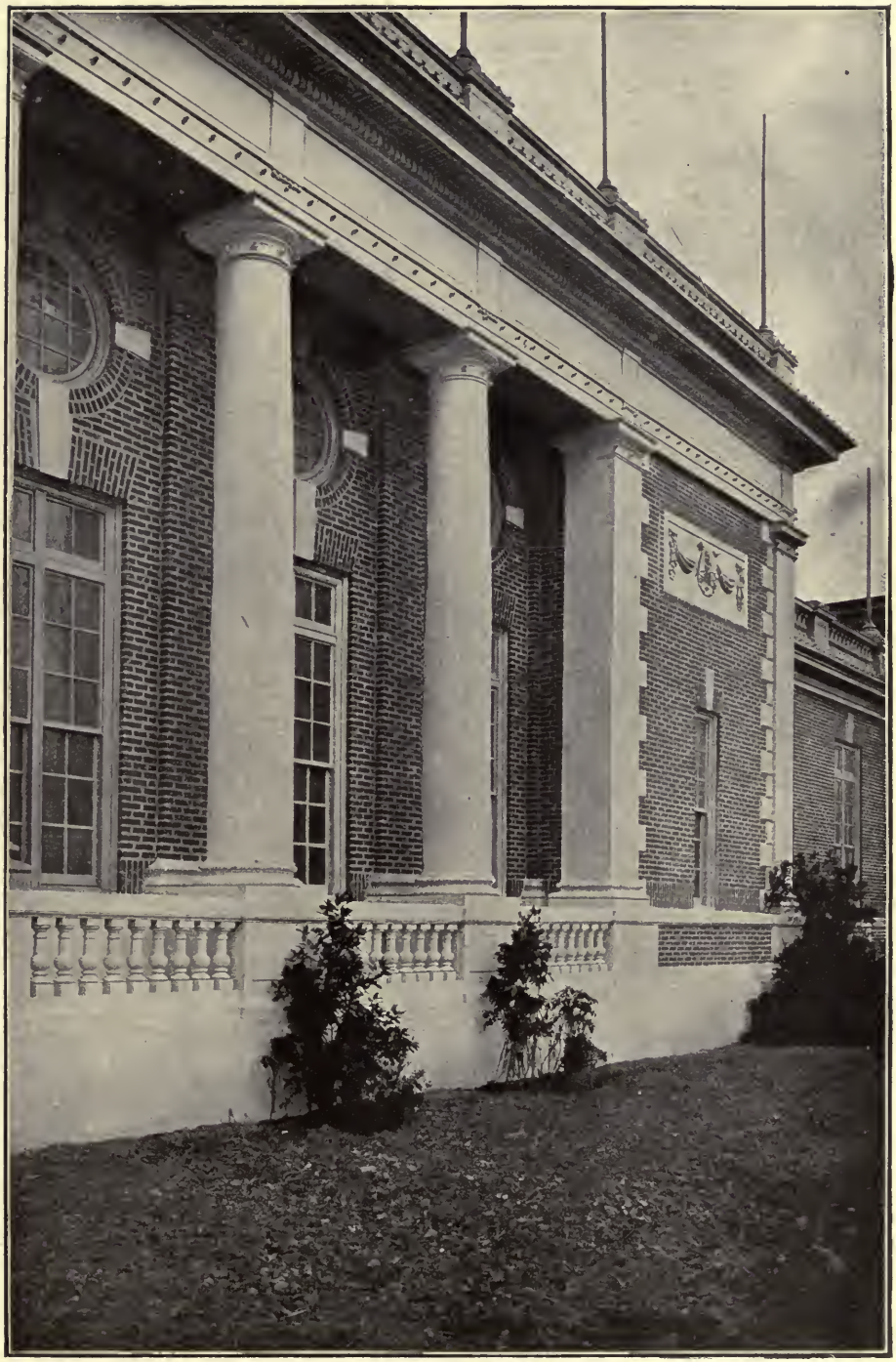
A GLIMPSE OF THE STATES EXHIBIT BUILDING IN EARLY SPRING DAYS



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VERANDA OF THE STATES EXHIBIT PALACE

He certainly has an enthusiastic following among the Cleveland Republicans, who for the first time in years show a solid front. The contest necessarily involves the old-time issue of the street-car fight, in which Mr. Burton placed himself squarely on the proposition of low fares, seven for a quarter, and Mr. Johnson "perhaps" to eight for a

CONGRESSMAN T. E. BURTON OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

quarter. Now the point is to see who can "deliver the goods," no matter which way the election goes.

* * *

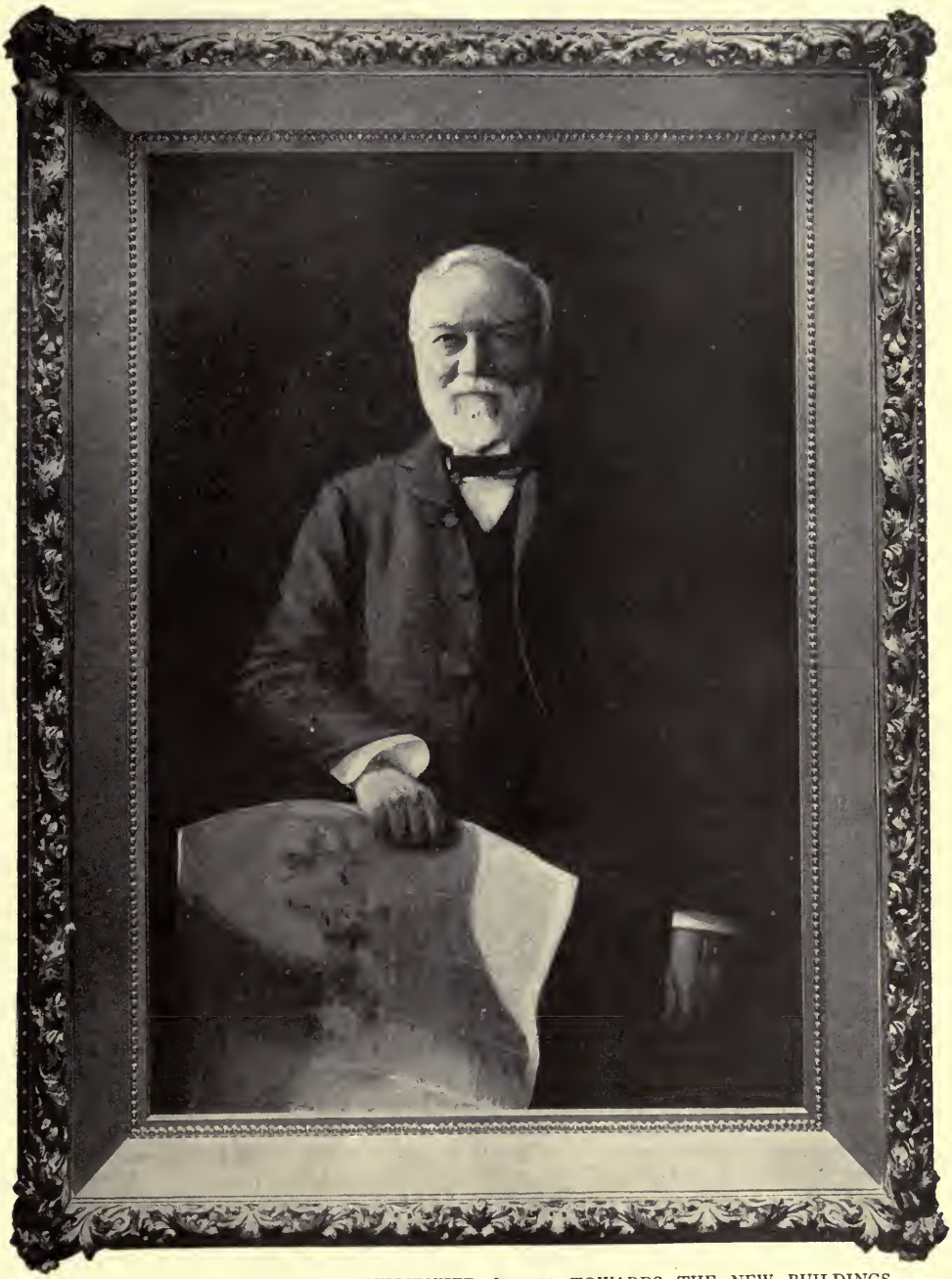
IF the friends of Henry Clay Loudenslager should be asked why he is so popular, both at home and in Washington, the reply would be: "Because he's always in; his door is always open." However busy he may be, there is always a word of good cheer, always a hearty hand-grasp, and that a sincere one. There is no difference between the man and the politician. He is always "Harry." Nor does his hearty manner detract in the least from the busy man of business, or the earnest legislator. It was inherited from enthusiastic loyal stock, whence he inherited his patriotism and generous love for his fellow-man. One incident of his early life well illustrates his blending of generosity and patriotism. When only sixteen years of age, n 1868, at a public meeting where capes, caps and torches were needed for a newly-organized Grant marching club, it was found that all the necessary money was not in sight. So Harry Loudenslager, after a moment's meditation, shouts out: "I'll get it for you;" and he redeemed himself by persuading his father to let him use the money he had saved, in the bank.

After filling most capably several local offices of trust, he was sent to the Fifty-third Congress, to represent the First District of New Jersey, and has been returned to every Congress since. He was at once assigned to the Committee on Pensions, becoming the chairman of that committee in the Fifty-fourth Congress, which position he still holds; as well as being ranking member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, which carries with it the very important work of preparing the naval appropriation bill, and other onerous

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

REPRESENTATIVE LOUDENSLAGER OF NEW JERSEY

duties connected with shaping the various measures reported by that committee. Those who are in any way conversant with the work of the Committee on Pensions of the House and Senate, do not have to be told that Chairman Loudenslager is one of the busiest men in Washington during sessions, and almost



ANDREW CARNEGIE, WHO CONTRIBUTED $750,000 TOWARDS THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

as busy when Congress is not in session, for the consideration of pension claims never ceases.

Mr. Loudenslager belongs to a coterie of congressmen, including the Speaker and others, who are rarely seen without a carnation in their buttonholes. The New Jersey representative is not only faithful to his tad, but is particular as to the hue—a light pink does not answer; it must be carnation in color as well as name.

ENTRANCE TO THE AUDITORIUM AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, TAKEN AT NIGHT

EVERY time I visit Maine, I hear a new series of stories concerning Camp Meeting John Allen, grandfather of Madam Nordica, and one of the most picturesque characters of his time. Apropos of the rate laws, one very interesting story is told. It occurred when Governor Morrill was president of the Maine Central. Allen's applications were refused a number of times, because, if there was one thing above all others which Morrill disliked, it was to issue passes; an antipathy which is now regarded as a kind of prophecy of recent legislative enactment. The governor came down to his office in a somewhat brusque frame of mind that day. Those familiar with the storm signals quietly backed off and waited for an explosion. It came. One of the first letters opened was from Camp Meeting John Allen, requesting a pass for "self and wife." The secretary approached his chief with some hesitation.

"Here is another letter from Mr. Allen, asking for a pass," he said, and laid the missive gingerly on the governor's desk.

The governor read it through, and blazed away for a few minutes; then, tossing the letter to the astonished secretary, he said:

"Make it out."

The young man retired and began to fill in the various blank lines, but when he came to record on "what account" the pass was to be issued, he was puzzled, and ventured to seek information.

"On what account, governor?" he asked.

The chief looked irately over his spectacles.

"Account, account?—account of d—d persistence—be sure and put it in, too," and he growled, as the young man passed out: "These Methodist parsons may have to get us all passes on the road to Heaven, and I want the Maine Central to have good connections with Camp Meeting John Allen's route."

* * *

At the camp meetings, genial John Allen was always a conspicuous star. His hearty handgrasp and quick, nervous energy made him very popular, and he was a great singer—he loved to sing and preach the good gospel. When addressing the meeting on his "Reminiscences," one dear old lady was present who had come miles to hear him. Her husband had left her for a few minutes, to look after the horse and "buggy." She walked up to the bulletin board, where the speakers and subjects of the evening were announced—she had forgotten her glasses!

"What's Camp Meetin' John a-goin' to speak about?" she asked a bystander.

"His rem—iniscenses," was the reply.

"Oh, rum in essences," she remarked; "well, I never knowd as Camp Meetin' John lectured on temp'rance, but 'most anything he says is good. I always supposed as he

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND HIS SON GEORGE RANDOLPH HEARST

was a strict teetotaler, and never had nothing to do with rum—in essences, or no other way."

* * *

The great soul of Abou Ben Adem went about doing good to his fellowman, but the most saintly of men are not above the love of a good dinner, and it was facetiously remarked that when Camp Meeting John came to a town, he was always entertained at a home where good food and accommodation were to be reckoned on. He was always welcome in every home, for that matter, whether it were pretentious or humble, but he had his own stern ideas as to when it was proper for him to partake of this hospitality. He was chided one time, by an old friend for not coming to his house for dinner.

"I'll tell you," said Camp Meeting John, "When I come here to preach, I know the good places to stay; and I go there because I am going to preach for them; and I feel

I have earned a good dinner. Now I am here on life insurance business, and I should be deceiving the good brothers and sisters, as well as the Lord, if I went to dinner as a dominie; so I am staying this time at the hotel, and paying my way, like a regular insurance piper."

Once, in a certain town, he entered a service unannounced. No one knew that Camp Meeting John Allen sat in the congregation, though he occupied a front seat. The min-

CAMPMEETING JOHN ALLEN

ister hammered out a great many "heads" on a sermon from the text "Feed My Lambs," and at last wound up with his fourthly, fifthly and sixthly, and, after a very lengthy explanation, came to a conclusion. It was a weary discourse, and the drowsy auditors fought off sleep bravely, though the sound of deep breathing here and there showed that some had succumbed. As the minister finished the sermon, and reached for his hymn-book, to announce the closing song, Camp Meeting John sprang to his feet—he had heroically kept awake, and probably felt that he deserved to have his innings.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, "just a word before you close: I have listened with interest to this talk on 'Feed My Lambs.' Now I know something about feeding lambs —I have not lived a good part of my life on a farm for nothing. I know what lambs like, when it comes to food—they want a little—they want it often—and they want it *hot!*"

And Camp Meeting John sat down, while the congregation felt that all the dreary waste of words that had preceded this sermon in brief had been worth hearing, in order to get at this bit of reality at the end.

* * *

MANY Washington friends of John Sharpe Williams have been gratified at his election from the state of Mississippi. It was a hard fight, but Mr. Williams has been accustomed to that in his political career. Certain it is that none can gainsay the splendid qualities of the erstwhile congressman for Mississippi. The general plan of promoting congressmen to the Senate has been observed North, South, East and West, and few senators from the South begin their work with better qualifications than John Sharpe Williams. I was much interested in the many letters received from subscribers in Mississippi, desiring that mention be made of their new senator, in whom they evidently feel an enthusiastic pride.

* * *

ACTIVITIES grow apace in preparations for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. With such a director-general as I. A. Nadeau, things are pushed along with a decisive "honk, honk!" that there is no disregarding. If they cannot get things done during the day, they do it at night, and everybody is at it. The preliminary exploitation of the exposition has been one of the most effective campaigns ever made. It seems impossible to find anyone who does not dream of the long-looked-for time when he or she will make that delightful trip to the coast, and see the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

A large number of the exhibitors at the Jamestown Exposition are already making preparations for occupying places on the lovely peninsula which fronts on Lake Washington. The story of Alaska and the development of the great Pacific Northwest will be told in this exposition in a way at once distinctive and uniquely attractive.

IN 1903 New Hampshire decided to bestow upon Jacob H. Gallinger the honor of an election to the United States Senate for the first third term in her history. It was a splendid tribute to the ability and faithfulness with which Senator Gallinger had discharged the duties of his office for the two preceding terms, and meant the abandonment for all time of the mistaken policy which had obtained for 114 years of confining to one or two terms the period of service of her representatives in the national Senate.

At last the people were fully convinced that if New Hampshire hoped to command any influence in the councils of the nation, they must adopt the policy of continuous service so long pursued by Maine and the other New England states, and which has made it possible for those states to take such a prominent part in the legislation of the country. As a result, New Hampshire has now a senator whose influence is as great as that of any of his associates.

There is probably no man in public life who is closer to the hearts of the people of his state, or who can count with greater certainty on continuance in office so long as he may care to stay, than Jacob H. Gallinger. And no man is more deserving of high or continued honors at the hands of his constituents, for he has devoted the best years of his long life and all the energy and talents of which he is possessed to the advancement of their interests.

He is the youngest man of his years in either House of Congress. His mind is as alert, his eye as bright, his complexion as clear, his physique as vigorous and his step as firm as in his youthful days. The state of New Hampshire is indeed fortunate in being able to profit for many years to come by his ripe experience and mature judgment.

* * *

IN all her great past Massachusetts has taken just pride in her representatives in Congress. The work of the Massachusetts delegation has been well done and uniform in character. Among the real hard workers who seem to understand the needs and interests of their constituents is Charles Q. Tirrell, who has been in Congress continuously since he was first elected to the Fifty-seventh. Mr. Tirrell is interested in several large business enterprises, and lives a busy life, particularly at Washington. He is a member of the Committee on Claims, and gives close and patient scrutiny to a host of accounts. His law practice renders his connection with the Judiciary Committee much less onerous, but he has been an active worker on both committees.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD NEW ENGLAND

THE new state of Oklahoma, the youngest child of Uncle Sam, has already shown herself a lively member of the Union. Her constitution has been favorably criticised even by Secretary of War Taft. Her people are not untrained in the rights of citizenship, for this prairie garden spot is peopled by pioneers from every state in the Union, and they possess a high average of intelligence worthy of citizenship in the new state.

BIRD MC GUIRE OF PAWNEE, OKLAHOMA

The delegate from Oklahoma, Mr. Bird Maguire, certainly made a record. Few states have made a more auspicious entrance into the Union than that territory which was for so many years the happy hunting ground of the Indians of the plains. With its fertile farms and rich resources, the future of Oklahoma gives promise of gaining vastly in population and wealth. She has reason to be proud of her school system and all those things which appertain to the highest form of citizenship. Who can refrain from sending a hearty greeting to the sturdy people represented by the new star in the flag!

AS I had decided on a round of visits to the various exposition sites, I continued on to St. Louis. There seemed to be no abatement of the bustle and hurry of exposition days in this metropolis of the South, for this city has reaped the full measure of benefit from the world wide interest which directed the sightseers and enterprising manufacturers of every land to that great Mecca of art and industry. Sky scrapers are going up on every side, and everywhere there is evidence of an activity which St. Louis never before enjoyed. The city now is imbued with an ambition to gain a million inhabitants, and certainly is pushing forward in that direction at a rapid pace. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition marked the renaissance of the great empire of the Southwest, and no area of the United States has been blessed with more abundant prosperity than the territory directly contiguous to the exposition grounds.

The Olive Street and Laclede cars were clanging their bells with the same insistent chime as in those busy days, and I do not think that, in the hundreds of times I passed the gates of the exposition grounds, I ever approached them with a keener feeling of interest than now, two years after those portals had been formally closed.

* * *

The work of restoring Forest Park is still going on; as I drove along it was fascinating to recall the location of the various buildings, in many instances indicated only by the weed-covered site. It was like going over some old battle field. I remembered how the wireless telegraph had reared its tower and how the men on its top had pealed forth the message: "Get off the Earth." The sound seemed still to ring in my ears as I paused at the overgrown foundations, Yes! I stopped at the site of the old Liberal Arts Building, where the Exposition Edition of the National Magazine was printed, and where we met so many thousands of friends who still continue as our readers. The majestic white walls and the towering cascade have both vanished, but just for a moment the grounds seemed to be swept by the merry sounds of those vanished days. Again the bands played and the soldiers marched, but the only visible relic here of those days was the St. Louis column, standing out like a

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LEE PARADE GROUND, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION
CONNECTICUT BUILDING
NORTH CAROLINA BUILDING

spectre in the center of the plaza, where the lights were finally extinguished at the close of one of the greatest expositions the world has ever known. That great, circular column was battered, the gold scarcely responded with a single gleam to the rays of the sun, but yet it seemed as though loath to leave the scene of the splendor of two years ago. In the distance were the mountains, for the Alps were still there, making a gallant stand to maintain the glory of former days. These

MRS. MC GUIRE, WIFE OF BIRD MC GUIRE, OF PAWNEE OKLAHOMA

will be the last of the mountains to be removed, and when the Tyrolean scenery vanishes, the stage of the St. Louis Exposition will indeed be deserted by its old-time scenic features.

* * *

A beautiful lake may now be seen where the cascade was formerly located, and back of this is the Art Museum, in front of which the magnificent statue of St. Louis was recently unveiled. It is the largest equestrian statue in this country, and to me one of the most interesting facts concerning this piece of work is that it was executed in Chicago; modeled from the smaller statue which was the popular emblem of that exposition.

As in Chicago, the Art Museum will be preserved as a perpetual monument of the exposition. Secretary Stevens has his headquarters in this building, and still continues the work of closing up exposition affairs. The newspaper clippings and all details in reference to the World's Fair have been carefully preserved and indexed, so that the future expositions of America will have a complete record for reference. Secretary Stevens has certainly won his laurels by the conscientious and capable way in which he has handled all the affairs of the exposition, both when it was in progress and after its close.

* * *

Yes, the Inside Inn is gone, and autumn leaves cover the site of that famous hostelry, the Palace of Burlap. Every view awakened memories of the old days, and yet there was something pathetic in the thought that all this splendor had been ephemeral, and had already passed away, though in its stead stands the Art Gallery, with its wealth of statuary; that more than any other single collection, illustrates our history. There is a statue of Jefferson, one of Crockett, of Washington, of Sacajawea, to say nothing of the statue of a base-ball player, emblematic of the national game. In the years to come there will be few places of more interest than the museum at St. Louis, with its great paintings. "The Emigrants" remains where it hung when the throngs looked upon it. This painting represents the emigrants leaving home for the "new country," and this presentation of a farewell to home had a particular interest to our adopted citizens, as showing from whence has come much of the sturdy bone and sinew that has made the nation what it is today. Now, as in the time of the exposition, the visitor pauses to study Remington's "Cowboy," and the handsome mosaics from the German Exhibit, which were given by Adolphus Busch to this museum.

I looked over into the woods near-by, but the crack of the guns, or the shouting of the warriors' battle cry in the mimic Boer war was no longer heard, and the foliage of that autumn landscape brought to mind those last days of the exposition, when one by one the beauties of the summer faded in transcendent glory.

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES I. TIRRELL, NATICK, MASS.

Yes, I saw more of the exposition grounds at this time, than when the great fair was in progress. The drives and roads are being well laid out, and will make Forest Park one of the greatest pleasaunces of a country that abounds in fine park systems.

Governor Francis has, during the past year made a trip to Europe and delivered in person the various medals and honors won by exhibitors from other countries; this was a graceful and considerate appreciation of the splendid co-operation of foreign nations in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. No one can recall this wonderful World's Fair without thinking of its indefatigable and energetic governor, who, early and late, gave his best energies to assure the success of the undertaking that indeed marked a new era for St. Louis and the Southwest.

I was tempted to ask Governor Francis to pose again for his photograph. It is asserted that by actual count he had his picture taken over a million times; yet, despite all his popularity, he remains the same simple, frank, open-hearted and genial Governor Francis, who was the great creative and attractive spirit of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

* * *

WHILE visiting at Dalton, Massachusetts, the home of Senator Crane, the action of the busy locomotives climbing the grade up the hill from Pittsfield, from over the Berkshire hills far away, seemed to me to say in their strenuous expiration of high-pressure steam exhaust, "I-can-do-it; I-can-do-it; I-can-do-it." They climb steep grades and for ten miles the road is a difficult one; but they keep right at it, pouring out great billows of black smoke and snowy vapor, saying still, "I-can-do-it; I-can-do-it!"—When the locomotive can speak in language so plain, cheerfully tackling the tasks before it, what an encouragement it is to us to say, in like manner, as we try to bear our heavy burdens up the steep grades of life, with renewed courage and perseverance: "I can do it! I can do it! I can do it!"

ARLINGTON HOUSE, NEAR WASHINGTON; IN THE EARLY DAYS THE MOST ELEGANT MANSION IN THAT VICINITY; ERECTED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS AND AFTERWARDS THE HOME OF THE LEES

ON THE NIGHT TRAIN

By Vingie T. Roe

DO you remember the exultation you felt when you were about to score the biggest victory of your life? It is one of the greatest sensations that grim old joker, Life, ever allows us to experience. Well, that's just the way I felt on the particular occasion I'm telling about—that lightness about the heart; that thrill running all over one, that makes you feel like a boy again, playing hooky and half-way to the swimming hole. It's great! I sat by the car window watching the Kansas prairies drift by in the warm summer sun, seeing an occasional quail whirr away over the short grass, and I never felt so contented in my life. A good two-thirds of that car was taken up with the rest of the delegation. I say rest of the delegation, for I didn't belong in a way, and, in a way, I did. I was the head of the thing; the bright, luminous comet followed by the fan-spread—the delegation. That delegation was on its way to defeat a man; a man who had given as hard a fight as anyone ever did; a man bound for the Senate; a man that I had given just one year to pull down. And I glowed with satisfaction because at last I knew that I had succeeded. In the spacious breast-pocket of my coat lay the documents that had cost more party money than anything in the campaign. No, I didn't say which party.

Politics are politics, my man; but, best of all, I knew that those papers, with their evidence, were true. The man I had trailed out for a year was closer to the end of his career than he will ever be again and not reach it. That was why I felt at peace with all the world. You see, I had a pretty smooth victory within my grasp. It would put my name where I had dreamed of seeing it. I had done it all myself.

This man was a high-flyer away up in the world of money; had his motors and his city homes; and somewhere out on the Kansas plains he had a mansion, they said, though why the Kansas plains I couldn't see, and was just about as fortunate as they get to be. And now he wanted to grab some more from the lap of Fortune; but just there Billy Forbes rose up in an insignificant town, and decided he didn't have a right to any more, for the simple reason that he hadn't done right by a certain other public trust he'd held back in the years away, but that hadn't been discovered. And now I was on my way to confront him at the moment of his certainty of election with my pocket full of papers, and I was unreservedly happy.

It had been an awfully hot day, and the dust and cinders began to blow about four o'clock, and the early hilarity of the delegation rather settled down. When the train pulled into Arkansas City, in the evening, everyone was glad to get out and straighten up, for we were to have supper there. Pretty place, Arkansas City. Flowers and trees around the depot. We waited there twenty minutes, and when we got back into the train we all felt refreshed. All laughing and talking. Ever notice how much better you feel after a little wait like that?

When I went to my seat I noticed that I was to have a new traveling companion in the seat across the aisle. But after I had looked her over, I didn't think I'd relieve the long hours by conversation with her. She was about the haughtiest individual I had ever seen—one of those big, calm, quiet women who seem to make you want to apologize for living when they just look at you. She was handsome; just handsome; with slow black eyes and a suit of jet-black hair, and every little move she made just rustled with silk. And such a form! Round, gracious curves and straight as a die.

There was a nurse maid with her, and a baby—the finest baby you ever saw; fine as the woman—big and free and full of health, just spilling over with it, like she was. Gee! but they were a pair to make a man's heart glow with pride of possession! Baby didn't look like her, though; it had big blue eyes and light curls, and wanted to laugh all the time. Sort of hail fellow with everyone—

began to look around and smile at different people before they got good and settled. The maid had him bobbing over her shoulder, as she fixed things, and he hung on with his little fists and grinned up the car like a good one. Of course he was a boy. Every independent move he made said that. I watched the little tike, and he added to my comfort.

Ever notice how watching a baby will give you a sort of homesick, lonesome feeling somewhere in the region of the heart? especially when you haven't any of your own. Well, by an hour that kid had captured that whole delegation—everyone that could see him, though no one had courage to do more than smile back at him in return for the lavish way he threw his favors about. Several fellows were aching to give him peanuts and bananas, but nobody was bold enough to ask permission of that cold and haughty woman. She looked as if she could freeze anyone with one glance of her superior eyes.

We were all enjoying the evening, but for one thing. Somewhere back in the car there was another kid, and after a while I discovered that it had been keeping up the funniest little crying ever since we had left Arkansas City —just a queer, weak whine that never stopped. I remember feeling disgusted that there could be such a difference in babies. Look at this one. Bet he was never cross in his life! He kept up such a crowing and gurgling that he clear drowned out the other most of the time. Along toward nine o'clock he began to get sleepy. It was a revelation to see that kid get sleepy. Jack Dunbar moved his seat farther up, so he could watch the miracle. First the baby began to lay his head on the maid's shoulder and look out roguishly from under his long yellow lashes. Then he would jerk it up as if he were afraid the enemy, sleep, would get him, and smile like he had won a victory. The lids got heavier and heavier, and presently it was an effort to keep them open, but each time they went shut he would pull them open wide and give that soft-lipped grin that was making the boys say "Little brick!" As he got quieter that unceasing wail from the back of the car became noticeable. It hadn't changed; just that weak little fretful cry that sounded as if it had kept up for hours without stopping, and as if the baby was so near worn out that it couldn't cry any other way.

As it got stiller, because the boy had been vanquished by the enemy at last, I pulled my hat down and decided to get some sleep. But instead I found myself listening to that other baby. Every time the song of the wheels dropped a bit, I could hear it. I lay and listened a long while, and presently it began to get on my nerves. Guess it must have been that the silent friendship I had formed with the yellow-haired boy across the way was making me listen to all babies' voices tonight. Anyway I got more restless, and after a while I sat up. And a funny thing—all up the car the boys were awake. Some were sitting up, and those who were lying down were looking out from under their hats sort of carelessly; and suddenly I knew that that baby's voice was saying its same helpless message to them all.

I looked back and tried to locate the sound, but it wasn't visible. Nobody had a baby that I could see. Still, I could hear it—that weak, pitiful cry. Another hour went by, and I noticed that the big quiet woman was sitting up and trying to locate that baby, too. Her boy was sleeping in the maid's arms.

Presently I got so rattled that I couldn't stand it any longer, and I got up and went back through the car. And what do you suppose I found? In the last seat was a girl about twelve years old, holding in her lap a baby; a tiny thing that lay without a movement, and they were both full-blooded Indians! The girl looked at me scowling and afraid, and that poor little thing in her lap!—Its wee lips were dry, and its eyes were closed, and it did nothing but make that moaning cry. I never felt so bad in my life.

Anyone could see that something was wrong. Well, I was in it at once. I went up the car and got Allen, and together we went through that train hunting for someone who could talk the lingo, and at last, in the smoker, we found a half-blooded renegade, and took him to the girl. But we had a time trying to make her talk. She was alone and scared, but at last we found out that the baby had belonged to a woman out at the Agency, who had straggled in a week before. She had died two days ago, and this girl, who was being sent up the line to school, had been instructed to put the baby off at a certain city where foundlings are supposed to be taken care of. And the baby couldn't be made to eat. Two days instinctively crying

for the mother—and in this heat! No wonder that the little lips were dry, like brown parchment!

My heart turned sick, and I would have given all I had to bring back that dead Indian to feed her baby. I thought of the boy up ahead. There was nothing to do until we reached a city, and I went back with my throat hot with longing for the train to fly, for it seemed that the little brown thing would never last that long, the cry was getting so weak. I thought of the inexorable injustice of life—the survival of the strong.

As I sat down I felt a touch on my arm. It was the handsome woman, and I noticed the stiff rustle of her silks.

"What is it?" she asked, and her voice was very sweet.

"Only a little brown beggar of a baby back there starving to death because its mother has been dead for two days," I said rather harshly, for I was feeling savage. The downing of the helpless always arouses something inside of me that is not polite. She stood in the aisle. I pulled my hat down and scowled. The boys were standing in the aisle and in the seats, all as helpless as I was. It was a strained moment, and up through the song of the wheels came that weak cry. We were all listening to it. I glanced up at the woman. She was standing just where she had straightened after speaking to me, and the look in her face held my eyes. Her hands were shut, and she was staring ahead as if she was trying to see something, to overcome some natural feeling. It was a queer, half-scared, startled look, yet courageous, too. I beheld it with wonder. Suddenly she bent again, and said: "Will you bring it to me?"

I had no trouble in getting it from the girl, and all the way up the car I wondered as I carried that little dirty thing; for it was dirty and no mistake. It never opened its eyes, and its little face was pinched.

And what do you think that woman did? Oh, she was as fine inside as she was out; as fine as her priceless garments!

Did she shiver at the touch of that half-dead alien waif? I don't know. Only I know what she *did*. She reached up her soft arms, and took the helpless little thing into them, and she slipped open the laces at her throat with diamoned fingers, and—I took off my hat and walked out of the car, and the boys followed, and before we got to the door the little weak crying had stopped, stopped suddenly, and I couldn't have said a word to save my life. I stood on the platform and thought a lot of thoughts.

Long after, when we were nearing the city where she had shown her ticket for, I went into the car. She was holding that baby, and it was sound asleep, and the look in her proud face was like what I always thought the Holy Mother's must be. I offered to take it back, but she told me gently that she was going to take it with her. I helped her off the train, and I tell you my thought of that woman was the greatest praise she could have been given. The maid carried the fine boy, and I had a last look at him as a coachman put them all into a private carriage.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said at the last moment, "but may I have the honor to know your name?—for it will be an honor."

She looked at me in the light of the station cars, and said simply, "Yes; Mrs. Stephen ———"—the name of the man whose reputation, whose chance of success I carried in the breast-pocket of my coat!

I stood on the train steps as it sped on through the night, and watched the lights of the city twinkle away. As the last one died in the darkness, I took out that precious bundle of papers and slowly, fully conscious of what I was doing, I tore them into little bits and scattered them on the rushing wind. Then I went in and told the delegation.

EVERY-DAY HEROES

By Emil Carl Aurin

THEY ride in the cab of the engine
As the train speeds through the night,
With the lives of scores depending
On their reading the signals right.

They stand at the helm of the vessel,
As she tosses and rolls in the gale;
Or cling to the storm-swept rigging
To furl the beating sail.

They work on the great tall buildings
That tower far up toward the sky,
Or down in the mine's dark level
Where death is always nigh.

With death in a hundred guises,
They battle each day in the year,
Without the notes of a bugle
Or drum to give them cheer.

No flag have they to lead them;
No glory to spur them when
They stand face to face with danger,
But they stick to their posts like MEN.

FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE

By Emma Ellis Conway

DOCTOR Lloyd Seaford, member of the faculty of the Columbia Medical University, had just finished breakfast in his bachelor apartments; having leisurely lighted his accustomed cigar, he was glancing over the morning paper, as was his habit.

The rooms throughout bore an unmistakable atmosphere of culture and refinement. The doctor, a broad-shouldered, ruggedly built, distinguished looking fellow, suddenly ruffled his brows into distasteful little furrows and gave a prolonged low whistle.

"By all the demnition bow-wows, that must be Miss Waring's cat!" he ejaculated. "Undoubtedly," he soliloquized, "27 North Prospect Place was the number Miss Waring gave me as her address; this too," referring to the notice of a lost cat in the morning Times, "is the exact description of that last feline that we operated upon, 'large maltese cat, one white foot, answering to name of Tony,'" he resumed reflectively. "Well, I'm deuced sorry if it was her cat, especially if she really cared so much for him. I wonder if it would be any satisfaction to her to know that Tony had undergone the extremely critical operation of having his spleen removed, and that he stood it beautifully, and is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The doctor's face summoned a limited little smile ot this most facetious reasoning. "W-whew! And she's a lover of cats!" he continued to ruminate. "Well, just about what one might expect from one of her temperament—a perfect pattern of justice and mercy! Only a week since she left the hospital, and yet it seems an age—I wonder just how much time ought to elapse before a fellow could decently call? And she did say she would be pleased to have me call; true, I asked if she'd mind—but—but if she ever finds out the truth about that condemned cat, she'll judge and condemn me at the bar of her fearless integrity, as sure as fate; well," wistfully, as he carefully adjusted his top-coat; preparatory to going out, "unless she holds an investigation meeting (which she isn't likely to do) or proves to be an astute mind-reader, (and I haven't observed any marked tendencies in that direction) she'll never find it out from yours regretfully," and, feeling somewhat more cheerful in view of this conclusive reasoning, he whistled a gay little bar from a popular air, as he ran lightly down the stone steps leading to the street, and caught a car on the corner.

Dr. Seaford was so well grounded in the technical knowledge of surgery that he was nothing short of an enthusiast on the subject. In his pedagogic relation as instructor of the classes, and from the standpoint of a scientist, he was prone to consider all that could be relegated as practical material for instruction, as legitimate "tools of trade," so, in the light of scientific research, it must go on record that Doctor Seaford alone was primarily the cause of the notice that attracted his attention in the Times. The students of the university were in the habit of including in their laboratory work the dissection of animals of one kind or another, but, owing to a continued increase in the classes, and a distressing scarcity of suitable animal life in that vicinity, the class had been forced to resort to what was known among the "Frats" as the "home consumption of dogs and cats."

Now anyone who knows even ever so little about the history of the medical student, will not hesitate to set most anything in the way of a tendency toward progression down to his credit; and so it was the unwritten opinion of some of the inhabitants of the city that the office of dog catcher was one of the most remunerative on the municipal ticket.

Doctor Seaford had first met Janet Waring at the hospital, where in his professional capacity as surgeon he had been called to set a broken arm for the aforesaid young lady, which she had sustained in a collision while automobiling with a girl friend. And somehow, from the very first—after he had set the broken bone and splintered the poor

fractured shoulder, and she had shown no sign of the terrible ordeal through which she was passing, save the white blanched face and firmly compressed lips—after that the doctor had decided that she was a "wonderful woman."

"Not one of your hysterical flighty sort!" he had urged to himself. "Such rare poise—so straightforward and sensible—and yet so charmingly feminine with it all."

Doctor Seaford had advised a stay of a week or so at the hospital. The two found many things in common, that gave an irresistible impetus to easy unconventional conversation. Being the owner of a fine automobile, he acknowledged to a fellow failing, speed fever. And so the doctor found himself calling around at "Number Five, Ladies' Private Ward" more frequently than the occasion would, generally speaking, seem to demand.

Miss Waring's stay of a week or so sped all too soon to suit her physician. At the end of that time she seemed more like a friend whom he had met in some remote period of time, rather than merely a new acquaintance.

He felt that he could talk more freely of himself, his life-work and his ambitions to this woman than to any other he had ever met.

He had mingled with women all his life; and yet, after the lapse of only a few days, his association with Janet Waring had stimulated the fires of his intellect—raised the standard of his ideals, and quickened all the sentiments of his religion. She had inspired him to a pleasurable sense of increased consciousness of being and feeling, that he had not hitherto known.

Miss Waring was a teacher of art, and she might truly be said to be "wedded to her art." Left an orphan early in life, she had been tenderly reared by an aunt, with whom she still lived. The remnant of her father's estate had been expended on her education. The intellectual and emotional elements were inherent in Janet Waring's make-up in a large degree, and her artistic training had meant vastly more to her than merely a matter of environment. In her little private studio she had fought the real battle of life, and come off the victor. Here she had given full expression to the different sides of her nature—here was tangible, enduring evidence of her treasures of inspiration.

She was devotedly fond of children and animals, not only for their own but for the sake of her art, and her studio walls were hung with the most perfect reproductions of both from her brush. As her theory was that a true artist should make a study of her subjects, Miss Waring's home was consequently very frequently a rendezvous for children and their pets. In fact, she herself was the possessor of a number of fine specimens of the feline family, for which she admitted a genuine fondness. Of this phase of her character Doctor Seaford had of course been ignorant up to the time of the appearance of the notice in the Times, but an inkling of the truth was beginning to dawn on his mental horizon.

"Confound these arbitrary divisions of time!" growled Doctor Seaford to himself a few evenings later. "I'm going to drop around to see Miss Waring tonight," and he did so.

An old darky, bearing all the marks of ante-bellum days, bowed him in with the ease of a Chesterfield, and took his card. Janet's frank, cordial greeting precluded the possibility that she was not pleased to see him. If he had deemed her wonderful at the hospital, here in her woman's domain, he hardly dared acknowledge to himself just what he did think of her.

A few days later Doctor Seaford encountered the janitor in one of the halls of the university. "Hello, Mason, how is our last patient coming on?" inquired the doctor, "You give him the best of care, don't you?"

"You mean that cat, Doctor? Why, yes, sir; he has been doing fine since the operation—until today I noticed a powerful wheezing in his windpipe."

Doctor Seaford winced inwardly. "That won't do, my man; 'twon't do! Bring him up to the operating room at—say three o'clock this afternoon; and, say, Mason, don't expose him to any draughts—and feed him lightly. See that you follow directions closely; we can't afford to lose the cat at this stage of the game."

At the appointed hour the same afternoon the doctor, together with the members of the freshman class, held a consultation over poor Tony, and decided that; "Because of depletion of the system, consequent upon the removal of the spleen, (which operation the

class pronounced a "howling success") the patient had contracted what was diagnosed as a "bronchial affection," which evidently required heroic treatment, at least Seaford seemed determined to preserve his life at all hazards; the result of which was that Tony was soon breathing more freely through a silver tube worn in his throat.

One morning, a few months later, an article appeared in the Times intimating that "It is possible that the key to the mystery of the disappearance of the numerous pet cats and dogs of Columbia might be traced to the university."

The article created quite a furore in certain circles, and the whole fraternity was threatened with social ostracism. Miss Waring, as a matter of course, was greatly perturbed; a question had arisen in her mind, and she had decided to know the truth at once.

Going to the garden where Uncle Abe, the darkey who did odd jobs about the place, was at work, she requested him to carry a note for her to Doctor Seaford at the university.

Uncle Abe almost dropped the spade with which he was digging; he opened his mouth and looked at Janet as though he had just seen an apparition. "At de Varsity? Lo'd a massy, Miss Jane—honey—don't go an' ax dis heah nigger to do nuffin lak dat! B'kase I done heahed abeaut dem studen' doctors and dey fool capahs! I knows 'em! I knows 'em! Lordy! Lordy! Ain't yo' nebah heahed beauten dey tricks on cullud pussons long to's night, Miss Janey?"

Janet remembered that there was a legend among the darkies about so foolhardy a policy as venturing near the university after dark. "Nonsense, Uncle Abe," she said, "I thought vou were too old a man to believe all those foolish stories."

"B'leeve 'em? B'leeve 'em? In co'se I does. Daih ain't nc tellin' whut kin' ob shines a passel ob dem studen' doctors a-gwine t' cut! No suh! it's de old lak niggers dey's lookin' out foh; I ain't gwine t' act de fool, as old as I'se a-gittin', an' sen' myself to Kingdom Come. No suh! Uhm! U-h-m!"

Uncle Abe gave that little peculiar groaning sound that most of the old-time darkies use, expressive of disgust or surprise. He shook his head and rolled his eyes so grotesquely that Janet could not keep from laughing.

"Well, Uncle," she concluded, "I'll have to let you off if you will find me a boy to carry the note in your place."

"Sho, honey—'deed I will!" And the expression on the old man's face was almost akin to joy as he limped off, still decisively shaking his head and communing with himself: "Bress de Lo'd! No suh! De doctor done say I'se gittin' anurated; I already knowed I'se got de idosity, an' dey don't nebah git obah dat; so yo' 'pintedly ain't gwine t' ketch yo' Uncle Ab'aham Linkum Gineral Gawge Washin'ton Andrew Jacks'n Potts a-laggin' 'round dat dar varsity compus after de sun done gone down—an' yo' sholy does hyeah me—No—o s-u-h!"

When Doctor Seaford received Miss Waring's note, he admitted to himself that inwardly he felt a trifle shaky. He scarcely knew whether to consider it in the light of an invitation or a business appointment. It was brief and said simply:

Dr. Seaford:—

Am I presuming too much on our friendship when I ask you to call at the house this evening?

Sincerely your friend,
JANET WARING.

"There is ever the haggard Possible lurking beyond the Probable." This was a little modern maxim he had read somewhere recently, and it kept insistently intruding itself in his mind now. An indefinable something that eluded analysis disturbed his reveries. A little invisible cloud seemed rising between himself and Janet Waring, and it was exactly the size of a maltese cat.

Janet met Dr. Seaford with her usual equipoise that evening, but there was a slight, possibly unconscious intonation in her voice that did not escape him. He cleverly assumed a placid abstractness of countenance which belied his feelings; after some small talk along conventional themes, there came a little conversational straint—a pause fraught with significance. Janet broke the silence.

"Doctor Seaford," she began, "you are wondering why I asked you to call tonight."

"I confess to a little masculine curiosity on the subject, Miss Waring," admitted the doctor.

"You, of course, read the article in the Times yesterday in regard to tracing lost pets to the university. I lost a beautiful

cat some time ago, and, although I advertised for him, I found no trace of him. Do you know," she went on, "I can but fear that there is some truth in the Times article. Doctor Seaford, do you suppose the students could have taken my cat?"

At last—the Rubicon was crossed! Doctor Seaford was sure now what he had to face, and even a dismal certainty is preferable to a dubious labyrinth of doubt. As he faced Janet Waring, with her clear-cut, classical features so full of a strange earnestness, he felt that there would be nothing gained by a preliminary skirmish of words.

"I—fear—it—might—be so, Miss Waring," he faltered, "but do not pronounce judgment until you have heard the extenuating circumstances."

"Why, D-o-c-t-o-r S-e-a-f-o-r-d!" Miss Waring's tone of anticipatory displeasure somewhat disconcerted him, but he went on:

"Of course there is a probability that your cat may be restored to you; but through force of circumstances—for the sake of science—one is sometimes compelled—"

"To commit a flagrant violation of right? Never, Doctor Seaford!" and Janet's eyes flashed with intensity of feeling. "Our educational authorities are neglecting a momentous duty when they do not recognize Humanity as an integral and important factor of education. It should become a part of the *character* of an individual."

Doctor Seaford faced her steadily. He knew that the warmth which Janet had infused into her words sprang from impulse rather than premeditation.

"But, my dear Miss Waring, I assure you that operations on animals in the medical colleges are not so inhuman as you may be led to think. They are put under the influence of a strong anæsthetic, and do not feel the pain. After the operation is over they are tenderly cared for, and none of the animals are left maimed or marred, as the experiments are strictly along scientific lines, and are of such a nature as to be of the utmost value in the future, when operations of a like nature are performed to save human life."

When Doctor Seaford ceased speaking Janet's face was a rare study in astonishment. "Vivisection!" she exclaimed. "That is even worse than I expected. Oh, my poor Tony! Why, there are other animals one might use, if it is a positive necessity—a lower order of creation. These trusting domestic creatures deserve our most magnanimous treatment, and every child should be taught that unkindness toward them, in any form, is both cruel and cowardly." Janet spoke as she felt, and Doctor Seaford was by no means indifferent to her really distressed face.

"Very true, I grant you, Miss Waring, but these lower animals we have been unable to obtain. I fear the method of study which emphasizes the artistic aspect only of things is essentially the feminine way." Dr. Seaford spoke in a subdued tone, and tried to put as much of pleasantry into his voice as he was capable of doing.

"While you scientists theorize from a standpoint entirely too exclusively masculine!" vouchsafed Janet in fine irony.

Doctor Seaford was conscious of the futility of mere words to enforce his argument, which was fast lessening from active to passive. It was a most disagreeable and complex situation to him, and he felt that he had fallen greatly from her first estimation of him.

"Miss Waring," he ventured, and there was a noticeable tenseness in his voice, "I will not attempt to overcome your cynicism. I give you the credit of a rare fidelity to conscience, but can you not be a trifle more tolerant of human frailties in your judgments? I lay no claim to being cast in a heroic mold, but confess to being very human in my make-up."

"You allow your brain to govern your heart, Doctor Seaford."

Janet was softening a little in her manner.

"Perhaps," he faltered, "and it brings me some very disastrous experiences at times, I assure you."

He spoke so regretfully—almost solemnly—that Janet, suddenly remembering her position as hostess, gave evidence of the first faint streaks of the early dawn of a smile, and said more demurely: "My judgments are not unerring, Doctor Seaford, and yet this does not qualify my opinion that you are wrong in your theory; but if we must disagree, we can at least agree to differ amicably. After all, it is unreasonable to expect one's friends to conform to all of one's own standards, I suppose."

The whole proceeding had been so singularly out of keeping with the usual pleasant tenor of their evenings together that Doctor

Seaford was eager to take up any line of retreat that might offer.

"Do you know, Miss Waring, this is our very first passage at arms? I am most happy to sign any articles of truce you may propose, and sincerely trust it may be the last."

Thus the conversation drifted into more pleasing channels, but Doctor Seaford could not but feel the restraint that heretofore had almost seemed conspicuous by its absence from her manner. After Doctor Seaford had taken his departure, Janet retired to her room, and kneeling there in her deep low window-seat, her face buried in her arms, she indulged in a good hearty fit of crying; she could not have told for the life of her just what it was about, yet it proved a great relief to her turbulent feelings.

Doctor Seaford continued to call on Miss Waring, and occasionally to take her out in his auto, but somehow the visits were void of that delightful comradeship that had existed before the cat episode. The subject was a tabooed one between them, by tacit assent. He admitted to himself that she had grown inexpressibly dear to him, but for reasons most obvious he was loth to apprise her of the fact. Not that he did not most earnestly desire to do so, but what man, even the bravest of his sex, is anxious to reveal his ardent love to a woman from whose lips he confidently expects a deliberate "No?"

Spring yielded her reign to summer, and summer merged into glorious autumn. Doctor Seaford's "*affaire de coeur*" had not made any noticeable progress. He had decided a number of times that he would put his fate to the test, and had as often reversed the decision. "But the longest lane must somewhere have a turning," he finally very sensibly reasoned, and thus, one morning—'twas late in September—Janet found herself opening a letter from Dr. Seaford. It began:

"My dear Miss Waring:—

"I have an acknowledgement to make, which may or may not be a surprise to you. I confess it is made in fear and trembling, amid jungles of doubt. Knowing the steadfast fibre of your nature as I do, and trusting to your woman's heart, I am going to throw my cause at your feet without reserve. In my appraisement of human values, need I say my estimate of you has been little less than an ovation.

"Miss Waring—Janet—I have not been brave enough heretofore to say, save in a hundred mute ways, what you must have guessed: that I love you as I have never loved any other woman, and should I haply find favor in your reply, it will be but a pleasure in store for me to call at any time you may think best, and confirm with my lips what my pen has so feebly expressed. I enclose a little poem that I have written and dedicated to you, which I trust may give you a clearer insight into the state of my feelings, than I feel that I have done. "Believe me, Miss Waring, 'if Fortune, when I look for smiles, should turn her face away,' I should be most desperately unhappy.

"Awaiting your answer with no small degree of impatience, I am,

"Most truly,
"LLOYD SEAFORD."

Janet's face shone with a warm light when she finished reading this letter, and she involuntarily pressed it to her lips. "Isn't that exactly like him?" she murmured, then turning to the poem she read on:

"TO JANET."

"My love unto my heart is dear—
Not like as other women are—
Her tender thought is ever near;
Her beautious soul is from afar.

For glorious visions hath my love,—
Thoughts that the world may never know,
That bring their impress from above,
And blessings unto all bestow.

Her dreams of heavenly things are fraught;
And yet of earth her graces are;
Her minstrations fall not short,
Of evening's silent silver star.

No light there is in earth or heaven,
More lustrous than her deeds of gold;
Sublime, serene, in mercy given,
Her works of love are manifold.

And ah! my love is strangely fair!
And wondrous ways belong to her,
She lendeth light to every sphere,
As nature's great interpreter.

The joy, dear heart, that lights my way
Would be less deep—nor half so sweet—
If hope sang not her roundelay
To gladden dreams of bliss complete.

The joyous strain is borne along,
And fills my heart with melody;
It echoes forth in glorious song—
'I love my love, and she loves me.'"

Janet was not insensible to this tribute that Doctor Seaford had paid her, and her mind was torn with many conflicting emotions. She had never allowed herself to analyze her real feelings for him, and that she cared as much for him as she now discovered she did was a matter of real perplexity and solicitude to her. From the depths of her inmost nature she longed to acknowledge her love for Doctor Seaford, but Janet Waring's faithful and fearless adherence to her ideals was rarely equaled. Wrapped in unhappy and perplexing thoughts, she had numerous and unseen encounters with herself, all tending to the same theoretic conclusions, namely:

"That, in admitting a love for a man so inhumane as Doctor Seaford had confessed himself to be, the action must necessarily involve a great compromise of prudence, not to say duty."

Ah, Janet! Janet! With your dominant characteristic of independency of thought, you have yet to learn the fallacy of the theory that a woman is able to adjust her feelings to the demands of some preconceived duty. The knowledge is yet to come that duty is sometimes swallowed up in supreme love.

When Doctor Seaford received a brief little note from Janet a few days later, saying that, "After due consideration, she had decided that they could at least be good friends," strange as it may seem, the doctor was in nowise disheartened, and did not accept this answer as the ultimatum. It had grown to be one of the traditions of time with Doctor Seaford that "women say and look one thing, and mean another," besides, how was Janet to know that some suspicious looking little tear blots that the doctor found on her note brought him more of joy than her answer did of sorrow? Oh, the infinite and infinitely subtle vagaries of the feminine mind!

* * *

One evening—'twas a month later than the events already recorded—Doctor Seaford ordered his automobile brought around to the university, as he intended to make a professional call in the country. Incidentally, as he intended to act as his own chauffeur, he had planned the self-imposed task of restoring Tony to his rightful owner while out on this trip. It was a matter of sincere congratulation to him that Tony had entirely recovered his former good state of health, and to all intents and purposes, save for the silver tube which he now habitually wore in his throat, was the same sleek, happy feline as of yore.

Doctor Seaford surreptitiously obtained a small sack, into which he put the cat and deposited him underneath the seat of the car. His most excellent intention was to take him quite near Miss Waring's home and then release him, but the little maxim about the schemes of mice and men going "agley" doesn't make the same assertion in regard to schemes of cats. As Doctor Seaford's noiseless auto came spinning down one of the crowded thoroughfares, he found it necessary to slow up a little. As he was turning a corner, two ladies attempted to cross the street. Doctor Seaford was so close upon them before he made the discovery that he was forced to make a sudden halt. He was conscious that there were two women on the crossing, but he saw only one—Janet Waring stood in front of the machine, only an arm's length away; the other woman passed on. Janet's heart gave a mighty throb.

"Why, D-o-c-t-o-r S-e-a-f-o-r-d!" she almost gasped, "is it *you?*" There was the same musical voice that had always thrilled Doctor with a tumult of emotion, and there was that favorite expression of hers. The doctor had not seen Janet since receiving her answer, and that one month had seemed an interminable period of time to both himself and Janet.

Doctor Seaford caught the swift illumination of her face, and noted with genuine pleasure the unconcealed eagerness in her voice. A luminous smile lighted up the doctor's really fine eyes as he replied:

"Well, if it be *not* I, as I suppose it be—you know the rest of the quotation, Miss Waring," and hastily stepping out of the vehicle, with his usual chivalry to women, and a profound "allow me," he was assisting Janet to a seat beside him, and they were soon threading their way down the busy street, past the business districts, out farther, and still farther out, past the suburbs of the city, and whirling along the quiet country lanes.

What may we not leave behind when we enter a world of our own? Under the enlivening influences of Janet's dear presence, such an extraneous issue as a cat never en-

tered the doctor's mind. Little exhilarating autumn breezes came and went softly laden with sweet fresh perfumes from late meadows and hedgerows. Groups of cattle were grazing peacefully on the hills, soft meshed in silver haze. Crowned with the halo of her rising spirits, Janet had never seemed quite so near the embodiment of all the Christian graces as she now appeared to Doctor Seaford. They were talking away spiritedly on safe impersonal themes when presently, from somewhere in the regions below, there came an ominous but unmistakable prolonged "m-e-o-w!"

Inwardly, Doctor Seaford had misgivings of his own; outwardly, he and Miss Waring greeted each other for an instant with an unpremeditated stare. After a momentary silence, another somewhat forlorn but tenaciously determined "meow" fell upon their waiting ears, accompanied this time by a series of dull thumping sounds that sent Doctor Seaford's exuberant spirits instantly to the zero point. There was no time to form any new plans, save those for immediate and unconditional action.

"Doctor S-e-a-f-o-r-d!" Janet's voice had lowered almost to a whisper; "what *was* that?"

The doctor tossed away the end of his cigar. He knew now that his time had come, and after the first shock he rallied bravely to the occasion. The situation, though embarrassing, was, after all, mirth-provoking.

"That, Miss Waring," and the doctor gave one of his full, deep-chested, hearty laughs, "is belated restitution."

Janet was giving attention in almost breathless silence.

"What ever can be the matter with you, Doctor Seaford?" she interrogated.

The doctor had, with praiseworthy assiduity, sprang from the car, and going to the rear, he continued: "Miss Waring, the cat is now out of the bag, and he still has seven lives left," and gently lifting Tony from his hiding-place, he placed him in Janet's outstretched arms.

"Oh, you darling—you!" exclaimed Janet in rapturous tones.

"Who, I?" quoth the doctor.

"You *dear*, *dear* old thing!" went on Janet, judiciously ignoring the doctor's remark, and burying her face in Tony's silken fur, she made him the object of her most demonstrative attention.

"Let me congratulate you on your last remark, if you were talking to me," continued the doctor.

"But where in the world did he come from?" responded Janet, with wondering eyes.

"If you were gifted with very great penetration, you would know that he was directly from the university, Miss Waring."

Janet answered with a most comprehensive "Oh!" at the same time bestowing a measuring glance on the doctor.

Doctor Seaford re-seated himself by Janet's side, and, as the auto glided on, he began: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, a confession appeals to me in a very favorable light, Miss Waring, and I doubt not you are thinking one is due you, and you are right."

And thus it came about that the doctor made a "clean breast," as he expressed it, of the entire proceedings, bringing out dramatically the fact of Tony's critical attack of the bronchial affection.

"Really, Miss Waring, Tony was a very sick cat, and would certainly have passed in his checks had it not been for the last operation and the silver tube."

Janet's eyes spoke her sympathetic interest. "Oh! wasn't that just splendid!" she put in oracularly.

"Why, I hope you think so, Miss Waring, I do, indeed—"

"Why, it is such indisputable evidence of your unequaled ability as a surgeon!" Janet unconsciously infused into her words the adorable temerity, the matchless defiance, and yet the winsome tenderness of her complex individuality.

"But individual achievement doesn't count for much when we have to take ourselves at the world's valuation, after all, Miss Waring. If one's practice should fail to coincide with the world's theories, why—" the doctor sent an explicable little flash of mischief in Miss Waring's direction.

"Now you are under-rating yourself, Doctor Seaford," and Janet punctuated her remark by a slight, almost imperceptible tilt of her head.

"I believe I have some acquaintances who do the same thing—" he was speaking in a more subdued tone now—"whose swift and unrelenting verdict I fear I shall not be able to overcome."

There was a touch of despair in the doctor's whole demeanor that had the desired effect upon Janet. He instinctively avoided looking in her direction, and seemingly gave unrestrained rein to his mood. Meeting with no response from Janet, he presently leaned down, gave a little sidewise glance into her face, and saw two big round tears just ready to fall on Tony's upturned face.

"Janet," he murmured with marked tenderness, looking with anxious eyes into her face. Janet felt the doctor's hand close ever so softly over one of her own, and they drifted into silence—the silence that is sweeter than words, and "Lays its seal upon lips and ear, that soul may have speech with its fellow."

Doctor Seaford was the first to speak. "And so, Janet, dear, this is not to be the parting of the ways, after all?"

Janet shook her head as her lips parted in a rapturous smile, but just what she said will never be known, unless the doctor divulges it, for only he and Tony heard it.

THE FAIRIES' WASHING

By Eleanor W. F. Vates

COME see the fairies' washing
A-shining in the sun!
They spread it out for drying
Before the day's begun:
We never heard a whisper
Nor gentle footstep pass,
Yet here are all their garments
Laid out upon the grass.

How small the elfin fingers
Which sewed with gilded thread
This kerchief gay and tiny
To deck some fairy's head!
With iridescent lining
These lustrous cloaks are made,
All golden in the sunlight
And silver in the shade.

O, pretty, silent darlings
Upon the velvet lawn,
Dipping your dainty dresses
In dew before the dawn,
Come fearlessly and fleetly
With all your glimmering gear!
We know the fairies' washing
Means weather bright and clear.

THE VOICE *of the* CONSCIENCE

By James Inglis

WELL, I guess I might's well shell them peas for dinner 'fore I clean up," said Mrs. McNeal. She took a large basket full of peas from the table, and sat down by the window.

"Margaret," she said presently, "what do you say to a piano an' a horse an' a phaeton —a horse with some style about him; that you could ride or drive, an' that 'u'd always be up when you wanted to go to town?"

Margaret was making a cake, and was beating the mixture with a long-handled spoon. She was a pretty girl, with yellow hair shining golden in the sun, a face strong, brave and kind, with just a touch of pride. The pride showed most, however, in the poise of her head and the carriage of her shoulders. But when the mobile lips parted in a smile over the straight rows of white teeth, one forgot the pride and thought only of the soft persuasive lips. She wore a blue gown of cotton that looked as if it had just left the ironing table. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows. She turned and looked at her mother as if she feared one of them had lost her senses; then she returned to the cake-beating with an air of good-natured disdain.

"Oh, you can smile and turn your head to one side, but you'll whistle another tune 'fore long, or I'll miss my guess. Margaret, ever since we come to Washington County, I've been savin' up butter an' chicken money; and you know I've always got the money for the extra garden truck, an' for the geese an' turkeys, an' the calves, an' so on." Mrs. McNeal stopped suddenly and looked out of the window. Then, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, she exclaimed, "Somebody's comin'."

"Who can it be?" Margaret stood up straight, with that quick little beating of mingled pleasure and dismay that the cry of "company" invariably brings to country hearts.

"I can't see. I don't want to be caught peepin'. I can see it's a woman, though; she's just passing into the lane. Can't you stoop down and peep? She won't see you 'way over there by the table."

Margaret stooped and peered cautiously through the morning glory vines that grew over the kitchen window.

"Oh, Mother, it is Mrs. Karney!"

"My goodness! An' the way this house looks! You'll have to bring her out here in the kitchen, too. Do you s'pose she's come to spend the day—she's got her bag, ain't she?"

"Yes, and I would like to know what we can get her for dinner? I am very sure I am not going to cut this cake for her. I want it when Sam comes to tea, Sunday."

"Why, I'll boil some beef an' a head of cabbage, an' these here peas; an' there's potatoes and peach preserves, an' you can make an apple pie. I guess that's a good enough dinner for her. There! She's knockin'! Open the door, Margaret. Well, 'f I ever! Look at that grease spot on the floor!"

Margaret, ignoring her mother's last remark, went to the front door, and returned presently followed by a tall, angular woman.

"Why, Mother, here is Mrs. Karney," she said with an air of having made a pleasant discovery.

Mrs. McNeal got up, very much surprised to find out who her visitor was, and welcomed her with exaggerated delight.

"Well, I declare! It's really you, is it? At last! Well, sit down an' take off your things. Margaret, take Mis' Karney's things. My! ain't it warm walkin'?"

"'Tis warm," and the visitor gave her bonnet to Margaret, at the same time dropping her black mits into it, after rolling them carefully together. "But your kitchen is always nice an' cool." She let her eyes wander about with a look of unabashed curiosity that took in everything. "I brought my patch-work with me," she continued.

"Well, I'm so glad you did, and you'll have to excuse the looks o' things. What's the news?"

Mrs. Karney took out her work before she replied: "None in particular." Then, after a moment's silence, "Ain't it too bad about poor old Martha Kelley?"

"What about her?" Mrs. McNeal began to shell peas with vigor, and looked at her visitor with a kind of pleased expectancy, as if any news, however dreadful, would come as a welcome relief to the monotony of existence. "Is she dead?"

"No, she ain't dead; but the poor old soul 'd better be. She's got to go to the county home, spite of all."

For a few moments there was absolute silence in the kitchen. A gentle breeze came in through the window and played with light touches on Mrs. McNeal's temple. It brought with it all the sweets of the old-fashioned garden—the mingled breaths of honeysuckle, sweet lavender, mignonette, pinks and sweetbriar. The whole kitchen was filled with the fragrance. It was such a big cheerful kitchen. Almost unconsciously Mrs. McNeal contrasted it with the kitchen at the county home, and she shivered in the warm perfumed air.

"What's her children about?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, her children!" said Mrs. Karney, with a contemptuous air. "What does her children amount to, I'd like to know!"

"Her son's got a good comf'terble house an' farm."

"Well, what if he has? He got it with his wife, didn't he? And Marion won't let his poor old mother set her foot inside the home. I don't say she is a pleasant body to have about—she's cross an' sick most all the time, an' childish. But that ain't sayin' her children oughtn't to put up with her disagreeableness."

"She's got a married daughter, ain't she?"

"Yes, she's got a married daughter." Mrs. Karney closed her lips tightly together, and looked as if she might say something if she chose that would create a sensation.

"Well, ain't she got a good enough home to keep her mother in?"

"Yes, she has; but she got her home along with *her* husband, an' he won't have the old soul any more'n Marion would."

There was another silence. Margaret had put the cake in the oven. She knelt on the floor and opened the door very gently now and then, to see that it was not browning too fast. The heat from the oven had crimsoned her face and arms.

"Guess you'd better put a piece o' paper on top of that cake," said her mother. "It smells kind o' burny like."

"No, it is all right, mother."

Mrs. McNeal looked out of the window.

"Ain't my flowers doin' well, though, Mis' Karney?"

"They are that. When I come up the walk, I couldn't help thinkin' of poor old Mis' Kelley."

"What's that got to do with her?" There was resentment bristling in Mrs. McNeal's tone and glance.

Mrs. Karney stopped her patch work, but held her hands stationary in the air and looked over at the mother and daughter in surprise.

"Why, I thought you knew; she used to live here."

"Did she? Did she live in this house?'

"Why, yes. Didn't you know that? Oh, they used to be right well off'n her husband's time. I visited here consid'rable. My! the good things she always had to eat! It makes my mouth water even yet to think of them."

"Huh! Well, I'm mortal sorry I can't give you as good as she did," said Mrs. McNeal stiffly.

"Well, as if you didn't! You set a beautiful table, Mis' McNeal, an' what's more, that's your reputation all over. Why, do you know, everybody says that about you."

Mrs. McNeal smiled deprecatingly, with a faint blush of pleasure.

"Indeed they do, Mis' McNeal. I just told you about Mis' Kelley because you'd never think it now of the poor old creature. An' such flowers's she used to have on both sides that walk! Hollyhocks an' larkspurs, an' sweet Williams an' bachelors' buttons, an' poppies, an' all kinds. Guess you didn't know she set out that red tea-rose at the south end o' the front porch, did you? An' that hop vine you've got trained over your parlor window—set that out, too. An' that row of young apple trees—she set them all out with her own hands; dug the holes herself. It's funny she never told you she lived here."

"Yes, it is," Mrs. McNeal replied slowly and thoughtfully.

"It's a wonder she never broke down and cried when she was visitin' here. She can't mention the place without cryin'."

Mrs. McNeal's face flushed a dull red as she answered, "She never visited here."

"Never visited here!" Mrs. Karney laid down her patch-work, put her hands in her lap, and stared. "Why, she visited everywhere. That's the way she managed to keep out of the poor house so long. Everybody was real consid'rate about invitin' her. But I expect she didn't like to come here to the old place, she set so much store by it in the old days."

Margaret looked over her shoulder at her mother, but the look was not returned. The peas were sputtering nervously into the pan.

"Have you not enough peas, now, mother?" she said. "That pan is almost full."

"Yes, it is gettin' hefty, an' I guess there's enough." She got up and set the pan on the table. "I'll watch the cake now, Margaret. You put the peas on in the aluminum pot to cook. You had best hurry and get 'em on right away. It's near eleven. Ain't this oven too hot with the door shet?"

Then the pleasant preparations for the dinner went on, and an appetizing odor floated through the great cheerful kitchen. Mrs. McNeal began to set the table, covering it first with a big white cloth having a red border and fringe. In the middle of the table she placed an uncommonly large eight-bottled caster.

Margaret set on the table a white plate holding a big square of yellow butter, and stood looking through the open door, down the path, with its tall hollyhocks and scarlet poppies on either side. Between the house and the barn some wild mustard had grown thick and tall, and was now drifting, like a golden cloud, against the pale blue of the sky. Butterflies were throbbing through the air, and grasshoppers were crackling everywhere. It was all so pleasant and so peaceful; while the comfortable house and barns, the wide fields stretching away to the forest, and the cattle feeding on the hillside gave a look of prosperity. Mrs. McNeal looked at her daughter standing by the open door, and asked, "What in the world are you dreamin' about, 'stead o' tendin' to the dinner?"

Margaret pulled herself together quickly as she replied: "I was just wondering how Mrs. Kelley would feel as she drove by this place on her way to the poor house. She loved this farm so."

"I'm afraid you feel a draught, Mis' Karney, settin' so clost to the door," said Mrs. McNeal, completely ignoring her daughter's remark.

"Oh, my, no; I like it. I like lots o' fresh air. If I didn't have six children an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself."

"Take who?" Mrs. McNeal's voice rasped as she asked the question. Margaret paused on her way to the pantry and looked at Mrs. Karney with deeply thoughtful eyes.

"Why, Mis' Kelley—who else?—before I'd let her go to the poor farm."

"Well, what's her children for? I think they ought to be made to take care of her!" Mrs. McNeal went on setting the table with brisk, angry movements. "The law ought to take holt of it. That's what I think about the matter."

Mrs. Karney smiled a grim smile as she made answer, "Well, you see the law *has* took holt of it. It seems a shame that there ain't somebody'n the neighborhood that 'u'd take her in. She ain't much expense, but a good deal o' trouble. She's sick, in an' out o' bed, nigh onto all the time. My opinion is she's been soured by all her troubles; an' that, if somebody'd only take her an' be kind to her, her temper'ment 'u'd improve wonderful. She's always mighty grateful for every little thing you do for her. It just makes my heart ache to think o' her goin' to the county home!"

Mrs. McNeal shut her lips tightly together; all the softness and irresolution went out of her face.

"Well, I'm mighty sorry for her," she said, with the air of dismissing a disagreeable subject; "but the world's full o' troubles, an' if you cried over all o' them you'd be cryin' all the time. Margaret, you go out and ring that dinner bell. I see Pap and the men ev got the horses about watered.

"I'm thinkin' 'bout buyin' a horse an' buggy," she announced with sternly repressed triumph, when Margaret had left the kitchen. "An' a piano. Margaret's been wantin' one, an' I don't believe her pap' 'll ever get worked up to the pitch o' gettin' it for her. But I've got some money laid by. I'd like to see his eyes when he comes home an' finds a bran new rig, an' a horse that he can't hetch to a plough, no matter how bad he wants to! I'm thinkin' o' gettin' a phaeton."

"They ain't as strong, but they're handy

to get in an' out of—'specially for old trembly knees."

"Oh, I ain't so old that I'm trembly."

"No, my, no," and Mrs. Karney gave a little start. "I was just thinkin' how that mebbe sometimes you'd go out to the county home an' take poor Mis' Kelley for a little ride. In the old days, she used to have a horse an' phaeton o' her own. Somehow, I can't get her off my mind today. I just heard about her's I was startin' for your house."

The men came to the house, pausing on the back porch to clean their boots on the scraper and wash their hands and faces with water dipped from the rain-barrel. Their faces shone like brown marble when they came in.

* * *

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Karney, with a sigh, began rolling up her patch-work, preparatory to taking her departure.

"Well," she said, "I must go. I had no idy it was so late. How time does go, talkin'. Just see how well I've done—two dozen squares since dinner-time! My! how pretty that hop vine looks. 'T makes an awful nice shade, too. I guess when Mis' Kelley planted it she thought she'd be settin' under it herself today—she took such pleasure in it."

They had been sitting on the front porch. It was cool and fragrant out there. The shadow of the house reached almost to the gate now. The bees had been drinking too many sweets—greedy fellows! and were lying in the red poppies, droning stupidly. A soft wind had sprung up, and was turning over the clover leaves, making here a billow of dark green and there one of light green; it was setting loose the perfume of the blossoms, too, and sifting silken thistle-needles through the air. Along the fence was a hedge eight feet high of beautiful ferns that grow luxuriantly in western Pennsylvania. Across the lane was the pasture, a tangle of royal color, being massed in with golden-rod, pinkweed, yarrow, purple thistles and field daisies; the cottonwoods that lined the creek below the house were snowing. There was a wild syringa near the gate, throwing out spray upon spray of white delicately-scented, golden-hearted flowers.

Mrs. McNeal arose and followed her guest into the spare bedroom.

"When are they goin' to take her to the county house?" she asked abruptly.

"Day after tomorrow. Ain't it awful? It just makes me sick to think about it.. I couldn't 'a' eat a bite o' dinner 'f I'd stayed at home, just for thinkin' about it. They say the poor old creature ain't done nothin' but cry an' moan sence she know'd she'd got to go."

"Here's your bag," said Mrs. McNeal. "Do you want I should tie your veil?"

"No, thanks; I guess I won't put it on. If I didn't have such a big fam'ly, an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself, b'fore I'd see her go to the county home. If I had a small fam'ly, an' plenty o' room, I declare, my conscience wouldn't let me rest, no way."

A dull red glow spread slowly over Mrs. McNeal's face.

"Well, I guess you needn't keep hintin' for me to take her," she said sharply.

"*You!*" Mrs. Karney uttered the word in a tone that was an unintentional insult; in fact, Mrs. McNeal affirmed afterward that her look of astonishment, and, for that matter, her whole air of dazed incredulity, were insulting. "I never once thought of *you*," she said, with an earnestness that could not be doubted.

"Why not o' me?" demanded Mrs. McNeal, showing something of her resentment. "What you been talkin' about her all day for, if you wasn't hintin' for me to take her?"

"I never thought o' such a thing," repeated her visitor, still looking rather helplessly dazed. "I talked about it because it was on my mind heavy, an' I guess because I wanted to talk my conscience down."

"Well, if you wasn't hintin'," said Mrs. McNeal in a conciliatory tone, "it's all right. You kep' harpin' on the same string till I thought you was; an' it riles me awful to be hinted at. I'll take anything right out to my face, so's I can answer it, but I won't be hinted at. But, why"—having rid herself of the grievance, she at once swung around to the insult—"why *didn't* you think o' me?"

Mrs. Karney cleared her throat and began to unroll her mitts.

"Well, I don't know just why," she said helplessly. She drew the mitts on, smoothing them well up over her thin wrists. "I don't know why. I'd thought o' most everybody'n town—but you never come into my head *onct*. I was's innocent o' hintin's a baby unborn."

Mrs. McNeal drew a long breath noiselessly.

"Well," she said absent-mindedly, "come again, Mis' Karney. An' be sure you always fetch your work an' stay the afternoon."

"Well, I will. But it's your turn to come, now. Where's Margaret?"

"I guess she's makin' a fire in the cook-stove to get supper."

"Well, tell her to come over an' stay all night with Mable some night."

Mrs. McNeal went into the kitchen and sat down, rather heavily, in a chair. Her face wore a puzzled expression.

"Margaret, did you hear what we was a-sayin' in the bedroom?"

"Yes—most of it, I guess."

"Well, what do you s'pose was the reason she never thought o' me takin' Mis' Kelley?"

"Why, mother, you never thought of taking her in yourself, did you?" Margaret said, as she turned down the damper of the stove. "You see, no one else thought of it when you did not."

"Well, don't you think it was awful impudent in her to say that, anyhow?"

"No, I believe she told you the truth."

"Why ought they to think o' everybody takin' her exceptin' me, I'd like to know."

"I suppose because everyone else has thought of it themselves. The neighbors have all been chippin' in to help her for years. You have never done anything for her, have you? You never even invited her here to visit!"

"No, I never. But that ain't no sayin' I wouldn't take her's quick's the rest of 'em. They ain't none of 'em takin' her very fast, be they?"

"No, they are not," replied Margaret, facing her mother and looking at her steadily, "but you must consider that they all have their hands full—no extra room, and children or relatives of their own to look after and care for."

"Huh!" said Mrs. McNeal, and she began to chop some cold boiled beef for hash.

"I don't believe I'll sleep tonight, for thinkin' about it," she said after a while. "I wish she wasn't goin' right by here."

Margaret did not reply. She was slicing potatoes to fry, and she seemed to agree with her mother's wish.

After a long silence, Mrs. McNeal said, "I don't s'pose your pap'd hear to our takin' her in."

"I think father would leave that to us," said Margaret.

"Well, we can't do it, that's all there is about it," announced Mrs. McNeal, with a great air of having made up her mind.

Presently, however, she said in a less determined tone, "There's no place to put her, exceptin' the spare room, an' we can't get along without that, no ways."

"No," said Margaret, in a non-committal tone.

Mrs. McNeal stopped chopping and looked thoughtfully out of the door.

"There's this room openin' out o' the kitchen," she said slowly. "It's nice an' big an' sunny. It 'u'd be handy 'n winter, too, bein' right off the kitchen. But it ain't furnished."

"No," replied Margaret, "it is not furnished."

"An' I know your pap' wouldn't furnish it."

"Well, no, I guess he would not," laughed Margaret.

"There's no use a-thinkin' about it, Margaret; we just can't take her. Better get them potatoes on; I can see the men-folks comin' up to the barn."

The next morning, after breakfast, Margaret said suddenly, as she was washing the dishes, "Mother, I have been thinking it over during the night and I have come to the conclusion that you had better take the money with which you were going to buy me a piano, and furnish that room."

Mrs. McNeal turned so sharply that she dropped the turkey-wing with which she was polishing the stove.

"You don't never mean it," she gasped.

"Yes I do. For, mother," Margaret went and placed both her hands on her mother's shoulders and looked into her eyes, "I know you and I would both feel better if we took Mrs. Kelley in, than if we took a piano in—" they both laughed rather foolishly at the poor joke. "You can furnish the room very nicely with the money you would spend on a piano; and we can get the horse and phaeton just the same."

"Oh, Margaret, I've never meant but that you should have a piano! No, I won't never spen' that money for nothin' but a piano—so you can just shet up about it."

"I want the horse and phaeton much more than I want a piano. We can get a horse

that I can ride. And we will get a phaeton, so that we can take Mrs. Kelley to church and to visit the neighbors." Then she added with a regular masterpiece of diplomacy, "We will show the neighborhood that, when we do take people in, we take them in all over."

"Oh, Margaret," said her mother weakly, "wouldn't it just astonish 'em!"

* * *

It was ten o'clock of the following morning when Margaret ran in and announced that she heard wheels coming up the plank road.

Mrs. McNeal paled a little, and breathed quickly as she got her sun-bonnet and went down the lane to the gate. A red spring-wagon was coming slowly toward her, drawn by a single horse. The driver was half-asleep on the front seat. Behind, in a low chair, sat old Mrs. Kelley; she was stooping over, her elbows on her knees, her gray head bowed.

Mrs. McNeal held up her hand, and the driver pulled in the not reluctant horse.

"How'd do, Mis' Kelley? I want you should come in an' visit me a while."

The old creature lifted her trembling head and looked at Mrs. McNeal. Then she saw the old house, half-hidden by vines and flowers, and her dim eyes filled with tears.

"We ain't got time to stop, ma'am," said the driver politely. "I'm a-takin' her to the county," he added in a lower tone, but not so low that the old woman did not hear.

"You'll have to make time," said Mrs. McNeal bluntly. "You get down and help her out. You don't have to wait. When I'm ready for her to go to the county, I'll take her myself."

Not understanding in the least, but realizing, as he said afterward, that she "meant business," and wasn't the kind to be fooled with, the man obeyed with alacrity.

"Now you lean all your heft on me," said Mrs. McNeal kindly. She put her arm around the old woman, and led her up the lane and through the house into the pleasant kitchen.

"Margaret, you pull that big chair over here where it's cool. Now, Mis' Kelley, you can set right down an' rest."

Mrs. Kelley wiped the tears from her face with an old cotton handkerchief. She tried hard to speak, but the sobs had to be swallowed down too fast. At last she said in a choked voice: "It's awful good in you—to let me see the old place—once more. The Lord bless you—for it! But I'm sorry I stopped—seems now's if I—just *couldn't* go on any further."

"Well, you ain't goin' on," said Mrs. McNeal, while Margaret went to the door and stood looking toward the road with drowned eyes. "This is our little joke—Margaret's and mine. This'll be your home as long as it's our'n. An' you're goin' to have this nice big room right off the kitchen, 's soon's we can furnish it up. We'll have to put you in the spare room for a week or two, though. An' we're goin' to get a horse an' phaeton—the phaeton's low, so's you can get out an' in easy-like—an' take you to church an' all 'round, just where you care to go."

* * *

That night after Mrs. McNeal had put Mrs. Kelley to bed and bade her good-night she went out on the front porch and sat down. But presently remembering that she had not put a candle in the room, she went back, opening the door noiselessly, not to disturb her. Then she stood perfectly still. The old creature had got out of bed, and was kneeling beside it, her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, Lord God, father of all," she was saying aloud, "bless these dear kind people—bless 'em, oh, Lord! Hear a poor old mis'rable soul's prayer, an' bless 'em." She stopped for a moment to control her voice, and then went on: "An' if they've ever done a sinful thing, oh, Lord God, forgive 'em for it, because they've kep' me out o' the poor house—"

Mrs. McNeal shut the door and stood sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, mother, what is the trouble?" exclaimed Margaret, coming up suddenly.

"Never you mind what's the matter," said her mother, sharply, to conceal her emotion. "You go to bed, missy, an' don't bother your head about what's the matter with me."

Then she went down the hall and entered her own room, and Margaret heard the key turned in the lock.

MISTRESS AND MAID

By E. C. Smith

IT was raining, and raining hard. Lois noticed, as she gave the final punch to the silken cushion on the couch by the window, that Mrs. Bailey's coachman had driven his horses under the covered archway of the University Commons opposite, while he awaited the lady's pleasure, and she felt a proprietory interest in the shelter the building afforded.

Mrs. Bailey herself has just finished her cup of tea, and risen to take her departure.

"You certainly are fixed beautifully, Lois," she said, looking about. "Everything in the apartment is as dainty and pretty as can be —and you are so near college, and have such a fine outlook. You were fortunate to find such a situation, so long as you are determined to live by yourself, instead of coming to me; but I'm afraid you are going to be dreadfully lonesome!"

"Lonely!" said Lois, "Lonely? With my maid, Nan, always with me? Fie! Fie!"

The older woman laughed.

"There is no other way, dear Mrs. Bailey," continued the girl earnestly, coming up close to her guest and taking the two ends of Mrs. Bailey's lace boa in her soft little hands, and swinging them gently to and fro as she talked. "I'm *determined* to study, and study hard, this winter. I've *got* to get my Ph. D., and be qualified to do something self-supporting."

Mrs. Bailey sniffed contemptuously.

"I won't live in a boarding house," went on the girl, ignoring the sniff; "and if I come to your house, you'll spoil me. I'll have such a good time, I'll not study one bit! No! No! dear lady, Nan and I must fend for ourselves."

Again the older woman laughed, and Lois dimpled roguishly, in spite of her earnestness.

"Well, of course," assented Mrs. Bailey, with a twist at the corner of her mouth, "if you have fully decided never to marry, I suppose you must look out for a career, but I shall insist upon your spending every Sunday with me. You are to come Saturday to dinner, and stay until Monday, and I do hope your mother won't *devour* me when she learns what I've allowed you to do. Set up housekeeping—you and Nan. Good-bye, dear, now don't get lonely!"

After Mrs. Bailey had departed, Lois Davis stood for some time looking out into the windswept, rain-washed street, and at the imposing gray university buildings opposite. Handsome they were, and imposing, but certainly a little—just a little—forbidding and—yes, lonely. She tried to laugh at the idea, but the tears were very close, and a wave of something dangerously like homesickness swept over her. Whereupon she took herself severely to task.

"Lois Davis, I'm ashamed of you," she said aloud. "Ashamed and disappointed. This won't do at all—the first thing you know you'll have Nan in the doldrums, and then what would we do! You had better stop looking out into the mud and go see what there is for tea. Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed, in sudden excitement, as a horrible recollection occurred to her. "There is not an egg in this house, and we were to have some of those heavenly muffins that Nan makes for supper. So much for mooning! Miss Nan will just have to go and get the eggs, rain or no rain." Whereupon Lois flew into the kitchen and in a few minutes a demure little maid in a smart cap and apron, wrapped in a waterproof and holding with difficulty a large umbrella, was splashing sturdily down the street. The dairy was not far off, and Nan soon had the eggs clutched firmly in a paper bag, and was heading rapidly for home, when a young man carrying his umbrella well down, to shield himself from the slanting rain, came furiously around the corner. The inevitable occurred—the two collided—and Nan's package was swept from her hand, and fell to the sidewalk with a sound of soft destruction.

"Oh, oh!" groaned Nan, gazing wildly at the wreck.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, trying to lift his hat, hold his umbrella and

clutch a large package of books at the same time. "What have I done?"

"You've broken every one of them!" Nan wailed. "What in the world do you bolt 'round a corner like a—like an auto for!"

"I'm truly sorry," responded the man, not trying to defend himself, but looking from the package on the sidewalk to Nan's hair, which the wind and rain were twisting into little tendrils on her forehead. "*What* have I broken?"

"Eggs!" announced Nan solemnly.

The young man smiled for the first time.

"Eggs? Oh, well, I see my way to prove my repentance now," he said cheerfully. "If you will tell me where you live, I'll get some more and bring them to you. See, you are getting quite wet. Go home. I'll repair damages."

"They are for Miss Lois' muffins," answered Nan demurely. "She lives at 6052 M. Avenue. It's Miss Davis on the door, please."

"Six-o-five-two? Oh, I was just going there. Professor Norris has an apartment in that building. I'm there nearly every day. Run home, please; I'll have the eggs there before you have hung up your waterproof."

So saying, the young man turned and swung down the street toward the dairy with long and determined strides, and Nan's umbrella bobbed rapidly in the opposite direction.

The eggs appeared duly—the muffins were made, and devoured by Miss Lois with great satisfaction. Later, curled up up on the couch by the window, she pondered over the little episode Nan had told her of, and wondered who the man was who came to see Professor Norris every day, and if she should meet him in her own classes.

It was a rainy week, and Saturday proved no exception, but Lois, arrayed softly and sweetly in clinging white, her bronzy hair piled high on her proud little head and surmounted by a large black hat with drooping feathers, summoned a cab and sped gleefully to dine with her dear friend Mrs. Bailey.

She found her in the library, chatting with her son, Tom, who had returned from Harvard accompanied by a friend, a Mr. Lawton.

Mrs. Bailey met the smiling girl at the library door, and kissed her fondly, and Tom seized her two hands as soon as his mother released them, in hearty welcome. Mr. Lawon, responding to the introduction, bowed gracefully, and offered her a chair, but Tom interposed.

"Don't sit down, Lois," he whispered darkly. "Lawton's got another chair handy, and he means to sit down beside you and ask you how you like Chicago, and other unanswerable questions."

Lois laughed.

"Harry Driscol's coming, and he's got to have a chance," Tom rattled on. "Mother hasn't asked any other lady for dinner, and one of us—By George! here comes Mollie Bynner—Mother, I have wronged you. Bring the maiden hither!"

Lois laughed again, and Mrs. Bailey shook her finger warningly at Tom. Miss Bynner was fifty, tall, thin and of unbending dignity. But Tom's nonsense always stopped at the right point, and it was a very courteous host who greeted the elderly lady and presented her to his friends. When Harry Driscol arrived, which he did shortly, the party moved on to the dining-room, Mr. Lawton taking Lois, Tom Miss Bynner, and Driscol bringing up the rear with Mrs. Bailey.

It was a merry little company around the table, and Lois found Mr. Lawton so charming and interesting that she paid small heed to the large rather ugly-looking young man who sat opposite. Several times he glanced at her with a rather puzzled expression in his deep-set eyes, but at last, at some question of Mrs. Bailey's about Professor Norris, his face cleared and he said pleasantly: "Are you the Miss Davis who lives in the same building with Professor Norris?"

"Yes, Mr. Driscol," responded Lois, a pink flush mounting to her soft cheek.

"Then, I fear I came very near fatally injuring your small maid the other afternoon. I trust she has recovered."

Mrs. Bailey looked up quickly.

"What was it, Lois?" she asked.

"Nothing," answered Lois indifferently. "I sent Nan for some eggs, and she ran against some man, or some man ran against her, with an umbrella. No damage done the eggs. Nan arrived with them safely."

After this brief explanation, Lois resumed her conversation with Mr. Lawton, and Mrs. Bailey exerted herself to entertain Mr. Driscol, who was quite a favorite with her.

The evening passed delightfully. Lois played with exceptional skill, and Mr. Lawton had a tenor voice that, as Tom expressed

it, would coax a bird off the bush. Mr. Driscol's dark face paid tribute to the charm of the hour, and even Miss Bynner, sitting well in shadow, felt her eyes grow humid and a smile relax her stern mouth, as she gazed at the slim, girlish figure at the piano and listened to that wooing lyric tenor.

The hour was late when the company broke up, and Tom took Miss Bynner home.

Mr. Driscol and Mr. Lawton withdrew, each having asked and received permission to call on the charming girl who had made a deep impression on both.

Mrs. Bailey and Lois sat in cosy converse over the library fire until Tom came back. Their chat seemed to be satisfactory, judging from the smiling faces that greeted his return.

University work began and progressed steadily. Lois flung her strength and enthusiasm into the work she had undertaken to do, and Nan, the neat little maid, neither faltered nor swerved from her part of the toil. The little mènage went on swimmingly, and neither Lois on her couch by the window, or at the student's desk, her small hands buried in her thick hair while her elbows rested beside the book over which she pored, nor deft Nan busy in her minutest of kitchens, complained of loneliness. Tom returned to Harvard, but Mr. Lawton remained, and was not slow in availing himself of his permission to call upon Miss Davis. Wednesday of the week following their meeting found him at her door. Lois herself admitted him, and the evening passed most pleasantly. On Thursday Mr. Driscol called. Nan admitted him. She smiled a little as she recognized him, and he smiled too at the recollection of their ridiculous meeting. Nan showed him into the tiny parlor, and departed to announce him to her mistress, who delayed quite twenty minutes before appearing, and made no apology for her slowness. But when he had gone she could not but acknowledge that she had passed a very agreeable evening.

It would seem that Professor Norris was an Egyptologist and antiquarian of some note, and Mr. Driscol was a bit of an enthusiast along the same lines. He frequently came to see the professor, and in the summer proposed going to Egypt with him, as the professor had saved up a year of vacations. Now if there was one place on earth Lois longed to visit, that place was Egypt, and she listened absorbedly to what her visitor had to say about the land of her dreams. It is to be feared that the man was a little late in departing, but then there was always Nan, the maid, for propriety, even if she had retired from sight.

Lois had decided not to return home for Christmas, and Mrs. Bailey insisted that the vacation week should be spent with her, and toward the middle of December drove out one day to pass several hours with her young friend, and to talk over many little arrangements for the tree that was to put forth its miscellaneous fruitage Christmas Eve.

"Have you seen much of Mr. Driscol, Lois?" she asked, while they were sitting sociably over the lunch table.

"M-m-m-yes," answered Lois slowly. "He comes a good deal to see Professor Norris, and often of an evening he drops in here for an hour. Nan says he is the most 'perfect gentleman' she ever saw. You know," she went on, devoting herself assiduously to peeling an orange and removing the "scarf skin" with much elaborate carefulness. "Nan has a really beautiful understanding of her position as maid, and would resent the smallest familiarity. She says Mr. Driscol's manner of pleasant, kind, respectful interest is adorable.

"The other evening he said to me: 'Do you know, that little maid of yours has a decidedly refined and intellectual look; her manners are those of a lady; have you ever thought of giving her a chance?'"

"What did you tell him?" asked Mrs. Bailey, much amused.

"I told him that Nan had been offered her chance. Mrs. Norris met her at the grocer's, and asked her if she didn't feel lonesome, I went out so much, and wouldn't she like to come and live with her."

"What did he say?"

"He looked at me quite startled for a moment, and asked me 'f I thought Nan could be tempted with higher wages. I assured him that it was my firm conviction that Nan was thoroughly attached to me, and would never leave me, and that seemed to relieve his mind. He likes Doctor Norris and studies with him a great deal, but Mrs. Norris—well, she's clever, but her house and her children are simply spectacles.

"The other day she gave a luncheon, and included me. The table looked lovely, and we were having a nice time, when one of the

ladies began idly to strike her wine glass with her fork, as she talked.

"'I must break myself of that trick,' she said at once, 'the other evening I broke one of a lovely set of glasses doing that.'

"'Did you?" said Mrs. James, who sat opposite. 'I never break anything but the globes of the chandelier; those little screws that hold them, you know—'

"Of course we all looked up to see the little screws, and we all looked down pretty quick, I can tell you. There was but one globe on that chandelier, and that was broken and as black and dusty as it could be."

Mrs. Bailey nearly choked laughing.

"Oh, but she has a career," she gasped between her spasms of merriment.

"If anything could sicken me of a desire to have one, her home and her children would," answered Lois, planting her white teeth sharply into her orange.

"I wish it might *cure* you, Lois," said Mrs. Bailey earnestly. "You know I don't one bit approve of this housekeeping plan. It's really not the thing for a girl like you to undertake. You are young, rich and pretty; with two men dying to be accepted. What possible good can come of your studying and working as you do?"

"Perhaps it will help me to choose between those two gallant lovers," laughed Lois lightly, but with a quick glance at her friend that suggested deeper thought. "When Mr. Lawton takes my opera cloak from the waiter and lays it over my shoulders, I feel that Elizabeth and Raleigh were not in it, and when he sings, moonbeams and nightingales are thick in the air, and roses and nectar seem every-day diet. I can't help liking him, he's so superior; although I always feel as if I should have to go through life on tip-toe—to be within notice."

Mrs. Bailey sighed. "How is it with Harry Driscol?" she asked a trifle anxiously.

"Oh! Mr. Driscol is like his tweed suit he's so fond of wearing—awfully comfortable, and wears well. Of excellent cut, too. He can tell you about mummies till you feel the only really desirable thing in this world is to be one. If each of these men should ask me to marry him, I'm afraid I should tremble between a desire to be a lady of mineral qualities—ruby lips, alabaster brow and sapphire eyes — and a Simon pure Sphinx."

"Lois, I don't like your levity," said Mrs. Bailey severely.

"My dear Mrs. Bailey, I don't like it, either," said the girl, and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice.

The Christmas holidays passed blithely. Lois closed her apartment, and went to Mrs. Bailey's for a week before the festive day. Every morning the two spent in shopping expeditions; the afternoons chatting and resting, and the evenings in social pleasure. The beautiful house was full of life and mirth. Both Mr. Lawton and Mr. Driscol haunted the place, and Lois could not but understand that both were, in their separate ways, suing for her favor, and she was also conscious that she was unable to decide whether Mr. Lawton, with his polished, high-bred air, his lovely tenor voice, the perfect appointments of his dress, which stopped quite short of foppishness and left only the impression of fitness, or Mr. Driscol, whose English tweeds seemed exactly in keeping with his rugged, powerful face and keen, kindly eyes, were most attractive to her. Their manner of wooing was as different as their appearance. Mr. Lawton was always like a watchful courtier, at hand to offer the chair, or turn the music, or open the door. Mr. Driscol remained quietly in the background, but Lois observed that the warmest corner, the most comfortable chair, the ready word that turned aside Tom's jokes were unfailingly hers.

It was the day before Christmas, at lunch, that a little thing occurred that showed the strained relations of Lois' two lovers.

Tom, looking suddenly up from the meat he was carving, asked in his clear, insistent voice: "By the way, Lois, what did you do with your maid when you came up here. Is she all alone?"

"No, indeed! She's with friends," answered Lois, indifferently.

"I hear that she's young and pretty," Tom went on. "You've seen her, Harry; is this paragon of a maid lovely?"

"She's very pretty," answered Driscol quietly.

Lawton glanced at the two men with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"You've seen her, too, Charley," persisted Tom, with unwonted denseness. "What is your verdict?"

"I have never observed her," replied Law-

ton haughtily; "a servant is a servant to me. There are but two kinds—those who perform their duties perfectly, and those who do not. I don't interest myself in their behalf. I'm not a visitor from Altruria."

Driscol's face was immovable, but both Lois and Mrs. Bailey looked annoyed, and the latter changed the conversation at once.

Christmas morning, among her many gifts, Lois found at her plate at breakfast a magnificent bunch of roses and a little sealed note, which she read in silence. She found there, also, a little box with a wonderful Egyptian scarab. There was a little note with this, also.

A few days later, Lois returned to her own home and took up the university work again, but it was a disturbed and unsettled student who pored over the pages of her book. Greater problems than were printed or suggested by text-books confronted her for solution. She tried honestly to study and study hard, but her mind would wander off.

"Dear me, Lois," she would say to herself once in a while, taking her lovely perplexed face into the hollow of her plump little hand and staring fixedly at the fire. "I'm afraid you are getting yourself into a fix. You will never get a Ph. D., if you go on like this; and where is your career coming in; answer me that? Here," nodding at the Morris chair, "is a scholarly young person—every inch a man—who honors you with the offer of his hand and fortune; and here," glaring at a Boston fern on a taborette, "is a young god—'divinely tall and most divinely fair'—who dances like an angel, and sings like a cherub, till something in your subjective tingles and aches and dreams abominably. I don't believe you love him," shaking her head at the fern, "but he does make one feel poetical and as if life was sort of rainbowy. As for you," her eyes resting dreamily on the Morris chair, "you are so restful—Lois, you could—only that lyric tenor—it wraps you up in fleecy clouds and rose leaves, and makes you simply idiotic. You should go home, that you should, only you were so *determined* to come. I'm really ashamed to let you," and after this she unlocked a drawer in her desk and took out a little box which contained an Egyptian scarab, looking at it quite longingly.

The upshot of the thing was that Lois resolved to deny herself to all visitors and grind hard at her work; and Nan was instructed to tell Mr. Lawton and Mr. Driscol when they called, that Miss Lois was working hard for examinations, and begged to be excused from seeing them, save Saturday evenings at Mrs. Bailey's. This was judicial, for at her friend's house she saw to it that no special interviews with either gentlemen were given.

This plan worked admirably. Each man knew that his fate was in abeyance; but the unexpected is always happening, and the unexpected did happen one evening in early spring, and brought Lois to a speedy decision, and broke up her little establishment.

About eight o'clock one evening, the door-bell rang sharply. Nan opened the door and disclosed Mr. Lawton armed with a big bunch of American Beauty roses.

"Miss Lois is out," announced the maid promptly.

"Is she really?" pleaded the handsome young man, looking at Nan searchingly. "I only want to see her for five minutes."

"She is not at home," repeated the girl.

"Can I come in, then, and leave a note for her, with these roses?"

Nan opened the door wider and stepped aside.

"You know where her desk is," she said.

"Oh, yes," said the young man, laying his hat down in the tiny hall. "Will you come and give me some paper and an envelope?"

Nan followed him into the little study, and laid out the desired articles.

"Wait a moment, Nan," Lawton said, seating himself on the desk chair. "I want to speak a word to you—when I've written this. There, that will do," he said a moment later, folding the note and placing it in the envelope. "Do you know where Miss Lois is this evening?"

"She is over at the library," hazarded Nan, desperately.

Lawton stared at the girl boldly. "You have a look like your mistress," he went on, leaning back in his chair, and putting the tips of his fingers together. "Are you related to her?"

"Slightly."

"Poor relation, I suppose?"

Nan nodded uneasily.

"I suspected as much. My Lady keeps that part dark, and well she may, for you're mighty pretty—prettier even than Lois!

"Now, listen. Lois and I are to be married before long, and I want you to promise to live with us when we are. I'll see that you have all you want. It's a blamed shame to leave you here all alone. Don't you ever go out? I'd like to take you to dinner some night. Don't look so frightened, my dear," he went on, smiling, for Nan's face had grown very white. "Lois couldn't come in without our hearing her, and I could meet her all right, but I'm going. It might be a little awkward, if you looked so scared. I'll see you again. Would you squeal if I kissed you, I wonder? I believe you would. Well, good-night, you beauty," and he went, throwing her a kiss from the doorway.

An hour later, Driscol, coming down stairs from Professor Norris' apartment, saw Lois, dressed in a dark blue broadcloth suit and smart little hat, standing outside her door, which she had just shut. In one hand was a dress-suit case, and in the other a huge bunch of roses.

"Where are you going?" he asked surprisedly, hurrying to her side and taking the suit case from her hand. "What is the matter?" he added anxiously, observing her pale face and agitated manner.

"I'm going to Mrs. Bailey's," gasped Lois. "Don't speak to me!"

Harry followed her down stairs without a question farther. A cab was waiting. When Lois reached it, she threw the roses furiously under the horses' feet, and motioned Driscol to place the suit case in the cab. She paused, with her foot upon the step, and held out her hand.

"Don't come with me, Harry," she said with a sob, "and don't worry. I'm simply in a furious rage. Come to Mrs. Bailey's tomorrow about ten, and I'll tell you everything. Good-night."

Harry Driscol pressed the little hand that trembled so.

"Good-night, Lois," he said simply, and waited till the cab drove away.

Mrs. Bailey received her protegè with open arms, and the motherly woman and the distressed girl talked far into the night, but when they parted both were happier than they had been for a long time.

Promptly at the appointed hour, Harry Driscol appeared and was shown into the library of Mrs. Bailey's house. A slim girl with soft bronze hair piled high above a rosy, dimpled face, sprang from her big chair to meet him. She held out both hands, and as he took them in his strong grasp, he looked down into her soft brown eyes and whispered: "Is it 'yes,' Lois?"

And Lois answered bravely: "If, after you hear all I have to tell, you wish it to be yes, it shall be."

Harry Driscol smiled contentedly: "You think you have a secret from me dearest," he whispered happily, "but I know it."

"How long? Who told you?"

"Mrs. Norris. Since Easter."

Lois laughed. "Mrs. Norris is clever at everything but taking care of her own home and children," she said. "But sit here on the couch till I tell you.

"Last night Mr. Lawton called. He insisted upon coming in to leave a note for me, although Nan told him that I was out—and oh, Harry! Harry! he made love to Nan the maid, and wrote this to Lois the mistress."

She took from her belt a note and held it out with the extreme tips of her slender fingers. Harry opened it and read:

"Dearest Lois:—

"Do not be so cruel. I am simply miserable when parted from you. Please, my little white rose, let me come to you for an hour—you are the most beautiful woman in this world, and the only one for

"Your faithful lover,
"CHARLEY."

"Insufferable cad!" snarled Driscol through his teeth. "I saw what you did with his roses. What did you do with the cur, Lois?"

"I have written him this," the girl answered, swift anger leaping to her eyes.

"Mr. Lawton:

"Never dare speak to me again. You are beneath contempt. Nan the maid and Lois the mistress are one person.

"LOIS NANETTE DAVIS."

MY BURGLAR

By Harrison S. Field

AS I told the captain at the police station, a fellow could not be such an ass as to do such a thing on purpose. The suit is as good as ruined if I do get it back, and Helen is not one of those girls who see things in your light in a minute. As for concealing and condoning a felony, I ask any sensible person if he would conceal a felony in the newest suit of clothes in his wardrobe, or condone it by the public display of his love-letters, if he could help it. I couldn't help it.

I wish I could get the thing quite clear in my head, before I am called upon again. I have never had such trouble with anything before. It is so difficult to put the story in a favorable light.

You see, this is how it stands: I live in what the fellow who let the thing to me called a "maisonette"—goodness only knows why—just off X Square. That sounds rather silly; like algebra, I know; but I am not going to let out which square it is, because that trap door hasn't been mended yet, and I don't want any more of it. I have had enough, thank you.

At about half-past twelve, on Thursday night or Friday morning, whichever it was, I heard cries of "Fire!" and that gave me a start, you may be sure. I had gone to bed early, and was just dozing off. I slipped a few clothes on in a jiffy, and ran out of the room and down the stairs as fast as I could beat it, and was exceedingly glad when I got to the bottom of the four flights. I suppose that, in the excitement of the moment, I left the door of my "maisonette" open; but I'll come to that later on.

When I got into the street, I didn't have much difficulty in finding out where the fire was, because a fairly big crowd had collected already, and a policeman was standing just by our front door, telling people to stand back and move on, and conducting the proceedings generally. The fire had broken out, it appeared, on the second floor of the corner house, where McKinney, the big banker, lives, but it was not considered serious. That did not prevent all the people in New York from collecting in the streets to see the fun, nor the fire engines from coming up in swarms. I always think it is inspiring to see the grays dashing up, and hear the "Hi! hi! hi!" of the firemen. They were pretty smart in getting their horses out and setting to work, and I was thinking what a really thrilling sight it was, when a policeman suggested to me that, if I put myself behind the front door and shut it, I might go to bed, or else put some clothes on. I was not quite got up for an evening walk, and as some of the crowd seemed to think it funny, I thought I'd get inside.

As I was going up the stairs I could have have sworn that I saw someone scuttle down and dash into my flat. I hurried up and found that I was right. A man was standing flat against the wall in the passage, and as I entered, he shut the door behind him.

"Hello! Who the devil—?" I said.

"All right! All right!" said the fellow as coolly as possible. "Let's get inside," and he walked straight into my sitting-room.

I went in after him, thinking that this was decidedly odd, because I'd never heard the man's voice before in my life.

There was still a little light from the fire, and I could just make out that he was a hard-looking character, and I got a bit angry.

"What the devil are you doing in my maisonette?" I said.

"Oh!" says he, looking around him, "so this is a maisonette, is it? And pretty cosy, too, or I'm another."

"Look here! Out you go!" said I.

"No, I shan't," he answered. "I like it. It's cosy."

"If you don't go yourself, I'll put you out!" I told him. I tell you, I was angry.

"You couldn't have the—Oh! all right, guv'nor. I was only goin' to say want of hospitality."

"Hospitality be hanged!" said I, and went for him.

Then he set his back against the door and flicked something out of his overcoat pocket.

"Can you guess riddles?" said he.

"Come away from that door!" I shouted.

"How you bawl! Now, I wonder if you could guess what's in my hand?"

The fire threw a light on the plated barrel of a revolver, and I retired—just a step or two, you know.

"Things come in handy, jest when you least expects 'em, don't they? I've often heard folks pass that remark, and they was quite ac'rit. This 'ere," said he, jerking up the pistol, "has bin the means of restorin' peace and brotherhood within the precincts of this maisonette."

I could have cursed him all I knew, but it isn't much use cursing a man with a pistol in his hand. It was loaded, too, I thought. He would not have been so free and easy with it, if it hadn't been. He'd have been tragic a little.

"Now you sit down quiet by the fire, and warm your pore feet,"—my feet were bare—"and then we'll have a chat. Too dark for comfort, ain't it? Have you a lucifer?"

I was furious, but I lighted the gas and sat down by the fire. He sat opposite to me, and looked at me with an encouraging smile. By the full light, I could see now that he was a small pale man with a short black beard and quick, beady eyes. He was dressed, as I happen to know, in a new suit of dark blue ready-made clothes and an old black overcoat, and his hands were very dirty. He was warming them in front of the fire, for he had replaced the pistol in his coat pocket.

"Now, you and me must have a talk. It's what I've bin wantin' ever since you asked me into this 'ere—what did you call it? Excuse me," he added, as he stirred the fire with the poker, "I haven't known yer for seven years, have I? That's my misfortune, through bein' otherwise engaged durin' the better part of the time. But intimacy don't go by time, does it, I ask you?"

He might ask me, but I wasn't going to answer. I had made up my mind that if he wanted to rob me, he could; but if he thought he was going to get a laugh out of me, he wouldn't.

"It seems as if intimacy was hangin' fire a bit," he said after a pause. "Never you mind, we shall know each other better before the night's over."

"You aren't going to stop here all night!" I said.

"It ain't inconvenient, I do hope," he answered, with affected consternation. "If I'd 'a' known that, I shouldn't have made my arrangements; but bein' made—oh, dear! oh dear!"

"Look here!" I began.

"Look here, you mean," he broke in, producing his infernal pistol again. "I did not think that I should have to interdooce this means of restorin' peace and harmony to this 'ere what-d'ye-call-it again. I'm bound to stop—per'aps for a day or two," he said more seriously; then he added to himself: "Still, time is time."

"For a day or two! Good gracious!" thought I, "this is too horrible!" Then a thought struck me.

"You've come to rob me, I suppose," I said. "Well, why can't you take what you can get and clear out now?"

"To rob you!" he said with a smile of amusement. "No, not much. You can preserve your goods in peace, as I've heard 'em say."

"Then, in heaven's name, what have you come for?"

He put one of his grimy hands to his mouth for a moment, while he looked at me. Then he said:

"Well, why shouldn't I tell you? But this is a dry picnic, ain't it? The key of the tantalizer is with you, I'm thinkin'. That's the ticket! And now for the soder and the glasses. I think I can trust yer to get 'em from the nex' room." But he came to the door, all the same, and looked over me while I got them.

I put the things on the table, and he strolled around the room, commenting on the pictures and the photographs. The cheek of the fellow was consummate. He looked at my photographs one by one, and clawed them all over with his dirty fingers. I have a lot of "my sisters and my cousins and my aunts" about the room, like other people.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "that you're very wanderin' in your attentions. Now, this 'ere's about my mark; but then, I'm not partic'ler. It happened to be a portrait of Elizabeth Greene. "I'll keep it as a mermento."

"Confound you!" said I.

"Tut, tut!" said he. "Have a drink and soothe yourself. Can yer recommend these

smokes. Yer take care of yourself pretty fair, I remawk."

He lighted a cigar, and passed me the box, then, sitting himself comfortably down in my easy-chair, he remarked: "I'm a gentleman."

That did not seem to need contradiction.

"Yes, I'm a gentleman—like you. I don't earn my livin'. I lives on what other people earns—not but what I don't have some trouble to git it. Tomorrow I shall be dressed as well as you, and a darn sight better." It was quite likely. I had been rather hurried, as I said before. "It's jest a bit of luck—luck right through all along, and I'll tell yer all about it."

Behind his air of satisfaction and carelessness there lurked something of fear and suspicion. In spite of his words and the way he uttered them, I could tell from his shifting looks and short, nervous movements that he was afraid—more afraid than I was, and that is saying a good deal.

"I've come to your what-d'ye-call-it straight from No. 19, where McKinney the banker lives, you know. I was there by invitation."

I expect I looked incredulous.

"Not as you might expect, from Mr. nor yet from Mrs. McKinney. They haven't the pleasure of my acquaintance. It was a very partic'lar little friend o' mine called Susie. Nice, innercent name, Susie, ain't it? You should see 'er, an' then you could judge fer yerself. Mr. McKinney's out of town. Just see my luck. He sent for Mrs. McKinney to join him, and she went off in a hurry. See my luck again. But the people in the servants' quarter decided to take advantage of the absence of both and give a little affair. So Susie asks me if I could drop in without mindin' the want of ceremony, which I did not mind. See, luck all the way through. We had a tolerable supper and played games, and then I said I didn't want to break the harmony of the evenin', but my time was money in the mornin', so 'good-bye and be good,' and Susie says she'll see me off the premises. But when I got into the passage I found it wasn't so late as I thought it was, and so, instead of hurrying, I took a sort o' tour of inspection of the upper floors. I took a sort of fancy to Mrs. McKinney's room in 'special, and commenced to examine more partic'lar the pretty things about. I come by accident on some pretty bits of joolry, and thinks how careless not to have them sent to the bank, bein' in the bankin' line, too, and the lock of the drawer bein' a very inperfessional bit o' work. I was puttin' them carefully away when Susie, 'oo'd bin seein' to things down below, come up all flustered like women git, and says: 'Out with the light!' and I outs it. Then she told me that they were playin' 'Hide and Seek' all over the house, and some of 'em were comin' up stairs there and then. ''Ere's a hole come through my luck,' I thinks. Why, mister, you haven't got a glass of anything."

Was ever a fellow in a more damnable situation? Here was I entertaining in apparently friendly fashion a grimy scoundrel who had just committed a daring burglary within twenty yards of where we sat. At the moment, I believe, I was more afraid of a policeman coming up the stairs than he was.

He saw my glance at the door, and laughed.

"They won't come," he said. "We're all right for the present."

"We! For the present!"

I poured out a liberal dose of whiskey.

"Well?" I said.

He continued:

"'Can I slip down, and out through the hall door?' I says. 'The hall's home,' says she, 'an' Mr. Gibbs is sittin' there with his friend.' 'I must hide,' says I, 'like the rest of them.' Then she began to cry and go on, as if they was comin' immediate, and she couldn't git things straight widout a light—dassen't light one—and I was leavin' her in the lurch. The room was rather untidy, on account o' my experiments, and I saw we were about done, if any of 'em came up and had the idee of hidin' there. We heard them gigglin' and whisperin' on the stairs: silly idjits. Then an idea struck me on a sudden. 'I have it;' says I, 'we must have a conflagration.'"

"The fire!" I exclaimed. I had forgotten it entirely.

"You've guessed it at once. 'If you think they're comin',' says I, 'you put a light to them curtains and run downstairs. The room'll be burnt out, and no one won't know anything about them things bein' missin'. I'll look after myself.' 'What'll you do?' says she. 'I'm hanged if I know,' says I. 'There's a trap-door on top of the house, in case of fire,' says she, 'and you can let down

the ladder and unbolt the door, and there'll you be.' 'Yes, there I'll be,' says I; 'but how am I to git down again?' 'I'll let you know when all's quiet again,' she says, and then we heard 'em comin' up to look for them that had hid, so I runs up the stairs and waits a bit. They must 'a' come up to the second floor, for I heard Mary holler 'Fire!' and them rushing about, so I let down the ladder, undid the trap, and was on the roof in a jiffy."

I began to feel as excited as though I had been escaping myself.

"I don't know if you're the same as me," he continued, "but I think a fire's a most interestin' and amusin' occurrence. I knew I was pretty safe on top, and could soon slip along, if the heat got hotter than I like, so I enjoyed myself. 'Luck come right agin', thinks I. But then the idea comes into my head that firemen usually gits on top of houses. Heaven only knows why, but I've noticed it, havin' bin at a good many fires perfessionally. Not wishin' to interfere with dooties, I moves along a bit your way. Now I'll tell yer something. The trap door on top of your house ain't in what I should call proper condition. I come through it quite easy. I thought I'd come down through your house and out into the street, but I heard talk at the front door, from over the bannisters, and I thought of a noo idea."

"You'd better think of the old one again, then," said I. "That seems to me to be the safest thing you could do."

I had begun, heaven only knows why, to take quite a personal interest in his escape.

"You speak without thinkin'; that's where you make a mistake," said he, helping himself to another whiskey-and-soda. "You go to the winder and have a look."

He had taken the command so thoroughly, that I simply did as he said. I went to the window and saw that there were still people about, including three or four policemen. I told him so.

"Suppose," said he," that my little game of fireworks didn't work quite right, and they've found the things missin', they'll have a description of who was in the house tonight, and perhaps out there, there is one or two would know me as I don't know. I'm like President Roosevelt that way—more knows me than I know. And, comin' out at this time of night looks curious to anyone waitin' outside, don't it? They'd, as like as not, look me up and down. No, I think I'll have to look a bit different than when I went in, and then I'll step out in the mornin' and have all open and above-board."

"What are you going to look like?" I asked.

"Like you."

"Hang it!" said I.

"And not so bad, either—fer a little feller!" he remarked.

This was rather too much, and I could have kicked the fellow, and would have, but that he had a most provoking way of keeping his hand in his overcoat pocket. As it was, I sat still and glared at him, while he smoked serenely on.

The fire had died down, and it was extremely cold. My hands and feet grew numb, and so did my brain, as I sat on, watching for his next move. At last I could no longer hold my thoughts, and I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke I found the chair opposite to me empty. A great feeling of relief came over me, as I thought that I had only dreamed about the scoundrel, but I was quickly disillusioned by a laugh from my bedroom. I glanced at the table. Yes, there were two glasses. The whiskey decanter was empty, and a lighted cigar was burning a hole in my tablecloth. It was not a dream.

My over-night visitor came in, carrying in his arms my newest and most satisfactory suit of clothes.

"Ullo!" was his greeting. "Woke up, have yer? It's lucky it was you that went to sleep, and not me, ain't it? I'm going to take the loan of these."

"Not those," I said, "anything but those. They are brand new, and the best I've got."

"Then they'll be good enough fer me," he said with a grin. "If I'm goin' to represent yer, I should like to do yer credit."

I could only sit and fume with indignation.

"Now," he said, "I'm about to make my toilet."

"But they'll be comin' up to "do" the room directly," I objected.

"Then you must send them away. Pretend—oh! pretend anything yer like. And now I want yer kind assistance. Let's see, there's water—have to have it cold, I suppose

--shavin' things, shirt, socks, and anything else you can suggest."

He stood by the table and put the pistol elaborately in front of him, while he divested himself of his clothes.

To see a grimy scoundrel shave with your razor and dress with your linen, nearly burst your shoes and split up your vest, is trying; but when you know that these preparations are likely to land you in a most serious danger, they become unbearable. The worst of it was that I had to bear the thing; and not only that, I was obliged to help. He wasn't easily pleased, either. I had to ransack my tie drawer before I could find one good enough to suit him. He broke several collars and swore at them. He scoffed at my scarf-pins, but took the best. He tried on every hat I had, and threw those he did not like into the corner.

In the middle of all this, Mrs. Brumbaugh, who attends to my rooms, came up, and I had to shut the door of my flat in her face, with a wildly-muttered excuse. I don't know what on earth she thought of me.

The fact of the matter is that my feelings of indignation and resentment had faded away before my sense of absolute helplessness. I became desperately and abjectly servile. I believe that, even when we came to finding gloves for him, I really felt contemptible because I had no new ones to offer.

"If he would only go!" I thought, and I mustered all my energies to equip him thoroughly and see him leave my rooms. What would happen afterwards I dared not picture to myself. Only let him go. That would be enough for one day.

At last he was dressed and was surveying himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass. He had elected to take his own overcoat, in the pockets of which the jewels were, I suppose.

"I don't think no one'll recognize it, thrown over the arm sort of negligè," he remarked, and with that prepared to go. It seemed the greatest joy I had ever experienced.

"Oh! I forgot," he said. "Proof of identity is what I want, of course. What shall I have?" He glanced at the dressing table, and saw one or two letters lying there. And among them were two from Helen. "Oh, these'll do fine," he said, and prepared to pocket them.

Then, as I have explained to Helen, I made an impassioned appeal to his manhood. I told him he had taken my clothing and had drunk of my whiskey, and I had said nothing. To which he replied that I couldn't, very conveniently, help it. I told him he was exposing me to dangers of the most serious kind and suspicions of the most damaging nature; and he said that it was no worse for me than it was for him. The logic of that, I said, I would not dispute, but I asked him to ransack my maisonette and take whatever he pleased, but to spare the letters. He merely said "Umph!" and, would you believe it, Helen just now said something of the same sort.

"Ah, and there was Elizabeth's photo, too, wasn't there?—which I was going to take as a mermento of this here maisonette," he said, as he took the photograph of Elizabeth Green from his discarded coat and put it in with the letters. "Well, ta-ta!" and he laughed as he went down the stairs.

I was indiscribably relieved by his departure, and I could not forbear watching from my window his exit into the street. At the corner of the block was a policeman, who looked at him, as I thought, curiously, as he walked jauntily along with the coat flung over his arm, and then followed him around the corner. Immediately I had a relapse from my pleasure at knowing he was gone, and began to be tormented with suspicions.

I made things as clear as I could in my rooms, and, summoning Mrs. Brumbaugh, demanded breakfast.

"Dear me, sir," she said, "I thought I seer you go out half an hour ago!"

"Good gracious!" I thought, "this is the beginning of it."

Mrs. Brumbaugh brought up the morning paper along with the breakfast things, and I snatched at it eagerly. No news, I thought, would be good news. The fire might have destroyed all traces of the theft, and we—I actually thought "we"—could move about the world without a breath of suspicion blowing on us.

I have noticed that if there is something you want particularly to see in the paper, you have to search page after page, and, finally, after a quarter of an hour's search, the paragraph turns up in a column you could have sworn that you glanced down half a

dozen times at least. Of course, on this occasion the first thing that met my eye was—

"BURGLARY IN X SQUARE"

Nothing about the fire. I eagerly read the paragraph. It ran:

"Last night burglars broke into No. 19 X Square, the town residence of James McKinney, of the firm of McKinney & Wright. It appears that in the afternoon Mrs. McKinney was summoned to the bedside of her husband, who had met with an accident, and the house was left in charge of the servants. It was a fortunate occurrence that they should have stayed up somewhat late yesterday night, anxiously awaiting news of their master's condition, or the burglary might have gone entirely unnoticed. According to the butler, as some of the maid-servants were going to bed late last evening, it was discovered that Mrs. McKinney's bedroom was on fire. Prompt assistance was given by the servants themselves and others, and the fire was already almost extinguished when the fire engines appeared on the scene. On entering the room, it was found that numerous drawers had been entered, rifled, and it is believed that all of Mrs. McKinney's jewels have been carried off, the fire being probably caused by the burglars, in their alarm at the approach of the servants, dropping a light upon some inflammable material. The police made diligent inquiries, and they are already thought to be on the track of the burglars."

That began the most wretched day I have ever spent. After breakfast I walked out with the firm determination of giving the policeman at the corner the full benefit of my knowledge. But the policeman did not happen to be at the corner, and I strolled on. It was some time before I came across a member of the force, and by that time, whether it was from some odd compunction which made me want to give the fellow a chance; or from the idea that it was too late to do any good by giving information now, or from the memory of the close proximity of the loaded revolver, I had made up my mind not to say anything at all about it. In that I was wrong, I admit.

When I had reached Park Row, the bulletin of an enterprising evening paper warned me of new discoveries. I read that the trapdoor had been found to be open, and I shuddered. In the next edition there were stories of a suspicious character having been in the house that night. I groaned as I read them. The fifth edition gave a tolerably accurate description of my visitor and myself, and I had a fit of despair. The police had a clue. In the "specials" was news of an arrest. I hurried home, and found that I was wanted at the police station.

Now this is how I stand. The law looks upon me with suspicion, pooh-poohs the pistol, throws doubt upon my intrepidity (before unquestioned), and thinks my behavior unworthy of a citizen. If I escape being taken up as an accessory after the fact it is as much as I can hope for.

And there is Helen—

Helen is furious at my having given up her letters, and won't listen to reason for a moment. The presence of Elizabeth Greene's picture in the same pocket as the letters has also been the subject of a most disagreeable conversation between us, and she treats my simple and true explanation with contemptous incredulity. In short, I'm up against t all around.

But what would you have done in my place?

JACK BRADLEY'S LANDSLIDE

By Juliet Older Carlton

HIGH time you was home, I should think!" remarked Mrs. Bradley, without so much as a glance at her husband, who hung up his hat and coat with a dejected air. He made no reply as he spread his hands over the glowing range; for it was November—the first Monday before the fateful first Tuesday.

His wife waved him aside as she stooped to peep at her biscuits. "You'd better quit politics for good," she said in an acrid tone, "You might know better than to run for anything against one of that Crane or Jepson tribe; they're related by birth or marriage to two-thirds of the county—good thing—for them—I guess. The whole tribe are off electioneering, I expect; anyway," she added in sour satisfaction, "their cows have eaten up and trodden down your corn-fodder."

This statement was made in a tone that implied that the "tribe" alluded to were equal to any atrocity, with her husband as a possible accessory.

"When did that happen?" asked Bradley, sharply.

"Oh, shortly after you left," she answered, with aggravating coolness, "at least the mischief was done when I first noticed them at half-past nine. Mother drove Pete and Curt Crane's cows into our yard, and there they are now. I'd sue them for damages, if I was you; but I 'spose you won't."

"Not much!" growled Jack. "Have the whole tribe telling 'round that I did it out of spite, 'cause Pete beat me for sheriff. Well, I guess not!"

"Supper's ready," snapped Mrs. Bradley, "Call Mother Bradley."

Just then there came a timid knock at the door, which was opened without invitation by a red-headed boy of thirteen, who began in a rapid, frightened voice: "Say, Mis' Bradley, ma sent me over to see if ol' Mis' Bradley could come over. W'y—ma, she's sick, an' pa hain't got home yet."

The two women exchanged significant glances. "My goodness!" exclaimed the elder. "I'll go, of course. Say! bub," she called, "you'd better drive your cows 'long home," but the boy had vanished.

Protesting that she wanted no supper, and that she'd "rather walk than to climb into and out of a rig," she tucked a roll of freshly-laundered little garments under her cape and hurried off.

As she passed the yard-gate, she freed the two deep-uddered Jerseys and followed them home.

The Bradleys partook of the evening meal in a silence whose density was occasionally pierced by caustic remarks on the part of Mrs. Bradley concerning the "gall" of the Crane tribe.

When Pete Crane, at half-past ten, came home with three of his "tribe," that is to say, his brother Curt, and their respective brothers-in-law, he found the chores all done, his four boys in bed, and Mother Bradley sitting by the fire with a small bundle on her lap.

"A girl, did you say?" he asked in an eager whisper, peering into the downy blanket. "Gee! boys," he chuckled softly, "everything's coming my way," and with subdued haste, he tip-toed into his wife's room. After a few moments' low-toned conference, he came out with a queer look on his face. "Well, Mis' Bradley," he observed, in a husky whisper, "seems from Libby's account, you've been a-havin' a strenuous time of it. Say, Curt," addressing his brother, "our cows got out and didn't do a thing to Jack's corn-patch! Gutted it complete! an' Mis' Bradley, here, drove 'em home an' milked 'em."

Curt whistled softly. "Well," he ruminated, "Jack must have thought we had it in for him, sure." The four men looked at one another, and then at Mother Bradley, who read their thoughts.

"Oh, Jack understands how 'tis," she explained timidly, "he never harbors spite. He wouldn't 've run at all, only your friends, you know, as well as his, urged him to; but since you folks have made up your difference,

he knows he's beat. I wouldn't care at all —and I don't know as Jack would, only Nan's pa has been township trustee where he lives for quite a spell, an' now her brother out in Dakoty's been elected county treasurer, an' Nan brags over Jack to that extent that I can't help wishin' sometimes that he could win, though, of course, he's just as good without an office as he would be with—maybe better," she added thoughtfully.

She stroked the tiny brown head with a velvet touch of her little worn hand, and glanced shyly at the men as she concluded this—to her—long and daring speech.

For a brief space the air was alive with wireless messages, passing from man to man, and after awkward peeps at the baby, whom with one voice, they pronounced "fine and dandy," they retired to the kitchen where they held a short but animated session.

Soon the house became quiet, and Mother Bradley heard the sound of rapid hoof-beats die away in the distance, from at least three different directions. Good soul! she did not dream that the chief of the Crane tribe had dispatched his henchmen to undo, between then and eight o'clock of the morrow, the carefully-laid plans of many weeks—that she, who had never lifted hand or voice for the uplifting of down-trodden woman, had changed the vote of a county in a night!

On the morrow, Jack Bradley, after casting an early vote for Pete Crane, returned home and worked like a Trojan on his broken fence and ravaged fodder-patch, answering with sturdy good-will the hail of his fellows as they passed, singly or in jolly loads, to and from the polls.

For reasons best know to his spouse, his supper was late, and while he waited she beguiled the time with pleasing allusions to the high official positions held by members of her family.

Suddenly the door opened and in came Mother Bradley, with shining eyes and the step of a girl, and behind her loomed Pete Crane. "Well, Mr. Sheriff," he called in his big cheery voice, "seems to me you're takin' your honors rather tame, ain't ye?"

Bradley stared in questioning silence.

"Oh, you're It, all right, Jack," chuckled Pete. "Reg'lar landslide fer Bradley!"

"Landslide!" echoed Jack, "What do you mean? How on earth—"

Pete wagged his head and sighed, signifying that the affair was beyond his ken, meantime winking significantly at Mother Bradley.

"Inflooence of the fair sex, I expect," he drawled, "We men are mere wax in their hands. Here, Mr. Sheriff," he added, proudly extending a "ten-center," "have a smoke on my girl."

WHEN THE BABY SAYS "DAD"

THERE are times when I think that a poor man
  Has a mighty hard furrow to hoe;
That Fate marks him out for misfortune—
  That's when I'm down-hearted, you know.
Just now, I sit here by my cottage;
  All nature is smiling and glad.
And, somehow, this life seems worth living—
  The baby has learned to say "dad"!

I don't think I'd care for a mansion;
  I don't fancy fashion and style:
But, the baby hands! Let them caress me
  And joy fills my heart all the while.
A hut at the edge of the clearing,—
  A humble life isn't half bad.
God smiles on the poor man, and gives him
  The baby that learns to say "dad"!

Louis E. Thayer.

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

STANDING at night on the government pier, looking upon those miles of twinkling electric lights, the dome of the Auditorium Building seems like a crown of fire from which the searchlights gleam out like a nocturnal sunburst.

Oh! the superb beauties of that night scene, with the glow of electric lights standing out as if embossed in brilliant gold against the black of the midnight sky. I learned that, in order to obtain accurate photographs of this wonderful scene, exposures are made in the daytime. This gives an accurate picture of every detail of foliage and other minute objects, and the night effect is obtained by exposing the same film or plate after dark.

The transformation in the grounds and buildings in the past thirty days has been marvelous, and the Jamestown Exposition is now a completed project that is attracting visitors from all parts of the country. People coming to the various national conventions held in the East feel that the visit would be incomplete without a trip to Norfolk and the Jamestown Exposition. Everywhere there is a spirit of get-up-and-go when it is understood that the exposition is now in its full glory.

The aggressive and vigorous campaign of publicity in the last month has reaped good results. Director-General Barr is going at matters with the same imperturbable and aggressive spirit with which he handled railroad affairs, and Director of Publicity Bolles has laid out his campaign on a map which he keeps ever before him, watching the tide of publicity as it rises and spreads abroad through all sections.

The fact that the grounds and exhibits are all completed adds immensely to the busy hum of industry and jollity, which is accentuated by the cheer with which friend meets friend. This, by the way, is a phase of exposi-

tion going never taken into account as an exhibit; yet it is one of the most interesting features to be seen in Jamestown, and has always been a permanent charm of all expositions. For here, care and fancy free, the people wander, meeting unexpectedly or by appointment; looking upon the marvelous strides which have been made even in the short time that has elapsed since the St. Louis Exposition. From the tower of coal and the stately cedar trees at Sewall's Point, near the Inside Inn, to the Canoe Path and the long array of state buildings, many an historic story is told that brings a constant thrill of patriotism. Every day is filled with special events, and Raleigh Square looks more charming than ever in the gleam of the autumn sunlight. Every exhibit offers a concrete view of the awakened activities of a united country. The South has been splendid in its outpouring of hospitality and hearty welcome to visitors, and the North has found in this exposition a better comprehension of the resources of the southern portion of the republic.

* * *

In the Auditorium Building every afternoon, are given musical recitals, and the audiences evidently have a high appreciation of art. Never have I heard a more thrilling musical production than when the two bands united to play "The Lost Chord," that song which won for Sir Arthur Sullivan a title, and is accounted his masterpiece. The trombones and cornets spoke a message that was echoed back in the breathless stillness, for the people listened as though spellbound. There was something grand in that refrain; something that cannot be surpassed in all time, and that spoke direct to the hearts of the auditors.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

In the Auditorium the exercises connected with the reunion of National Magazine readers were held, but a later issue of the National will contain full particulars of this event. We were all be-badged and be-ribboned, and we got acquainted and talked it over in that friendly spirit that is characteristic of the readers of the National.

The splendid services rendered by the sturdy board of governors is everywhere commented upon. They stood by the proposition during its discouraging period, and now are rewarded by the rich fruit of their labors: an ever-increasing attendance. The officials of the exposition have every reason

A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT SCENE AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION—MIRRORED IN THE WATER

to be proud of the splendid success which they are achieving.

Visitors are pouring in. The attendance during the gorgeous days of autumn promises to surpass in proportion that of any exposition yet held. The beauties of Hampton Roads, with its unique splendor, offer an unfailing attraction not afforded by any other exposition. Then, too, a trip to the Jamestown Exposition includes a visit to Washington, and a peep at the capital of the nation is always an inspiration. There have been more visitors in Washington during the past summer than ever before in the history of the city; though boats and trains have been crowded, the additional pressure of traffic has been ably met.

One of the chief pleasures of a visit to the exposition is the trip down the Potomac on the good ships of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Line. A journey on the daylight boats is especially popular, for a daylight view of the Potomac presents a living panorama of historic scenes. There are the old docks at Alexandria, from which the commerce of olden days floated far and wide. The spiles of the deserted wharves may still be seen, and the water seems to ripple to and fro, murmuring, "Why are there no ships today?"

Passing down a winding expanse of the great river to Mount Vernon, a glimpse of the tomb of Washington is obtained, and a view of the place he so loved. Across the way is Marshall Hall, with its stories of the courtly gallantry of early times. Farther down is historic Wakefield, the birthplace of George Washington, now almost deserted. It always seems to me as though this spot should be marked with some memorial of the great man who first saw the light there.

BEAUTIFUL EFFECT OF THE ILLUMINATION OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS

As in the early days, the river commerce still supplies many of the settlers along the eastern shore, and the local traffic along this waterway is still briskly maintained and forms a considerable trade. The Norfolk & Washington boats are a through line from the capital to Norfolk, covering it in twelve hours, either by day or night, and they run on exact schedules winter and summer.

From an old painting

THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

THE FAMOUS OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN

The splendid service rendered by this company has been highly commended, and special credit is due to the president, Mr. Levi Woodbury, the general manager, Mr. John Callahan, and the vice president, Mr. Norment, a trio who have successfully exploited this splendid river and made it the most noted of any waterway in the republic. They have practically opened anew the history of the Potomac, and made it even more famous than of yore.

of the American Aero Club and other well-known aero-nautical men. The director of aeronautics at the exposition, Israel Ludlow, had just completed his aeroplane, which was forty by twenty-five feet, twice as large as any aeroplane yet made. It entered the contest with Captain T. T. Lovelace as aviator. It was arranged that a torpedo boat should tow the aeroplane constructed on a pontoon, to its place for flight. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was

ON THE WARPATH

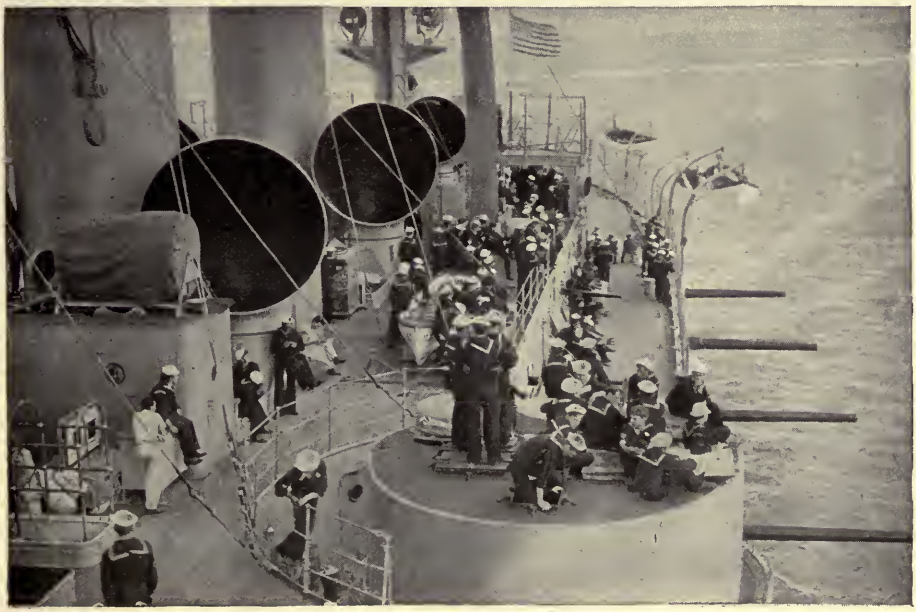
On the Warpath there is the usual refrain of merriment and good cheer, the national effervescence of gaiety only to be witnessed on this popular holiday ground. The Warpath is replete with attractions that tell the story of national history in a way far more impressive than the most earnest lessons taught from the limp pages of a school book, for here the records of the nation are vivified and events actually live before the eyes of the visitor.

The air-ship flights for a thousand-dollar cup were a feature of September 14, a day of especial interest to many prominent members

expected to appear as one of the prominent guests. The flights were all planned to take place on the Lee Parade Grounds, and were a series of aerial competitions which will long be remembered, and doubtless duly chronicled in the annals of the Aero Club of America, under whose auspices they took place.

Air ship experiments are being continued with persistent determination that aerial navigation shall no longer be a closed book to mankind. The flights of the aeroplanes and the trips of the captive balloons attract crowds, whose fascinated attention proves that interest in air-ships has in no wise

ARRIVAL OF WEST POINT CADETS ON THE GREAT EXPOSITION WHARF



ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP NEW JERSEY

abated since Darius Green made his "flying machine," which did not prove quite the success he hoped for.

* * *

There was a pretty scene on the wharf the day Prince Wilhelm arrived at the exposition. In honor of his coming everybody was wearing the Swedish colors, blue and yellow, and the ancient Swedish accent and flag of the Northland might be heard and seen everywhere.

"I ben yump on 'em," appeared to be a very popular expression, and it was truly refreshing to see the enthusiasm with which the grandson of King Oscar was greeted. The adopted sons of America also paid him a pretty tribute and there was no mistaking the heartiness of their welcome. The sailor of the royal family certainly received an ovation. I confess that as I looked upon the young man, arrayed in his white cap and suit, he seemed very much like any other young fellow of his age; he was frankly enjoying everything, from the Warpath to the functions in the Swiss Village.

On the wharf I noticed a bright young girl waving a frantic and merry salute to someone on the prince's yacht. A friend near asked her if she considered it the part of a good citizen of the commonwealth to show so much devotion to a prince. She earnestly replied, "It isn't the Swedish prince that *I* am waving to. He isn't *my* prince. That's my prince there near the helm," and she pointed out an American sailor in a sailor's plain blouse with low-cut neck. "My prince," she went on, "doesn't need any gold braid and white suit to distinguish him. He's the finest man in the world—with or without trimmings," she added enthusiastically.

ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

I followed the direction of her waving handkerchief and eager eyes and was fain to agree with the pretty miss, as I gazed upon the fine specimen of young manhood, a jolly navy boy evidently proud of his profession, who was returning with interest the salutations of his sweetheart ashore.

The Swedish prince had rather a strenuous day; beginning with his landing at Norfolk,

JAMES M. BARR, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

the pressure did not relax while he remained ashore, for his trip included New York and Oyster Bay, where he found time to express admiration for President Roosevelt and the American people.

his efforts to secure the visit of the popular Swedish prince.

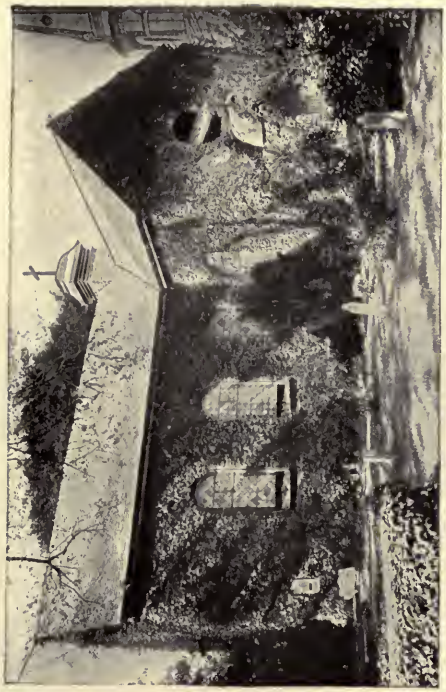
* * *

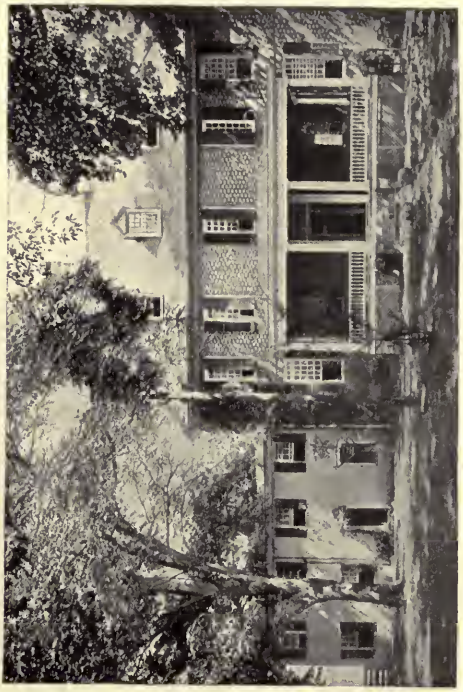
One of the prominent features of the attendance at the Jamestown Exposition has

A WOODLAND PATH IN THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

Prince Wilhelm is the beau ideal of a naval officer, and he certainly "made a hit" at the exposition, where his happy tribute to the good-nature of his entertainers was appreciated. Commissioner General Kohlsaat is to be congratulated upon the success of

been the large number of neighborhood parties which have come from remote sections of the nation to look upon the splendid historic scenes of early days. It seems that young people are especially anxious to attend this exposition. One bright young lady





ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK

THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING
PRESIDENT'S HOME, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSPORT, VA.

said to me: "I shall be one month late at my studies, for here at the exposition I am getting an insight into early colonial history that I never had before, and never could obtain from mere books." She waved her hand toward the completed buildings—"Is it not grand? Even if I had been here half a dozen times, I should want to come again, and see it all as perfect as it is today."

Not infrequently, groups of ten to twenty may be seen going about piloted by some matronly-looking chaperone, and every one enjoying the exposition to the full. Many parties have been sent by various newspapers from many of the states, and it is universally admitted that there is no more attractive autumn pleasure trip than that to the Jamestown Exposition.

* * *

VISITORS to the Jamestown Exposition should by no means fail to visit the navy yard at Norfolk, which, besides having many events of historic interest connected with it, is one of the largest in the country, and altogether one of the most interesting sights of the great state of Virginia.

Having secured one of the little manila passes, we entered at the archway and walked down past the park, adorned with pyramids of cannon-shot and ancient cannon, relics of many of the naval wars of the United States. We soon came upon some of the largest ships of the navy; everywhere there was a bustle of preparation, as the Jack Tars swarmed like bees on the various decks, turrets and military masts, putting everything in good order—"shipshape," as they say.

PALACE OF MANUFACTURES AT NIGHT

Here was the old Olympia, the famous flag-ship of Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, freshly painted brown, with a gilded head of Victory at the bow, gleaming in the sunshine. We spent a few minutes on the bridge where Dewey quietly ushered in his terrible and devastating cannonade with the words, "Gridley, when you are ready, fire."

For some time past this ship has been used for training the cadets at Annapolis, where the glorious history of the commander and crew of the Olympia must ever be an in-

GILBERT STREET, LOOKING EAST

ON THE WARPATH

spiration to the young officers, who can have no better models to follow in their own naval career than Admiral Dewey and Captain Gridley.

There also was the old San Francisco, being transformed into a special ship to convey and plant the mines and moorings and their electrical connections in the various harbors. At the same slip were two submarine boats, the Holland and the Adder, both of which are being prepared for tests during the exposition. These boats look like huge fish, about fifty feet long, with long slender tails ending in a rudder. The bow is fuller and wider, and it seems almost impossible that these boats can be made to go beneath the water and there launch torpedoes whose impact nothing can resist. When they are immersed all that is visible is the tiny conning tower, about two feet in diameter, and like a diving loon, they can go down out of sight and, changing direction, come at their helpless quarry from a totally unexpected quarter. The young officer in charge of these boats told us that the French have paid more attention to submarine boats than any other nation.

There, too, was the old Texas, with her white funnel, built at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and tried and triumphant in the grim chase and destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago.

The construction of the new dry dock is being pushed forward, and when this is completed the capacity of the yard will be enormously increased. While we were there an engine was switching across the yard with the suggestive name of "Hero" painted on her sides, and everywhere there was an air of activity, which indicated that even in these days of peace there is a great work to do in preparing for the maintenance of that peace.

THE BEAUTIFUL RALEIGH SQUARE

THE closing month of the Jamestown Exposition will probably break all former records for average attendance and increasing interest. The hot, droughty summer has until now held well-contented at their northern and eastern summer resorts the class who, like birds of passage, go northward in spring to forests of pine, fir, cedar, beech and maple shading blue lakes and clear cold river; or dwell beside rock-ribbed cliffs or sunny beaches where Atlantic billows thunder in breaking surf or break silently as the sigh of a zephyr "on standstone ledge or level of bare sand;" until the leaves begin to tinge and the night-wind grows cold with

BOARD-WALK IN FRONT OF STATES' BUILDINGS, SHOWING LIGHTING STANDARDS

PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

coming frost, and then go southward to the lands of palm and long-leaved pine, crimson-berried evergreen holly, pearl-fruited mistletoe and waving Spanish moss.

THE VIRGINIA BUILDING

Now the short northern summer is over, and fierce equinoctial storms and early frosts can not long be averted, although many beautiful days will soon be vouchsafed those happy healthy vacationists whose enjoyment of life is quickened by something of rigor in their communion with Nature. But the majority will soon go south for the winter, taking in on the way, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the Jamestown Exposition. The smaller coast towns and villages of lower Virginia have never before been so largely visited by tourists, and all who delight in hunting, fishing, sailing, bathing, amateur photography and painting, the study of botany and ornithology, and the observation of novel types of people and customs, have enjoyed a new experience which they will be slow to abandon permanently. There are still courteous, hospitable, kindly aristocratic representatives of the ancient regime "befo' the wah", and more than one or two types of the amphibious caste whose little homes and small craft are found all along shore," from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Rio Grande. Many a northern family will next season turn their faces southward to renew the pleasant acquaintances and simple hearty enjoyments of their visit to the Jamestown Exposition and "the lowlands and the foreshore" of old Virginia.

GLIMPSE OF THE GOVERNMENT PIER AT JAMESTOWN

THE BATTLESHIP OREGON

THE LITTLE BRONZE BUDDHA

By Edith Richmond Blanchard

THE little bronze Buddha stood on the mantel-shelf in the sitting-room of the white cottage, between a china shepherdess with impossible purple flounces and an insipid smile, and the shimmering, iridescent curves of an empty nautilus shell. It was an ugly crude-looking bit of metal; a squat, cross-legged little figure with fat hands laid idly on its knees, and a flat roughly-molded face with an odd sneering smile. That such an unpleasant emblem of heathenism should be allowed to occupy so conspicuous a place in a presumably Christian home, was an unceasing source of wonder to Torrytown folk. However, Torrytown folk found the circumstance less surprising since it was in Anstice Lindon's house that it existed.

The daughter of old Captain Lindon had always been regarded as "different from most." It was five years since she had come among them, re-opening the white cottage for her father, whose sea-faring days a crippling injury had ended, and whom the memory of another Anstice had drawn back to the little house where he and she had known a brief year of happiness. Four quiet years he spent in this peaceful haven, and at his death Anstice, whose dark hair had not yet one gray thread to sober its brown, still continued to live in the cottage with her elderly maid-servant, though this was considered by many a doubtfully suitable course of action. Not that any reflection upon Anstice personally was implied in this general opinion. Indeed, her gentle reserve was often over-exaggerated by her neighbors. Those who made bold to question her as to her reason for so dignifying an ugly little idol, imagined that a suggestion of rebuke might be understood in the answer she gave.

"I wouldn't care to disturb it. Father put it there when we first came. He never told me why."

In point of fact, her reply was most innocently truthful. To Anstice, the little bronze Buddha's presence in her home was an even greater mystery than it was to the town's people. Her father, who had had a story for each of the foreign trifles collected on his voyages, had ever been oddly silent in regard to this one thing. That it possessed some strange fascination for him, she had come to know. Often and often she had found him staring at it with fixed intensity, though when she had coaxed him for its history, he had always put her off with poor pretence of explanation. At length, however, out of many wondering surmises, one sure if fascinating belief dawned upon her. To everyone the Buddha did not appear the same. There was something singular about its eyes. To her they were always a dingy brown, like the rest of the image, but they were not so to all. Once a neighbor's little girl had seen it, and had cried out at "the ugly doll's big red eyes;" once a sailor cousin had demanded of her father how he came by "this little flame-eyed god;" and, more than all, once her father himself had spoken to her of the color of its eyes. It was only two days before he died. She had not thought he was more ill than usual, and had tried to persuade him to her belief, but he had shaken his head in grave denial.

"Anstice, I know, I know. The Buddha's eyes are red; two pits of fire."

And then he would say no more, nor could she urge him, for fear of troubling him by her questions. After a moment, she had slipped away to peer with a suddenly apprehensive curiosity at the figure on the mantel; but it had stared back at her stolidly, with no hint of color beneath its heavy lids. Then, as she stood in baffled bewilderment, another strange fancy had abruptly linked itself with the one her father's words had confirmed. Small, half-remembered coincidences flashed into vivid recollection. Little Mary Susan was dead. They said the fever must have been upon her even that day when she came for the last time to the white cottage. Nor would the sailor cousin ever come again to Torrytown. His ship had gone down in a storm when only three weeks out of port.

And now her father, her father,— So when the eyes shone red to one it meant, it meant— Anstice's face had grown pale, and she had tried to shut her mind to the conclusion which crowded upon it, but against her will it forced itself there, and abided, while she told herself that she despised such superstition.

Perhaps it was a bit of the stubbornness of her New England blood which made her leave the little bronze Buddha still in its place after her father's death, in spite of her aversion for it. Her practical commonsense told her that such notions as she entertained were absurd, but her eyes avoided the small image. Once when a caller had unexpectedly drawn her attention to it, she found herself trembling.

The caller was not one of her village neighbors. He was known to Torrytown as "the sick professor up at Jones' farm," but to the outer world he was Calvin Corson, the Doctor Corson whose recent studies in the East had led to a temporary break-down, which the clear air and quiet of Torrytown was fast repairing. Anstice's neighbors had smiled significantly when they discovered that his daily walks often terminated at her door, but to the two concerned it was merely a delight to find another whose conversation could range beyond the narrow limits of local gossip. It was indeed the last of not a few such conversations that Doctor Corson was about to bring to a close that afternoon, when he chanced for the first time to notice the little bronze Buddha. As he caught it up with an exclamation of surprise, and carried it to the light, Anstice grew pale.

"You—there's nothing peculiar about it, is there; about its color?" she hesitatingly asked.

He turned the figure in his hand and shook his head.

"The color? Oh, no, I was simply interested to see what a rare treasure you have here. Perhaps you know it's very old; hundreds of years old. Why, in India I've seen —Wait, there's an inscription here on the base, though part of the characters are defaced. What does it say? I'm afraid I can't tell you exactly. It's something about being made by—an Indian name—and then there's mention of a woman, and the sign for 'disaster.'"

Dr. Corson laughed and set the small figure back in its place. "Now, Miss Lindon, be sure you are not the woman to destroy it; it's really very valuable."

Anstice nodded very gravely. "I've never known its worth," she said, "but father prized it, and that's why I keep it; though I have no fondness for it."

Indeed, as the days passed, it seemed to Anstice Lindon that her dread of the little bronze Buddha had rather increased since her discovery of its monetary worth. She told herself that she would be glad if it were taken, but she was oddly careful to push it further back on the mantel before answering the bell, if there was any likelihood that a stranger were at the door. This was what she had done that morning when the lace man came to the white cottage.

In Torrytown, where a foreigner was regarded as little short of a curiosity, the arrival of the lace man had caused not a little stir. He had been so dubbed, partly because the name which he gave on being questioned was quite beyond the pronouncing powers of any of the village folk, and partly because he offered for sale, in a corner of the post office, lengths of coarse lace, thin embroidered silks, small rugs and fantastic Oriental trifles. On account of the dark olive of his skin, he was generally considered to be of negro blood, the straight black hair, fine nose and thin lips, notwithstanding. Doctor Corson had chuckled with amusement when he heard such suggestions.

"The fellow's no more a negro than we are," he told Anstice. "He's a Hindoo, and a very intelligent one, too. Do you know, I think he could mend the burnt rug you were speaking about. I'll send him here, if you wish."

Anstice had acquiesced readily enough. There was no contrary thought in her mind at the time, though when the lace man appeared upon her threshold early the next morning, she instinctively hesitated for a moment before throwing back the door for him to enter. It was not that there was anything repellant or even suspicious in the man's appearance. His clothes, if shabby, were exquisitely neat, and he stood with hat humbly doffed while he made known his errand in a low voice blurred with foreign accent. He spoke with a slow, careful deference that was quite in keeping with his bowed head, though beneath the heavy drooping lids there flashed eyes so darkly brilliant

as to be strangely at variance with his servile manner. Soft-footed, he followed Anstice into the sitting-room, and listened respectfully to her explanation.

"I'll pull up the curtains, so you can see better," she finished, as he turned to his worn work-bag.

But she did not raise all the shades. Her hand was on the cord of the third, when something, possibly an all but inaudible sound, disturbed her. Turning quickly, she caught her breath at that which she saw reflected in the dim gold-framed mirror opposite. The lace man still stood with one hand on his work-bag, in the act of opening it, but the other clutched at his throat, as if to strangle there cries which struggled to be uttered. The heavy lids were no longer drooping over the black eyes, but were drawn back to their widest staring possibility. The olive features were distorted almost out of human semblance by some overwhelming emotion.

At the frightened gasp which escaped uncontrolled from Anstice's lips, however, the terrifying vision vanished.

"You will so good as to get me a pin," the slow hesitating voice of the lace man requested immediately, and the face which he turned upon her was once more one of impenetrable calm.

Half-dazed, she brought him the desired article, reaching it to him where he knelt deeply bowed over the rug on his knees. He took it from her with a sharp upward glance, but the next moment his brown fingers, swiftly skillful, were busy with his task. When it was quite finished, he gathered his tools together and backed from the room with odd Oriental obeisance, bending from his waist before Anstice as he took his leave. Yet the former was vaguely aware that this show of reverence was not intended for her alone. Instinctively, she looked over her shoulder, but the room was empty behind her. Only the little bronze Buddha smiled sneeringly at her from the mantel-shelf.

That week and the next Calvin Corson was away from Torrytown. When, on his return, he again came to see Anstice, he found himself watching her with disturbing perplexity.

"Pardon me, but is there something troubling you, Miss Lindon?" he asked at last.

Anstice started as she met his fixed gaze, but she shook her head.

"Nothing—that is, nothing of any importance. I think one's imagination is to blame for a great deal of discomfort, don't you?"

"Perhaps," he returned non-committally. Yet it was evident that he was not satisfied with her excuse. On leaving the house, he turned for an instant as he was descending the steps.

"In case I could ever be of any assistance, you will not hesitate to call on me, will you, Miss Lindon?"

Anstice smiled gratefully. "No, thank you," she said with shy earnestness.

After he had gone, she stood by the window, wondering if he could have guessed what a comfort this assurance would be to her. With herself, there was no need of pretence. She was indeed troubled, and more than this. She was afraid; afraid in an unreasoning, uncontrollable fashion that served only to increase her fear; afraid of something which she could not define. The commencement of this feeling she did not hesitate to date from the day of the lace man's coming to the white cottage; but she knew it was unjust to ally him in any way with her uneasiness. The small shack where he lived alone was on the outskirts of the town, more than a mile from her home. She had never even seen him since the morning when he had mended her rug. How, then, was it possible that he could be connected with this haunting fancy that she was being watched; this fancy which had become almost an obsession with her, so that she found herself continually casting furtive glances over her shoulder, as if compelled by the restless consciousness of following eyes. Her small house had grown too large and lonely for her. Of late she had bidden old Hannah leave her kitchen corner in order that she might spend the evenings with her in the sitting-room. It is true, Hannah immediately yielded to an established habit, and fell to snoring, but the very vulgar reality of this noise was consoling to Anstice. As soon as dark fell, she drew the shades and lighted the cheery little lamp; she who had always loved the soft deepening shadows. The darkness was a terror to her now, for once, on turning quickly, she had been sure that the fleeting hint of a face had crossed the window. Yet this, too, was no tangible suspicion. Having mastered her fright, she had sought in vain for sign of a prying intruder.

Public Library Lawrence

Not even at night, locked in the cool of her own chamber, was she always at peace. Often she would start broad awake, and lie trembling with causeless fright, until she grew angry with such nervousness and stole to the window to cool her hot cheeks. The night after Doctor Corson's call, she was standing thus, leaning against the sash, and wondering at the strangely pungent sweetness of the air without, when to her drowsy eyes there appeared a shape beneath the old linden all bent by the garden walk, a squat figure as if with head to earth. For a long time she watched it from behind her curtains, but it stirred no more than the solid trunk itself.

"It's just a shadow," she told herself impatiently, as she crept back to bed again, "and I'm half asleep, and very foolish."

Early the next morning she hastened out to the garden, to prove the truth of her suppositions. She did indeed find nothing which might have caused the shadow, but neither was there mark of footfall on the soft gravel walk. On a flat stone lay a dust, as of fine ashes, but this she did not see, for it scattered at the fluttering of her skirts. Moreover, the thought of danger seemed absurd in the charm of the warm spring morning. The earth smells and the promise of green in unfolding buds called back a glint to Anstice's eye and a faint color to her pale cheeks.

"What a goose you've been, you silly girl," she cried under her breath, and the garden being out of the range of any neighbor's windows, she ran twice all around it before bursting, panting and rosy, into old Hannah's kitchen.

The latter glanced up with an indulgent smile. "My sakes, but you do look nice this morning, Miss Anstice. I've been getting real sort of worried about you lately, but, deary me, you look fresh as a daisy today. Now will you look at that saucy old tom-cat? I always said he was spoilt, and now here's a new rinktum. That's cream off the top of the milk left this morning, and see how he acts."

Anstice laughed, and seizing the big tabby, held him down to the disdained breakfast.

"Why, Tiger, see! Why, you love milk, you know you do. See, nice milk," she coaxed, but the cat, with frantic struggles, tore herself out of her grasp.

For a moment his mistress stared at the usually gentle animal in surprise, growing wide-eyed as she gazed. Then suddenly she caught up the full saucer and the half-filled jar and poured their contents out of the window, upon the grass beneath.

"Don't take any more milk of that man, Hannah," she cried with almost shrill intensity. "He leaves it here before light. Don't use any but what you yourself get at the store."

The next instant old Hannah was left gaping after her with troubled brow. Once in the sitting-room, Anstice hurried to the mantel-shelf where the little bronze Buddha sat, his face to the wall. Hannah had chanced to leave him that way one day after sweeping, and for her own reasons Anstice had not chosen to disturb him. Now, however, she put out her hand and began to turn the thing slowly.

"If I look at it, I believe I shall know of a certainty, and it is better so," she said softly.

Her sleeve dislodged a nodding violet from a low vase close at hand, and the flower fell across her wrist. She put it back gently with the rest of the small spring blossoms. Doctor Corson had brought them the day before. He had found them, he said, in a purple patch, near the road, and he had thought of her as he gathered them. As she took them from him, her hand had touched his for an instant, and, and—

With a sudden little smothered cry, Anstice caught the image from the shelf, and, hastening to a corner cupboard, thrust it far back behind a pile of old nautical pamphlets.

"No, no; I do not want to know; I will not see," she half sobbed, as she shut the door. "I was wrong about the milk. I am just foolish and nervous. I must find something to take up my mind."

Now it so chanced that this last resolution was not to wait long for fulfillment. That afternoon, old Hannah was seized with one of her crippling attacks of rheumatism. For a week she could not stir from her chair, and was obliged to submit, most unwillingly, to being waited upon. Anstice herself was only too glad of the care thus thrust upon her. As she hurried to and fro in the sunny kitchen, she seemed to escape, for a while, from the pursuing dread. At night, from sheer physical weariness, she slept undisturbed, and, to Hannah's delight, she began to once more go singing about the house.

The tune of "Lord Lovell" was on her

lips that sixth morning as she ran down the steps with a pail to be filled at the well. She was long gone on this brief errand. Hannah, propped with cushions, had painfully made an attempt to rise and discover the cause of her delay, before she finally appeared on the threshold. She was very pale, and her lips were blue and quivering as she spoke.

"The strangest thing has happened, Hannah," she said. "I was leaning forward, to pull the bucket cord, when the side of the well gave way. I did not lean heavily against it, but it all gave way at once. Why, it was built new only four years ago. I,—and I should have fallen down that dark hole into the water if I had not caught at the little pear tree close beside. Oh Hannah, Hannah; I am afraid, afraid."

Sobbing, she flung herself down upon the other's bountiful lap. The old servant patted her shoulder gently. "There, there, my lamb. You're all safe now. All safe now," she repeated soothingly.

Anstice could not bring herself to contradict the consoling chant, though she did not believe it. It was good to feel the kind hand, though she could not disturb its owner with her wild suspicions. Yet neither could she keep them longer to herself. She *must* tell someone, someone—and then, with sudden grateful remembrance, she thought of Calvin Corson's request. She would ask his help, since he had wished it. She would ask him to come that day to her.

The thought of sharing her anxiety brought infinite relief. It helped her to master the panic which now possessed her. She forced a smile for Hannah's sake, and a little later, having despatched a small boy with a note to the Jones farm, she found courage to go about her tasks once more. Help was so near; for, of course, he would come—and at once. Impatiently she waited for the sound of his step on the gravel walk, and as the hours passed without his arrival, she would not permit herself to be discouraged. She invented a dozen possible excuses for delay, and when at last darkness fell, she brought the reading lamp into the kitchen; for the near, if hidden, presence of the bronze Buddha was insupportable, and there, sitting close beside the dozing old woman, she waited listening, listening.

Not until the clock struck the hour of ten with awesome, monotonous deliberation did she cease to expect him. He would not come tonight. Perhaps he had not thought her concerns important enough to be worth immediate attention. He might not come for days. The bitterness of her disappointment sent her hopes swinging to the other extreme of the pendulum. All alone, she must dwell with this fear which loomed so closely, so darkly upon her now; like a serpent's baleful eye, it palsied every other thought.

With the frightened earnestness of a child, she begged Hannah to share her room that night, though when the latter fell asleep beside her, she grew impatient of the regular, heavy breathing. It prevented her hearing the smothered sounds that just failed to reach her ear. At last, yielding to her restlessness, she rose and crept softly, in dressing-gown and slippers, to a chair beside the window. She sat there shivering, yet it was not because of the mild breeze that blew in upon her. It was a very quiet world without. The garden lay like a sleeping thing beneath the stars. Under the old linden lay that odd shadow; a motionless, hunched blot, crossed sometimes by a tiny wavering line as of smoke; doubtless a shred of the gray mist that invaded every corner of the place. Anstice did not shiver because of the shadow. She had seen it often since the first night, and, because it was always the same, and always motionless, she ceased to think it could have any but natural cause.

One thought had crowded in upon her mind, expelling all others. It was this that made her shudder inwardly as she sat erect in the stillness. Down in the dark of the closet in the room below, the little bronze Buddha was sitting, staring, staring before him, with eyes that were—what color were those eyes? Over and over she asked herself the question, until out of her tortured wonder there arose at length a fixed determination. How could it be worse than this if she saw—as her father had seen? And, oh, the infinite relief if it should be that she failed to see!

Trembling, but yielding like a driven thing to the lashing of her uncontrollable curiosity, she unlocked the chamber door, and slipped softly down stairs. There was no hesitation in her movements now, as she crossed to the cupboard where the bronze Buddha was hidden, and drew him out from behind the nautical pamphlets. Impatient to see, and yet

fearful of seeing amiss, she hurried back to the newel-post, where a dim light was burning. Then she lifted her concealing fingers from the ugly face.

The stillness all about her was absolute, save for her hastened breath, and even this hung suspended for an instant as she gazed. She made no movement, no sound. Numbed, like one who watches the onrushing of an engulfing wave, she looked down at the figure in her hand, lost for a moment in simple wondering contemplation. So this was what her father had seen, and little Mary Susan, and Cousin Charlie,—two tiny gleaming wells of scarlet light set above the cold sneering smile. Well, they were marvelous; they were uncanny, these blood-red eyes. No wonder the child had cried. But what was it that had made her fear to see them? If she could but remember; there was something connected with the redness, something which she had dreaded. Ah! and the veil of her dazed senses was suddenly rent. She knew; she recalled now what it had meant. And she was young—and there was so much to live for—and the Buddha was nothing but a tiny bronze image, after all. How should she let this bit of metal speak of destruction to her who might so easily destroy it; she who could so easily cast it forever from the sight of man?

In the rebellion of her terror-stricken spirit, this last idea took swift mastery, filling her with an absorbing, vengeful passion. Let the thing smile, if it chose. Its sneer should be turned on itself. It had done this evil for the last time. Those menacing fires should be put out as she knew best. Turning to the hall door, with one hand she tore at the chain and bolt so carefully fastened a few hours before, holding in the other the little bronze Buddha, she sped down the walk, into the night.

She passed, unseeing, the hunched shadow under the linden. She did not know that, contrary to her established belief, it had suddenly moved. She was well on her way down the dim road which led to the river, before she came to realize that she was pursued. The discovery added new swiftness to her flight, but no increase to her fear. All her energy of life and limb was now concentrated in one desire—to fling the little bronze Buddha into the stream before the fate it had predicted should overtake her. The strange following figure that every moment drew nearer: this was the predicted fate. She was no longer afraid of it; but she was madly eager to outwit it. If she were to succeed, she must reach the river first.

It was not easy to run, in spite of the need. Her feet were bruised, for her slippers had long since been lost. The folds of her loose garments confined her movements. Yet her desire drove her on. The following figure came very close. Over her shoulder she saw that it had strange fluttering drapery. She heard it cry out to her in an uncouth language. She could feel its hot breath. Ah, but she could feel the cool river mist, too. The water was gurgling down there at her feet. She had won, in spite of the figure's haste; she had won, and she suddenly found breath to laugh as she flung the little bronze Buddha which had grown hot in her closed palm, far out over the edge of rock. She laughed again as she turned to the wild-eyed fate she had outdone so cleverly; laughed as it lifted its hand and struck her down into soft smothering darkness.

* * *

The days that followed were full of throbbing interest for Torrytown. Never were neighborly calls so lengthy; never were street-corner chats so protracted. One mystery is enough to set any country town by the ears, and Torrytown could boast of three simultaneously.

In the first place, and far outshining the others, there was the mystery of the lace man. For two days his corner in the post office had been deserted, the trunk with his wares standing, locked, against the wall. On the third, he was brought back to the little shack on the outskirts of the town by those who found him floating, with upturned face, in a little cove four miles below Torrytown. No one could tell how he met his death. There was no telling, even, where he was drowned. He might have fallen into the river much higher up, for the current was swift. It might have been accident or suicide; but there was no trace of violence upon him. His dress was peculiar, for, instead of his familiar shabby suit, he wore a strange enfolding robe. However, it appeared, from a remark of Professor Corson, that this was the costume which a man of the lace man's type would ordinarily wear in his native land.

It was Professor Corson, too, who ex-

plained the contents of the thin letter-sheets, curiously scrawled, which were found in a lacquer box under the lace man's bed. From reading these, it seemed, he said, that this was no ordinary foreigner. He had indeed been of high rank in the country from which he came. He had been led to don the humble garments of a peddler because he could thereby better accomplish a quest which he had undertaken; a quest of something of peculiar value, apparently, but the name of which Professor Corson seemed, unfortunately, quite unable to decipher. It was evident, also, that the lace man had finally come upon a clue to the lost treasure. In truth, he had already made two attempts to remove present claims to ownership, which, it appeared, was necessary before he could possess himself of the object of his endeavor. Every night he had knelt in prayer, offering incense for the success of his venture. A third attempt was pending when he came so suddenly to his end.

Having thus opened up so fertile an opportunity for curious inquiry, Professor Corson was naturally much urged to set at least an approximate name to the mysterious object of the lace man's desires. Who could tell what wealth might be hidden in the neighborhood; but no further information could be obtained from him on this point.

One person, indeed, hinted that his ignorance might not be so real as implied, but Tom Seward's opinion was not too highly considered in the community. Besides, he was known to have a newly-acquired grudge against Calvin Corson, because the latter had exploded for many the second mystery, Tom's story of the ghost of the river road. According to Tom, the same week of the lace man's disappearance, while driving to market in the city, before light, one morning, he had been passed on the river road by a carriage furiously driven. By the light of the lantern at his wagon wheel, he had caught a glimpse of a foaming, steaming white steed, a man's bent figure, and, very distinctly, the ashen face of a woman wrapped in fluttering white. He also caught the wailing of a moan as the vision sped past into the dark. Now all Torrytown knew that a woan in trailing garments was supposed to haunt the river-bank at certain seasons, and, undoubtedly, Tom declared, he had chanced upon the hour of the wraith's appearance.

The truth of his statement was therefore severely injured by certain remarks of Professor Corson, he having maintained that he too had come over the river road at an early hour that same morning. Having been in the city the day previous, he had taken a train which was so delayed by a wash-out that he did not reach the station where Sammie Jones was waiting with a team until some time after midnight. They had returned by the river road at about the time that the phantom carriage made its appearance, but no such marvel had been noticed by them. In truth, Tom's own wagon was the one and only vehicle they passed, and this not far from the place he mentioned.

"Perhaps you mistook Sammie for the wailing lady, and the Jones mare for the foaming steed," the professor had gravely suggested. "Though I don't think you'd say old Whitey could go at a furious pace, exactly, do you, Sammie?" he added, turning to the Jones boy, who snickered and slapped his knee. "No, by Ginger, you wouldn't say she could, to look at her," he agreed.

The third mystery of Torrytown was by far the least engrossing of them all, and one in which the masculine members of the village felt merely a kindly concern. It did not occur to them, as it did to some of their wives, that it was strange that Anstice Lindon should suddenly fall violently ill with what was vaguely called "a severe fever." The old doctor was always notably and annoyingly close-mouthed, so he could not be questioned on the subject, nor from Hannah was there much more to be gained. Carefully non-committal, she protected her mistress from prying tongues, while she slowly drew back to health, and then, as convalescence was immediately followed by a prescribed change of scene, both she and Anstice disappeared temporarily from the reach of Torrytown gossip.

That Hannah was not inhumanly reticent, however, was perhaps proved by the answers which she vouchsafed the curious on the day on which she returned alone to the village, some months later.

"No, I'm not here for long. I'm just going to pack some things in the house." No, Miss Anstice isn't coming back; she's busy getting her things ready. Who is it to be? Oh well, I guess you won't be over much surprised."

WHO'S YOU—IN OHIO?

(*ELMER C. DOVER*)

ELMER DOVER in youth dwelt in old Morgan county,
His precarious income an editor's bounty;—
A big thing, so to speak,
To that journalist meek—
The munificent sum
Of six dollars a week!—

And whenever a crank, from the purlieus of crankdom,
Invaded that dim editorial sanctum
And, in manner splenetical, ventured to hope
The percentage of lie in that editor's soap
Might be lessened—then Dover, with fun in his eye,
Gave the fellow a smoke and—well, promised him pi.
Even then Dover knew
Where his ego was at—
For he kept it secure
'Neath the crown of his hat;
An incipient sign
Of a rare diplomat!

And when in later life he met up with Mark Hanna,
And enlisted to march 'neath that statesman's bandanna,—
So collected, so staid
Was young Dover, Mark made
Him head steward of stogies
And pink lemonade!—

Every lank applicant, who was half-luny over
An office, yelled: "Whoop! I'll see Elmer — C. Dover!"
And forthwith they surrounded that genial young man
And begged him to further each project and plan;
But Dover made always this placid reply:
"Have a smoke; and come back when we're cutting the pie."

From the soles of his shoes
To the crown of his hat,
Dover had all the symptoms
And signs — and all that —
Of a tactful young man
And a rare diplomat!

And today, when he's serving as loyal retainer
Of Theodore R.— and chief elephant-trainer,—

For the great G. O. P.
Owns an elephant — see?
And Dover has charge
Of the pachyderm —gee!—

And some patriot hints that his son or his daughter,
Or his nephew or niece would be pleased to tote water
Or a few bales of hay, to the big wrinkled beast —
For a modest but sure compensation!— at least
They've expressed such desire, Dover smiles this reply:
"Have a smoke; and come round when we're feeding him pie."

For he knows — Dover knows!—
Where his ego is at,
And he keeps it secure
'Neath the crown of his hat;
Unmistakable sign
Of a rare diplomat!

James Ball Naylor.

KARL LUDWICH'S WOOING

By Mauchline Muir

WERE he given to public confession, Karl Ludwich Wollenstein could read you a pretty discourse on the caprice of chance in human destiny. If he had not happened to reach the bottom of the magazine page at precisely the instant that he did; if his wandering eye had not been drawn out of the club window at that pat fraction of a second, he would never have heard the call of Romance knocking at his door.

But he must have heard it; for his questing eyes went irresistibly to their magnet, and fixed forever one speaking face out of thousands that were silent to him. She was in her carriage, leaning back in an attitude of listless weariness. Slowly her lovely violet eyes came round to the meeting, and instantly the dynamic spark transformed her. In that arrested moment of flushed, joyous amaze, *ennui* was sponged out, a vital interest born. The warm, ardent youth in her veins flooded and banished from her face the conventional coldness her caste ordained.

For only a heart-beat eyes met eyes, before she was out of his line of vision. But long enough. Adventures are to the adventurous, and among these enviable few belongs Karl Ludwich. He did not wait for his hat, but darted bareheaded down the marble steps of the club house to the street. The carriage of his goddess was not to be seen, but he raced in and out among the pedestrians, his gaze searching the street with Teutonic enthusiasm for a pair of wonderful soft eyes nestling amid violet borders. They had spoken to him. More, they had called to his chivalry by the wistfulness of their appeal. The haunting pathos of that lovely young face would stay with him for many a day. When I mention that he wandered hatless for two hours in the down-town district, without knowing it, I am telling you that Karl L. Wollenstein, successful business man and shrewd broker in the hustling Pacific city of Seattle, is at bottom a member of that incomparable company of which D'Artagnan is the chief.

Drifting up and down with the eddying tide of travel, he was driven at last to an admission of temporary defeat. Dispirited, he returned to his club and a delightful surprise.

"Letter for you, sir."

He took the dainty envelope from the man, and sank into an arm-chair wearily. For a long time he sat there, re-living, with dreamy eyes, the one moment of the day. At last he shook off the luxury of memory and ripped open his letter without anticipation. It was from some woman, of course. Probably an invitation somewhere, and the only invitation he wanted was one to look into a pair of violet-bordered eyes. What he read brought him to a rigid attention:

> "Karl Ludwich—Karl Ludwich, if you ever loved me in the days that are dead, meet me tonight for the last time. I'll be in the shadow of the small pavilion on the hill at Madrona Park. Eight prompt."

There was no signature, but it needed none. She was in trouble, and she called him. Not till he had reached the street-car, on his way to the rendezvous, did he begin to puzzle over what she meant by her reference to the days when he had loved her long ago. He had never seen her but that once. That was absolutely beyond doubt, for her's was a face to remember in one's dreams. But he did not care what she meant by it. Perhaps he had met her in the long ago of some other life. The important fact was that he was on his way to meet her, to help her, to fight her battles for her.

Karl Ludwich's friends were wont to say that he was a prince. This was true in the sense that they meant it, but if they had named him a king's son, their pronouncement would have been literally true. His mother had been a famous opera singer thirty years before, as renowned for her beauty as for her splendid voice. That Prince Karl should fall in love with her was no greater wonder than that she should have

cared passionately for the royal lover with the gold-brown eyes and the gay, winning smile. Their love had resulted in a morganatic marriage—and Karl. She had died at the birth of her baby, and two years later his father's death had put the prince on the throne of Wulvaria. He was already married, and within a few months an heir was born, amid general rejoicing. Little Karl, the offspring of the morganatic union, was so like his father and his brother, the young prince, that it was considered advisable to send him out of the country, in order to save embarrassment. The boy, hearing of this, resented his position so keenly that he solved the difficulty by running away to the United States. In course of time, he drifted west, went into business, and already, though still under thirty, was in a fair way to gain wealth in the country of his choice.

He leaped from the street car, and was started up the hill before it had fairly stopped. The night was a beautiful starry one, with that velvet softness so rare in northern lands. The trees, the foliage, the grass were all tinged to a shimmer of magic green in the flickering breeze-tossed shadows. Out of that enchanted background a figure detached itself and stood poised in the shine of the moon. She was a vision of white, luminous in the soft glow that played over her uplifted, golden head like an aura.

With a sharp indrawing of his breath, the young man lifted his hat reverently from his head. His pulses flew; his long step quickened. Surely here was the one woman in the world whose call he would follow across land and sea.

"Karl—Karl," she cried softly, her face aglow, as he leaped up the last incline to her. She held out both hands to him, in the pure, divine trust of womanhood. "Oh, Karl, I'm so glad—so glad, dear boy. I was afraid you wouldn't come, but I knew you would, my prince." Her voice was a sweet cry, tremulous with tears and joy.

"So long as I am alive, I will come when you call, dear lady. You are my queen. I dedicate myself to your service now and forever." He knelt and kissed her hand with that touch of genuine Teutonic fire that possessed him. Nor was he struck by any strangeness in her ready, unquestioning acceptance of his service. He knew now that they were not strangers to each other; that, in some previous aeon of existence, to which his memory did not reach, they had been lovers rudely swept apart by some catastrophe of fate. Always there had been the vague and unsatisfied longing in him for Her, for the ideal he cherished and could not find. Tonight that longing was stilled, for he had found his wandering other half.

She sighed, so faintly it might have been the breath of the evening wind.

> "Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
> Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!"

she quoted almost in a whisper.

"But why?" He answered her sadness with eager remonstrance. "My heart's desire is here. From the first moment my eyes fell on you I loved. In truth, I think I always loved you, long before I met you in the flesh, my dear queen. Why should I desire to shatter the scheme that brings me you?"

Her sad eyes opened wide. "But don't you know? Didn't you get the letter I wrote you last month?"

"No, I got no letter. What is it I should know that I don't?"

The light in her eyes went out and left an infinite despair. "I am to be married tomorrow evening to a man I don't love. How can I love him, Karl, when I love you?"

"You are to be married—tomorrow?" he asked dully. "But I don't understand. How can you marry any man except me?"

"Aren't you the last man in the world I can marry, Karl?" she asked, lifting her gentle eyes in surprise.

He took her in his arms, a lithe, soft-bodied creature in whom the fires of passion lay banked. "By heaven, since we love each other, there is no man on earth you shall marry but me."

"Your father," she murmured, "the king."

"My father," he exclaimed in surprise. "What has he to do with it?"

"You know. They will not let us marry. They will separate us as they did before."

"Nothing on earth shall separate us if you will let me give you my name and fight for you," he cried passionately.

"We fought it out once before, dear, but they beat us," she told him wearily. "Are we stronger now than then?"

"I don't know what you mean, but nobody shall take you from me now that I have found you," he repeated sturdily.

She nestled closer, and when her shy eyes lifted to his he kissed them gently.

"It has been so long—so long, Karl; and now it is only for an hour," she cried softly.

"No, no—for many hours and many days, for the rest of life and eternity," was his tumultuous answer.

"If it only might be—but you are Prince Karl of Wulvaria, and I am Cecilia Stanhope."

He fell back amazed. "I am—Whom did you say I was?"

"Karl Ludwich Wollenstein, heir apparent to the throne of Wulvaria, Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Honorary Colonel of the Royal Guards, and I don't remember how much else beside," she enumerated a little wistfully.

"I am Karl Ludwich Wollenstein, son of King Karl by a morganatic marriage. God forgive me, if I have unintentionally deceived you," he groaned.

Something akin to horror crept into her eyes. "What do you mean? Are you not my Karl?" She leaned forward and scanned him closely in the moonlight. "No, you are like him, but you are not he. Sir, you do not look like a scoundrel, but you have taken advantage of a woman's need." Her voice broke as she turned away.

He caught at her sleeve desperately. "Do not believe that. I beseech you not to believe that I am like that. You will hear what I have to say for myself, before you condemn me and cast me out," he pleaded.

She did not look at him, but she waited for his justification.

And he, feeling the futility of all that he could say, let the moments slip away without speech.

"I am waiting, sir," she told him at last.

"But what can I say? How make you understand? What I have to say is outside of reason. Miss Stanhope, do you believe in destiny?"

She made no answer, and he rushed on without hope. "All my life I have looked for you. Today I found you in the flashing of an eye. I ran out bareheaded, but your carriage was not in sight. For hours I wandered about the streets looking for you. I could not think that fate would be so cruel as to let me find you only to lose you again at once. When I received your letter at the club. I was sure that all was right. I am perhaps a dreamer. You needed me, and I answered your call. Did I not do right? Should I have hung back for a formal introduction? It seemed to me that I had known you always. If not in this life, then at some previous stage of existence. Call me presumptuous if you will, but I love you, and have always loved you."

When his impetuous appeal was finished, her lovely eyes came round to meet his gently. "Sir, I am quite sure you are telling me the truth. The mistake was less yours than mine."

"And you will let me help you?" he asked.

"Alas! There is no help for me."

"But my brother," he reminded her. "You would have asked him."

She smiled faintly. "It was his sympathy I wanted—that he should lament with me."

"And I, who love you too, may I not lament?"

She looked into his gold-brown eyes that had been so warm and sunny and now were so clouded with pain, and her heart reached out for his help.

"You are very like him, sir. In truth, I think you are a gallant gentleman, as he is."

"I do not know my brother. He was a child when I ran away from Wulvaria, but I have understood that his was a princely nature."

Her long deep sigh moved him. "Will you not let me be your friend, Miss Stanhope?" he asked, and the ardent light was in his eyes again.

"I shall be glad for your brother's sake."

"And I shall be glad for my own."

She led the way to a park bench, walking like a goddess, he thought. For long, a deep far-away look was on her face, and tears misted her dear eyes. He let the silence endure, knowing that at the end she would speak and tell him all.

"It was four years ago," she began abruptly. "I had been invited to an English country house where Earl and Lady Winthrop were staying. She is an American, you know, and she took a fancy to me. So when our visit was ended, she had me and my aunt at her place. There was a house party, and among the guests was Prince Karl. I was only a girl—not yet seventeen—and he was scarce twenty. We were thrown together a good deal, and—you know what happened. "I suppose it was the glamor

of his rank that first attracted me. He was such a genuine simple gentleman that everybody liked him. He had been brought up in the stiff ceremony of the German court, and the free life of an English shooting box delighted him. The end of it was that we loved each other, and one day he told me about it, and gave me his ring. We were a pair of little simpletons, and easily convinced each other that love is the strongest thing in the world. We were not allowed to dwell in our fool's paradise very long. Somehow word reached his father of what had happened, and Prince Karl was peremptorily recalled home. We exchanged vows of constancy, and next week a German court official called on me to ask for the return of Prince Karl's ring. It seems the ring was an heirloom which the princes of Wulvaria presented only to the woman they were about to marry. The German officer went away disappointed, and a week later another one, higher in rank than the first, sent up his card. He was very polite, of course, but very firm. A marriage between me and Prince Karl was quite impossible. In fact, an arrangement had already been made for him to marry a Danish princess as soon as she was old enough. He, too, went away without the ring, but he left me miserably unhappy, for I foresaw the end. It came a week later. Prince Heinrich, the brother of the king, came to England and visited me in person. He brought a letter from Karl. It was a cry of despair. He said he would always love me, but admitted that there was no hope of a marriage between us. I gave Prince Heinrich the ring."

"And you have never seen my brother since?"

"Never; and today when I looked up and saw you in the window I was sure it was Prince Karl. He is visiting America, you know—and I thought—I thought—" She strangled a sob, and added: "I am in trouble, and so I sent for him."

"Your trouble! I should be honored if you would give me your confidence. It is possible that I might be able to help."

"I am to be married tomorrow to Mr. Jacob Schiff, the Chicago pork-packer," she told him proudly, her fine lip curling with contempt of herself.

He looked at her, an exquisite creature of spirit and fire and dew, and his soul revolted at the sacrifice required of her. "I think I understand. The steady pressure that wears away a rock. You have endured till you feel that you can endure no more, and in a moment of despair you have consented. Am I right?"

She inclined her head. A lump had crept up into her throat, and she dared not trust herself to attempt words.

A surge of rage, of inflexible resolution, swept through him. By heaven, she should not be sacrificed, if he could prevent it.

"You shall not marry him," he cried. "Once before your happiness was destroyed because my brother was weak. You are young. Life offers much if you will be strong and insist on getting it."

"You are late," she smiled sadly. "I have told myself that a hundred times. The truth is, that I do not care so much as I did. Life has turned gray for me, and I can't trust myself. If I revolt now, even with success, I shall succumb next week. Of what use to struggle?"

"We shall make the fires burn bright again. Come! There is a way out if we can find it, and you have but the courage to take it. Let me think."

She studied him while he was lost in thought with a vivid interest that she had never expected to give a man again. His face was strangely boyish for his years; yet it was a strong, masterful one, too. She compared it bitterly with that of the man she was going to marry; the clean-cut purity and refinement of this youth, with the coarse, fat countenance of the pork packer. And her heart sank within her, for she knew no way out of the tangle into which her life had raveled itself.

He turned to her impetuously. "There is a way. It depends on your trust in me and on your courage."

"I trust you implicitly," she said simply.

"Because I am Prince Karl's brother?" he asked.

"Because you are yourself."

"I thank you. Miss Stanhope, I love you. Will you marry me tonight?"

"Is that the way?" she asked, her face falling.

"Yes, but don't reject it without thought. I ask for nothing except to lend you my name. After that you need not know me, unless you wish. I give you fair warning

that I shall make you love me. But I shall base nothing on our marriage. You shall be as free as you are now. The only effect of it is to bar Schiff, to protect you against yourself and him, by making it impossible to yield."

"I dare not," she breathed, her lips parted and her breath suspended.

"And why not? Do you dislike me?"

"No." She did not look at him.

"You say you trust me. Of what are you afraid? Of convention?"

"Perhaps; and of my father's anger. Besides, I do not know you."

"You do not need to know me, since you merely borrow my name as a defence. I shall, of course, give you references that my name is honorable. You may leave the city tonight, and I tomorrow. None need know we are not traveling together. We merely anticipate, for in the end you are going to love me. It is your kismet."

"You seem very sure, sir," she sparkled, with the first flash of gayety he had seen in her.

"I am sure," he answered simply. "Does not something tell you that we were destined for each other?"

"I don't know what to do," she evaded. "I am afraid. Will you not give me five minutes alone to make a decision?"

He bowed, and left her to herself. When he returned the trouble had cleared from her eyes. She came forward smiling, and on that smile he swam to heaven.

"Sir, it shall be as you say. If you are still willing to lend me your name, I shall marry you as soon as it can be arranged." A tide of color swept her cheeks. "But it must be understood that I promise you nothing — nothing at all. It is merely that I cannot endure the thought of what lies before me if I do not accept."

His voice rang with a strong dignity. "As sure as there is a God above us, you may trust my plighted word. I shall perfectly respect our compact, and yet in the end I shall make you love me, or rather not I, but the power that shapes our ends."

They were married at the house of the rector of St. John's two hours later. From the rectory they drove directly to her father. She was in a tremor of fear, not knowing whether he would cast her off in his rage at her course. But at worst, Stanhope was only an ambitious self-willed American, accustomed to having his own way in his family, and at best, he desired greatly the happiness of his motherless girl. He knew Karl slightly, and liked him. Wherefore, he grumblingly forgave her. It did not seem to them necessary to tell him that they had never met before that day, nor the extraordinary circumstances under which he had wooed and won her.

For Karl Ludwich was right. Though he did not know it, he had already stormed the outworks of her heart. Sweet dreams were hers that night, while he paced the streets in a stress of exaltation, and the hero of her dreams was Karl Ludwich—not Karl the prince, who had not been strong enough to keep what he had won; but Karl the American, from whose strength she had borrowed courage to save them both.

OUR YOUNG NATURALIST

By Robert C. McElravy

MERCY, what a miserable-looking kitten!" exclaimed Mary, as Billy deposited the bedraggled feline on the kitchen floor.

Billy looked up with a shade of defiance in his eyes. They were soft blue eyes, unaccustomed to the heavier emotions, and we felt his displeasure immediately.

"Poor kitty," he said quietly, drawing the wretched object into his protecting arms. "It followed me home, mother. It's a hungry kitty; I want to keep it."

The implied rebuke put the situation in a new light. The idiosyncracies of the first-born are not to be dealt with lightly.

Mary crooked a mysterious finger, and I followed her into the dining-room. The matter was one demanding serious thought, and our conference was lengthy. Our child had extended a friendly hand to an animal in distress. Could we, his parents, looking always to the best interests of our offspring, afford to rudely cast forth the half-starved kitten upon a cold, cold world?

"I always detested a cat, George," said Mary vehemently.

"So do I," was my cordial acquiescence, the truthfulness of which was entirely unmarred by a simple desire to be agreeable.

"But it does look hungry," she added thoughtfully. I stood in silence, feeling the delicacy of the situation. If there was to be any relenting, I wanted it to come from Mary. The cat, if we adopted it, would be pre-eminently a kitchen adjunct; it would be under Mary's feet, not mine.

"At any rate, we must feed it," decided Mary, temporarily adjourning the conference.

We went to the kitchen again, and placed a saucer of milk before the kitten. It was duly appreciative, and literally waded in its own dinner. Its little sides seemed to take on an immediate air of plumpness.

Billy was in ecstacy. He gurgled with joy at the kitten's exhibition of greed, and his eyes shone with satisfaction.

"Oh, can't I keep it, mother?" he appealed eagerly.

Mary looked at me questioningly. I maintained dignified silence, conscious only of an inward sense of fatherly approval. I still insist that I gave no sign of this, though Mary avers that I looked almost as eager as Billy himself.

Left with the matter entirely in her own hands, there was but one thing possible for Mary to do, and she said yes, throwing Billy into a paroxysm of delight. Our further conferences, therefore, had not to do with the matter of retaining the kitten, but simply to the problem of its maintenance.

The adoption of Nellie, which was the name Billy gave to his pet, hitting the gender properly enough in a manner that seemed to us decidedly precocious, was only the beginning. We did not know this at the time, but learned rapidly enough, alas, that our young hopeful was destined to become little short of a juvenile naturalist.

The dog came next. Somewhere in the neighborhood, Billy had negotiated for a boisterous shepherd pup, which he escorted home with a degree of pardonable pride instantly shared by us. Mary liked a dog, and so did I. There was no begging an acceptance this time.

We were charmed with Rex, and his acquisition happily accorded with a desire we had both expressed once on a time for a dog. That was before Billy himself came, but the dog was still welcome.

"It will be much nicer to have a dog than a cat," said Mary, when the pup was brought in. She was secretly pleased at the change. She was tired of the cat, which was now a comfortable and inevitable occupant of every passageway one desired, it seemed.

"Instead of a cat!" cried Billy, detecting his mother's veiled wishes. "But we're going to keep kitty, too, aren't we?" His lips were fairly quivering.

"Oh, we can't do that, you know. Dogs and cats don't get along well together, Billy."

Mary said this with an air of finality, and it seemed a reasonable solution of the difficulty.

But it wasn't. We had before our very eyes a demonstration of the exception which proves the rule, and won Billy's case for him.

Seeing the pup hurriedly devouring his first consignment of milk, Nellie browsed up lazily from her corner and surveyed him quietly. She rubbed up against Billy's bare leg in a friendly manner, and received her accustomed caress. Then, all jealous fears having been allayed, she walked nonchalantly over toward the pup, which paid absolutely no attention to her. Whatever suspicions she may have had were dispelled, and to our astonishment Nellie then proceeded to join the pup in his meal, even pushing him aside a trifle to suit her purpose.

Billy's face widened in a pleased smile, and we knew that our cause was lost. "Dogs and cats do get along sometimes," he said, and there was no occasion for debate.

The dog and cat became fast friends. Rex grew rapidly, and his size might have frightened the cat, except that with his growth he maintained for her a growing affection. He guarded her from the intrusion of other dogs with a burly masterfulness that was pleasant to witness.

The two pets gave an added sweetness to our home life, and Mary and I were on the whole glad that we had kept Nellie, after all. We were scarcely prepared for the shock we experienced, however, when we heard one day a thin penetrating bawl from the back yard, and hastened to the rear of the house to see Billy leading a diminutive and wobbly heifer calf through the gate.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mary, "look what he's bringing now." We leaned against the trellis-work covered with half-closed morning glories, till we heard some explanation.

But Billy did not confront us with an apology in any form. He was proud, and proud only, of his possession. He was waiting for our delighted cries of exultation, but evidently did not miss them, in view of former experiences. When our silence became painful, he burst out with the following statement:

"Uncle Jerry Simmons' cow had a calf, and I found it this morning out in the field and told him about it, and he said he didn't want the calf, and I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he told me he was going to give it away, and I asked him who to, and he said anybody, and I asked him if I could have it, and he said yes, and I got a rope and brought it home."

"I notice you brought it, Billy," I said somewhat dryly. "But why didn't you come first and ask us whether you could keep a calf or not?"

"'Fraid somebody else would get it," replied Billy, overlooking my displeasure.

We had both decided in our own minds to send him right back with the calf, but at this juncture the animal itself brought our hospitality to the test a second time, and settled any such procedure in a definite and final manner. It was entirely exhausted by its trip from the pasture, and leaned weakly against the fence. Then its poor little legs gave way, and it sank helplessly to the ground.

There was nothing then for us to do but to bring it sustenance, which we did in the form of a bottle of warm milk with a nipple attached. I tried vainly to make it drink, finally resigning the job to Billy, and was not a little mortified to see the ease with which he accomplished the task.

"He has such a way with animals," whispered Mary, and I could see that she was very proud of Billy.

The calf was restored to its former strength, and was able to regain its wobbly position. Then Billy made his plea to keep it.

"But it will take so much milk to feed it," I objected, remembering Nellie and Rex.

"Yes, but it will give it back when it grows," replied Billy, with incontrovertible logic.

"Who'll milk it?" I asked, scenting an unpleasant occupation in the future.

"I will," said Billy firmly, and I am ready to admit that when the heifer grew sufficiently to give milk, Billy kept his word and milked her morning and night.

After the calf, which went by the high-sounding title of Lucinda, came other pets. Billy's love of animals seemed absolutely boundless. It even extended to the bird family. He got an old hen and set her on a dozen eggs, which brought out a respectable family of chicks in due time. Then he got a sack full of pigeons from a farmer who wanted to get them out of his hay-loft. We objected strenuously to the pigeons, but he appeased our discontent with a fine pair of

squabs which went well that evening at dinner. The pigeon crop came on apace, and soon the air was alive with blowers, tumblers and fan-tails.

As the seasons progressed Billy kept adding to his pets. We drew the line at pigs, and kept it there. But even in this he defeated us to a degree. He, with two other boys, fell heir to a litter of four little squealers which were born out of season, and whose owner did not want to bother with them. Billy came home and announced in triumph that he owned a third interest in four pigs. We started nervously, but he hastened to state that one of the other boys who lived in the outskirts of town would keep them.

We sighed in relief, and in talking it over agreed that Billy was very good not to insist on keeping the pigs at home. The truth was that we had gained a considerable respect for Billy's pets, particularly since the heifer had grown and was giving a generous supply of milk daily. But it was our victory in the pig episode which led to our undoing. We became careless, and had too much faith in Billy's taste about the pets he brought home. But that will be explained later.

During school vacations Billy went frequently to the woods with boy friends. Here he had ample opportunity to commune with nature to his heart's content. Sometimes he did so to our own discontent, when he stayed too long, but there seemed always to be some good reason for it.

Once when we had started to lecture him for remaining away too long, probably at the swimming hole, he mollified us with a handsome present of a dozen frog legs. Then he said he had sold a dozen to Mr. Rice, a neighbor, at a round sum. He said Mr. Rice liked them, and had given him an order for all he could get.

Next morning Billy went to the woods with a chosen friend. He appeared before Mr. Rice in the evening and said he had some frog legs.

"How many have you got?" queried the genial fellow.

"Sixteen dozen," said Billy simply.

"Sixteen dozen!" exclaimed the prospective purchaser. "Do you think I'm going to feed the whole town on frog legs!" But he bought the whole lot as he had agreed, and afterward told in great glee how Billy had put it on him.

Billy's way with animals was indeed wonderful. They seemed to come at his beck and call, and the trees about our house were soon filled with fox squirrels, which ate freely from his hands. He also captured ground squirrels and chipmunks, and made cages for them in the attic. Later he added rabbits and other pets.

The attic was Billy's own particular stronghold. He had complete dominion there, and had fitted up a gymnasium in one end and kept his pets in the other. For a time I superintended operations in the attic, but no trouble ever occurring, I finally yielded to Billy's judgment and gave him *carte blanche*, which he exercised, I regret to say, in a most unfortunate manner Yet, to be fair about it, the fault was not Billy's, but another person's. I, myself, am quite willing to share the blame.

It was on the night we entertained the card club of which we were members that the unpleasantness occurred. My wife and I had been preparing some time for the event, and had issued many invitations. Primarily, we were entertaining our card club, but several of the members happened to have friends from the city visiting them, and they were invited also.

The gathering, as I remember distinctly, was one of the most notable of the season. Mary was assisted in receiving by several prominent women of our little city, and I know that she, as well as myself, was pleased with the continued evidences of enjoyment on the part of our guests during the evening.

We played cards a couple of hours, and had a short musical program. Then refreshments were served, including a fine quality of punch which the club members usually enjoyed.

I suggested smoking, and took several of the men to my den up stairs, where we chatted over our cigars some little time.

"How's Billy?" asked one of the guests, who was a neighbor.

"Doing finely," I replied, stifling my fatherly pride in the youth as well as possible.

"Has he got any more pets?" queried my friend, who knew the boy's interest in this pursuit.

"Well, I think he brought in a gray squirrel the other day," I replied. "I've sort of given up trying to keep track of them all."

We talked about the pets for some time, and I volunteered, in view of the general interest expressed, to exhibit them, if my guests would go up to the attic.

The invitation met with favor, and we went. I led the way and turned on the lights. It was rather gloomy, as the big room only boasted a couple of small incandescents, but we groped our way about and found the large cage where I knew the squirrels were kept.

It was a mistake, of course, to take so many persons into a room that I was so slightly familiar with, even in daylight, and pretty soon the inevitable occurred. I heard one of the men mutter a guarded exclamation, with a note of fear in it, and he said something about a door being left open. A heavy object hit the floor, and a general shout went up. Then I heard a discordant note from one of the rafters overhead, and felt a feathered creature swoop past my head in the gloom. I realized instantly that something was radically wrong, and sprang to the cage. The door was off its hinges, which were none too solid, and as I was trying to adjust it, I felt something slimy running along my arm. I jumped back, and as the noise increased there was a scurry to the four corners of the room.

No one thought of the stairway until it was too late. When I did so, it was a peculiar sight which met my gaze. First and foremost to leave the top step in the descent was a good-sized mother mouse, followed closely by a family of little ones. Then something scrambled on after it which looked like a big mud turtle. I could distinctly hear it bumping down the steps one at a time in its for once rapid flight. Next there dashed toward the stairs a pair of squirrels, followed in a trice by some lizards and a couple of garter snakes. A half-grown crow and a hoot owl followed, and my head whirled at the realization of what it all meant.

I recovered my senses as rapidly as possible, and started in pursuit of this incongruous menagerie, all strange to me. My guests followed, gradually awakening to the situation. Down one flight of stairs we sprang, hoping to shut off the cavalcade in time to prevent its passage to the first floor.

But the miniature Noah's ark compendium was well in the lead, and we were not quick enough. I got to the top of the last flight of steps just in time to see the whole outfit entering the drawing-room where the guests were assembled.

There was an instant of complete silence, followed by a piercing shriek from a woman's voice.

"A mouse!" cried the voice, winding up its awful message in a weird wail.

"There's another one!" cried a second voice. "Oh, oh, oh!"

"Mercy! Heavens! Terrors!"

The entire vocabulary of feminine imprecation came fiercely up the stairway. Groans followed, accompanied by hair-raising outcries.

"A turtle!"

"A squirrel!"

"A lizard!"

"A snake! Merciful heavens, two snakes!"

The owl and the crow were still blindly knocking about in the stairway, but finally escaped and fluttered into the room. It was the wildest of wild scenes. I leaned weakly against the doorway, overcome with an awful sickness that seemed to sap my last vestige of strength. In front the women were all screaming, and behind the men were swearing softly. I looked about the room. Not a woman, not a single guest, was on the floor. Every person had climbed to the highest possible pedestal. The tables and chairs were filled with hysterical women, with skirts held high and wrapped about them. My wife was on the piano, having clambered there I cannot guess how, but I could see her hanging over its ebony top, limp and helpless.

There was pandemonium on every hand. I am not sure but several of the women had fainted, but those who had not were still screaming at the top of their voices. I managed to get the front door open, and the side door and the back door, realizing that the creeping, crawling creatures must be put outside. By the aid of some of the men, I captured the owl and crow, which we thrust, flapping and struggling, out into the night. The turtle went next, and the lesser animals lost no time disappearing through the doorways.

When the room was cleared, I sank into a chair, unable to collect my scattered senses. At this juncture, from the upper part of the house another outcry arose. I sat frozen. Surely the worst must have happened; nothing worse *could* happen! The guests were stunned, and sat as if waiting the day of judgment.

The crying continued, and came nearer. Presently there was revealed to the startled gaze of everyone the wailing and indignant figure of Billy on the stairway. He stood in his night-gown, an accusing figure, tears streaming down his cheeks and his little face tense with suffering. He gazed into the room filled with our dishevelled visitors, some of the women still holding their skirts inordinately high. But he cared nothing for the taut nerves of our guests.

"You've let all my pets get away!" he wailed broken-heartedly.

Then I saw his mother rush over to him, and he was clasped in the comforting arms of several weeping and laughing women all at once.

The great fear was over, and I think everybody saw the humor of the situation and laughed. At least I hope so. That is, everybody but Billy, who didn't see the joke, and perhaps couldn't be expected to.

THE TINKHAM'S MOVE

By Emily Hewitt Leland

NOSTALGIA—nostalgia. Better send her home for two or three months," said the doctor hurriedly, as he jumped into his buggy and drove off at a brisk trot to more urgent patients.

"Nostalgy," repeated Dan Tinkam, scratching his head in a bewildered way, as he watched the doctor whirl around a corner. "Well, that's a stumper for me."

He returned to the house—a box-like bit of ugliness in the ugly suburbs of a grimy manufacturing town—and stood beside the lounge on which his wife was lying.

"Mayme, what the dickens is nostalgy? The Doc says you've got it."

"I don't know, Dan; I told him how I felt, near's I could, a kind of sick feeling here," laying her hand over her heart, "and no appetite and no ambition about anything. I guess nostalgy must mean general laziness," and Mayme looked up in her husband's face with an expression which tried very hard to be a happy smile.

"Doc says you'd better go home for a while—maybe," said Dan, speaking rather reluctantly.

"Oh, no, Dan, I couldn't leave you—and the house all alone. You having to have your early breakfasts and something hot for suppers. And you'd have the house *full* of flies, you know." Still, she looked up at him a little wistfully.

"It would be mortal lonesome without you, sure. And maybe you'll feel all right—come cool weather."

"Oh, yes, I reckon so," and Mayme turned her face away. "You'd better hurry back now, Dan, or you'll be late."

She had not spoken about the doctor's questions about her previous life—where she had lived, and if she felt at home and contented in her present abiding-place—nor of how she had answered—with unconscious eloquence—telling him of her old home, a hill-farm, "down the river a piece," with its big, shady maples and beautiful grass, and the ice-cold spring in the north orchard, and brother Will and—mother. But Dan's work was in town, he was contented and earning good wages, and she hated to discourage him with her bad feelings, and—if she could only get up an appetite!

The doctor thought of his own home higher up the hills—its shaded lawn, sweet cool rooms and immaculate surroundings—and felt that, in this young woman's place, he would not only be minus appetite, but could easily die within twenty-four hours.

You see he knew nothing of the little back porch where it was sometimes quite cool late in the evenings; and where, if the next-door baby wasn't crying, and the man on the other side wasn't drunk, Mayme

and Dan could sit and be quite comfortable; especially since the morning glories had struggled up into a partial screen, and the big box of mignonette was beginning to fight the less agreeable odors of the neighboring yards.

"If you only liked farming, Dan," Mayme would sometimes say. "Even if you couldn't earn so much money, there would be the fresh fruits and vegetables and chickens, and mother would give us a cow, and she would be awfully glad to have us with them —only one man about the place, so."

These and similar remarks she would make, and Dan would usually answer—"Oh, come off, Mayme! I've got my trade and got to stick to it. We're middlin' well off as we be, seems to me."

On one occasion Mayme had added in a trembling voice—"It's going to be a sort of hard place to—to bring up a baby in, Dan."

And Dan had answered: "About the sort of place *I* was brought up in; and I'm about as healthy and decent as they make 'em."

So Mayme ceased to suggest, and as mid-summer drew on, silently drooped and pined, like a wildwood bird in a close cage, until Dan had insisted on calling in a doctor.

* * *

For a week rain had fallen night and day without ceasing, and the waters of the river were over its banks and coursing and snarling down the lower streets like hungry wolves.

Many of the houses,—cheaply-built shacks for the most part,—were vacated, but Dan Tinkham's house, built conscientiously by himself and on a better foundation than the others, was going to withstand any rise which Rock River was capable of—so Dan thought, and so assured his wife, over and over again, as night drew on and one family after another fled from the neighborhood to higher ground.

"The streets and all these yards will be washed clean as a whistle, and that'll suit you, Mayme," he remarked cheerfully, as they retired for the night. "The rain's letting up now, and the river'll begin to go down by morning, all right."

The rain, however, had only paused for a more vigorous effort. Later in the night, a heavy cloud-burst, a few miles up stream, sent down something like a tidal wave which caught up all things within its reach and bore them along in the wild exultant joy which always marks the rush of "many waters."

The flood swept around the Tinkham cottage like a mighty arm, lifted it with a single heave and bore it away, tilting and tossing like a cork.

Wakened from their sleep by a violent lurch of the bed and the crash of falling crockery, Mayme and Dan sprang up and clutched each other in terror.

"My God, we are afloat!" shouted Dan.

"Oh, we'll drown—we'll drown! Dan—dear Dan—don't let me *drown!*" screamed Mayme.

A few more lurches and dizzy rockings, and the house swept on in comparative tranquility.

"Dan, please forgive me for being cross and grumbly sometimes—it was because I felt sort of sick and bad—not because I didn't love you, Dan—with all my heart."

"Mayme—Mayme! Don't you talk that way to me—you poor little girl! You've never been half cross *enough* to such a darned old bear as I've been, time and time again—God bless you! and forgive *me*, Mayme, forgive *me!*"

Thus they kissed and absolved each other and awaited their fate.

Presently the house swept against some obstacle with a great crash and careened until the black water almost leaped in at the window by which they were kneeling. Dan hastily closed it. In a dizzy whirl the cottage righted itself and floated on.

"Mother's house will be safe—up there on the hills—and they'll find us—and bury us. They won't let us be lost, will they Dan? Oh, my mother—my mother!"

"Don't give up, Mayme, don't give up! I guess we won't get another knock like that; and I don't think we're sinking very much. Thank the Lord for these double floors! And, Mayme, if we *do* get out of this, we'll locate in a decent place—if I have to hire money at forty per and work twenty hours a day."

"Oh, Dan, if we can only be spared until daylight, it's all I ask. Oh, dear Lord! don't let us die in this *blackness!*"

Sometimes almost grazing the bank;

sometimes bumping against a floating tree, or some debris of the flood; or turning dizzily about in an eddy, the little house swept on through the terrible darkness, creaking, swaying, yet bravely holding together, and keeping a fairly comfortable perpendicular.

The lamp was lying crushed on the floor, but Dan, exploring with matches, found a candle in the kitchen, and its light made the situation a little less terrible. They dressed, and Dan coaxed his wife to take a little currant wine from a bottle carefully labeled in his mother-in-law's writing,: "For Mayme, in case of sickness."

"It's a case of sickness now—sea sickness, you know!"

Oh, Dan!" moaned Mayme, but she was cheered a little in spite of everything.

Kneeling by the window again, they peered out in the hope of discerning some landmark, but water and sky were swallowed up in darkness. Mayme hid her face in Dan's breast, shuddering.

"Seems as if I could almost make out the top of Mount Tyler," said Dan, after a long interval. Sure enough, a pale line of gray was visible in the east, and against it the dimmest outline of hills.

"We'll soon know where we are," said Dan cheerfully.

"It's daylight—the blessed daylight—Oh. thank the Lord!" cried Mayme.

A little later, with a jar and a scrape, and a deafening "swish," their little ark stood still. Branches of trees pressed against the window, and the water growled angrily around its sudden obstruction. Dan rushed this way and that to investigate.

"She's wedged in between some big trees as tight as a vice—trees as big around as a barrel—and not more'n four rods from shore, near's I can make out. And listen to that little dog yappin' away at us—ain't that music? Lord!" And Dan caught Mayme in his arms and fell to sobbing like a baby.

The house was tilted at an uncomfortable angle, but who cared for a little thing like that?—with the great trees holding them securely—and the little dog—the dog on solid ground—so near!

"Dan," said Mayme, patting Dan's heaving shoulders, don't you think we might go out in the kitchen and make some coffee while it's getting lighter?—on the oil stove, you know. And there's that bit of cold boiled ham."

"Jiminy! the very thing!" blubbered Dan, vigorously wiping his eyes.

When a storm clears up in the morning the world may be pretty sure of fair weather. With the early summer dawn the west wind came up, the heavy clouds parted and flew and the bright morning star played bo-peep with them.

The Tinkham cottage rested like a big bird's nest in the sheltering trees, and its front windows looked placidly out—as well as they could through intervening boughs—upon the shore acres of Mayme's old home. Slowly the dawning light revealed the gray farm-house and the big brown barn among the trees of the upland, and the patient little dog still "yappin'" by the river's edge.

Mayme surveyed the scene with streaming eyes.

"I thought it sounded like old Beppo, but I couldn't believe—Oh, Dan, doesn't it seem as if—as if—"

"As if it was Providence? Well, we'll make it so, since you sort of like this place. I remembered, when we was waltzin' around in that blackness, how I'd blowed at you so many times for wantin' to move out into some decent place, and I vowed to the Lord we *would*—if we ever got the chance. And here we are, saved and moved, too! 'Twont take long, after the river goes down to yank her to pieces and set her up—'bout where that bunch of maples is, if your ma is willin'—with a lean-to kitchen. And you can run the chicken and garden business and I'll get Will to drill me on crops and stock. It certainly does look mighty clean and fresh out here; and—and I guess it *will* be a better place for—for—kids. Eh, Mayme?"

But Mayme could not reply except through the tightening of her arms about his neck.

A MULTIPLE WOOING

By Gertrude Robinson

THE two old twin brothers, Jonathan and David, lived in their father's house. Their father had been dead many years, but the place was still spoken of (and doubtless yet regarded by the brothers) as the John Winthrop farm. These two had never really grown up. After their father's death, at an advanced age, the overseer, a withered, ancient negro who had come north with the family after the war, managed the farm and directed the household. Not that faithful Luke ever officiously took control, but the whole village knew that the old twins worked when Luke suggested working, and played in their own way at other times.

In the evening, unless one or the other had ambled off to make a call on Miss Nancy Weatherbee, they played a gentle game of checkers or dominoes, enlivened by draughts of home-brewed blackberry or raspberry cordial. The old twins were pronounced in their temperance opinions, and would have been horrified at the thought of partaking of spirituous liquors; but they sipped their cordial tranquilly.

In the day-time, to be sure, they sometimes made a pretence of inspecting the farm, walking over it and petting the stock. Occasionally, in these walks, they held anxious conversations regarding their future. It was agreed that some day one of them should take the south farm, now leased, and the other continue at home. This had been the plan of their father. But in some way the two old brothers were never able to reach the point of decision. And what with Luke's efficient handling of the home place, and the rent from the other, there was no financial stringency to impel them. Their needs for ready money were few. The farm supplied the table, and the wardrobes of the old boys of sixty-odd years were almost unaltered since their young manhood. Modern styles and fabrics did not meet their ideas of gentlemanly attire. The elaborately-frilled shirt fronts, swallow-tailed broadcloths in black or blue, tall silk hats and dignified walking sticks of the period of their youth still constituted their attire. David, it is true, had once contemplated purchasing a plain business suit of dark gray to wear to town, but Jonathan had easily dissuaded him.

There was only one respect in which they were divided. That was concerning their calls on Miss Nancy Weatherbee. Miss Nancy was a contemporary who lived across the road. Her spick-and-span little white house, with its vine-shaded porch and background of flourishing young maple trees, was a contrast to the rambling yet pretentious Winthrop farm house. Miss Nancy herself was a contrast to the brothers. They, with their sprightly, care-free manners, exquisite old-time dress, carefully curled brown wigs, and stilted conversation were like ghosts of the youth of the past. Miss Nancy, plump, merry even to commonness, who dressed in the style of the times and in a manner befitting her age, who took no pains to conceal the gray strands in her once brown head, was the incarnation of the vigor, practicality and content of a newer and more robust generation. In years, she was of the generation of the twins, but there was no illusion of youth about her or in her mind. She had the spirit of ripened and healthful maturity that refuses to decay.

Years ago, when the twins were just arriving at the estate of silk hats, dress suits and canes, their father had thoroughly instructed them in the art of courtship. He had explained that never, by any means, did gentlemen interfere with each other in such matters, or attempt to win, by underhand means, another's sweetheart. On the other hand, so the code of courting ethics ran, until a young man was definitely engaged to a girl, he could not object to the bestowal on her of attentions similar to his own by another youth.

So when it happened that both of the twins chanced upon Miss Nancy Weatherbee as the sole object of his wooing, each, true to his training in courtesy, was careful not to

follow too closely upon the heels of his brother. If Jonathan called upon Nancy Wednesday evening, David postponed his visitation until Thursday night. Let David take her to the church supper Tuesday, and Jonathan, perforce, waited until the Friday night prayer-meeting provided him a chance to be gallant.

Perhaps it was this scrupulous regard for the courting rights of each other, perhaps it was the inherent youthfulness of each which prevented the realization of the flight of their years, at all events no one was ever able to tell which of the twins was preferred by Miss Nancy. Some thought that it was doubtful whether Nancy herself, thus wooed with gentle deference, knew which to encourage. At any rate, the years of youth and middle age passed, and the decision was as remote as that in regard to the ownership of the south farm.

It is true that Miss Nancy sometimes invited Jonathan in to take tea, and repaired his torn gloves with painstaking care. But on the other hand, when David was ill with a cold, she would bring over to the farm house a bottle of her famous elderberry wine, and brew him a mixture that routed the cold with more expedition than David appreciated, since this meant also the end of her skillful ministrations. It must be confessed that David had colds with shameless frequency, and from inexplicable causes, so his brother Jonathan thought.

Not only did these two never call together, but they never appeared in conjunction at any of the modest village functions where Nancy was likely to be present. There was, indeed, no uncertainty in this regard, since she was always escorted by one or the other of them. They attended their own Presbyterian church services, festivals and meetings arm-in-arm. Then, if necessary, each would select some ancient dame and treat her with all the fine courtesy of which they were past masters. But at the functions of the Methodist church, to which Nancy belonged, only one of the twins appeared. In fact, some of the newer people in town thought there was but one of them, and other folks seldom took the trouble to decide which one was with Nancy, thinking it sufficient if she herself knew the difference. It happened, fortunately, that the church festivities were so arranged that those of one denomination did not conflict with those of another, and of social functions not associated with the churches there were none.

One day, however, there was an upheaval in the even routine of life for the Winthrop twins. Jonathan slipped on the stone steps before the house, and sprained his ankle. The doctor who came to supplement old Luke's treatment ordered a week's rest for the foot. It was not a serious accident, but, nevertheless, David was much alarmed about his brother. There had been no accidents and little serious illness in the family for years. After the doctor had gone and Jonathan was snugly tucked in on the lounge in the living-room, David roamed about disconsolately. Had Jonathan gone to make his call upon Nancy, David would have read the papers in contentment until his brother got in at nine precisely, to finish out the game of dominoes. He looked out the window. Nancy had a bright light in her little parlor. She was expecting Jonathan, as the night before she had been expecting him. Perhaps Nancy should be told of the accident. He glanced uneasily at the lounge. Jonathan appeared to be asleep. Surely Nancy would be offended if no one excused Jonathan's absence. Thereupon David put on his well-brushed top-coat, took his silk hat and cane, and started off across the road.

Nancy met him at the door. David did not explain Jonathan's absence, however, for Nancy greeted him as Jonathan. His sense of courtesy forbade correcting the error, besides he felt a little pardonable annoyance that, after the long years he had been calling on Nancy, she should not be able to tell him from his brother. It was no effort to play the part of Jonathan. Their ways were as similar as those of two exactly constructed automatons. It was not until David had spread the little red napkin over his lap, and was munching happily his slice of raisin cake, that the shock came. He was taking a drink of coffee from the rare blue cup out of which one or the other of the twin courters had drunk nearly every night for forty years, when Nancy said:

"Jonathan, if you truly think it would not grieve David for us to marry, as you suggested night before last, I consent."

David set the little blue cup down noisily on the plate.

Nancy rescued the cup and plate, and went

on, "You see, Jonathan, dear, we are getting older all the time. As you said, if we are ever to be married, it is the time. Then I could take so much better care of you and of poor sickly David."

David sat up very straight, and with trembling fingers tried to fold the napkin in the wrong creases.

"Besides," continued Nancy, unobservantly, "I can't marry both of you. And it is right to marry the one I care for. David has never really asked me to have him. I do not think he cares at all."

Every whit of David's natural and acquired courtliness was required to cover his exit from Miss Nancy's parlor that evening. Nancy thought he was completely upset by her acceptance, and expedited his departure.

When David, at the scandalously late hour of ten, came into the living-room where his brother lay, the invalid looked at him reproachfully.

"You've been over to call on Nancy?" he inquired in a grieved voice. This apparent invasion of his rights was too flagrant to pass over.

"Yes," admitted David; "she told me of —her engagement to you."

"What!" shouted Jonathan, rising, forgetful of his lame foot and of his manners alike, "she hasn't accepted me yet!"

"It is all right, though," said David, a trifle unsteadily, "she thinks she has, and I should take it for granted the next time I saw her. I'm ready to go over to the other farm any time you want to set up housekeeping."

"Why, David," urged Jonathan joyfully, "you must live with us. Nancy would wish it."

"I think you'd better settle matters as soon as you can," persisted David with gentle avoidance of the last subject, "we're all getting older."

That night after the house was quiet, David came and stood in his brother's doorway, a lank, pathetic figure in dressing-gown and slippers.

"I think it would be as well if you never mentioned to Nancy anything about my call there tonight, or what she told me," he announced, "I forgot to tell her about your ankle, and it would be—a favor to me if you would let her think it happened at nine o'clock, instead of at four."

Jonathan, thinking his brother was ashamed of his carelessness, and too happy to be critical, promised readily.

A month later Nancy sat beside Jonathan on Sunday in the Winthrop pew in the Presbyterian church. They had been married the night before. Nancy, in her black silk with trim lace collar and cuffs and becoming bonnet, looked almost out of place beside her youthful old husband. He was clad in shining broadcloth of ancient but frivolous cut, with his new brown wig curled to perfection. There was something motherly in Nancy's attitude toward him, to which her husband responded naturally and joyously, yet with a vague sense of loss. He missed David, who had persisted in living at the other farm most of the time the past month. He had driven back there after the wedding the night before, with old Luke, who had elected to stay with him.

Suddenly Jonathan straightened and stared. Nancy laid a warning hand upon his. Across the aisle from them sat David. But what a transformed David! He wore a plain business suit of dark gray; he had taken off his wig, and his own abundant gray locks brought out the ruddy color in his cheeks. By his side sat a slender, gray-gowned little figure—the village school teacher At first Jonathan did not associate her with David. When he did so, he turned to Nancy indignantly.

Nancy smiled at him for all the world as though she enjoyed having her rejected lover so soon consoled. Jonathan, however, was unable to reconcile himself to the defection of David, until the full consciousness of his brother's middle-aged appearance dawned upon him. Perhaps, he reflected, it was as well, for David was growing old fast. No doubt he might soon have found it impossible to get a wife.

Jonathan never knew that the little ex-school teacher, who had so unexpectedly usurped Nancy's place in David's heart, had consented to the marriage only on condition that David lay aside forever "the abominable wig and dress suit that made him look almost as old as his brother."

DODGING THE DAY OF WRATH

AFTER making a large hole in paper and plaster, Bobby at length pushed the chisel under the door-casing. He tried in three places to loosen it, as he had seen the carpenters do when they were at work in the house, but he could not.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Margie, looking up at this point. "Bobby, have you forgotten what papa said when you pounded nails in his chair?"

Bobby stood back and surveyed the dire results of his work. He had forgotten what papa said, but he had an uneasy feeling that it was something disagreeable.

"What did he say?" he demanded briefly.

"He said the next time you, on purpose, spoiled things in the house, he would spank you. Oh! Bobby, I'm 'fraid he will!"

Bobby squirmed about, the uneasy feeling increasing to an alarming degree.

"Oh, dear! Here he comes," said Margie, who was anxiously watching from the window.

"I'll hide," said Bobby, and flew up the stairs, where he plunged into the depths of a long, dark closet. No one could possibly see a little boy there. Indeed, he couldn't see any of himself.

Margie moved a chair so that it might hide the damage, and then withdrew to the other side of the room, keeping her eyes, however, fixed on the fateful spot. It was quite impossible to keep from the dangerous ground.

"Bobby's hid," she announced as papa kissed her.

"Is he? I haven't time to look for him," and papa sat down at his desk and began moving papers about with a preoccupied air.

Bobby waited a while in the closet, and then, feeling that he was missing some of the interest of life, he ventured down on the stairway, moving on tip-toes with the fearfully, delightful sensation of having foes in ambush.

"Margie, is he there?" he asked in a loud whisper.

"Yes, you'd better be still."

"Did he see it?"

"No; hush! hush!"

"Papa."

"Yes, son."

"I did s, n, k."

"Did you?" said papa absently.

Bobby was astonished. He had expected the storm to burst when he made this cabalistic announcement after the fashion of his elders when they talked "secrets." He came further down, where he could look into the room.

"Papa, you don't know why I hid."

"No, why did you?"

"Oh! I wouldn't tell, not for forty cents. 'Cause you'd spank me, if you knew."

There was no response.

"Say, papa, you don't know what's behind that chair by the door."

"Tell me what it is."

"Oh! no, I wouldn't, not for anything."

Papa was still uninterested.

"Say, papa, I did it with your chisel."

"You mustn't take my chisel."

"I did, though; and I did it with that."

Papa arose, and Bobby, thinking that the moment of reckoning had come, fled up stairs again. But papa talked with mamma a moment, and then came up stairs to dress. He was going to Chicago that night. Bobby, shivering in the closet, heard him tell Margie about it. The small sinner reflected that, if he could escape the spanking that afternoon, he would probably be safe. Mamma would have to know, but she only made a fellow go to bed, or took some of his playthings away, and these, though disagreeable, were not to be compared to the unknown terrors of the spank. He resolved to lock his guilty secret in the recesses of his own heart. But, finding that no search was made for him, he put his head out of the closet.

"Papa," he said, with a conciliatory air, "when your birfday comes, I'm going to buy you a present. Let me see, what shall I get you." Then the light of inspiration flashed upon him. "I'll get you a new shirt what the laundry man don't make the paint come off from."

"That will be splendid," said papa grimly.

"Papa, you wouldn't hurt your little boy that gave you a nice shirt, would you?"

"I wouldn't hurt my little boy at all."

"Bobby, sh-sh!" entreated Margie.

"But you said once you'd spank me," persisted Bobby.

"Not when you're a good boy."

"I'm not good. Oh! I'm awful naughty. Isn't I, Margie?"

Margie nodded breathlessly.

"Well, be good, then," said papa pacifically.

"I'm going to be. Oh! I'll never do it again!"

"All right, son."

"Besides, I'm going to give you a birfday present. You don't know what it is, do you, papa?"

"You said it was a shirt."

"I mean the other thing."

"No, I don't know what the other thing is."

"It's in the dining-room, but we won't never tell, will we, Margie?"

"Come down stairs now, and kiss me goodbye. I must go in a few minutes," said papa.

"No, I don't want to come down. I'm going to hide," said Bobby, disappearing quickly.

Papa went down with Margie, and Bobby came out to hang over the bannister again.

"Is he in the dining-room, Margie?" he called.

"Yes, but he isn't looking."

"S, N, K!" cried Bobby, loudly and impressively, drawn by much the same feeling that leads the mature sinner to boast of his crime.

"That don't spell it," said Margie, "but I don't know what does without asking mamma."

"That's what I mean," said Bobby.

"He isn't looking yet," replied the faithful sister.

Papa had his top-coat on and his suit case in his hand.

"Good-bye, son," he said, coming to the stairway.

Bobby kissed him, wriggling with delight.

"You didn't find it, papa, and it was in the dining-room all the time," he said triumphantly.

"What didn't I find?"

"Oh! I wouldn't tell you; not the littlest tiniest bit of it."

"I'm sorry, son; but I haven't time to look for it now. You keep the secret until I come back. Good-bye." And papa was gone, and the deed still hid in secrecy.

Three days later, papa, in Chicago, received the following epistle, written by Margie. She had help from mamma only in the spelling of the big words. Mamma interfered not at all with the sentiments she wished to express.

"Dear papa,

"You didn't see it. It was in the dining-room, behind the chair Mamma had it mended, and now you won't never see it, and Bobby won't never get a spanking. We'll never tell.

"Love from

"MARGIE."

Zelia Margaret Walters

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

—

RENOVATE GILT FRAMES

By Helen M. Hobbs, Los Angeles, Cal.

To restore the color to gilt frames, wash them with warm water in which an onion has been boiled. Dry quickly with a soft cloth.

NERVOUS PEOPLE

Nervous people should sleep in the dark.

—

TO TEST WATER

By W. A. Underwood, Blackwood, Pa.

To test water, almost fill a clean pint bottle with it and add a teaspoonful of sugar (granulated). Cover tight and keep in a warm place for two days. If at the end of that time it has become cloudy or milky it is unfit for domestic use.

—

TO CLEAN A CLOTHES-LINE

By Mrs. A. C. Wallingsford, Springfield, O.

First roll it in a ball, then take a scrub-brush, soap and water, and scrub the outside of the ball; roll up that which has been scrubbed in a new ball, and continue scrubbing and rolling until all has been cleaned. Then rinse it thoroughly. This is a very good way to avoid those troublesome knots.

—

SURE CURE FOR COLD-SORE

By L. Lola Walker, Piltsburg, Penn.

Take two parts castor oil to one part spirits of camphor. Mix and bathe the sore frequently. The effect is almost magical, the first application giving almost instant relief. It heals the most obstinate cold-sore in an incredibly short time.

—

FOR SLIGHT BURNS

By Mrs. R. L. S., Kansas City, Mo.

In superficial burns, the immediate and direct application of collodian by means of a camel's-hair brush will relieve the pain and prevent scarring. It is cleanly and practically invisible.

—

MAKING BISCUIT IN HASTE

By Mrs. F. Baker, Elmira, N. Y.

To save time when making hot biscuit, use a little less shortening and less flour, and bake in gem-tins, instead of getting out the board and rolling-pin.

PRESERVED CUCUMBERS

By Mrs. J. E. Shean, Butte, Mont.

Fill glass jars with cucumbers, then cover with water that has been slightly seasoned with salt. Remove air bubbles, if any can be seen, by passing a fork through them. Put tops on with new or good rubbers, then turn upside down and let stand for a while, as a test that there is no leakage. When put up in this manner, cucumbers taste as fresh as when gathered off the vines in summer-time. Corn, string beans and green peas are put up with the same success; and especially corn on the cob. It requires no cooking; simply put up in cold water.

—

FOR YOUR OLD ALARM CLOCK

By Mrs. Howard Fleek, Oakdale, No. Dak.

When your alarm clock refuses to go any longer, try putting it in a kettle of cold water, (enough to cover clock) and bring water to a boil, keeping up boiling heat for twenty minutes or so; then drain water all out and set in oven for thirty minutes to dry, then turn hands and alarm around several times, and the clock will run two or three months.

—

USE "SLACK" OF SOFT COAL

By J. E. Warner, Benton, Mont.

Place the "slack" or dust upon a newspaper of two or more thicknesses and lay upon the coals in the stove. The paper burns away slowly and gives the coal a good start without smothering the fire or forming the gas which usually results if the slack is placed directly upon the coals.

—

NEW WAY TO BAKE POTATOES

By Mattie E. Howe, Georgetown, Mass.

When baking potatoes, peel them first and lay in cold water a few minutes, then place in a tin and bake a golden brown. They will be found much more delicious than if baked in the skins.

—

GIVES JELLY A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

By Mrs. W. W. Fowler, Walter, Okla.

To give jelly a delicious flavor: After putting the jelly into glasses or jars, while it is still warm lay rose geranium leaves over the top and then seal.

—

DISINFECTANTS

By Florence Petty, Olive Hill, Ky.

To disinfect a room, burn sulphur, coffee or potato parings. Paper burnt in the sick-room several times daily will eradicate all scent or smell.

—

TO KILL THISTLES

By J. J. Rice, Duke Center, Penn.

We had an acre of ground almost covered with Canada thistles, several years ago. We *cut* them in the *dark of the moon*, in July, and have never been troubled since.

—

TO CLEAN PATENT LEATHER SHOES

By Mrs. E. B. W., Palestine, Texas

A cold biscuit broken in halves and rubbed on patent leather shoes will give them a shine like new.

WASH THE SKIN OF FOWL BEFORE COOKING

By Grace Blaine Hanger, Lombard, Ill.

Have you ever discovered that the skin of a fowl is in need of a bath before roasting? I keep a small, stiff brush for the purpose, and with a certain white soap which is the only kind that I ever use about the kitchen sink, I scrub the fowl vigorously just before singeing. I then plunge them into several changes of clear water and hang them to drain. If you happen to be preparing two fowls, and doubt the soap idea, try it on one, and note the difference. I assure you that if well done, there is no taste of soap.

HELPING OUT THE LAUNDRESS

When I had lived in a suburb long enough to know that the supply of laundresses is about one-tenth of the demand, and I had secured an excellent washer who was not so good an ironer, I thought of a way which has proven very satisfactory. Each week, immediately after her departure, and before the freshly-ironed clothes have time to dry, I take an iron and touch up the things that really matter. Taking a small pointed iron, I dry off the gathers at top and cuff of sleeves, give a little extra polish to a front plait, and even sometimes dampen and re-iron a tuck that has been twisted. The lace that has been ironed without special care can be pulled into shape and, knowing as I do that the woman is worked almost to death and in constant demand, I consider it is a very good way to manage.

—

LAXATIVE BISCUIT

By Fred A. Hicks, Warren, Ill.

I have a receipt for "laxative biscuit" that everyone who tries praises highly. It has taken the place of drugs in our family. Our baker now keeps them for sale, and has a good trade. I think it ought to be generally known.

Two cups of bran; one cup of white flour; one-half cup of New Orleans molasses; one and a quarter cup of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus and salt. An egg and raisins improve it.

—

IRONING WITH A CLOTHES-WRINGER

By M. O'L., Bangor, Me.

When taking in the sheets and common pillow-slips and towels, etc., fold evenly and run them through the clothes-wringer with the screws quite tight. Air on clothes-horse and they will need no further ironing. Small as this seems, it saves time for more work on something else.

—

BROTH FOR INVALIDS

By Mrs. J. W. Richards, Mechanicsville, Iowa

In preparing beef for soups or broth for invalids or convalescents, add a pinch of soda to the first water when boiling the meat. This adds to the flavor and makes it more palatable.

—

BAKED BEANS

By Edith Peters, Dorchester, Mass.

When you bake beans, try putting a layer of sausages over the top, instead of the usual piece of pork. It makes a very agreeable flavor and is generally liked.

—

A LABOR SAVER

By Sara Hopkins, Denver, Colo.

If the pan in which bread dough is mixed be rubbed with lard before putting any flour in, the dough comes out much better and the vessel is more easily washed.

A NEW-FASHIONED PARLOR

By Cora June Sheppard, Shiloh, N. J.

I am so glad that the old-fashioned parlor—to be opened only for funerals, weddings, or other big occasions—has gone out of style. Having plenty of books, when I first went to housekeeping I started in to call my parlor a library. There was a closet in this room, which was an eye-sore. I had the door taken off and curtains hung, for a better effect, but still I was not satisfied, until a friend suggested that I tear out the wall between room and closet and have a built-in book-case. My husband is very handy with tools, and he did all the work necessary. It makes the room look larger, gives ample space for my books, and now I feel that my room is indeed a library. I love my books—they are near and dear to me. I want them easy of access; not in any coffin-like arrangement with glass doors. I believe in reading and re-reading the best books, rather than in reading too many. I mark my books—it is so refreshing at times to just read the marked passages—it is like dining on cream.

—

HINTS FROM OHIO

By Mrs. E. D. Keyes, Hamilton, Ohio

Sprinkle suet with flour before chopping, to prevent the particles from sticking together.

It is said that the rubber bands of fruit jars will recover their elasticity if soaked a few hours in ammonia water.

Never use soap for cleaning straw matting; put salt in the water for white matting, vinegar for red.

In doing up fine lace do not use any starch, but in the last rinsing water dissolve a little fine white sugar.

A teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia added to the rinse water will make rusty black goods look like new.

—

SAFETY-PIN BUTTONS

By Rosa Dean Ham, Bellingham, Wash.

If a button is gone from a young child's garment, and the place must be pinned together temporarily, much time may be saved in the course of a day, if you pin a good-sized safety-pin into the spot where the button was, and then just slip the buttonhole over it, as you would over an oval-shaped button, instead of unpinning every time the garment is unfastened.

—

MAKES YOUR LINEN LOOK LIKE NEW

By M. L. Freeland, Delevan, N. Y.

Put one tablespoonful of raw cornstarch into each pailful of blueing water for table linen. Iron with a very hot iron when quite damp, and no matter how old and thin the linen may be, it will always have the crispness of new material, without any appearance of being starched.

—

SHELLS FOR LEMON PIES

By Mrs. E. M. Schusler, Pike, N. Y.

In making shells for lemon or ice-cream pies, turn the pie-tin bottom up, and put the crust on the outside; prick with a fork. They bake nicely and in good form, and if handled carefully will not break.

—

REMOVES MATCH-SCRATCHES

By Mrs. F. H. Van Doestin, Hillsdale, Mich.

Marks made by scratching matches on the wall can be removed by rubbing lightly with a piece of cut lemon, then with a cloth dipped in whiting, and finally with warm water and soap.

THE BAKING OF CAKE

By Annie Ayer, Montville, Me.

In baking cake, divide the time required into quarters. During the first quarter, the mixture should begin to rise; second quarter, continue rising and begin to color slightly; third quarter, continue browning until the desired color; fourth quarter, finish baking and shrink from the sides of the pan. If necessary, cover with a sheet of asbestos arched well over the cake. Cake may be looked after often if oven door is opened and shut carefully. Do not move cake about the oven until it has risen its full height and begins to brown slightly. When cake is done it shrinks slightly from the sides of the pan, and in many cases this is sufficient test. Loaf cake, pound and fruit, are tested by pressing the surface with the tip of finger; if cake feels firm to the touch, and follows finger back into place, it is safe to remove it from the oven. Have nothing else in the oven while baking cake; keep the oven heat as uniform as possible. Small layer cakes require a hotter oven than loaf cakes.

—

KEEP YOUR EYES BRIGHT

By Sadie E. Van Tyne, Chelsea, Mich.

Eyes red from over-use are not pretty to look at. Preventive measures are always more easy than corrective ones, and in this respect there are many "don'ts" which may be observed with satisfactory results. Here are a few:

Don't read *facing* the light. Don't read with the *head lowered*. Don't read on a *moving train*. Don't read while you rock. Don't tax the eyes when you are tired. Don't use the eyes if they smart. Don't face the wind on dusty days without glasses. Don't squint; it weakens the eyelids. *Always* hold a book on a *level* with the eyes, and with the light coming over the *left* shoulder.

—

KEEPS MEAT WITHOUT SMOKING

By Mrs. A. J. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa

One pint of salt, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, for one joint of meat weighing eighteen pounds. Mix well and rub into the meat after the anima heat is out. Wrap in brown paper, sew up in muslin sacks, and hang joint-end down.

—

TO REMOVE WRINKLES FROM GARMENTS

By Mrs. M. A. B., Ohio

To take the wrinkles from skirts or other garments, after being packed, or from any cause, hang over a register or near a stove, on a form, or as you would hang in your closet. The garment will look like new.

—

SWEEPING HARDWOOD FLOORS

By Mrs. Charles F. Magee, Kenton, Ohio

In sweeping a hardwood floor or matting, place a flannel bag over the broom, and it can be done easily and without dust arising.

—

KEEPS WORMS FROM RADISHES

By Genevieve Moss, Laramie, Wyo.

If salt is sprinkled over the ground where radish seeds are planted, the radishes will not be worm-eaten.

—

ZIGURA OIL

By Mrs. H. L. Lawler, Spokane, Wash.

One-half ounce of pulverized saltpetre put in half-pint sweet oil. This will cure inflammatory rheumatism.

CURE FOR EXTERNAL CANCER

By Mary E. Armstrong, Prairie-du-Chien, Wis.

Equal parts of chloride of zinc and bloodroot; mix with wheat flour to the consistency of paste. Spread on a thin piece of muslin size of the sore; apply, and leave on twenty-four hours. Remove for twelve hours, and replace with a new plaster, leaving on twenty-four hours. Then apply a healing salve on a thin piece of muslin. After applying the salve for a few days, should there be any itching or shooting pains, apply the burning plaster again for twenty-four hours, then use healing salve until cured.

Healing Salve:—Three parts mutton tallow to one part resin, melted and thoroughly mixed.

—

WINNOWING COFFEE

By William P. Marshall, Punta Gorda, Fla.

The irritant element of coffee, which lies largely in the chaff, may be easily eliminated by a little pains. Put through a mill, grinding, or rather cracking just sufficiently to free the chaff from the berry. Different coffees require different degrees of fineness to accomplish this. This chaff is light, and by taking the coffee little by little on a saucer and gently blowing it, shaking it at the same time, the chaff may be almost entirely winnowed out. Then set the mill to grind as fine as desired, and re-grind. Any grade of coffee is much improved both in health and quality by this simple process.

—

SYRUP FOR ICE-CREAM

By Theron Crowningshield, Colorado Springs, Colo.

A delicious syrup to add to the goodness of ice-cream is made thus:—To every two dishes of cream, beat up one egg together with a spoonful of cocoa or ground chocolate. Sweeten to taste, flavor the same as the cream. To make it still better, add the same amount of fresh cream, and beat until very light. This is to be served from a little pitcher, being poured over the ice-cream. It is very much like a "Chocolate Sundei."

—

A QUESTION

By Mrs. S. B. W., N. Y.

Will one of our readers please tell me how to wash wool blankets (white) so that the colors in the borders will not "run." Have used two kinds of soap and also borax without good results.

FOR THE CANARY

Dry plenty of plantain seed stalks for the canary—they are very fond of them. Try giving your bird saltines; they supply the needed bit of salt.

—

FOR WATER-SOAKED SHOES

By C. D. Leiter, Ashland, Ohio

Shoes may be kept in good condition, after becoming wet or even water-soaked, by rubbing vaseline well into the leather and along all seams. Do this before the shoe becomes dry, and the leather will not harden. This is also the best polish for patent leather obtainable.

—

TO REMOVE WATER STAINS

By Mrs. Guy O. Forbes, Flandreau, So. Dak.

Those annoying stains or rings that remain in water-pitchers after water has been left standing in them, can be easily removed by the use of potato peelings and a little vinegar.

THE HARVEST OF THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor

ONLY in the glorious, golden days of October comes perfect comprehension of the full meaning of harvest. The blaze of forest foliage seems the triumphant oriflamme of Nature's bounty — "An army with banners," returning from conquest. In early youth those autumn days were somewhat fraught with melancholy, as we stepped among the fallen glories of summer: the rain-sodden leaves and the fern-tangled banks; surroundings that recalled spring-time's sweet promise and the burning heat of summer, when Nature was bringing every leaf and bud to maturity—to meet with final decay—a promise of life to come.

A walk through the woods brings with it retrospective reflections; and what a glorious privilege it is that one can go, for a five-cent fare, from the very heart of the dusty, noisy city into the cool depths of the forest, and there, alone or with a few friends, enjoy absolute peace while resting from care and roaming "loose and free" through the woods! It seems to me that the rich sunny days of October mellow friendships and reveal new beauties of character even to intimate associates.

* * * * *

How well I remember the organization of the "M. T's," a juvenile "secret society". There were just three; and we called ourselves the "M T's," and obeyed the impulse of boyhood to get out into the woods, with imaginations fired by literature not usually found in Sunday school libraries. We all desired a place of seclusion, where we three could enjoy absolute solitude and be wholly untrammeled.

In a snug, solitary spot surrounded by ancient hickory trees, we decided to build our subterranean retreat. It was in Bishop's Grove, near the old lime kiln. Philosopher "Bob" drove a stake, and Sherman "Tecumseh", the doughty little warrior, grabbed a shovel, and very soon the leaves were cleared away, and we dug and dug; for there are times when even boys will dig with hearty good-will. Then we emerged and set forth to cut boughs with which to roof our retreat. Next we constructed a long "secret passage," which must have looked singularly like a new-laid sewer. This was also covered over with boughs, so that we could just crawl in. The cave was duly supplied with candles, pictures, blankets, hammocks and sundry other modern "ornaments," smuggled from our homes, and which were scarcely suggestive of the cave-dwelling age. How we ever got the stuff in through that small passage was later a mystery that was never quite cleared up in the minds of some of the curious; but "we three" knew the secret.

* * * * *

WHEN the subterranean home was complete — there were apples and melons there, as well as high-class literature. How deliciously food tasted in that somewhat airless chamber! How eagerly we would rush down to the cave when

school was out, choosing circuitous routes, to avoid observation, crawling in, one at a time, to make our obeisances to the "M. T." signs, the skull and cross bones and the various other insignia of the order. After we had refreshed ourselves with a visit to headquarters, perhaps we would spend an hour on the banks of the pond, or around the lime kiln; or we would get out the old boat, and imagine it a ship of war; for there is no repressing the fighting instincts and imaginations of youth. What happy and mysterious hours were those we spent in that old leaky flat-bottomed punt, stopping at the various little "harbors" along the edge of the pond, as we followed the indentures of the shore! It matters not that at times the boat was a pirate ship, and at others a government gunboat; or that the occupants were sometimes pirates of the Spanish main, and sometimes gallant officers; it mattered not that one of the officers had to keep up a steady bailing to avoid the sinking of the ship; we uttered "great swelling words of vanity," and were supremely happy. "The world was all before us where to choose." When autumn had glided into winter, heavy snows came and covered our cave with drifts; but even in those chilly days, there was a positive delight in crawling under the snow, shoveling our way, to realize that we were again threading the secret precincts of the "Mysterious Three," and there we shivered like warriors bold.

* * * * *

When tales of the "M. T." permeated the school, and the letters were placed upon the blackboard—heroes we felt sure we were; and how we reveled in the almost hysterical curiosity of the girls! We felt like the chief characters in a story-book when all begged to know the arcana of our mystery; the while we stalked about shrouded in grimmest silence. Then little groups gathered to talk at the noon hour, and one particular group of girls would stand chatting in low tones while they munched their apples. They were especially fond of hearing tales of mystery, and they listened with flattering interest to records of the doings of the "M. T's.," which were sometimes richly "embroidered." We were often late, and were "kept" after school; but in this we regarded ourselves as singled out for valor's sake, and bore up bravely and with an air of mystery that awakened the interest of Elaine of shaking curls—black-eyed gypsy-queen—and blue-eyed Guinevere, whose Lancelot was "fast runner" on the hose team. The witchery of the moonlight undid our best-laid plans. The other boys were dead against us. Tales began to creep out of how we were practicing a species of brigandage; how we armed ourselves with revolvers; — the father's musket carried in real war was in that arsenal, and cold shivers of dread crept up and down our spine every time we put on "a cap" to shoot, and felt the protesting "kick" of the gun.

* * * * *

In a moment of weakness on one moonlight night, returning from the Lyceum, the questionings of "next friends" were irresistible—and the "secret place" was

disclosed. It was not many hours before the haunt was discovered, and the treasure-chamber was caved in and wrecked by the hand of the vandal. The "other boys" had simply "been there."

The Mysterious Three met at midnight on the banks of the pond, and decided that, although the cave was no more, and the secret haunt of the "M. T.'s" was discovered, there still remained a friendship which no vicissitudes of life or lapse of time could wreck, and 'twas written in red ink — emblematic of "heart's blud."

* * * * *

THEN came the dreadful day of exposure at school! Not even the promise of "immunity baths" extorted any information of a damaging character. Those little girls, on the verge of tears, as they shook their pretty heads from which the long hair floated, confined only by a simple ornament known as "a round comb" —no pompadours then—one after another replied: "I don't know, sir," as Judge Bishop questioned anent our evil doings. I must confess, alas! that there were other girls who had been "sisters" of the M. T.'s, but who were from that dread day forever disowned, who seemed to enjoy enlarging on every whisper they had heard concerning the secret order.

Now let me divulge the secrets of that cave, and of the deeds of the boys who were thus branded as malfactors. We did in that cave consume Asa Camp's melons and Knowles' apples from across the creek and read such books as Thackeray's novels and Macaulay's Essays; though it is true we did at times discuss the existence of the soul and talk over the knotty question of immortality. Yes, when you look into the faces of your boys — for boys today are just what they were yesterday — remember that their thoughts are more profound than you think. The boy's life is the age of desire and imagination; the young man's the age of passion and purpose, and later comes the age of reason — as Marcus Aurelius has classified.

* * * * *

Now, when I wander through the woods, the desire does not come to me to build a cave; for the whole aspect of nature is changed. Autumn days are now garnished with sweet dreams of the Past and happy anticipations for the Future.

I walk through the shuffling leaves in the quiet wood on a bright October day with the reverential feeling of one entering a cathedral to worship. I look upon the trees, the stacks of grain and the fields that have finished their work and given up their fruitage, and it is pleasing to think of how much real happiness is being garnered in by the clan of Happy Habiters, to be kept safely in Memory's "Treasure-Trove," lasting on through all the days of life. With all the wealth of field, forest, mine and stream, what harvest compares with the sheaves of happiness garnered by habits of cheery confidence that welcome each recurring dream.

Photo by Chickering, Boston, Mass.

"IN THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST"

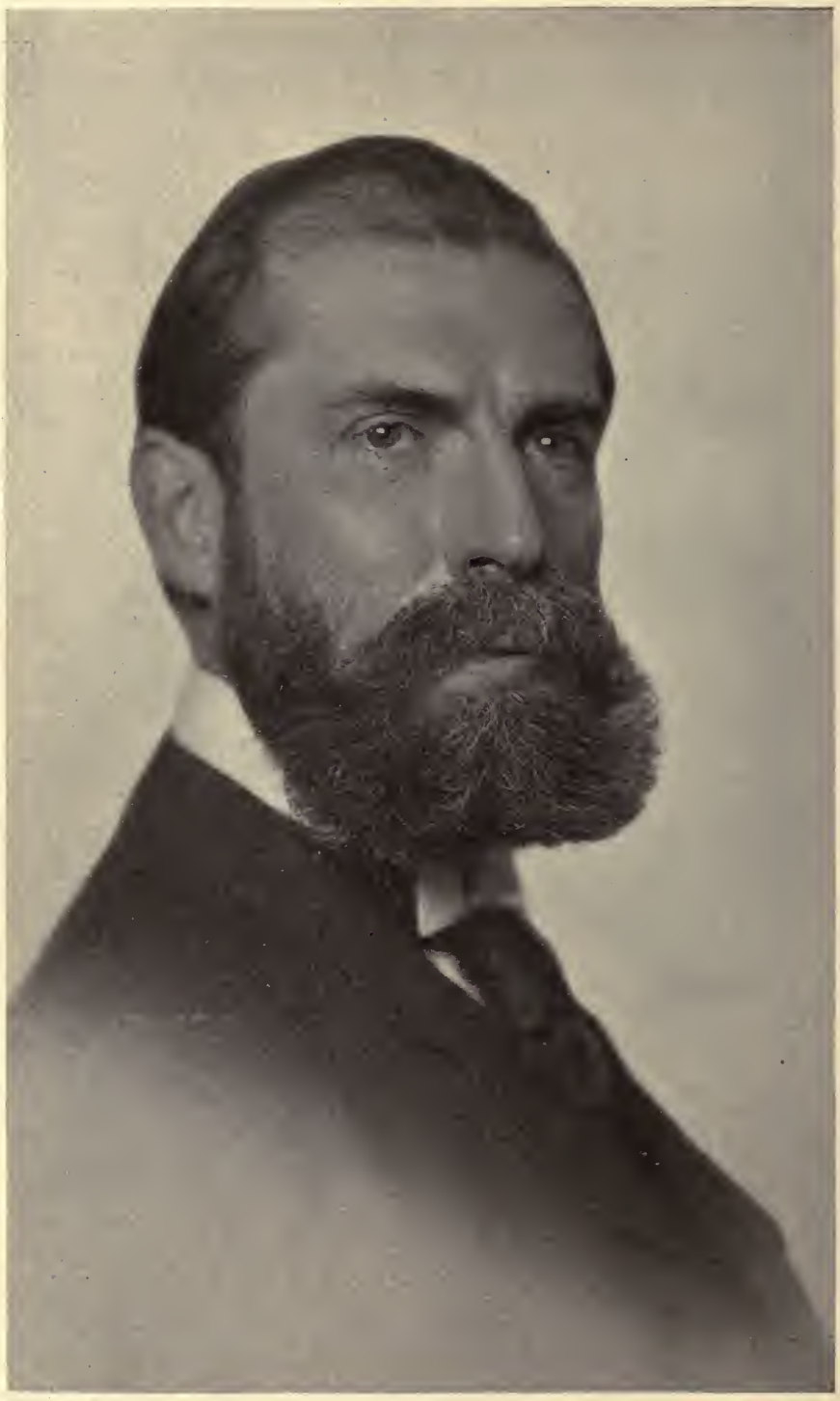


Photo by McDonald

GOVERNOR HUGHES OF NEW YORK

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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IN the lull preceding the opening of the Sixtieth Congress the one subject that appears to predominate over all others is the coming presidential nominations. During the hot summer months, when the asphalt was running like molasses, and later, when the scorching suns of September still recalled July, and the grass in the parks seemed to positively gasp for rain, any man who attempted to talk politics or presidential prospects was promptly and kindly taken into a drug store near-by and sent to sleep with a wet towel about his head; but now it is "all the go" to carry paper and pencil, figuring out from the Washington point of view just who is to be the next president.

The members of the House, Senate, and Cabinet and various departmental officials have returned from their vacations, and are expressing their views as to the popular favorites in the sections which they have visited, but in these days of rapid transit and quick connections, it is difficult to put down as positive the sentiment of any district—the ideas there today may be as wide apart as the poles from those that may prevail there tomorrow. Clouds gather in the political sky; the sun shines again, or another storm is brewing, with all the swift mutations of a panoramic view, for incidents and situations are constantly varying. Never twice in succession is the same view thrown upon the political canvas. If the great magic lantern were to swing upon the sheet the portrait of the next president of the United States, according to general opinion at the present moment it would represent a man wearing spectacles and mustache,—a man already well-known and much admired by the people—and how far President Roosevelt may be able to carry out his personal wishes in the matter remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, there is a delicious flutter of anxiety and uncertainty; just as in a country parish when there is to be a change of ministers or school teachers. Speculation is rife as to who will come next. Many a candidate casts a wistful eye at the portico of the White House, and wonders whose carriage will sweep under it in 1909, with a four-year lease of the "premises." At this time a large number of the candidates are prominently identified with Washington, and even their homes have become objects of interest to the people, and are pointed out to the occupants of the slow-crawling "seeing Washington" automobiles.

"This is the home of a coming president of the United States," announces the stentorian tones of the conductor, as the residence of the Vice President is passed.

It is well known that the friends of Mr. Fairbanks insist that he is to be the successor of Theodore Roosevelt. The driveway is right at the angle of the corner as one passes.

There is the house of Speaker Joe Cannon, which has been the rendezvous for many of the strong leaders of the nation for some years past. It is insisted by some people that a young man would look better entering the White House, but a great many faithful admirers of "Uncle Joe" believe that he would look well anywhere, even if he insisted on carrying a lighted cigar in his left hand right through the door of the residence.

The stately home of Senator Knox calls to

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LATEST PHOTO OF SECRETARY OF STATE ELIHU ROOT, TAKEN AS HE WAS LEAVING THE STATE DEPARTMENT FOR THE LAST TIME PRIOR TO HIS DEPARTURE UPON HIS MEXICAN TRIP

mind the fact that he has a strong backing in the great State of Pennsylvania; his name is more closely associated with effective corporation regulations than that of any other public man.

The enthusiastic admirers of Secretary Taft are convinced that his home is the place from whence shall issue the next president of the United States. The conductor does not fail to remind his passengers that the secretary is just now on a ninety-day tour around the world.

Next come the modest homes of Senator Culberson and Senator La Follette; and when the list was said to be about complete, someone asked, "And where is the Washington home of Governor Hughes?" An enthusiastic New Yorker promptly replied, "Oh, that will be in the White House."

However, the query elicited the information that the Washington homes of the other candidates are to be found at various hotels. For instance, there is William J. Bryan, Governor Johnson of Minnesota, Judge Gray of Delaware, and Lieutenant Governor Stuyvesant Chandler. If the friends of any one of the gentlemen were permitted to focus a national telescope and give the public a peep at what they saw, or if they could cast a political horoscope, it is probable that the glance at this bright constellation of possible presidents would be a little confusing, and the "story written on the stars" somewhat difficult to interpret to the man whose opinions are not yet formed on the subject of the next president.

* * *

SOME day Washington will be known to the world as the Marble City; the new marble buildings which are being built by government or private enterprise are being supplemented by a number of massive business blocks of the same solid substance. All the new banks and commercial buildings have solid marble columns, and I noticed that one brokerage house on Seventeenth Street

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WILLIAM H. TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR

is one,
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is to realize the Bohemian Girl's dream, and "dwell in marble halls."

The handsome new railway station, two squares from the Capitol, will add another gleam of white to the landscape, as one looks down upon queenly Washington from the surrounding heights.

* * *

VERY much as their own boys and girls returning from vacation, or young people absorbed in a postal card collection, staid

NEW HOME OF ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE, FORMERLY THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY

senators and dignified congressmen were showing pictures of themselves in bathing suits, or in easy attitudes and costumes, at the various resorts where they had spent their vacation days. Here were photographs of senators on the beach, clad in scant bathing suits, with ample display of elbows and knees, just emerging from the yeasty surf; or maybe draped in a bathrobe and looking singularly [illegible] old Romans in the ancient toga; but [illegible]st every picture there was a super-[illegible]ce of vitality and energy in the pose

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LATEST PF
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of the sitter. If the measure of work to be accomplished by the Sixtieth Congress is commensurate with the vigor with which every legislator seemed to enjoy his holiday trip this summer, the Congressional Record will bulge with flowery speeches and lively colloquies through the coming session.

It was strangely evident that the same characteristics that are applied in the serious and dignified work in Washington are apparent in the recreations of the congressmen. For instance, Senator Knox was depicted going straight into the surf, as if it had been a law point, and he had determined to reach a direct conclusion. Another senator, more prone to eloquence, evidently waltzed around in Grecian circles and approached the water by a circuitous route; while still another of rash and impulsive temperament dashed down boldly and rushed in. So the philosopher who has been making his observations at the seaside during the summer, and has come to Washington to watch the congressmen at work, readily recognizes in

the earnest efforts of the legislators the traits that appeared in their playtime, and draws conclusive decisions as to their varied temperaments.

* * *

IT is indeed gratifying to meet with men returning from the Panama Canal, and learn first-hand that the work is in full swing and progressing at a rapid rate. The canal will be completed in 1915, and even though the present appropriation has been exceeded, there has been no cessation in the work, for all are agreed upon one thing—the canal must be completed as soon as possible. The President has forced a deficit to expedite the work and accede to Major Goethal's request for more money.

Engineering operations contemplated for later work have been already inaugurated, and these will involve an expenditure of $8,000,000 over the $27,000,000 available. Congressman Tawney, of the House Appropriation Committee, has joined the President in the determination to have the work progress at full speed, and desires also that it shall not be delayed by red tape or law technicalities. The period of short supplies has passed, and it is now a question of keeping right at the digging.

Some Washington people are already thinking of finding in the Canal Zone a convenient and pleasant retreat as a winter resort. If the conditions are the same as last year, they will not be disappointed in finding in the hills of the Pacific side of the Isthmus a most delightful tropical retreat for the winter seasons that rivals the Florida resorts.

DINING ROOM OF SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT

ONE of the most notable of all President Roosevelt's excursions was the trip down the Mississippi in October. Strange to relate, these trips are what the President accounts as his real vacations. The days at Sagamore Hill, which are filled largely with the consideration of speeches and messages, are as busy as those in Washington, but on these excursions he insists that he has a chance to deliver the speeches he has made, and have a good time generally.

The autumn trip was a strenuous one, and the members of the Waterways Com-

mission certainly succeeded in interesting the Chief Executive in the deep channel between Cairo and St. Louis. The people living along the river, from Keokuk to Memphis, had planned for an ovation; the personal popularity of the President never seems to wane, whether he arrives over the waterways or the railways. It was his uncle, Nicolas Roosevelt, who run the first steamboat on the great "Father of Waters," a river that has always presented perilous problems. Added to the constant danger of flood, there have been such upheavals as the earthquake at New Madrid in 1846, which caused the great river to actually flow uphill. At that time when the waters receded, a great depression was created in Western Tennessee, enclosing a body of water which still remains, as well as a crescent sandbar as a relic in the middle of the river. Millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed by the floods and shifting course of this river, to say nothing of the millions expended in improving the nation's great waterway. The President has made his trip for the purpose of getting facts and if possible curbing the unruly stream and making a deeper and permanent channel. He believes that relief from the congestion of the railroads lies in the added facilities for traffic that the improvement of the waterways will afford.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SECRETARY TAFT'S WASHINGTON HOME

* * *

THESE are busy days in the Treasury Department, for as the wealth of the country increases Uncle Sam's financial department necessarily develops in like proportions.

Secretary Cortelyou has adopted a new policy for relieving the stringency in the money market, which is so simple and sensible that the only wonder is that it was not thought of sooner. His plan is to place the excess treasury funds in weekly instalments for a period of five weeks, in various reserve centers, thus anticipating stringency, instead of awaiting a crisis, rushing the cash all through at one time and creating a surfeit after a famine.

Uncle Sam's deposits are made on such collateral as state, municipal and railroad bonds, acceptable under the requirements of the department, and with the understanding that if called for these deposits shall be returned by January first next, in instalments, the amount of which shall be fixed by the secretary of the treasury. This gives the currency elasticity enough to meet the movement of corps, and is the result of careful and thorough study on the part of Secretary Cortelyou, who has carefully considered the many complex problems connected with the financial market. The plan thus far has proved a success and has met with the hearty endorsement of all business men, as well as bankers.

The old method of dumping a large sum of money at one time, after the stringency had declared itself, did not prove effective in meeting the conditions—the cash arrived either too soon or too late. Therefore, Secretary Cortelyou decided to distribute the money in small sums, from time to time, as it was needed, using part of all the custom funds under the Aldrich Act. This prompt action on the part of the Treasury, it is believed, will prevent the exportation of gold to Europe,

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VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS

which has always occurred heretofore when there has been a great deposit of money from the Treasury Department at the New York sub-treasury.

In spite of the demand for the $30,000,000 of Panama bonds, the secretary has used the same good judgment as a bond broker, and decided that the government does not need the money. Also declaring that to take $30,000,000 at this time out of circulation would be detrimental to our commercial interests.

VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS' HOME

Mr. Cortelyou has spent most of the summer at Huntington, Long Island, near his home, employing one or more secretaries from time to time to help him rush through the carefully thought out details of his plans and the important action taken by his department. The coming months will probably develop important evidences of his foresight and common sense.

* * *

PROMOTING secondary technical education in agriculture and mechanics has been one of the hobbies of Representative C. R. Davis of Minnesota, who is serving his third term in Congress. He will introduce his bill at the Sixtieth Congress; and working with persistent energy will do everything possible to secure its enactment.

Congressman Davis is a Republican who believes first and foremost in the aggressive policy adopted by the leaders of his party. He has clear and concise views as to the prompt revision of the tariff, in harmony with the feelings of his constituency.

As a member of the committee on agriculture, he has always taken an active part in hearings before the committee, and he holds that effective congressional action ought to be taken to give the states and territories the fundamental requirements and the best that modern educational facilities provide.

* * *

THERE was an interesting discussion in Washington recently concerning the candidacy of Lewis Stuyvesant Chandler in the State of New York. The active democratic sentiment of the Empire State is fixed upon Mr. Chandler as a desirable candidate for Democratic nomination, and this fact is considered to be proven by his having won his spurs in securing an election as lieutenant-governor of the State of New York. The Democratic leaders of the state insist that they are all for him because the party needs a young man, and he will be a strong candidate; for now is the psychological moment for a new deal in the Democratic councils. As big Tim Sullivan insists, "It is time to throw off the hoodoo and go in for Chandler."

It is understood that Mr. Chandler is very strong in the South, where his family have been respected for over a century. Despite the handicap of being accounted a rich young man, he is building a career for himself with all the courage of one who is thoroughly in earnest. All the elected state officials of New York are Democratic, and it is felt there will be an organization behind young Chandler at the convention that will be a

strong factor toward making him the Democratic nominee for 1908, and he uses "slippery elm" for hoarseness when on a campaign tour.

* * *

ON Labor Day I made a trip to Albany, to see Governor Hughes. The weather was of the "raining cats and dogs" variety, but I soon found my way to the Capitol, and rapped at an inner door with a moist hand. Here Secretary Fuller, up to his eyes in work in the governor's private office, was imbibing large shocks of correspondence.

Now it happened that at the meeting of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce banquet, some months ago, I made a chance remark which was taken up by Senator Armstrong, the toast-master of the occasion, who insisted that "Joe Chapple said they were 'going to bunch their hits' that night." I had forgotten this incident, though I remembered that his introduction of Governor Hughes was especially happy, and there was an outpouring of enthusiastic applause when it was stated that we had with us that night "the stuff of which presidents are made."

Imagine my surprise when Governor Hughes, in greeting me, referred to this passing remark regarding "bunching the hits." It furnished a glimpse of the governor's ability to individualize and suggested that he certainly must have a royal memory. He has light brown hair and a beard of the same hue, and is not a tall man, but a powerful one; yet in his dark blue eyes there is a softness, a tenderness, which fairly glistened as he spoke of the "prize baby" at home. Self-reliant, the personification of conscientiousness, no wonder that Charles Evans Hughes represents a distinctively new type that will abide. Without the usual apprenticeship as a political henchman, and without seeking it, he has reached the office he holds, and has unconsciously stepped into the swing of presidential possibilities in a way unknown for decades past. His early speeches left no uncertainty as to his views, and it was evident that he intended to serve the people with a whole-souled conscience.

VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS' DRAWING ROOM

Naturally of a judicial cast of mind, Governor Hughes has a proclivity for waiting and balancing evidence, pro and con, with an exactitude rare in these rushing days. He has an incisive faculty for getting at the very heart of every proposition placed before him, and it would seem that few men have been more fitted by nature for executive work.

* * *

The State of New York does not provide for a governor's cabinet or council, and Governor Hughes, in his brief official experience, has had to stand on his own feet. He could not conceive, he said, of a friend coming to him and asking him to do anything for him that was not exactly right. In his first bout with the legislature, he soon revealed to them where the true source of all power in democracy lies—with the people. No sooner had an effort been made to cross his pledge in regard to public utilities bills and other measures which he felt were a part of his solemn responsibilities as governor, that was to him as binding as an oath, than he went direct to the people, and in a few well-chosen speeches turned in his favor the tide of public sentiment in the great Empire State.

HOME OF SECRETARY GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

The governor is a hard worker, and appears to be incessantly busy. He glories in his work, yet is always able to see the funny side of things. It was delightful to see him laugh; I watched his gleaming teeth, and if I had been his doctor I certainly should have advised him to indulge in laughter as often as possible, because, as the medicos put it, "he uses his diaphragm." A man who laughs in this way, if he does it often enough, will never have indigestion. The governor wears a mustache and beard, has bright red lips, and altogether there is something healthful and compelling in his personal make-up; I could well believe that he is a man greatly beloved by those who enjoy his friendship. You have heard the story of his having an algebra with him, in order to work out mathematical calculations as a mere diversion, and that he keeps a big dictionary always open, and constantly assimilates information wholesale. The governor's private room is small, and I did not observe the algebra. There is a flat-topped desk, on which his papers are arranged in a way that would suggest a lawyer working up an important case for his clients, and this expression, lawyer-like, tells the story in a nutshell. Charles Hughes is primarily a lawyer, and he believes that in his election the people have retained him as counsel, and that it is "up to him" to give the same conscientious, unflagging, devoted energy to the case of the people as he would to that of a client in the court room.

* * *

Evidently Governor Hughes' conception of public duty is to accept the system and the laws of today as better than those of any other country or time, but still susceptible of improvement as direct and sure remedies are presented. Those who seek to overturn the existing system of our laws find no adherent in the governor, who believes in en-

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SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY CORTELYOU

forcing the laws of today, and giving every legal proposition a thorough trial by enforcement before it is cast aside or uprooted.

It is difficult to conceive that the man who conducted that great insurance investigation in the city hall, under the most trying circumstances, with all the severity of strict justice, and yet at the same time preserved his clear understanding and tolerance of human nature, can fail to bring out a report that will be fruitful in results. There is no tinge of cynicism or despotism in the conduct of Charles Hughes, and his optimism is of the highest character, reaching out for the largest and best results. His work in securing eighty-cent gas for the citizens of New York has proved his energies are devoted to obtaining specific results in all that he does. It seemed to me, as I looked at his desk, that I could see in every group of papers a mathematical computation of what could be ciphered out in the interests of the people, when they are in the hands of such men as Governor Hughes.

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR KNOX'S HOME

The governor does not stop for a formal luncheon—just has a chop or two and a cup of tea—and this is quickly disposed of, and work resumed. In the offices of the private secretary and in the governor's reception room with its acre of red carpet, there hung on the walls pictures of Governor Clinton, President Van Buren, President Roosevelt, Secretary Seward and other ex-governors, although the portrait of Grover Cleveland was conspicuous by its absence. In this executive chamber, looking out from that massive pile erected at a cost of $20,000,000, down the hill, across the park and down the street, one sees the theater wherein many important events have taken place that have in due time made or unmade presidents. Here Theodore Roosevelt served his apprenticeship; here Grover Cleveland, Horatio Seymour, Cornell and others grappled with national campaigns.

* * *

When I conveyed to Governor Hughes the greeting of the readers of the National, and told him that I wanted to write about him in a letter to the "home folks," he said, laughing, "I wish I could do that. The most difficult thing I have to do is to find time to write to personal friends."

While we talked there was much shaking of doors, for newspaper men from all parts of the country had come to interview Governor Hughes.

I had heard it suggested that his firm stand against the two-cent fare bill might have the effect of arousing prejudice in Western states, but, later, as I traveled westward, I found an increasing expression of confidence in the man because of this one thing, which represented the courage of conviction even contra to public clamor.

The governor is the son of a Baptist clergyman, a man who spent some years teaching, and he has a lucid way of explaining matters which shows his training in that particular line. He delights to take his summer vaca-

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SENATOR KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA

tion among the Swiss Alps; for he is an enthusiastic mountain-climber. One son in college, a daughter in her teens, another daughter of nine years, and the "prize baby" constitute the family of Governor Hughes. Devoted to his home, Mrs. Hughes is evidently not less devoted to her husband's work, and she has had the satisfaction of being with him when he was making some of his first political speeches. She has traveled with him and been his cheery companion when waiting for belated trains.

Governor Hughes at one time had charge of the Bible class which afterward passed into the care of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. A graduate of Brown University, a man who seems to love the rough and tumble of legal work, with a strong grasp of large propositions and an ability to bring them down to concrete results,—it is no wonder that everyone who meets Governor Hughes comes to the inevitable conclusion that he is "the stuff of which presidents are made."

Photo by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

DINING ROOM OF SECRETARY TAFT

THE monument to General Joseph Wheeler, which was erected in Arlington Cemetery, September 14, is the largest now standing in that historical burying ground; the base is ten feet square and the monument is thirty-seven feet high, weighing thirty-eight tons.

This monument which stands on the lawn directly in front of the historical Lee mansion, was erected by the three daughters of General Wheeler, now living at Wheeler, Alabama. On the side of the shaft directly over the inscription showing his highest rank in the United States army, are two blank lines where it was intended to put his highest rank while in the Confederate army, but, owing to objection by the War Department, this was not done.

It is said that, unless General Wheeler's highest rank in the Confederate army can be inscribed on the monument, his daughters will try to have his body carried to Alabama.

HOW many of the soldier boys of '61 dreamed that they would have a reunion at Saratoga Springs in the year 1907?

On the platform I saw trunks that looked to me large enough to pass for a small summer house. It is not surprising that foreign porters do a good deal of grumbling at "the American cottages" the ladies from the States take as traveling companions.

To me, as I walked from the depot up the streets, under the wide-spreading elms, past the famous old hotels, the contrast between past and present came forcibly.

It was amusing to hear the Grand Army men, as they stood about in little groups, relate incidents of war times, telling of the foul water from the Southern bayous, and how they were obliged to lift the green scum before they could even get at anything that looked like liquid. They drew vivid contrasts between the water of those terrible days and that they saw sparkling out pure and fresh at Saratoga.

Saratoga proved an ideal place for an encampment. It has a capacity for entertaining, at a moment's notice, 50,000 guests. Amply equipped with summer hotels, near the centers of population, and at the very entrance of the Adirondacks—why should not Saratogians feel proud of their beautiful little city?

In the Italian garden, in the Village Park, the polo ground, the race track and the speedway, tennis court, and golf links are glimpses of the great playground of the nation. Broadway, lined with wide verandas and fine hotels, shimmering in the patches of shade and sunlight, that filter through the thick-leaved trees, presents a picture of a street that cannot be rivalled the world over for beauty. Its beautiful churches and homes adorn every street, and the city may well claim to be known as one of the world's famous watering places. In early days it was a paradise to the Indians, and was supposed to be peculiarly blessed by the Great Spirit. It is certain that the red men knew of the healthful properties of its springs.

Photo by Magovern, Saratoga, N. Y.

CHARLES G. BURTON, GRAND COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC; HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT RIGHT, ALSO SEVERAL PAST COMMANDERS

There are the maples and many other old trees, reminders of the early forests. It was General Schuyler of Revolutionary fame who, in 1783, cut a road from the old village of Saratoga to the spring, and built a rude frame house, which had the distinction of being probably the first summer cottage in America. General Washington, Governor Clinton, Alexander Hamilton were among the first visitors, and lost their way seeking for these well-known springs, to drink of their wonderful water. In the early part of the last century the frontier hamlet in the woods suddenly became a favorite resort, and kings, princes and potentates, as well as many public men of this country at one time or another have sojourned in Saratoga. Among the famous events that have distinguished the city was Burgoyne's last desperate struggle to cut off the New England colonies from the West; here he surrendered to the victorious Gates. The spot is marked by the Saratoga Battle monument.

The present year has been a notable one for Saratoga, for they have had the Knights Templar and the G. A. R. both as their guests, to say nothing of other meetings and the annual influx of summer visitors.

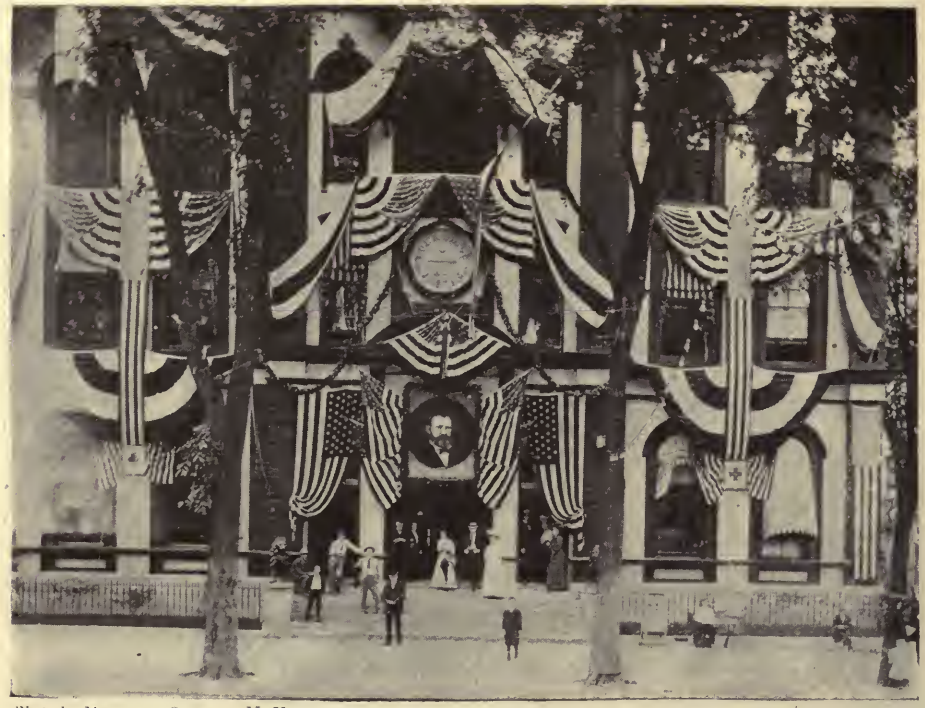


Photo by Magovern, Saratoga, N. Y.

TOWN HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS

In the G. A. R. encampment the most important features were the impressive exercises in Convention Hall and that annual parade, which year by year is becoming briefer, as the old soldiers find themselves unequal to the quick marches of the days of yore. Perhaps the parade has been more pathetic this year than in previous years, begun and carried through as it was in the drenching rain, regardless of the ill effects to be expected; though but few were supplied with umbrellas, the sturdy veterans of '61 refused to fall out of line because of the weather.

Many an interesting and pathetic incident was noted as the parade passed, revealing the grit and spirit of the "boys of '61."

The march commenced to the tune of "How Dry I Am," and the Vermont singing band cheered the way with "Wait Till the

Sun Shines, Nellie." As usual, the boys from the Green Mountain state wore sprigs of pine in their hats. Louisiana and Mississippi delegates carried long sugarcanes and sheaves of rice, and each North Dakota man had a sprig of wheat in his buttonhole. There was a real Onondaga chieftain, in his native headdress, carrying his tomahawk, every inch an Indian warrior. Another remarkable figure was the one sturdy representative from Alaska, who had come thousands of miles to attend the encampment and march alone with the State of Washington representatives. Perhaps nothing was more touching than the tattered Pennsylvania battle flags, drooping in the rain but held sturdily in place by the veterans.

* * *

There was probably not an onlooker in the muddy, drenched crowd who watched the parade who did not heartily endorse the words of Governor Hughes:

"I have never seen anything so inspiring or so pathetic. When the serious consequences of that march through the rain to many of the old veterans are considered, it is a revelation of the courage and determination of the American people, such as is seldom seen. It should serve as an inspiration and an encouragement to us all."

All that could be done by the Saratogians, to lessen the ill effects of the wetting, was done. Fires were lighted in the schoolhouses where veterans were to assemble, and in many private dwellings preparations were made for drying clothes and providing hot lunch for the weary marchers. Despite all precautions it was necessary to care for about 100 of the old warriors in the hospital, and at least two deaths were recorded, but nothing could have stopped the veterans from making their annual parade; even though they knew it might be the last, they were determined to go through with it, regardless of the weather.

Photo by Magovern, Saratoga, N. Y.

THE MICHIGAN DRUM CORPS

Reading from left to right—Archbishop Ireland, Bishop J. McGolrick, Rev. J. P. L. Bodfish

The encampment, on the whole, proved a complete success, as predicted by General Robert B. Brown, commander-in-chief. All that the Saratogians could do was done; Broadway was gay with arching flags, while

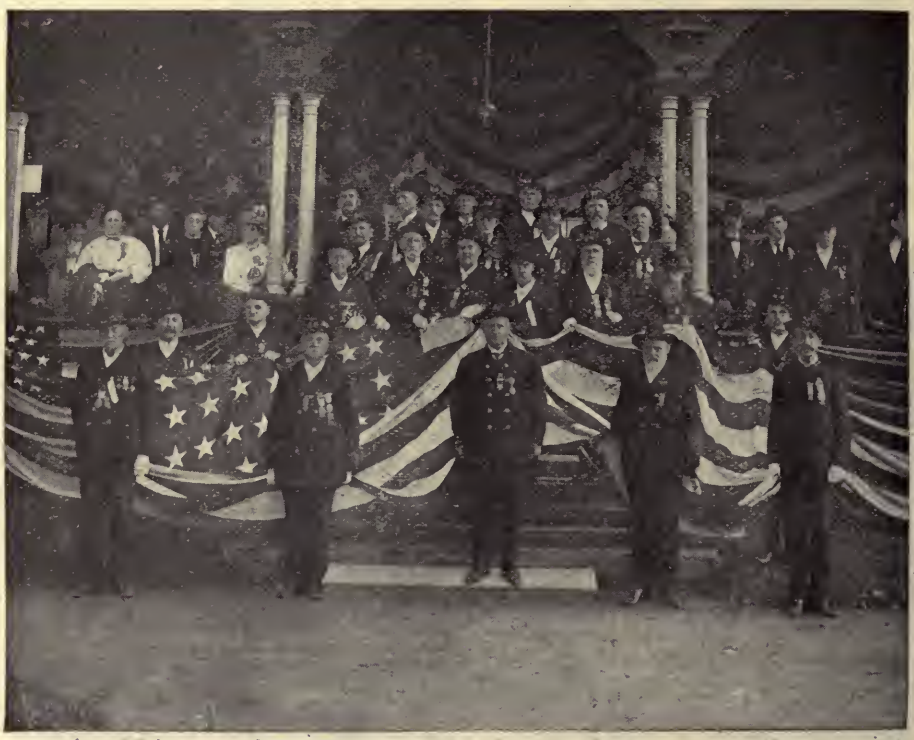
at night 20,000 incandescent lamps turned night into day. Many distinguished ladies connected with the G. A. R. were present; the various functions were of deep interest; from the public meeting, with welcoming address by Governor Charles E. Hughes, to the luncheons, the stereopticon illustrated lectures to the members of the G. A. R. only, the various conventions of veterans, and women's associations, and the excursion to Lake George. Eighty thousand people were brought to the village on the Delaware & Hudson road.

Musing on the veterans and their courage, with dripping umbrella I walked along the streets until I came to the fine town hall and post office. Here I knew that I should find my good friend, Ex-Senator Edgar T. Brackett, located in what might be termed an ideal legal factory, equipped as it is with everything that can possibly be needed in legal service, and equal to any law office in the country. Here the ex-senator works with a corps of efficient young lawyers; and it is no wonder that he has built up an extensive legal practice. I found him busy in his private room, barricaded with brown leather legal books, pacing back and forth as he tried to unravel some knotty legal point.

* * *

EVER since Secretary Taft was sent on that first errand to the Philippines by President McKinley, it seems to be a subject of prominent interest to him, and largely engrosses his attention officially and in person. In all the annals of Washington, no Cabinet member has covered so great a mileage. If the congressional mileage fee were to apply, he would have a pretty snug-sized budget as a mileage income.

The new Philippine assembly which he attended on October 16 did not possess marked legislative powers, even when compared with the average town council; but it is a beginning, and as an experiment will be watched with keen interest by nations all over the world, who regard it as a foretaste of Uncle



GUARDS OF HONOR FOR FLAG IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT'S BODY WAS WRAPPED

LEWIS STUYVESSANT CHANLER, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

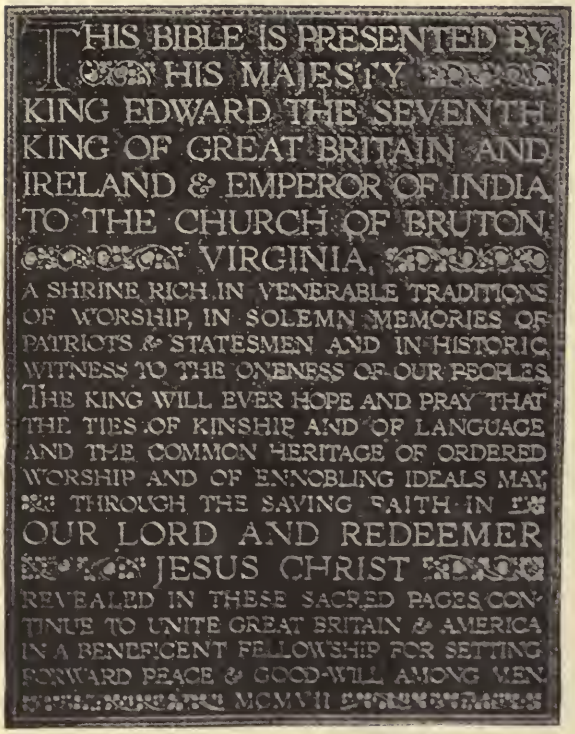
Sam's future policy toward his insular possessions.

The unswerving loyalty of Secretary Taft to the people of the Philippines, and his keen interest in their welfare, assures them of just and fair dealing. Then, too, the Japanese welcomed him with true Oriental hospitality.

NO less a person than Honorable Samuel McCall insists that Uncle Joe Cannon would make an excellent presidential candidate for the Republican party. The Massachusetts representative has not been altogether in accord with the ideas of the administration, and holds out staunchly for the

recognition of fundamental interpretations of constitutional government.

Congressman McCall is considered one of the ablest men in the House, and his addresses are full of piquant sarcasm, but he seems to be in earnest when he insists that Speaker Cannon, with his wealth of experience, is best fitted for the position, and he grimly remarked: "Uncle Joe has already secured a reputation for sterling statesmanship without passing through the evolution which Speaker Reed insisted was essential, when he declared that a 'dead politician becomes a real statesman.'"



MESSAGE OF KING EDWARD
INSCRIBED ON THE FLY-LEAF OF BIBLE, PRESENTED TO OLD BRUTON CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Speaker Reed has left behind him no more sincere admirer than Mr. McCall, who delights in telling the story of one hot day when he had his legs stretched in the aisle just as the speaker was about to pass. He straightened up in his seat, and was about to draw in his sprawling nether members, telling the portly statesman from Maine that he would take his legs out of the way, when Speaker Reed said, "Just take one foot out of the way, and that will make ample room for me."

* * *

FEW cities of this country can boast of a more successful exposition than that lately held in Pittsburg by the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society. For more than nineteen years this exposition has been held during the fall months, and it has never failed to prove a financial success.

The officers of the exposition, Mr. F. J. Torrance, president; H. J. Heinz, first vice president; D. C. Ripley, second vice president; A. P. Burchfield, treasurer; A. M. Jenkinson, secretary, and T. J. Fitzpatrick, general manager.

The day I was at the exposition the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago was furnishing the music, and Sousa's band had also been scheduled later. The people were coming from miles around to enjoy a holiday in the "Smoky City," which has beauties that one can scarcely get an idea of until they have been seen from the surrounding heights in a birds-eye view at Shenley Park, where the great Carnegie Institute is located. Then the onlooker realizes that Pittsburg has its beautiful, as well as its grimy, side.

There has always been a sturdy self-reliance among the men of Pittsburg; the real believers in the city's destiny. Something of the iron and steel which they make seems to enter into the fibre of the people of this great central, seething caldron of the iron industry of the world. There is a wide diversity of large industrial interests here represented, such as that of the H. J. Heinz Company, where perfection has long been proclaimed and insisted upon in preserving food for the use of the people under the attractive menu of "the 57 varieties"; or in such establishments as the Standard Sanitary Works, which have greatly aided in making beautiful and healthy the homes and hostelries of America, from border to border of the country.

The products of Pittsburg may truly be

said to find their way to the markets of the world in vast variety—in far Cathay, as in the remote towns of the Northwest, Pittsburg manufactures—from iron girders and chains, to pickles and sauces—certainly play an important part.

* * *

THE well-known labor leader, John Mitchell, had been spending a few days in Washington, and was very optimistic over the general situation and the industrial phases of the country. The only fears he seems to have are of over-production, "but as long as there is employment for the people and purchasers are to be found," he insists "there is no danger of hard times. The laboring classes are in better condition today than ever before in this or any other country. The working man is better housed and better fed and enjoys more simple pleasures than in the past," declared Mr. Mitchell.

He was very sanguine as to the elimination of coal strikes in the future. Agreements now existing have several years to run, and there is no indication of any desire to break these contracts.

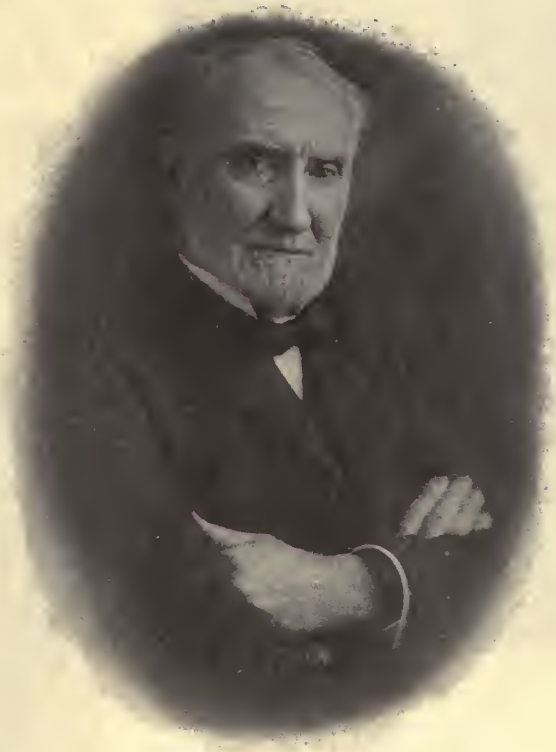
Mr. Mitchell is a man of interesting personality—black hair, smooth face, sharp, black eyes and always maintaining his self poise, there is something in his manner and bearing that indicates an intense dynamic force.

The popularity of Mr. Mitchell was attested recently by the widespread concern felt during his recent illness. Inquiries regarding his condition were received from every part of the country.

* * *

ONE of the familiar figures about the Senate Chamber is A. H. Stewart, assistant doorkeeper, who when a mere boy commenced public life as a page, and has been continuously known to the senators for over a quarter of a century past. Mr. Stewart is smooth-faced and still retains a youthful appearance.

He is one of those men who know just how to arrange for a public function, even when on a trip to the Jamestown Exposition. In the haste of the preparations for the opening day of the exposition, everything appeared to be on smooth seas when Mr. Stewart stepped in and handled the guests in a masterly manner.



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SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON

Mr. Stewart has a very entertaining fund of anecdotes concerning public men and affairs, and, like many of those who come into personal contact with national legislators, he has little patience with the maudlin muck-rakers who go about speaking of little else than the defects and misdoings of our public men, and who appear to take delight in attacking those who are giving the country a service which finds small return save the

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GIFT TO THE OLD BRUTON CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG

Lecturn, which President Roosevelt presented to Old Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, Virginia, during the month of October. Both the President and Ambassador Bryce were present. This Lectern will support the Bible, which King Edward gave. Each of the three tablets, at the base of the Lectern, bear an inscription. On the front are the words, "To the Glory of God." The tablet on the right bears the legend, "And Commemorative of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Permanent Establishment of the English Civilization in America, 1607-1907." On the other tablet are the words, "Presented by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States."

proverbial ingratitude of republics. In spite of this lack of appreciation, there are many men in public life today who insist on doing their duty irrespective of popular clamor or wanting some one else's scalp.

If farm improvements continue in the same ratio as at present, it will not soon be possible for the congressmen to tell of the time when they handled a plow and followed the furrow as they "helloed" to the horses or oxen. Pastoral scenes there will still be, but the "sweet breathed" oxen and the "sprightly horse" will no longer bear their part in them.

This conclusion is forced upon the mind by learning that Illinois has turned out agricultural instruments to the amount of $38,000,000, leading the list in this manufacture, with New York a close second, Ohio following hard after with $12,000,000, while Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana all rank high.

A. H. STEWART, ASSISTANT DOORKEEPER OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Over $30,000,000 worth of harvesters were used, but the old-fashioned plow has decreased in like proportion with the scythe. It is a singular fact, and will doubtless please the poets to learn, that the demand for the useful old hoe continues, and, in fact, has increased very materially in the last ten years. Russia and Argentina receive most of our exports in agricultural implements.

TWO COUNTRY LAWYERS

By Frederic S. Hartzell

THE necessary conservatism attending the work of the Department of State, or diplomatic branch of a great government, gives to the ordinary citizen a scant opportunity to intelligently formulate the history that is being daily forged, link by link, by the big machine that has for its head the President of the United States, and that, in its work touching the relations of this with other peoples, is engineered by the Secretary of State. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate this statement than what appears to be a lack of understanding of the conditions that demanded the famous Protocol, which was signed by the representative of the Spanish government and that of the United States, at Washington, on August 12, 1898.

Although many of the facts relating to this great strategic position taken by President McKinley and his premier were, for obvious reasons, withheld by the State Department for a time, and while it was only announced to the public that an informal treaty had been agreed upon; an inquirer could have learned, as early as January, 1899, that this famous international bargain was born of the common sense and business judgment of "Two Country Lawyers," who were looking after the affairs of their client. Nothing in the history of government can show a more affectionate interest in the welfare of a people, by a great ruler and his chancellor, than the incidents leading up to the making and signing of this protocol between the United States and the Kingdom of Spain.

When, in July, 1898, the Queen Regent of Spain, through her minister of state, the Duke of Almodovar, formally petitioned President McKinley for peace, the Washington government immediately responded in a letter from William R. Day, secretary of state, to the Duke of Almodovar, written under date of July 30, 1898, expressing the satisfaction of President McKinley at the prospect of terminating the war, and describing, in three brief paragraphs, what would be required by the United States of the Spanish government in order to establish a condition of amity. In response to this, President McKinley received what has been known as the "Spanish note," a message, in fact, from the Duke of Almodovar, written in Madrid under date of August 7. This letter ostensibly accepted the terms made by the Washington government, but, after being carefully studied in the State Department, it was found indeterminate and of dubious meaning. Either from crafty intention, or on account of the difficulties that arose in the translation of technical terms, it failed to meet President McKinley's requirements outright and irrevocably. Undoubtedly many wise and careful statesmen would have accepted it, but it came to the hands of the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, who happened to be "Two Country Lawyers." They considered it as a state document, pronounced it deficient because devious and evasive; and then they looked at it again in the interests of their client, and again found it insufficient, in that it seemed to them to leave open some ground for contention. It was, in fact, too indefinite, too general. It must be remembered that at this time President McKinley had the situation in hand; it was for him to make terms; and while, as the world knows, his disposition was to be generous and charitable to what had proven a cruel but a gallant foe, he, as we know now even better than we did then, had ever in sight his client's rights, and, as the results show, he spared no pains to get his case in perfect condition before submitting it to the jury.

Here, then, was the occasion for the protocol.

After careful consideration, the President and the Secretary of State concluded that, first: the response of the Duke of Almodovar to President McKinley's terms was not sufficiently specific. In a word, it was equivocal, and if accepted would present too many points for future argument. It would, in fine, leave the matter, that was at the mo-

ment ripe for conclusion, open under some possible conditions for future discussion. The "Two Country Lawyers" were familiar with the old adage that, "the time to pick an apple is when it is ripe," and they concluded that the salient points in the settlement of the affairs between their client and the Spanish government should be decided before any definite treaty could be agreed upon. The following letter was the result of this conclusion:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, AUGUST 10, 1898.

EXCELLENCY:—

Although it is your understanding that the note of the Duke of Almodovar, which you left with the President on yesterday afternoon, is intended to convey an acceptance by the Spanish government of the terms set forth in my note of the 30th ultimo, as the basis on which the President would appoint Commissioners to negotiate and conclude with Commissioners on the part of Spain a treaty of peace, I understand that we concur in the opinion that the Duke's note, doubtless owing to the various transformations which it has undergone in the course of its circuitous transmission by telegraph and in cipher, is not, in the form in which it has reached the hands of the President, entirely explicit.

Under these circumstances, it is thought that the most direct and certain way of avoiding misunderstanding is to embody in a Protocol, to be signed by us as the representatives, respectively, of the United States and Spain, the terms on which the negotiations for peace are to be undertaken.

I therefore enclose herewith a draft of such Protocol, in which you will find that I have embodied the precise terms tendered to Spain in my note of the 30th ultimo, together with appropriate stipulations for the appointment of Commissioners to arrange the details of the immediate evacuation of Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, as well as for the appointment of Commissioners to treat of peace.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed) WILLIAM R. DAY.

His Exceliency, M. Jules Cambon, etc."

As will be seen, Secretary Day's letter amounted to this: The "Two Country Lawyers" said to the Kingdom of Spain; "If you agree to the terms proposed, say so definitely. Let us epitomize a treaty (the Protocol), and sign it at once, to be subsequently elaborated and made to properly cover all of the conditions." In answer to this, the Secretary of State received the following letter, written under date of August 12, from Jules Cambon, writing as the representative of the Spanish government:

"EMBASSY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC
IN THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON, AUGUST 12, 1898.

MR. SECRETARY OF STATE:—

I have the honor to inform you that I have just received, through the intermediation of the Department of Foreign Affairs at Paris, a telegram, dated Madrid, August 11, in which the Duke of Almodovar del Rio announces to me that, by order of Her Majesty, the Queen Regent, the Spanish government confers upon me full powers, in order that I may sign, without other formality and without delay, the Protocol whereof the terms have been drawn up by common accord between you and me. The instrument, destined to make regular the powers which are thus given to me by telegraph, will be subsequently addressed to me by the post.

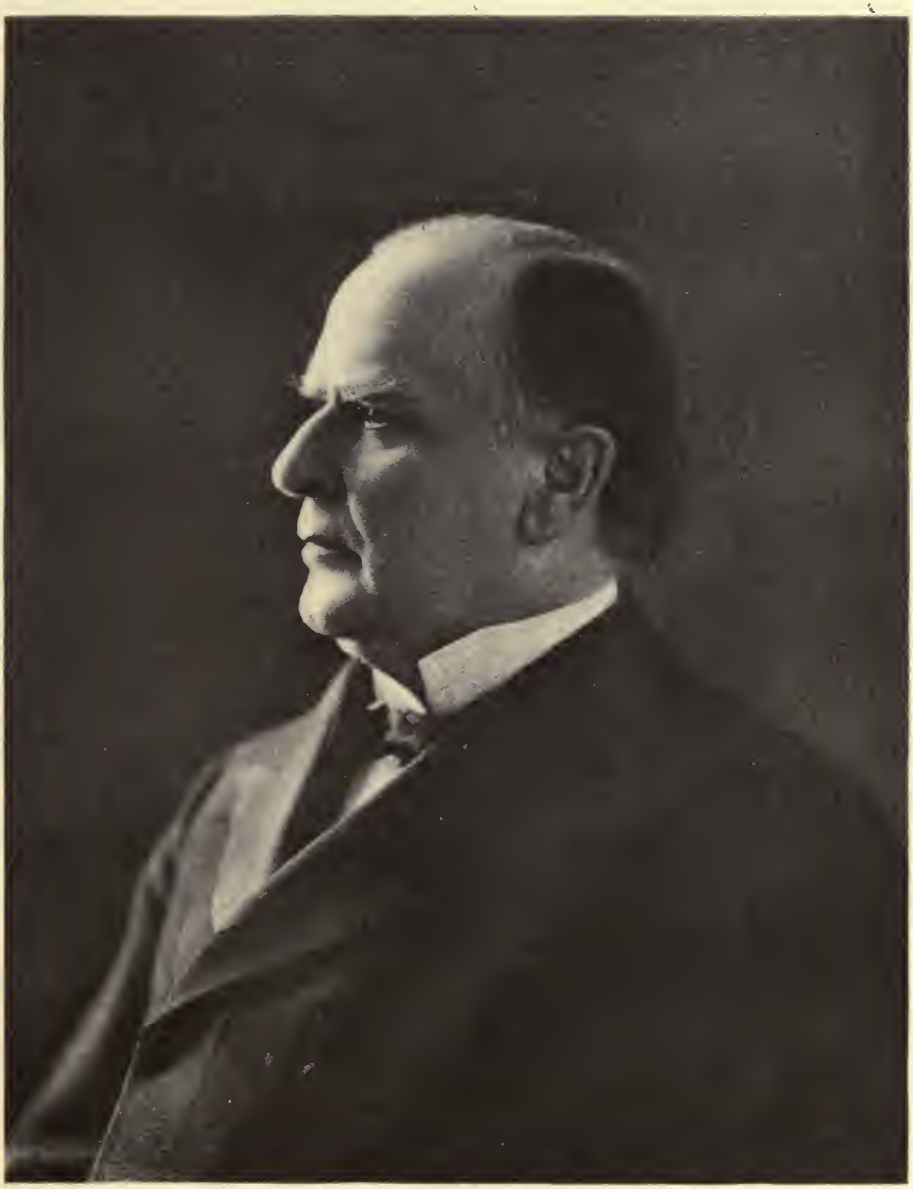
His Excellency, the Minister of State, adds that, in accepting this Protocol, and by reason of the suspension of hostilities which will be the immediate consequence of that acceptance, the Spanish government has pleasure in hoping that the government of the United States will take the necessary measures with a view to restrain (empecher) all aggression on the part of the Cuban separatist forces.

The government of the Republic having, on the other hand, authorized me to accept the powers which are conferred upon me by the Spanish government, I shall hold myself at your disposition to sign the Protocol at the hour you my be pleased to designate.

Congratulating myself upon thus co-operating with you toward the restoration of peace between the two nations, both friends of France, I beg you to accept, Mr. Secretary of State, the fresh assurances of my very high consideration.

(Signed) JULES CAMBON."

And following this, M. Cambon proceeded, in full and hearty co-operation with Presi-



WILLIAM McKINLEY

dent McKinley and Secretary Day, to prepare and agree upon such definite and specific terms as, in the wisdom of the American government, were requisite to give to the American people such redress as the calamitous war just ended had brought upon them.

Even in the light of subsequent events, the action of the President and his premier may seem technical and hypercritical to many. The demand originally made of the Spanish government is contained in the following paragraphs:

"FIRST:

The relinquishment by Spain of all claim of sovereignty over or title to Cuba, and her immediate evacuation of the Island.

SECOND:

The President, desirous of exhibiting signal generosity, will not now put forward any demand for pecuniary indemnity. Nevertheless, he cannot be insensible to the losses and expenses of the United States incident to the war, or to the claims of our citizens for injuries to their persons and property during the late insurrection in Cuba. He must, therefore, require the cession to the United States, and the immediate evacuation by Spain, of the Island of Porto Rico and other islands now under the sovereignty of Spain in the West Indies, and also the cession of an Island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States.

THIRD:

On similar grounds, the United States is entitled to occupy and will hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

If the terms hereby offered are accepted in their entirety, Commissioners will be named by the United States for the purpose of settling the details of the treaty of peace and signing and delivering it under the terms above indicated.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration. WILLIAM R. DAY.

His Excellency, the Duke of Almodovar del Rio, Minister of State, etc."

And in response to this Almodovar says: "In the name of the Nation, the Spanish government hereby relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over or title to, and engages to the irremediable evacuation of the Island;" and again: "We shall cede the Island of Porto Rico and other islands belonging to the Crown of Spain in the West Indies, together with one of the islands of the Archipelago of the Ladrones, to be selected by the American government;" and answering the third demand of President McKinley, referring to the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, Almodovar observes in his note that "The intentions of the Federal government by regression remain veiled," and says that the Spanish government "does not apriori renounce the sovereignty of Spain over the Archipelago, leaving it to the negotiators (i. e. the Peace Commission) to agree as to such reforms which the condition of these possessions and the level of culture of their natives may render desirable;" but concludes "the government of Her Majesty accepts the third condition with the above mentioned declarations."

Surely the Duke of Almodovar had, by these declarations and admissions, accepted the terms made by President McKinley, and it is doubtful if the language of his note would have been subject to the criticism of many of the people who were represented by the government at Washington. President McKinley had made his demand, and on the face of the matter it would seem that Almodovar had conceded everything, but the "Two Country Lawyers" thought differently; they had in mind the contentions, large and small, with which they had been engaged back in their Canton law offices, and, with an eye single to the welfare of their client, and without a thought of aggrandizement for themselves or their people, they merely said to Cambon and Almodovar, "You seem to mean it; if you do, let us write it down and sign it." Immediately following M. Cambon's letter of August 12, this was done, and the Protocol was made the basis of a cessation of hostilities forthwith.

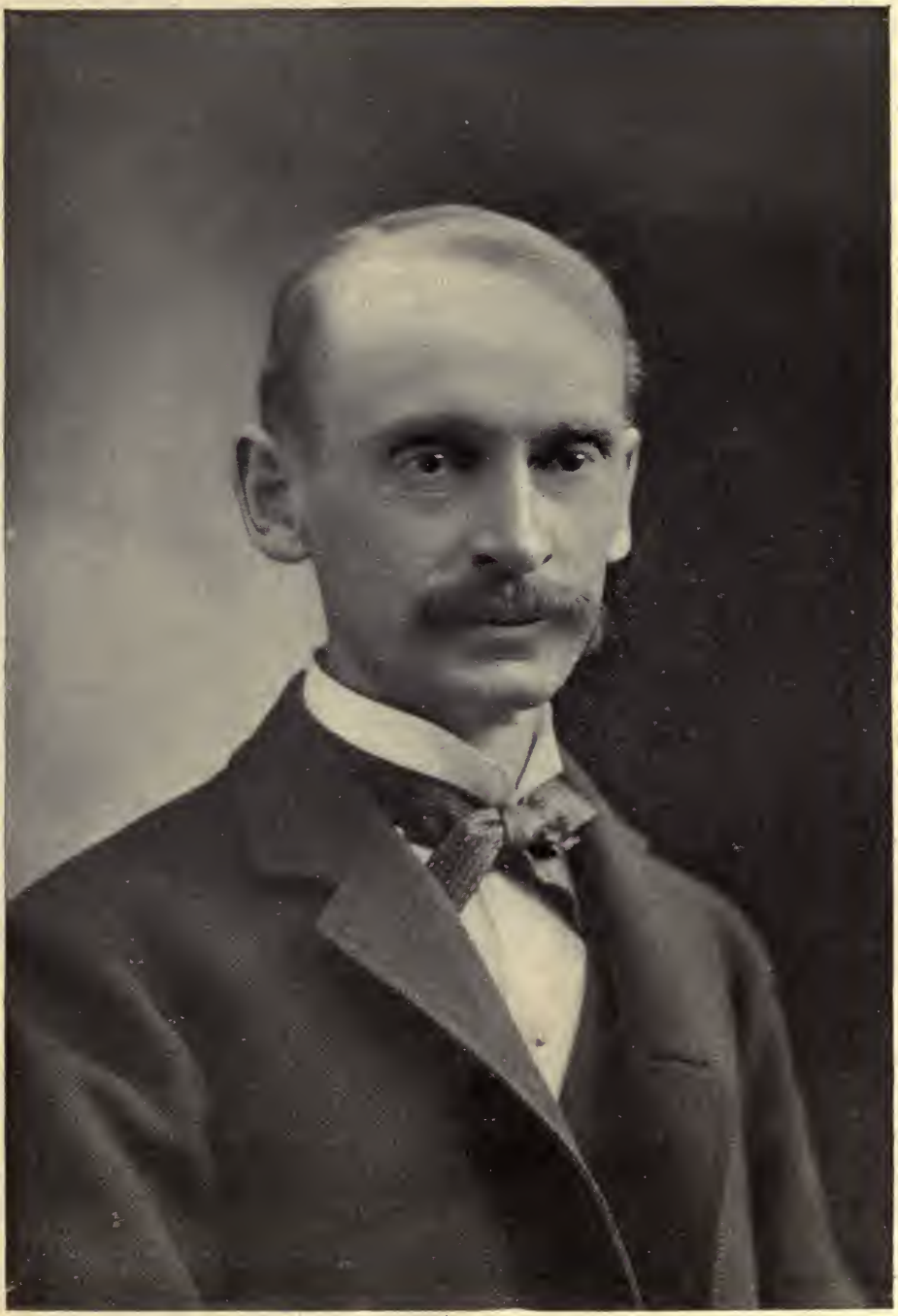
THE PROTOCOL

Article I.

Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

Article II.

Spain will cede to the United States the Island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West In-



JUDGE DAY

dies, and also an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States.

Article III.

The United States will occupy and hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

Article IV.

Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies; and to this end each government will, within ten days after the signing of this Protocol, appoint Commissioners, and the Commissioners so appointed shall, within thirty days after the signing of this Protocol, meet at Havana for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and the adjacent Spanish islands; and each government will, within ten days after the signing of this Protocol, also appoint other Commissioners, who shall, within thirty days after the signing of this Protocol, meet at San Juan, in Porto Rico, for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies.

Article V.

The United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five Commissioners to treat of peace, and the Commissioners so appointed shall meet at Paris not later than October 1st, 1898, and proceed to the negotiation and conclusion of a treaty of peace, which treaty shall be subject to ratification according to the respective constitutional forms of the two countries.

Article VI.

Upon the conclusion and signing of this Protocol, hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

Done at Washington, in duplicate, in English and in French, by the undersigned, who have hereunto set their hands and seals, the 12th day of August, 1898.

(Seal) WILLIAM R. DAY.
(Seal) JULES CAMBON.

The necessary deliberations before this important preliminary agreement was executed took place in the Cabinet Room in the White House; and after the paper was signed and the representatives of the Spanish government had retired, Justice Day said to the President: "After all, it is merely a matter of agreement, Mr. President. To-day we have been negotiating for the abandonment of its western domains with a great and ancient kingdom, and twenty-five years ago we worked with equal earnestness to quiet a dispute between two Stark County farmers out in Ohio, but the modus operandi is about the same, a simple matter of agreement. The opposing sides must be brought together. They must accept the same terms—call it a land contract or a protocol; which you will."

"Do you remember, Judge," said the President, "the time we went to Osnaburg together, and tried a lawsuit in a blacksmith shop?"

"And I did at the mere suggestion," said Judge Day. "It was back in the seventies. I was trying to work up a little legal practice out in Canton, and when a farmer, who lived down in the small town of Osnaburg, southeast of us, wanted me to take his case in a fence-line dispute with a neighbor, of course I looked up his claim. He was in the right, and I got his case in shape. When it came to the time for trial, before a justice of the peace, who was also a blacksmith, I suggested to the lawyer on the other side, my neighbor, that we cut expenses in two by going to Osnaburg where the court held, in the same "buggy." He agreed, and we went that way. We tried the case as carefully as any in which I have ever been engaged, before the Justice Blacksmith, in his shop. The total amount involved was about twenty dollars, and after the court gave its decision we drove back to Canton together.

"That was in 1873, and the opposing counsel was William McKinley."

"But, Judge," said I, "who won the case?"

"Never mind about that," said Justice Day, "I was satisfied with the decision. It was fair and equitable."

And this is a story with a sequel. In 1873 the "Two Country Lawyers," careful and economical, join in the expense of a carryall to a village justice court, and try, with every resource they possess, a fence-line case involving twenty dollars. The brown earth rolls around the yellow ball some twenty

times, and here these same country lawyers are again before the court—a different court, yea, verily. The honest blacksmith who gave his just decree is long since gathered to his fathers, and now the court is the Combined Powers of the civilized world, for an unjust attitude by the Washington government toward Spain in 1898 would not have been tolerated. The opposing counsel now are the Spanish ministry on the one side, with the "Two Country Lawyers" on the other.

SIGNING THE PROTOCOL

Again it is a fence line, but a fence line this time that skirts the demarcation between two hemispheres. It holds back in its native pasture a bull whose brutal rapacity has stained the Western world with the blood of every nationality; and here, by the wise and —mark the word—*business-like* methods of "Two Country Lawyers, "an island, abunant beyond its fellows in nature's gifts, is taken from a thraldom as bitter and degrading as ever stained a nation's name, and placed upon the level of enlightened christendom. Her people, slaves before to the worst horde of the pettiest of tyrants, were in six short years made free electors; common arbiters of their own fortunes; and today her minister of state deals with ours on as high a plane of national dignity and integrity as that of any of the dominant powers of the world.

This might have been accomplished, and probably would have been, had the Washington government accepted the "Spanish note" at its face value, and not resorted to the abundant caution indicated by the Protocol; but a study of the proceedings of the Paris Peace Commission, that made the final treaty with Spain in the summer of 1898, when the Protocol was the solid ground on which the Americans based every argument against an opposition that struggled in the last ditch to recoup, through contentious arbitration, the tremendous losses that were the proper fruits of its past iniquities, will disclose the fact that the protocol, if not absolutely necessary to the establishment of an equitable treaty, was unquestionably essential to its accomplishment within a reasonable time, determining, as it did, every

controversy made by the desperate and disputatious Spaniards.

* * *

It must be remembered that William R. Day, Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye, George Gray and Whitelaw Reid, as plenipotentiaries of the Washington government, though they went to Paris in October, 1898, armed with sovereign powers, were charged with a heavy responsibility. That President McKinley was in a position to make terms, and enforce them, cannot be doubted, but to adjust so vast a business in such a way as to meet the demands of his own outraged countrymen, and at once command the approval of the great powers that, it must be understood, watch each move in statecraft with a jealousy that is almost personal, was a commission that required the skill and foresight of master-minds. The Kingdom of Spain, though moribund as a great power, was represented by men of international fame as diplomats, each one a master of international law, and it is fair and safe to say that no point, whereby the affairs of their wretched kingdom might have benefitted, was unexploited. Relying upon the generous clause in the Protocol that said: "On similar grounds the United States will hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines," they claimed that the Archipelago had never gone into the hands of the United States, and demanded, in effect, that Manila be evacuated by the Americans, and that the United States government indemnify Spain for damage done to the Crown's possessions in various ways that are recited in their reply. The American Commissioners promptly refused this proposition, but after due study of the situation, offered to pay the Spaniards twenty millions of dollars upon the conclusion of a treaty that should cede to the United States the Philippine Archipelago; to this the Spanish Commissioners replied with a demand that the price be one hundred millions of dollars, but, as everyone knows, Justice Day and his colleagues clung to their original proposition; the treaty was concluded substantially as they presented it, without subjecting the Washington government to serious criticism from any source. And why? Because the preliminary treaty with Spain, through M. Cambon at Washington, by President McKinley and Secretary Day, in August, 1898, had covered the whole ground; the very demand for the cession of the Philippines being directly based on the third clause of the Protocol, which secured to the United States the right to make such claims in its final negotiations for peace as the circumstances might warrant.

Such were the reasons for the Protocol, and, in part, its results.

WHALEN'S ETHICS

By Donald H. Haines

DRUMMOND, managing editor of the "Lantern," threw down his shears with a clatter, and pushed the mass of work out of his way, as Braggs, his city editor, came into the office. Braggs, who enjoyed privileges from long association, threw open the window to let out the clouds of rank smoke which filled the room, glancing as he did so at the blackened corn-cob pipe in Drummond's teeth. He reached over and drew a new meerschaum pipe from a pigeon-hole in his chief's desk.

"Inhumanity added to ingratitude," he complained smilingly, extending the new pipe toward Drummond. "I buy you a new pipe for the sake of the office, and you stick to that old villain. Would you shoot if I destroyed that ancient smoulderer?"

"Probably," said Drummond, laughing. "I'm positively afraid to smoke that costly thing."

Braggs whirled his keys idly for a moment, waiting for Drummond to speak. The latter, however, pulled his work back in front of him, and opened the paste-pot. Braggs waited patiently until the older man whirled about in his swivel-chair.

"You probably think I don't know what you're in here for," he boomed out in his deep voice.

"Oh, no, I don't," retorted Braggs quietly.

"Something wrong with Whalen, I suppose?" Drummond inquired gruffly.

Braggs settled himself for argument. During the five years of his work on the "Lantern," he had been forced to contend with Drummond's one weakness; a tendency to give every applicant for work a trial—and a long one. Braggs had to admit that Drummond usually judged his men aright, but there were times when the journalistic possibilities that found their way into the office wore upon him sorely, and Whalen was his present affliction.

"It is Whalen," he admitted, "and of all the queer ones you've sent me, he is the worst."

"What's the trouble?" Drummond demanded.

Braggs shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I wish I knew," he said. "If I did, I'd have it out of him, or you would, but it's elusive.

"Lack nerve?" suggested Drummond.

Braggs smiled. "Hardly," he replied. "Bearded the chief of police in his den the other day, and fairly bulldozed him into giving out a story."

Drummond grinned his appreciation.

"And then," continued Braggs, "he failed utterly to get hold of a divorce story that lay wide open in the circuit court."

"H'm," commented Drummond, "Particular, ain't he?"

"In the month he's been with us," Braggs went on, "he's turned in some of the best stuff we've had—unearthed most of it on his own hook, too. He has also fallen down harder on more simple things than any other man we ever had in the office."

"Possibly," hazarded Drummond, "he's a selective type." And further the old editor did not seem inclined to talk of the matter.

Braggs shook his head and walked out to his desk in the main office. Half a dozen reporters were at work at their machines, grinding out early copy for the compositors. In a distant corner of the room a tall, fair-haired man with a serious face and a pair of eye-glasses was clicking his typewriter with more than usual speed. Braggs glanced in his direction and called to him:

"Come over to the desk before you go out, Whalen."

The tall man nodded without looking up. At the end of five minutes he walked to Braggs' desk, the sheets of his copy dangling from his long fingers. Braggs looked over the typewritten pages as Whalen stood filling his pipe.

"That's good stuff, Whalen," he said, looking up. "Where did you get it?"

"Been wheedling it out of the chief for a week," Whalen answered quietly.

Braggs impaled the story on his spindle, and began whirling his keys as he consulted his assignment book. Presently he turned to the reporter.

"Somewhere out on Twelfth Street," he said, "there's a German woman named Stein, mother of six children, been married twelve years, whose husband has deserted her and run off with an actress. I want that story and a picture or two, if you can get them."

Whalen only bowed his head, and Braggs did not see him frown, nor notice the sudden rush of color to his cheeks.

"I suppose I hardly need tell you that any little stories about Duncan which aren't particularly nice, are worth their weight in type," he continued.

"Who is Duncan?" Whalen asked simply.

Braggs opened his mouth in amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me," he jerked out, "that you've been a month on this paper and don't know who Duncan is?"

"Well," Whalen admitted, smiling, "I do know that the name has a political significance, but politics isn't in my line, and I've been pretty busy getting familiar with the things that are."

"You're quite beyond me," Braggs said frankly, and then went on to explain. "Duncan is the opposition's candidate for mayor —and a poor lot. Started as a ward politician, and built up a machine strong enough to pull him into office. Social ambition, I suppose, for the place doesn't get him anything; but he'll be a bad-looking figure-head for the city. Now it looks as though he'd get in, in spite of everything, and every man on the paper has been instructed to bring in every piece of authentic information that can possibly be used against Duncan. Of course we can't get much, but keep your eyes open"

Whalen walked out of the office, and went slowly down the well-worn, wooden stairway, leaving a fragrant trail of smoke behind him A Twelfth Street car was passing as he reached the street, but he paid no attention to it. He walked to a drug store, assured himself of the German woman's address in a directory, and started at a leisurely pace for the house. He walked along the sidewalk, looking straight in front of him, smoking hard and frowning. Several times he made impatient gestures with his clenched hands, and finally he swore a single oath so forcibly that a man in front of him jumped and looked around. Whalen swung abruptly around a corner, and began talking to himself in an undertone:

"What earthly business has the 'Lantern,' or any other paper, prying into the affairs of a family this way? Good copy? Maybe it is for the sort of people that live on scandal; but I call it downright devilishness to print such stuff. I know these simple Germans: that woman will tell me everything, and I can get pictures of her entire family, if I care to twist my tongue a bit. Noble calling, this!"

He walked on rapidly and in silence for several blocks, turning instinctively at the right corners. When he glanced up he found himself directly in front of the house he had been searching for. Three dark-haired children were playing about the yard, behind a neatly painted picket fence. The house was a bit more pretentious than he had expected.

"Is this where Mrs. Stein lives?" Whalen called across the fence, and the three children assented in chorus. Whalen opened the gate, and as he did so a handsome woman of forty opened the door of the house and called to the children. Whalen paused and removed his hat.

"Mrs. Stein?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the woman, with a slight foreign accent. Whalen paused for an instant, and then spoke rapidly:

"My name is Whalen. I'm a reporter from the 'Lantern,' and I have been sent here to pry into your family affairs, and write them for the paper. I didn't want to come; I don't approve of such things, and now that I'm here, I won't ask you a single question. I don't want you to even refuse to tell me anything. Probably there will be other reporters here from the other papers; maybe they'll tell you they are reporters, and maybe they won't; but don't you tell them anything. They will be very clever, Mrs. Stein; they will try to make you talk in all sorts of ways. I know how it's done; I could make you talk now, if I chose. So if anyone comes and asks you to tell them about your husband and your trouble—keep still. Shut the door in their faces—don't let them into the house, or they'll get something. Do you understand?"

The woman, who had turned quite pale during Whalen's rapid words, nodded dumbly

and put her arms around two of the children, who had crowded close to her skirts. Whalen turned onto the sidewalk and walked abruptly away. At the end of two blocks he drew a long breath.

"There's a good story spoiled for us, and for the 'Mercury,'" he muttered. "And there's a good woman and a lot of decent German kids that won't be dragged in the public mud. And I'm glad I did it.'

Slowly he retraced his steps toward the office, wondering what would be the result of his confession to Braggs. Finally his thoughts shifted.

"What was that stuff about Duncan?" he mused. Abruptly he turned into a news stand and bought the last three issues of the "Lantern" and of the opposition paper, the "Mercury." He turned into a saloon, and, over his beer, rye-bread and cheese, he read rapidly the political columns of the papers. He found plenty of information concerning Duncan, though that in the "Lantern" was of a very indefinite nature.

"I don't wonder Braggs wants information," he commented, laying aside the three copies of the "Lantern."

He found better material in the "Mercury." Duncan was a contractor, and had built and still owned a large number of flats and tenements in one quarter of the city. In this same district he had built up the political machine which the "Lantern" so bitterly attacked, and which was so glowingly treated by the other paper.

Whalen laid aside the papers in disappointment. "Commonplace enough," he muttered. "He's not a desirable type for mayor, sure enough, but there are no grounds to fight him on if he has the backing to pull him through."

He finished his beer and leaned back in his chair thoughtfully.

"Such things don't lie on the surface," he mused. "I'll sift the thing. I'll need to propitiate Braggs some way."

He stepped to the telephone and called the "Lantern" office.

"I'm on the trail of that story," he told Braggs, "but it's a matter of days and not hours to land it. How much time can I have?"

From the other end of the wire Braggs told him to repeat his statement. Whalen complied.

"Well, well," commented Braggs, "bigger than we thought, eh How much is it worth?"

"Four days," said Whal pursing his lips and closing his eyes

"Take 'em," snapped Braggs. "Jackson can help out on your beat. This is Tuesday; I'll expect you in Saturday morning. Can you get it in shape for Saturday's issue?"

"Yes—if I get it at all," Whalen answered.

From the saloon Whalen walked to a second-hand store, where he bought a suit of rough clothes and a pair of large-rimmed glasses. These he left in a room which he engaged in a cheap hotel. He then walked rapidly toward the city hall.

"The Lord knows how big a fool I'm making of myself," he ejaculated. "This is a good deal of a wild-goose chase, and when I report this failure, coupled with the Stein fiasco, there's likely to be a change in the 'Lantern' staff."

He went to the city clerk and asked him to see the building permits for the past ten years. The clerk—who belonged to the anti-Duncan party so far as his precarious position would permit—complied with a grin. For three hours Whalen pored over the pile of permits, taking many notes. When he had finished he called for the reports of the building inspector and the city assessor; these occupied two hours more, and it was night when he left the office. That evening, in his rough clothes, he drank more beer than was good for him while listening to the political gossip of the patrons of cheap saloons, and went home near morning calling himself names. He was up early, and with his notes of the previous day in his pocket, he went into the district where Duncan's flats and tenements stood. At noon he came perspiring out of the hot quarter, and went to a cheap restaurant.

"This is certainly funny," he remarked, as he came out later, "if it isn't too serious."

As he passed over a small bridge he pulled from his pocket the sheaf of notes, tore them into small pieces and threw them into the water.

"There," he chuckled, "goes ten hours' work that was sheer idiocy. I didn't even know what I expected to find wrong."

He stood for a moment staring moodily at the water, and then roused himself.

"Here goes for the next step in this Machiavellian scheme," he remarked.

On the same afternoon, in his rough clothes —which he had further roughened by the aid of a knife and a grease-pot—and with a two days' growth of beard upon his cheeks and chin, Whalen brazenly begged his way from door to door in the neighborhood where Duncan lived. To his complete though rather uncertain delight, Duncan's good-looking Irish cook invited him into the kitchen in response to his plea for food.

He sat at the kitchen table, eating cold pie and stirring his cup of coffee, watching the girl as she busied herself about the room. He had hardly hoped to get this far in his quest, and now had not the faintest idea how to use his advantage. Finally he remarked:

"Say, what kind of a chap is this boss of yours that's going to be mayor?"

The girl stared at him in astonishment, then anger leaped to her cheeks, and she deliberately swung open the door into the front part of the house.

"Mr. Duncan," she called, "there's a bum out here as wants to know what koind of a chap yez are. Will ye come an' tell him?"

"You bet I will," came a deep voice from beyond the door, but before its owner could reach the scene, Whalen had ignominiously bolted.

Three blocks from the house Whalen shortened his stride and once more laughed heartily.

"As a sleuth," he said, "I'm a dismal failure. What a chump I am making of myself."

Again it was near sunrise when Whalen made his way home from the cheap resorts, and again he was disgusted with the whole proceeding, which began to impress him as entirely idiotic.

"And yet," he said soberly, "I don't regret that German affair that made this necessary."

Whalen slept not a second Wednesday night, but sat in the cheap room he had hired, thinking hard. The next day he called on several other contractors, and had an aimless, wandering interview with Duncan himself. He wasted the afternoon, and his disgust with his own folly increased.

"I can stand about one more night of these saloons," he assured himself.

By nightfall he was again sitting in the low dirty barroom of a saloon much frequented by politicians of a lesser sort and their penniless, drunken hangers-on. For an hour he sat in his corner, listening to the loud talk, but keeping aloof from the other occupants of the room. Presently an ill-kempt fellow who had been standing at the bar slouched into the empty chair at Whalen's table. The man was manifestly drunk, but still had some of his wits about him.

"Finish yer beer, an' I'll set 'em up," the newcomer invited him.

Whalen shuddered at the idea of more of the poor stuff, but nodded and held out his glass to the bartender. The stranger then emptied his glass, looked about the room cautiously, and reaching out his hand, plucked Whalen's sleeve with drunken importance.

"How you votin'?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Don't know," answered Whalen. "I'm a stranger here, but I always vote Republican. My father did for fifty years, and never split his ticket."

"Well," went on the other, after another cautious glance over his shoulder, "what's it worth for you to vote for Duncan?"

"Why?" temporized Whalen. In reply the stranger rose and motioned him to follow. They left the saloon and paused in the dark street outside.

"Feel that," commanded the stranger, the liquor beginning to affect his voice. Whalen reached out and felt a roll of bills too large for such a man to be carrying honestly.

"I'm buying votes for Duncan," the man continued with a hiccough. "Now, what's it worth?"

Whalen hesitated for a few seconds. "Let's go and have a few more drinks," he suggested. The man was far enough gone to comply readily. At the end of an hour he left the saloon thoroughly intoxicated, leaning heavily on Whalen's arm.

"Better come up to my room for the night," Whalen suggested in a tone of command.

"Gimme yer vote then?" demanded the other, his muddled wits giving a flash of intelligence.

Whalen looked at him soberly. "Yes, I will," he replied.

He piloted the drunken wretch to his room, left him on the bed, and went out. In an hour he returned with a notary.

"Sit down in there," he said, pointing to

the dingy office of the little hotel. "I'll call you when I'm ready."

Whalen walked up stairs to his room, opened the door and found his guest stretched out where he had left him, on the bed. He had seen drunken men sobered at the police station, and he knew how it should be done. In ten minutes the wretched fellow was sitting on the side of the bed, his hair dripping from the pails of water that Whalen had unceremoniously poured upon him, comparatively sober.

Whalen took paper and a fountain pen from his pocket, laid them on the table and thrust one hand ostentatiously into his hip-pocket.

"Now then," he said, "pull out that roll of money, and put it on the table. Don't be afraid; I'm not going to rob you." The man complied stupidly.

"Sit down there," commanded Whalen, pointing to a chair beside the table. The man followed his directions, staring at him sullenly. "Now write what I tell you: 'I have been commissioned by James Duncan to buy—'" Whalen paused as the man flung down the pen.

"Not by a d—— sight," he rasped out. Whalen moved the hand that reposed in his hip-pocket. His cheeks were a trifle pale, for the hand only grasped his handkerchief, and the man before him was a powerful specimen.

"Don't you pull no gun on me," whined the man in the chair.

"Then sit still and listen," Whalen said, striving to keep his voice steady. "Write what I tell you, and there'll be no trouble. Otherwise—there's an officer down stairs."

"He can't touch me for this," the man muttered.

Whalen had foreseen this, and grew nervous.

"Maybe not," he hazarded, "but he knows your back record, and so do I."

The result of these words was unexpectedly satisfactory. The man picked up the pen and bent over the paper.

"What'll I write?" he demanded gruffly.

Whalen dictated the form of confession, and the man wrote. He signed a name and looked up to find his captor regarding him intently.

"When I said I knew you," Whalen remarked calmly, "I was bluffing. I didn't then, but I do now. I know where I can find your picture, and I think it would look better if you signed that little note 'John Evans.'"

The man paled, tore up the sheet and commenced writing another as Whalen called the notary. When the signature had been witnessed, Whalen turned to his companion.

"Now Evans," he said quietly, "I happen to know that you aren't wanted for anything now, or I'd not let you go. As it is, you'll get just as far as this will take you." He threw a bill onto the table, opened the door, and Evans walked out.

Seated at the table, Whalen put the roll of bills into an envelope and addressed them to James Duncan. As he sealed the package he muttered:

"I wonder how a shrewd politician happened to put his trust in such a leaky vessel as Evans?"

He went out into the night, perspiring so that he was wet through; and he felt that he trembled slightly.

"Whew!" he gasped, and bent his steps toward police headquarters. There, after a few moments of low-voiced conversation with the chief, he was handed one of the crude, unretouched photographs from the "gallery" hanging above the chief's desk.

Friday morning, clean-shaven and properly dressed, but with dark hollows under his eyes, Whalen walked into the "Lantern" office and marched up to Braggs' desk. The city editor looked up.

"Well," he said sharply, "how's the German scandal progressing?"

"German scandal?" Whalen repeated blankly, then he understood.

"Mr. Braggs," he said frankly, "I couldn't, or rather I wouldn't get that story. I went to the house and told that woman what I was after—and I told her, too, that I wouldn't touch it, and that I thought printing such things was mighty dirty business."

Braggs' handsome face had turned almost purple with anger beneath his curly hair.

"Then, what in h—," he demanded, "have you been doing all this time?"

In reply Whalen threw upon his desk the photograph, Evans' confession and a half-dozen typewritten sheets. Braggs glanced them over hurriedly and then sprang from his chair with a shout.

"Come in here," he said, fairly dragging

Whalen into Drummond's office. For an hour Whalen sat under the rapid questions of the two men, telling his story. When he had finished, Drummond hammered his fist on the desk and glared at Whalen over his great glasses.

"Young man," he thundered, "that stuff is probably worth two hundred votes to us."

But Braggs only stared at Whalen in evident perplexity, and shook his head.

"What I can't understand," he confessed, "is why you should have such tremendous scruples against that German story, and then move heaven and earth to uncover something a lot worse."

"In my mind," replied Whalen, "there's a big difference between the two. I didn't lose anything, nor did you, nor again did the public when I disobeyed orders. That foolish German will probably come home repentant to his wife, and it's a lot better to keep that nasty story out of the prints."

"But," persisted Braggs, "you did some pretty shady work yourself getting that confession."

"Maybe," said Whalen, reddening slightly, "but if they keep a bad man out of office, I'm satisfied."

After Whalen left the room, Drummond turned to Braggs. "You see, Henry," he said, chuckling, "it's just as I said. This man Whalen is what I call a selective type. He's got a code of ethics that's a lot more rigid than yours or mine, but it's strangely elastic when he sees 'way ahead. Yes, sir, we'll keep that man, and we'll use him when he isn't in danger of stumbling over that Puritanical conscience of his."

Half an hour later Drummond came to the door of his office and peered out into the main room through his great spectacles. Whalen was busy at his machine.

"I say, Whalen," Drummond called, "how about your promise to Evans?"

Whalen looked up, conscious that both Drummond and Braggs were regarding him sharply.

"I shall vote for Duncan," he said briefly, and went on with his work, while Braggs stared at him open-mouthed, and Drummond went thoughtfully back to his desk.

WHEN SHE FISHED

HE was fishing, fishing,
  Beside the meadow brook;
I was wishing, wishing,
  That I were on the hook

We were walking, walking,
  Back through the woodland gay;
I was talking, talking,
  With nothing much to say.

I was thinking, thinking,
  Of many happy hours;
Stars were winking, winking,
  Blinking at the flowers.

I was wishing, wishing,
  For smile, or word, or look;
She was fishing, fishing,
  And I was on the hook.

Claire M. Carberry.

CYNTHIA'S WEDDING GOWN

By Anne Richardson Talbot

MISS CYNTHIA NEWTON had no remembrance of any time when she and her mother had not made up the dull little household dwelling under the roof which was nearly all they had in the world to call their own. Her father had died far back in her babyhood, and bit by bit his widow had parted with the good farming land which she was too despondent or too indolent to work. By this means she kept her child and herself until the former was old enough to bear a hand in the battle, which she did at the age of sixteen, having by that time learned all that the village dressmaker could impart. Soon after, this important personage had died, and the custom of the neighborhood had descended to her apprentice.

When it became evident that the needle was to become so useful an implement in her daughter's fingers, Mrs. Newton had calmly betaken herself to the "enjoyment of poor health." At the time of which I write Cynthia had reached the ripe age of forty-five, and the old lady had been in possession of that doubtful blessing for no short period.

It was a bright winter morning, and the snowy fields stretched away in violet-shadowed reaches from the tiny-paned window where Cynthia sat at work.

Here and there brown stalks and seed-vessels or clumps of feathery grass thrust themselves bravely through the snow. Along the stone-wall scarlet rose-hips glistened, and among the leafless clinging arms of the woodbine chick-a-dees chirped as they searched for its few stray berries. From the low eaves icicles hung like fantastic stalactites, flashing the sunbeams they had captured into Miss Cynthia's eyes. She had been reared in a hard school, but even her self-control was not equal to the occasion. As she sat fashioning a child's dress from the coarse blue gingham in her lap, her lips gave response to the cheerfulness of the outside world, in the notes of her favorite hymn.

Miss Cynthia was not a great singer, and the hymn chosen was not a lively one. Her method of rendering it caused it to bear a greater likeness to the forlorn plaint of the whip-poor-will than to a pean of delight, but the fact of her singing at all roused the old woman who crouched in the chimney-corner. Misery ordained for all things mundane was the only interpretation of religion which her nature allowed her to make.

"Cynthy!" she exclaimed in a harsh, fretful treble.

Cynthy dropped her work. The color rushed over her face, as if she had been discovered in some wrong-doing. She was a little stout woman, plain, but with an honest and wholesome face, and there was about her a perfect neatness which made her pleasant to look upon. Her hair, which had been "sandy" in her youth, was now so intermixed with gray as to be of no special color, and served to heighten the expression of anxiety caused by certain drawn lines upon her forehead and drooping ones about her mouth.

"No, no, Cynthia!" grumbled the old lady, as her daughter sprang to do her bidding. "I don't want nothin'—leastways, nothin' I'm likely to git, but what you singin' for? I declare, I call it temptin Providence, singin' an' makin' light when sickness and death is abroad in the land, an' we don't none of us know who'll be took next."

Cynthia's face, which would have been placid had it dared, grew more anxious and more grave as she poked the fire and picked up the knitting which was forever falling from her mother's hands.

"I know mother," she sighed, "It seems as if I was never goin' to learn. I wouldn't be any better'n a weather-cock, if it wa'n't fer you, would I?"

The words were said in the soothing tone one uses to content a child, but there was a look in the woman's gentle face which showed that long reiteration had made them truth to her. When she seated herself again she turned her back upon the temptation of

that glittering world without, trying to bring herself to a suitable mental attitude.

"Ain't you got anythin' to say, Cynthy?" her mother asked fretfully. "Seems as if you never do git any news to tell me now-a-days."

Miss Cynthia knew what was expected of her.

"I guess you're right," she said. "I must be gettin' stupid. I forgot to tell you that Mis' Peters stepped over this mornin', while you was asleep. Bein' sech a nice day kinder put it out of my head, but she said you'd be glad to know that J'siah Snell's just buried his third wife, an' is left with three sets of children to take care of, an' not over an' above fore-handed anyway. Seems as if I needn't have forgotten that, don't it?"

"Well, it does, cert'in," exclaimed Mrs. Newton, brightening visibly. "If ye don't know yet that this world's nothin' but a vale of tears, it ain't for want of my tellin'. I tried to do my dooty by ye. It passes me what makes ye so light-minded. Perhaps it's your trade. I ain't cert'in I hed any business lettin' ye take up with that dress-makin'. It's goin' right ag'inst Scriptur' that sez, 'Take no heed wherewithal ye shall be clothed.'"

The quotation was not accurate in its application, but it was an old spear of Mrs. Newton's. Though the use of it was ungrateful, to say the least, Miss Cynthia bore it with the humility of one who merits worse. She sewed on in silence until the clock struck the hour of their simple meal. She prepared this neatly, even daintily, with that unconscious deftness with which, in spite of her hard training, she lent a certain charm to her colorless surroundings. The fare was of the plainest. Bread and apple sauce and a cup of tea for herself; for her mother, the new-laid egg and the piece of pie.

The old lady ate with evident relish, rebuking her daughter as she did so for a too free use of "sass."

"Your over-fond of creatur' comforts, Cynthy—you be. I've seen it growin' on ye in fear an' tremblin'. When we're livin' jist from day to day, not knowin' what time the clock strikes'll be the last, it ain't becomin' in a perfessor."

The flow of reproach was interrupted by a peal of laughter from a bevy of village girls who entered the room like a flock of bright young birds. For the moment their presence silenced the old lady. They had all brought gowns to be made. One showed a fresh new print, and one somewhat reluctantly brought forth a "cash-a-mire" of serviceable but ugly brown.

But there was one, the fairest of them all, who shyly unfolded from its many wrappings a pattern of shining silk of that shade of softest gray which holds in its loveliness a suggestion of sunset pink.

As Mary Miles handed the gown to Miss Cynthia, a wave of color swept over her face, and that of the old maid took on an unwonted expression of coyness.

"S'pose you ain't in no pertic'lar hurry for this, Mary?" she said, smiling.

"Oh, no, Miss Cynthy," laughed Susie Pole. "She's jist gittin' of it ready in case there's anybody 'round lookin' for a wife 'long 'bout next April."

Mary blushed and smiled until Mrs. Newton spoke from her corner.

"Susie Pole, don't you go for-castin' like that. I call such talk reg'lar temptin' Providence. Wouldn't s'prise me a mite if Mary wasn't merried at all, now."

"Oh, I wasn't for-castin', Mis' Newton," quoth Susie, undaunted by the raven's croak. "It's Mary that's for-castin', I guess—I was jist speaking of maybe."

She cast a roguish glance at her companion; who answered timidly.

"'Tis early, Mis' Newton, I know it; but Aunt Miles sent me the dress from Saxby, an' mother, she said I'd better git it made when Mis' Cynthy wasn't busy."

Mrs. Newton hitched contemptuously in her chair.

"The vanity of this world don't never leave Cynthy much time," she croaked. "As for you, Mary Miles, I guess if you was to know the trials of merried life, you'd hev somethin' a sight better to think on than silks and satins and trickin' out."

Cynthia's face assumed its usual drooping expression again, as her mother spoke, but all the time her hand was passing lightly, almost lovingly, over the shining fabric in her lap. She saw a pained look dim the pleasure in Mary's face, and tried to divert the flood of her mother's prophesy.

"Look at this silk real close, mother," she said. "Ther's some excuse for her, I do

declare. It's rich enough to stan' alone, an' yet it's most fine enough to go through a wedding ring."

Mrs. Newton could not resist the opportunity. She put on her spectacles and held the dress up to the light, feeling its texture with critical fingers. But she was not to be appeased.

"I'm ashamed of ye, Cynthy," she said. "I'm ashamed of ye, at your age, thinkin' so much of what's vanity of vanities, and that ain't sayin' Mis' Obed Miles don't know how to pick out a good bit of stuff. The better 'tis the more ye orter turn from it, an' give thought to this mis'erble world."

The girls were cowed into silence now, and very soon they passed hurriedly out of the room. Miss Cynthia followed them with a sadness which she did not quite understand. In her heart she loved dearly all cheerful things, and could not bear to see them overshadowed.

She stood on the threshold watching the girls as they fled down the long winding bit of road toward the village, and suddenly a long peal of the church bell sounded on the crisp, clear air. She held her breath to listen: "One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight —;" she counted. "One — two — three — why, that must be Hiram Mills," she said; I guess mother's right—in the midst of life we be in death! After all, I don' know's we be so much called upon to rejoice as we be to mourn."

When she re-entered the living room, the old woman had fallen asleep, and the place seemed unusually dreary to Cynthia. She put the gray silk away neatly in a drawer. Her fingers longed to be busy with it, but the dull brown was needed first, and she turned to it, trying to believe that she did so from preference, but she did not like the color, and the fabric was coarse, and not pleasant to her sensitive touch.

"I guess it'll be real serviceable," she sighed. "Susie Pole never s'lected sech a serviceable thing for herself."

And so the day passed on. It was one typical of Cynthia's life. She was used to the monotony, but a square woman does not fit a round hole, even though it be her lot to dwell in one, and Miss Cynthia was very far from fitting her surroundings.

The time came at last when the plainer gowns were done, and conscience permitted her to busy herself with the soft masses of the wedding silk. With a clean white sheet spread upon the floor and a spotless apron on her lap, she sat content, happily setting the tiny stitches and adjusting the simple trimmings with the pride of an artist.

What dreams she dreamed as she worked! No lover had ever wooed Miss Cynthia. There had not been a hint of romance in her work-a-day life; but she was a woman, and her dreams were of love and youth. At last she fitted the dress to the pretty creature who was to wear it. When she covered the soft white neck and arms with the modest bodice, and saw the flower-like face look out above her handiwork, she saw also the possibilities of her own past youth. The making of this dress had brought to her a delight which even her mother's caustic tongue and the care brought by the old woman's failing health were powerless to mar.

Mrs. Newton's health was really failing. Before the wedding dress was done, it was necessary to lay it away. Miss Cynthia did it reluctantly, and placed rose leaves between its folds.

A time followed which was more than usually difficult. Mrs. Newton grew more and more fretful. Had it ever occurred to her daughter to put it into words, she might have said that the very sunlight seemed evil to her mother, for even its sweet comfort was grudged her as she waited patiently on the slightest whim of her captious charge.

A day came, however, when the old lady was laid to rest. Cynthia returned to her home with a very heavy heart. She had loved her mother truly, and she was very lonely. She did not realize that life was not more dark for her than before. She had been so overshadowed by the fretful spirit and stern religious faith of her parent that she dared not hope life would ever show her a brighter side.

For a few days she went about as one dazed. She gathered together her mother's few belongings, and laid them away, reverently, sadly, as if putting from her a living presence. From a sense of duty and fitness to the requirements of the occasion, she turned often to her mother's Bible, opening it dutifully to the marks which pointed out grewsome texts, but never by chance a word of hope or faith in the Fatherhood of God. Now and then some outward influence would

lead her thoughts away from the gloom in which she believed it her duty to bear her loss, but only to return to it self-rebuked.

One night Miss Cynthia was very lonely. It had been a gray day, and toward evening the rain began to beat against the windows and the wind to sough in the pines. There was no pressing work to be done, and she had been too tired and depressed to take up unnecessary tasks. At last, however, unable to bear her solitude any longer, she bethought herself of the unfinished gown. She mounted to the cold chamber where it was laid away and took the rose-scented folds from the drawer. As she did so the perfume brought a vague soft memory of summer-time and youth. She gathered the bundle in her arms and went swiftly down the stairs again, as if she distrusted her own strength of purpose. She lighted another lamp, and seated herself at her work. At first it seemed irksome, but by degrees, as the pretty stuff shimmered and gleamed in her hands, she began to enjoy her labor, and presently it carried her away from the dull room, the eryie noises of the night, into the realm where the fairy prince may come even to those whose fate it is never to meet him in the flesh.

From that day Miss Cynthia began to take a new interest in life. She dreaded the time when she must give up the wedding dress. It had become to her the essence of all things beautiful and bright, for it was the first thing of beauty in which she had ever dared to enjoy an unreserved pleasure.

Yet the daintiest stitches cannot take forever. The day came when Miss Cynthia was forced to relinquish her handiwork and her dreams to one who had a better right to them.

"It's been a power of comp'ny," she said, as she laid it lovingly in its owner's arms. "Seems as if I shan't know how to git 'long without it—but land!—what has an old maid like me got to do with clo's?"

After this, work was again "slack" for Miss Cynthia, and she missed her pretty task as one misses a departed guest whom sympathy had endeared. But the sympathy had done its work. Gradually her natural impulses began to assert themselves, though startled often in their shy growth from the very fact of meeting no reproach. As spring approached, she realized that Mother Nature was calling softly in her tender voice. Day after day she was drawn as by some irresistible force to the companionship that waited for her in the budding fields. Habit was still so strong that she excused herself by frequent visits to her mother's grave, out in the bare and rugged pasture, yet even here spring was coming.

The new short grass was green, and the blue-jays flashed in and out among the bushes. Among the grave-stones the young ferns were poking up their woolly heads, and the buds were large upon the wild apple trees above them. In the distance the sea was very blue, and the sky, bluer still, was flecked with downy little clouds.

It was on one of these almost stolen pleasure trips that Miss Cynthia at last awoke.

"I guess the dress begun it," she said. "And the green things and the blue-jays has finished it. Everythin' seems to be enjoyin' itself, and the Lord Almighty don't seem to have anythin' to say against it. If He don't, I don't know anybody that has a right to, an' I'm goin' to take what pleasure I can git, 'til He thinks I've hed more'n is good for me."

When she reached home that afternoon the place looked gloomier than ever to her. Her first act was to throw open the windows and push back the creaking inside shutters, letting in the evening air and the glow of the setting sun. Then she prepared her evening meal. She spread upon the table her best linen and china, and brought out certain delicacies as if in ratification of her determination. After a time, however, the excitement died away. She grew a little listless in her loneliness.

"I wish Mary Miles' dress was here for comp'ny," she sighed, and then fell into a brown study. A little later she roused herself to delve into secret places for the small amount of ready money she had on hand.

All the next day Miss Cynthia was absent. At nightfall she returned to cast upon her work-table just such material as she had fashioned into Mary's bridal gown.

"Ther's ways and ways," she said, "of bein' happy, and mine ain't all make b'lieve."

Miss Cynthia worked in secret upon this second wedding gown, until one evening it was finished, and in every part as perfect as her simple art could make it. Before the last stitch was set the moonlight flooded the low room with such brilliancy as to outshine the feeble rays of the solitary lamp. The

dress lay across Miss Cynthia's lap, and the moonbeams brought out its silvery sheen and threw its folds into shadow, until it seemed like a fabric of fairy mist.

The little woman's eyes grew very tender as she viewed her masterpiece, her wedding gown. None knew better than she that as such she would never wear it, yet it embodied all the vague hopes of her gray past, and others, less vague, of a happy and unselfish future which many a bride might do well to share.

Then a strong longing came upon her to see herself clad in it. Instinctively she glanced toward her mother's empty corner, then she turned down the light, and almost shamefacedly donned the glistening robe. As she turned to look at herself in the dull little glass she was surprised by the vision she saw there. In the soft light all lines had disappeared from her face; her blue eyes looked full and young again; pleasure parted her lips, and taught them the curves of girlhood. It was long before she realized that it was the wraith of youth and bridehood which was reflected there; even then there was little sadness in the thought.

The neighbors soon began to wonder at the change in Miss Cynthia. She had given her love of cheerfulness full rein, and her home was brightened by every simple means at her command, and their own were brighter for her friendly visits. Now she sang as she worked, and, as surely as the magnet draws the steel, drew to herself the suffering and the joyful too, each to find in her a new-born comradeship.

When Susie Pole was to be married the secret of the gray silk was revealed. For her there was no apparent possibility of silken finery, and Susie was young, pretty and very human. She took her disappointment and her old white gown to Miss Cynthia.

The little dressmaker's face broke into a delighted smile.

"Susie, will you wear my weddin' dress?" she asked, and while the girl stood speechless, there was spread before her the counterpart of the gown which had graced her companion in the spring.

"Why, it's—it's Mary's dress!" she gasped.

"No, it ain't Mary's," exclaimed Miss Cynthy, jubilantly. "It's mine."

"Your's!" the girl hesitated. "Why, I didn't know you was thinkin' of gittin' married!"

"An' it ain't likely I be, Susie, an' that's why I'm a-goin' to let you wear my weddin' gown. That's what I did it for—it's for you an' them like you—an' it's a style that ain't a mite likely to go out."

From that day Miss Cynthia and her gown figured at many a wedding feast, and, though never again did her own gentle face look out above its modest loveliness, it remained to her a symbol of her new life.

And to her unselfish pleasure God has not yet said nay.

A PRAYER

WE give Thee thanks, O Father, for the grace
That Thou hast given,—for the strength to face
The world and fight, yea, even to the end:
We do not ask Thee, Lord, that Thou shouldst send
Upon us all the blessings that we crave—
We do not ask Thee, Lord, that Thou shouldst save
Us from the cup of sorrow; nor that Thou
Shouldst give to us those glittering treasures, now,
Of fame and love and gold—the precious store
That men count wealth and happiness. Before
Ofttimes we knelt in anguish, and to Thee
Prayed for these things—like little children, we,
Begging for harmful sweets: Lord, now we ask
Grace for the day; strength for the given task.

Celia Myrover Robinson.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF KATHARINE

By Harriet Lummis Smith

OUTWARDLY there had been little to distinguish it from the ordinary summer flirtation, but in his heart Dorchester knew a difference. He was aware that moonlight and music in combination had led many a man into difficulties, and that the sylph-like girl in white who clings to your arm as you stroll along the beach after dinner, frequently seems quite another being from the sunburned young creature with an inflamed nose, who sits opposite you at breakfast. Accordingly, Dorchester told himself to "go slow," but at the same time he knew that his friendship with Katharine Elmslie was in a class by itself.

First of all, he was keenly alive to Katharine's unlikeness to the other girls of his acquaintance. This opinion, so original and startling in a lover, was almost justified by the facts in the case. The piquant prettiness of the girl's face, which had at first attracted him, was almost forgotten in the new charms which unfolded as their acquaintance progressed. Katharine could talk nonsense between dances with delightful abandon, but when a man was not in the mood for nonsense, she could meet him on his own ground. Grave or gay, by turns, equally ready for a game of golf, a flirtation, or an economic discussion, she seemed half-a-dozen girls in one; and Dorchester did not know which of the six was the most charming.

Dorchester had a prejudice against seaside engagements. "If she cares enough about me to marry me," he reflected, "she'll wait six weeks. And, if at the end of that time, I feel as I do now, by Jove, I won't wait a day longer." By dint of almost superhuman self-control, he got through their last evening together without committing himself, and in the morning, when he took Katharine to the train, he asked her for her address in the city.

The girl did not answer with her usual frankness, nor did her eyes meet his. "I'm going to be on the wing for a while," she said cautiously. "I'll send you a line when I'm settled again."

"But you'll let me write to you, won't you?" asked Dorchester, dismayed. This was something he had not counted on.

"I shall be too busy to answer any letters," answered Miss Elmslie, with decision. "Wait till you hear from me."

Dorchester felt so ill-used that he took refuge in aggrieved silence, and repented only as he watched the vanishing train which whirled Katharine from his sight. "I should have insisted," he told himself. "I should have refused to submit to anything so preposterous." But the mischief was done, and the only thing left was to wait with what grace he could muster for the promised letter.

Patience is not a masculine virtue. In the months that followed Dorchester experienced every imaginable form of resentment over Katharine's silence. At first he was only pale and abstracted, and jumped nervously at the sound of the postman's ring. Then he reached the cynical stage, and spent his leisure composing stinging epigrams on feminine heartlessness; following that, he plunged into desperate flirtations with half of the girls of his acquaintance, and when the reaction came refused all invitations and abjured society. And so the winter wore away, and the coming of spring found his pygmy passion grown to full stature. As he had strolled with Katharine on the shore, he had not known how much the charm of the moment was due to the moonlight, and how much to the magic of her eyes. Was it the touch of her hand that quickened his pulse, or the sound of distant music and the sighing of the sea? He had doubted then; but he doubted no longer. He told himself bitterly that he was a craven who had lost paradise by his indecision.

He met Claudia Ward at the entrance of the park one afternoon in April, and saun-

tered by her side along the paths bordered by elms, their branches tossing riotously, drunken with new sap. The steaming earth sent up its incense, and the crocuses were in bloom. For the time being, Dorchester lost the realization that life was a failure, and felt it distinctly pleasurable to have a pretty girl at his elbow, sweet and sympathetic and anxious to please.

At a bend in the path they came full upon a trio that almost blocked their way, a nurse-maid engineering a baby cab, with a small child clinging to her hand. As Dorchester fell back, allowing Miss Ward to precede, he glanced carelessly from the plump occupant of the cab to the girl behind it. For an instant all the blood in his body seemed to leap to his brain. There was a roaring in his ears, and his heart plunged. He had just sense enough to snatch off his hat, a greeting to which Katharine responded with a curt little nod, and then she had passed on. He stood like a man in a trance, listening to the crunching of the wheels of the baby-cab on the wet gravel, and Miss Ward looked around, wonderingly, and asked if anything were the matter.

How Dorchester excused himself and got away from the park he never knew. He was in an agony of humiliation, not for himself, but for her. His pride revolted; not that he had fallen in love with a servant, but that she had stooped to such a masquerade. She had made him the dupe of one of those deceptions with which the humorous journals had familiarized him, but his shame and resentment were for her sake, not for his own. In the midst of his torment, Dorchester could have laughed, as he realized that he had passed with the barest greeting the woman for whose summons he had been waiting so long—the woman he had hoped to marry. He told himself bitterly that it was better so. Reproaches were as futile as excuses. Silence was the only thing possible between them forevermore.

From dark to dawn he was in a dozen moods; but by morning his chief desire was to see her again. Since she could not plead her own cause, the heart of her lover defended her. After all, where was the deception? She had only taken her rightful place among her equals. Who of the women he had known had a right to look down on her because of her brains or her breeding? Who of them could hold a candle to her in wit, or tact or charm? Dorchester cursed himself for a cad that he had given her up even in thought. If he had been severe with her, he was merciless with himself.

Dorchester took to haunting the park, till the policemen and peanut venders recognized him as a permanent acquisition, and gave him friendly greetings. He saw nothing more of Katharine, but he met Claudia Ward with a frequency which upset the accepted theory that this is a world of chance. Dorchester did not have much to say to Claudia, but he did not mind hearing her talk, while he kept watch for the other woman, a type of generosity characteristic of his sex.

At last patience was rewarded. Late one afternoon Dorchester looked up to reply to some observation of his companion, and on a parallel path he saw a trim nurse-maid manipulating a baby-cab, and leading a little girl by the hand. Her chin was up, as when they had led the grand march together at the hotel hops, and she moved as lightly as she had floated through the waltz, in his arms. Dorchester's heart leaped up.

"Excuse me. I wish to speak to a friend," he said. Miss Ward, who had followed his eyes and seen his face, answered stiffly, "Don't let me detain you." There was more than resentment in her voice; there was dismay, wounded pride, even appeal, but all this was lost on Dorchester. He was too much a man to think of two women at the same time, and he ran across the grass, his heart full of the thoughts of one. The round-eyed baby screwed its head about to look at him, and the little girl peered up shyly, but Katharine stared straight ahead.

"You didn't write to me," said Dorchester. All at once he felt master of the situation.

"I have been busy. You know I expected to be," returned Katharine demurely.

"I want to see you," continued the young man. "Will you be at home tomorrow evening?"

"I'm not allowed followers." Katharine's voice was forbidding, but a dimple broke the curve of her cheek. Then she added, "And I can't give you my address."

"Then I'm going along with you, and I'll find it for myself," said Dorchester kindly. He laid his hand on the firm little fingers clutching the handle of the baby-cab, and rejoiced to feel that they were trembling.

Dorchester was as good as his word. He accompanied Katharine and her charges home, and at the gate raised his hat, saying "*Au revoir.*" And, though Katharine shook her head and looked at him with sweetly reproachful eyes, he went away undisturbed. But when he presented himself the following evening, the man who opened the door assured him that there was no Miss Elmslie in the house; and Dorchester's explanation brought no more cheering information than that the nurse-maid had given up her place and left that morning; the footman adding affably that she was a capable young person who had given great satisfaction.

"Can't you get me her address?" asked Dorchester, taking a bill from his pocket, and the man departed with an evident intention of earning the money. But after some minutes he returned chagrined. The girl had not left her address. Perhaps he might find out something later. She had been very friendly with the housekeeper, and had promised to write.

The only thing left was to be a man—if he could. Dorchester threw himself into his work feverishly; went out every evening, and hardly slept at all. The consequence was that when he presented himself at his friend's, Mrs. Holland's, ten days later, she exclaimed at sight of him.

"Your mother told me you were working too hard," she said, "but I never dreamed it was as bad as this. Now I'm going to introduce you to a charming girl, who will make you forget business for a time, if I'm not mistaken. You are to take her in to dinner, you know. Miss Elmslie, let me present Mr. Dorchester."

Katharine's greeting was the model of courteous composure, but Dorchester was at the end of his resources. The strain of the winter had told upon him. He looked at her vacantly, and his chin quivered like a child's.

"For God's sake, Katharine," he said, "if there is any explanation; if you have anything to tell me, don't wait."

"Come here," said Katherine. She led the way to the music room, which happened to be unoccupied, and turned upon him a flushed face and eyes that were frankly kind.

"There isn't much to tell. It's simple and silly, and not even original. But the editor of a woman's magazine was awfully kind to me when I was getting my first start as a writer, and I couldn't break my word to him. The winter before I met you, I promised him a series of articles on the working woman; and to write them I had to find out something on the subject. I've been all kinds of things since I saw you—a factory hand, a waitress in a restaurant, a dressmaker's apprentice—Oh, everything you can think of."

She looked at Dorchester timidly, and seemed encouraged by his expression to continue: "People who have read the articles say they're pretty good. They ought to be; they cost enough. But I haven't much confidence in them, myself; for I didn't put my heart into them, as I usually do in my work. I wanted—"

She floundered for a moment, and Dorchester came to her rescue. "What was it that you wanted, dearest?"

"Not much," she answered, with her old sauciness. "Just you."

There was something else that Dorchester wanted. It might not have been much, but there was no question about his wanting it. And he got it, too, just as the voice of Mrs. Holland's butler was heard announcing that dinner was served.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By E. B. H.

"When it was dark!"

IF you had seen her on a certain morning early in September in the middle of Wesley Court, punching her unfortunate victim, whose identity was so hidden beneath the rapidity and violence of the blows that it was hard to recognize in the squirming piece of flesh one whom you had called a "girl," you might have thought that it was a case of mistaken heredity, and that this punching marionette was not really the daughter of "The Man with the Hoe," but was the lineal descendant of "The Man with the Fists!"

Amid the yells of her victim and the growing appreciation of a fast-gathering audience, Anna Buttinsky planted herself, Turk fashion, on the top of Polly Sisonsky, and in a tone eloquent in its effect of subdued scorn veiled with withering sweetness, said, "Oh, Polly Sisonsky! Fade away, Honey! It's Anna Buttinsky that has smashed yer! Fade away, my dear! It's only owing to my great goodness of heart, dear, that yer's not jelly already! Let's see! Yer *are* a good piece of gelatine now, aren't yer? Yer *will* tell the teacher on me, will yer? Take *that*, and *that*, honey!"—but Annie, like many another in their hour of triumph, had forsaken caution. In her intoxication of joy, and in her last punch, she miscalculated and lost her balance!

Polly had been waiting for this moment, and with one supreme effort sprawled to her feet and broke through the crowd, just as the bell near-by sounded a warning that compulsory education is one of the fallacies of this benighted land. It was this, and this alone, that saved Polly.

By the time they reached the school door victor and victim were together, and it speaks well for the restraining influences of our great educational system that both of the children reached their seats alive and in a comparatively good condition to begin their daily labors—for the little affair in Wesley Court was merely daily exercise that apparently was keeping them both in good physical condition.

With hand jerking in the air, but with all connection lost between the operation and permission to speak, Polly rushed to her teacher's desk. "Annie Buttinsky smashed me!" she whimpered—Polly always whimpered. "I *said* I'd tell teacher!" she whimpered again, but triumphantly this time. Have you ever heard a triumphant whimper? It is a wonderful combination in tones to stir up the passions of an enemy, but don't try it yourself unless you are under cover!

Polly *was* under cover! Without even pretending to jerk the air, Annie spoke. "Sneak!" coldly and deliberately she hissed.

Poor Polly was "smashed" again, and back to her seat slunk, defeated, to find her comfort in a wad of chewing gum that, with a wonderfully provident eye for the future, she had stored for just some such "bad hour."

With an air of conscious greatness, "Annie the Smasher" retired behind the pages of her history, to devise new means of punishment for her enemy.

The teacher looked at the two little girls, and her heart sank within her. Polly Sisonsky was not a child to pleasantly hold anyone's attention. Neither was Anna Buttinsky, and yet in the latter was a suggestion of possibilities, almost intangible, that the weaker face of Polly lacked.

There was no doubt that Annie Buttinsky was an ugly-looking child, excepting when interested in something. As there was just one thing in the universe, so far in her career that she had found interesting, and that thing was fighting the world in general, and fighting Polly in particular, it would seem, if the principle of peaceful arbitration once entered her system of philosophy, that ever afterward she would lose all opportunity for looking beautiful.

Short, thick-set, with dingy, coarse black

hair that nature had grown too low upon the forehead, and whom Annie herself had assisted in her mistake; strong but too pronounced features; big white animal teeth, thick lips, large nose, swarthy skin:—this was all Annie, but there was more besides, and that *more* was *eyes*. Usually they were dull and stolid, but when she was fighting you forgot she had any other feature, just by looking at them. You felt all the forces of an imprisoned animal through them, trying to find expression.

I suppose there must have been moments somewhere away back in the child's history when those eyes gave forth a real soul-light, and showed forth tender possibilities, but now it was "When it was dark" with Annie, and her eyes had long ago forgotten that they had a soul-language.

The teacher looked at her, munching an apple in supposed secrecy behind her history, and thought, "An eating, fighting little animal!" Had that little face once been illumined with light from above? Was it possible to ever give back to her "the upward look?"

Annie and Polly lived in neighboring "first floor backs." It was a good thing for Annie, and perhaps not so bad a thing after all for Polly.

Ever since she could remember, Annie's great diversion in life had been to "smash" Polly. A head shorter than Polly, Annie had found in her a cowardly element that to her own temperament was the climax of exasperation.

The days went on, and once in a while the teacher would catch some half-tender, half-wistful look from the "eyes" that made her wonder if Annie Buttinsky was not, after all, gaining a little in moral strength, but this hope was always suddenly dashed by universal complaints:—"Annie whispered on the stairs!" "Please, Annie Buttinsky is in the recess yard, sticking her hatpin into everyone!" and the inevitable whimper from Polly, "Please teacher, Annie says she'll smash me!"

One morning, unmindful of monitors or rules, Annie rushed into the room and up to the desk, "Please, Miss Brown, may I go out on the street and mash her?"

"What! Annie!" said the teacher in despair.

"*Mash* her! Polly Sisonsky! She said you could go to h—, and I said you *shouldn't;* and I'm going to mash her to pieces this time, and I wouldn't do it on the stairs, because I think too much of you; but please may I go out on the street and have it?"

Poor little girl! The teacher realized for the first time there *was* a force strong enough, temporarily at least, to prevent Annie from fighting. Surely that meant a great deal!

The class that day was reading "A Man Without a Country," and Annie seemed much interested. When the story was ended, the teacher tried faithfully to show them all what a beautiful thing it would be to carry out the advice of Nolan, "To forget one had a self and live for others." "In everything," said she enthusiastically, "we should prefer another's pleasure, good and honor to our own. This afternoon, children, I shall want you to write a short composition on this very thought. The school is dismissed."

Annie passed by her teacher with eyes shining. "Light *is* coming!" thought the teacher. "I do believe I have a gift in teaching ethics!"

This delightful self-complacency was rudely broken in upon by a report from the lower floor—"Pauline Sisonsky was whispering!"

"Oh, dear!" thought Miss B., "It may be unfair and small in me, but I am so glad it wasn't Annie! I do just love that child, somehow, because of her possibilities, I guess."

As soon as the children came back at noon, and before Miss B. had a chance to attend to Polly's case, Annie, with eyes still shining and a new light in her whole face, rushed up to the teacher's desk. "Please, Miss B., Polly Sisonsky *didn't* whisper this morning on the stairs! *I* whispered! It was all me!"

"O! You! Annie!" exclaimed Miss B. "Oh! Annie! how *could* you?"

The light was not quite so bright, but her lips were firmly pressed together as she answered quite cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am! *I* whispered! It *wasn't* Polly!"

"Oh! Annie, I am so discouraged! I thought I could trust you. I thought you were gaining strength, but I have done my best, and it is no use! I see no other way out of it. You must go down in the eighth grade!"

"Oh, teacher, please, oh, please don't! You don't mean *that*, do you?"

"Yes, Annie! I am sorry, but I have tried you so many times without success that I feel I *can't* keep you in my class any longer. You may go down in the eighth!"

"O-o-o-o!" sobbed Annie. Who had ever heard Annie Buttinsky sob before? "Oh, Miss B., I didn't whisper! I *didn't* whisper at all! Polly whispered, herself, but you said to 'forget yourself and remember others,' and poor Polly is always getting smashed, and so I thought I could stand being punished better than Polly; and so I just said, 'I *did* it; but I didn't think you would put me down! Oh, dear!—I don't want to live for others, at all, I don't! I don't like it! I don't like it at all! Oh! oh! oh!"

Poor little girl! The way of the philanthropist *is* sometimes hard!—"but the spirit *moved* upon the face of the deep!" The year was advancing, and so was Annie.

Annie Buttinsky never lied excepting when she had been badly taught in ethics.

Polly Sisonsky always lied if she was sure of not being found out.

I suppose the greatest of tyrants has his moments of magnanimity, and so had Annie. What a success she would have been at Eton in the days of fagging!

She had once honestly tried to save Polly from punishment, and had failed through the cruel stupidity of a teacher. She yet would succeed somehow! Polly lied! Polly must stop lying, and she, Annie, would assist her. It was not long before the opportunity she sought presented itself.

She had not given Polly a bite of her apple one afternoon on her way to school, and Polly was an Indian in resentment and treachery.

What was this she was hearing? Yes! it was Polly's whimper at the teacher's desk. "Annie smashed me in the dressing-room this noon!"

"Did you, Annie?" severely asked the teacher, not doubting for a moment the truth of the statement.

Now, strange to say, this was one of the few days of the calendar year in which Annie had restrained herself from her usual pastime. What should she say? If she said "No," it would prove Polly a liar; if she said "Yes," she herself would be one, and a *punished* one, too! She was in a dilemma. Then a bright thought came. "Please, Miss B.—oh, please let me see Polly just for a moment in the ante-room! Oh, please; I *must* see her, and then you may smash me all you want!"

What *could* any teacher do under such conditions? To tell the truth, before that teacher had *decided*, Annie was towing a reluctant Polly into the ante-room. Like all wise people when in doubt, the teacher waited.

Annie deliberately closed the doors, and there was a sound of a scuffle, and then a whimper.

Then the doors were coolly opened, and the two little girls, one whimperingly and the other scornfully, marched slowly back to the teacher's desk.

"I will answer your question now, Miss B. Yes, I smashed Polly this noon in the ante-room, to teach her not to lie! Now you may smash me all you want to!" What could any teacher do with such an invitation?

So the days went by. To a tired teacher, perhaps the main difference between the early days of the term and now, was that occasionally a day did go by in which Polly arrived safely at its termination "*unsmashed.*"

In vain did Miss B. plead and threaten by turns. Annie still had her fights; Annie still was constantly reported for misconduct by the teachers of the building. There was, to be sure, a change in the school-room. Annie was trying to be good to her own teacher, but one afternoon she had been unusually troublesome. Seemingly, from a teacher's point of view, there was nothing too bad for Annie to do. No solar light came from impish eyes that afternoon. "What would happen before four o'clock?" nervously thought the teacher.

Sometimes she *feared* rather than admired Annie's possibilities.

"I believe the child is not one whit better than when she came to my room," she sadly thought for the hundredth time.

The class was very busy reading "The Little Lame Prince." Annie was casting reflections on the wall with a little piece of broken mirror, to the delight of the good little boy at the end of the row.

Suddenly the mirror was put away, and Annie was as busily reading. Was this mere pretense? No, for the remaining ten minutes she read steadily on to herself, of course losing her place with the class; but little did

that relieved teacher reck *such* an offense as worth noticing from Annie.

At last the four o'clock gong struck, and, believing the worst was over for that day, the teacher dismissed the class. But in the ante-room the evil moment could wait no longer, and it was a stern individual who, after an exciting combat, separated two fighting girls.

"Oh, Annie!" she said, as the child sulkily took her seat, "there is nothing more I can do for you! You may sit there for half an hour, and then tell me what *you* think about it yourself!"

Strangely subdued, Annie sat quietly in her seat.

A sense of defeat, a feeling of helpless love for the little girl overflowed the teacher's heart, as, with arm around her, half an hour later, she said, "Annie, tell me, dear, why I haven't helped you more. You know I have wanted to! There is nothing on earth but what I would do, if it would only make you a good girl!"

A look of incredulity spread over Annie's face.

"I mean it, Annie. Is there *anything* I could get you; anything you specially want, that I could buy for you, to help make you better, dear?"

The child's eyes fell; and then a half-daring gleam of light came. "*Yes'm*" she answered abruptly.

"*What*, Annie?"

"Please, ma'am, do you remember what 'The Little Lame Prince' had given him! I had rather have that than anything else in the world!"

Now this teacher wasn't remarkable for her stupidity, but the only thing that occurred to her then as a gift of "The Little Lame Prince" was the *little white kitten*.

"Annie!" she exclaimed, "you shall have one! If there is a little white kitten in the whole city, you dear child, you! If you will only be good, and not 'smash' Polly any more!"

Impulsively she drew the little girl to her, and kissed the little downcast face!

Annie raised her head—or *was* it Annie?—that little sweet face with love-filled eyes and upward look? Had the promise of a white kitten worked these wonders?

Without a word, the little girl took her hat and went to the door. There she turned, and timidly—she had never been timid before—said, "*Please*, I'll never *smash* Polly again, as long as I live; but please I don't want any old white kitten. Oh! Miss B., *don't* you remember what the fairy godmother gave the little prince that we read about this afternoon? You know he'd never been kissed before—and—and—and I hadn't, either!"

The door went to with a bang, and the teacher was inside and the little girl was outside, but both were wearing the "upward look," for where "darkness had been, without form and void," the Eternal Love had said "Let there be Light!"

EVENING

AT morn the distant danger signals flying
Told of a storm to be;
The moon at eve shown through a clearing skying;
The storm had blown to sea.
And so with many ills that dark the morning;
That threaten you and me—
At eve, despite the danger signal's warning,
The ills have blown to sea.

Bliss Putnam.

THAT FOOLISH NIECE OF MY UNCLE'S

By F. D. Barrows

I HAD refused to take any sort of a vacation, and had managed to keep my vow until now, in the last of September; and here I was, perched on the top of a stone wall, feeling almost poetic in my study of earthy, smelling ferns and tall golden-rod.

Uncles are funny things, and mine had said, "Get a sun-bonnet and a camera, and enjoy yourself for a few days. Shoving a pen isn't a bit of fun."

I had the sun-bonnet, an ancient affair belonging to a maiden aunt, and fished a Brownie off of an attic shelf, where it had been reposing since I wore pig-tails. All I needed was a place to stay nights, and that I had found in a Fresh Air Fund camp, cheap as dirt, if I would serve meals to fifty languishing, streets-of-New-York children. Sitting here on the wall, I had time to be glad that I had come.

It seems odd that orchards always have a gurgling brook, a little shadowy dell, and lovely sunsets of great puffy clouds; but they do, and this one near the wall was not an exception. The sunset at this moment was the best that I had ever seen. It was too late for a good picture, so of course I snapped it. Then suddenly my attention was caught by a movement down in the shade by the brook.

I saw a man there,—and fishing at this hour of the day. I had not even dreamed of seeing a man in this region, for the lake village was a rather deserted place. Such luck as he was having! He looked almost savage, sitting motionless for a long time, his line quiet and hanging loose over the water.

Now I did not want to do anything to attract his attention, but I was forced to, for a queer, cold feeling began to run down my spine, and as I looked down I saw something gliding across my shoe.

It was foolish, but I just screamed, and the man of the brook, probably catching a glimpse of my frantic jump from the wall, came running up the hill.

"Do you need any assistance?" he asked, as I stood aside laughing at his polite manner as much as at my actions. He was good to look at, and his eyes were just longing to laugh. I glanced from him to the wall. What should I do next?

"It was a nasty little snake—and I didn't mean to disturb your fishing. He went right in there!" I cried breathlessly, and, having found my voice, I lost it again and advanced upon the wall, jabbing a stick into a crack, viciously. Then I looked up. I examined the orchard, trying to find some way to escape, for I was a fright in the old sun-bonnet and a dress of first century style. I would not go over that wall, so I started to go around it, after thanking and bidding the fisherman good-bye. Half-way down the hill, I heard someone calling me. There he was again, and he was waving something in the air.

"This is yours, isn't it?" and he held out the camera. I certainly felt foolish in taking that tiny article and trying to do it gracefully. We both saw the fun in it, and I don't know how I answered the remark he made.

When I reached my tent, I took out the films, although the last picture I had snapped was only the second in the roll, and, after a rather hasty developing, I found what I wanted —the fisherman. Then it was time to serve the "languishing" some supper.

The next day was glorious. I had the queerest longings for some real home-made sugar cookies, and I knew where I could get some, too,—in a little cottage around the bend in the lake, at an old lady's whom the Fresh Air people called Aunt Phoebe. I had known her before they had, however, for she had come very near marrying my uncle once, and I knew how those brittle cookies tasted. The door of my tent flapped and flapped in the breeze, until I could stand it no longer. It was four o'clock, but I

started. Not a chick nor child was to be seen, and I concluded that they were all bathing in the lake. That reminded me of a canoe down there, which I might use whenever I pleased, but this time I decided to walk.

I climbed over that stone wall rather gingerly, and gave a hasty glance over the field. The same odor of damp fern came to me, the brook sparkled, but the shadowy place was empty. All was quiet and deserted. I did experience a pang of disappointment, though I could not have explained why.

I was soon hurrying up the path to the back door, around which the chickens were swarming, and where two or three cats lay sunning themselves. The door was half-open, so I stepped inside and walked through the house, calling for my Aunt Phoebe. Only a little echo came back at first, and then, "Out here!" came a masculine voice from the porch.

I actually jumped; but I knew that I must be mistaken. Then I looked cautiously, and saw. It was the fisherman, and he was watching the door very intently. When he saw me peering out, he laughed.

"Why, it is the fisherman!" I cried, stepping out and smiling myself.

"Yes, the would-be. Pardon me for not rising, but my foot is slightly disabled." He extended his hand, and I gave him mine.

Then we became friends. The water and the sky smiled near us, and we had to be jolly, for the day itself seemed to take right hold of me, somehow. He told me that A. P. had gone up the shore to watch the bathing, so I found the cookies myself, and brought them out on the porch, box and all, and there we sat, munching and talking.

I found out that he was Aunt Phoebe's nephew, here for just a few weeks of rest. He had fallen over some of the stupid plant boxes which she keeps spread about, and his foot was now resting artistically on a pile of books. It was odd that these few things should take so long to talk over, but I happened to glance in at the clock, and I had just fifteen minutes to get back to the tents and supper. A. P. had not returned, so I piled the box and what remained of the cookies back into the pantry, promising to pay the next time I came. He said he hoped it would be soon. And then, when I was walking home, I remembered that I had worn that disreputable dress and sun-bonnet again, and wondered if he had meant it.

I spent four days trying to master that canoe, and on the fourth day I felt skillful enough to go around the point in it to Aunt Phoebe's, and leave an order of the matron's for bread. Two other motives led me there. One was to pay for the cookies, and the other to "show off" before Aunt Phoebe's nephew.

I produced the desired effect, for he expressed deep awe and admiration for the wonderful way in which I handled the paddle; and then A. P. invited me to eat dinner with them the next day. And, strangely enough, something seemed to bring me to the cottage every day, and one night, when A. P. was gripped in the claws of the gout, I stayed to kill a chicken and peel potatoes for the fisherman's supper.

A week had flown by, and two days besides, but Uncle wrote me to stay another week, and I was perfectly willing to do so.

Then I heard his name—A. P. always called him "Willy," but I fought against this as the right one, and he had taken a wicked delight in keeping his from me, as a punishment for my concealing my own,—of course I mean my first name. I had started to kill a chicken, and he was squawking most horribly. I heard a stir on the porch, as a chair was pushed back, and then a loud, "Confound it, anyway!" He explained afterward that he had wanted to assist at this slaughter, and his foot had refused to allow it. From the couch in the kitchen I heard A. P. cry in horror, "Wilson Roberts! What a temper!"

I went out where he sat. The chicken grasped by the neck in my hand was flapping his wings and uttering a few last croaks. "It's Wilson, is it? That's great," was my brilliant remark.

His face became red, and he almost sulked. I went home and sulked, too. A name—what's a name, anyway? It might be Pat, for all I cared.

The rain just poured down for the longest stretch of time. It seemed weeks, but it was really only a day or two, and the poor children languished more than ever. I tried amusing them until the afternoon of the second day, then, armed with umbrella, I walked out to forget the throng of gaping mouths and uncombed, damp-smelling heads.

I found Mr. Wilson sitting by a lovely open fire in Aunt Phoebe's parlor, and he was reading poetry! At least, he had been, for the book now lay with its covers up across his knee.

"This blooming weather," he began.

"Drives you to this," I finished for him, picking up the book and reading at the place at which it was opened. It was Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." I was foolish enough to say, "I just love poetry."

"All girls do. I suppose because it's about love," he mumbled sarcastically.

I felt my face grow warm and kept my eyes on the book, reading over and over:

> "The mill above the river,
> And the mist above the stream,"

until my own eyes felt misty with angry tears, I replied, "Still feel sulky, don't you? And why do you read poetry?"

A. P. was rattling dishes out in the sink, and was wholly unconscious that the storm had entered the house. He leaned over and took the book from my hands. His fingers barely touched mine in doing so, but as usual, I blushed; and when I glanced up his face looked as if he felt the same way.

"We won't have any more poetry today, if you please. By the way, A. P. condescended today to tell me your name. So I am no longer in the sulks. Let's try something of George Ade's—Ceil."

The rain came in a steady patter against the windows, the fire crackled and Aunt Phoebe's parlor was heavenly. I sat, tailor-fashion, in front of the fire, and gazing steadily into the glowing coals, I listened to the best reading I had ever heard. A. P. brought in her mending, rocked and listened, too; it was so "comfy" and so jolly. Finally the voice stopped, but still I sat looking into the fire; then I saw from the corner of my eye that Wilson seemed to be staring into the same spot. A. P. had gone, where and when I could not have told. It was getting late, so swallowing a sigh, I jumped up and smoothed my hair. He tried to get up, too, but settled down again, scowling.

"Shall I say it?" I laughed a little unsteadily, for I felt ridiculously happy.

Wilson leaned from his chair and reached for my hand as I passed him to go out, but I did just what I didn't want to do, and that was to step back, beyond his chair. I left him there, scowling, but I laughed all the way home. It's a wonder I didn't cry, for I was hysterical with suppressed feeling.

Only five days left! I determined to go to the lake cottage but once more, for the place had a very bad effect on me. I passed the four days wretchedly enough, and wondered if Wilson Roberts was feeling at all lonely. I hoped he was. Every time I walked into my tent I was forced to look at the picture I had snapped in the orchard. It was mounted now, and looked very nice.

One afternoon, as I was admiring it, I heard a quick step outside of the tent, and had just time to whisk it under my bed when the matron walked in and told me that if I would go over to Aunt Phoebe's and get some eggs, she would serve in my place at supper.

Little shivers of joy ran up and down my spine—a peculiar habit of mine. I was almost feverish in my haste to get down to the canoe. It was worse than when I had had useless "crushes" at school, long ago. And so, as I paddled along, I was thinking of Aunt Phoebe's nephew. I hoped that his foot was better now. Perhaps his vacation was over, and only memories of him were left at the lonely little cottage.

I tried to be stern, and think that I had been too friendly. Of course he was jolly and boyish, even if his hair was a wee bit gray, but I did go into things too deeply sometimes.

Perhaps the fact that Uncle would never allow any of the boys to say "boo" to me was the reason for my enjoying the society of this big boy so much. It might be the novelty of the fact—but I felt that this had nothing to do with it. But how foolish to feel at all! I hoped that he had gone.

However, I could not account for the strangely glad and relieved feeling which I found was taking possession of me as I walked up the beach and saw him sitting there in the dusk of early evening.

He rose from the shadows and the sand, a great spot of blackness, which, when it neared me, showed strength, square shoulders and his pleasant, friendly face. He took the pipe from his mouth, and held out his hand.

"I've waited for you every night," he reproached me.

Then, as we stood there, I said, very gently for me, "Your foot is better, then? I am glad."

"And you thought of that, did you?" he laughed, very softly for him. "Yes, that is well. But haven't you been hungry all this time? A. P. made some fine cookies this morning."

I told him not to mention it, for we had been living on fish and hard-tack, and that I was famished. I started up the path to the house. A. P. sat rubbing her glasses and trying to read in the twilight. When I stepped in, she came up to me quickly.

"Why, where have you been, Ceil? We haven't had tea yet; we must have been waiting for you. Come, sit down," she said, as she kissed me.

I was perfectly willing to sit down and eat; and it seemed most natural to sit at the head of the table in Aunt Pheobe's place, and pour the tea for her. And then it was such fun to peer over the top of the lamp, or one side of it, to ask if "his" cup was empty; just as if he were Uncle, my brother—or yes—a husband. I suddenly felt confused at this free thought, and that was the reason I answered, "Yes, old sport," when he asked me for the cream.

A. P. choked in surprise. Wilson Roberts leaned back in his chair and laughed—laughed at my embarrassment, until I managed to laugh, too.

After I had helped A. P. wipe the dishes, and Wilson had put them away clumsily, I packed my eggs, and then said good-bye. Wilson lighted his pipe again, and we walked down the path to the beach. An old row-boat here was just the thing to rest on while we talked.

"May I paddle you back to camp, when you go? I have not been able to do a thing for you since the first day I saw you. This foot—"

"What was that?" I cried, and jumped up, turning at the sudden noise in the sand behind us. A little cry came from the darkness, "Daddie!"

Wilson looked about in surprise, then reproached himself, "The poor kidlet! Why, we ate supper without her, and this is only her second day here!"

I drew back in the darkness and stood rigid. I seemed frozen, speechless, numb; then a little feeling began to grow and grow somewhere within me, until it had become a perfect mountain of anger and hate. He returned in a moment with a squirming bundle, which he seated on the boat. Then he lighted a match and held it in the baby face.

"Won't you come nearer, and become acquainted with my Star?" he asked gently, taking me by the arm and bringing me into the light. I know that my face was white and expressionless as I leaned forward and looked to adore the baby face with the starry eyes. The eyes studied me closely, then, holding out one tiny arm, she said shyly, "Feel my mush." This relieved the strain of the whole situation. With a hard little laugh, almost a sob, I gathered the Star close, and kissed her.

"Good-night," I whispered against her cheek.

Wilson offered to help me, but before he could put Star down and reach the water, I was going. Alone in the boat, I could scarcely move. Were his eyes just a trifle wet when I kissed the child? Ugh! Child! I almost shivered. How could I even think of him? Then, to my disgust, I had to lean my head down on my arms, to hid the tears from the darkness. Suddenly I lifted my head.

"Ceil! Ceil!" came a voice from the shore. Another of my joy-and-fear shivers seized me. "Ceil!" This time it was almost a command.

"Yes! Who is it?" I answered, defiantly, but nevertheless paddling toward shore. Someone stepped to the side of the canoe, quickly, as I beached. It was very dark and still. Then a hand touched mine.

It was only for a moment that we stood thus; for I began to feel angry, and I wondered also just what he was going to say. Then a very calm voice remarked, "Ceil, you are coming tomorrow?"

I longed to say "Yes, yes, of course," but, instead, the words came out in a flat, lifeless way, "No, I shall not come again." I almost choked.

"You won't come?" he persisted, standing close to me in the blackness. "I am going tomorrow—and if I can't get over to that Fresh Air place to see you—you have been crying," he exclaimed, just as if he had been speaking to a one-year-old.

I turned away. "No more than you have," I answered, not caring whether it was so or not.

"Shall I let you go on like this, or shall I think you are merely in the sulks tonight?"

I looked back, and the hot words tumbled out, "You have no right to think anything, either way, about me—so, good-night."

"Then, I will make—" he began again, but I just stopped it, for I knew that I should not hold out much longer.

"I cannot listen to you another minute." Then I pushed off from the beach, leaving him standing alone on the sand. But all the while I was longing to go back over the water to him.

I tried to think on my way back to camp. My anger, disgust and hatred of myself seemed to make me strong, and that canoe fairly shot through the water, its little lantern bobbing up and down unsteadily. All sorts of ideas just seethed through my head. What right had he to talk to me as he had, and that child sitting back there on the boat? Was he a so-called grass widower, or just a common widower, or neither? I laughed chokingly. Why hadn't A. P. told me? And through it all I felt hurt, and a sharp pain came in my throat—after our pleasant companionship. But that was ended.

When I walked into camp my own troubles all had to be banished, for I found a bilious-looking telegram waiting for me, and had to pack for the next train. Uncle was not well, and my vacation must be ended. And I really felt that the summons had come at an opportune moment, because the situation was too involved for me to disentangle, and I could not have trusted my self to stay in the camp of the "languishing" for another day. When I stood all ready to start, I found the picture under the bed, where I had stuffed it earlier in the afternoon. With just a glance at it, half smiling, half tearful, I pushed it into my bag, among my gloves and my money. This would keep it near me.

All through the months of work that followed I was a hopeful creature. Like all inconsistent people, I trusted that the impossible might happen, which I myself was not brave enough to accomplish, and this was that, somehow, somewhere, I should see Wilson Roberts again, and we would be the jolly companions we had been for two short weeks in the autumn. Strangely enough, I refused to think of Star, and believed that what I hoped might be possible.

I was far too busy a person, writing days and keeping house for Uncle nights, to think of anyone much, but it was in the twilights, when I rested for a few moments and sat reading alone, that I dreamed wild things. Perhaps Uncle would be studying a new sonata or giving some lessons in his study across the hall, and the harmony would steal in close to my heart.

One night, as I sat here, I spied my unopened mail lying on the table. Mail usually is dull and uninteresting, and I was never in any hurry to open it, but tonight I made a dive for it, and afterward I was glad I had dived.

My desk was piled high with uncorrected work, and it was growing dark, but still I sat reading that letter over and over. Across the hall Uncle was playing a soft overture to one of his scholars; outside, the rain spattered against the windows, and willingly enough I thought of another rainy afternoon in the autumn.

I felt wildly happy as I sat smiling down on those sheets of paper, for a long time. So many thoughts came rushing over me that I was bewildered. First, there was joy—and then sorrow—then joy again. It was all clear now.

The letter was from A. P., and just full of news of Wilson Roberts. He was off in some outlandish place, building a bridge, and she had news for him. He had left Star behind with her—of course I remembered Star? I shivered at the remembrance! Star had been taken away and was to live with some of her parents' relatives. Of course I knew that she wasn't Wilson's child—simply the child of a dead friend of his. Here I almost fainted! The idea had flashed into Aunt Phoebe's head that perhaps I had thought she belonged to Wilson, and that was why I had expressed such a loathing for him in my letters. He had mentioned that to her, for she had told him some of the things I had said about him in them. Here I cried. And to think I had forbidden her to give him the slightest clue as to where I lived. (Just as if he might have wanted it!) Of course, now he had no time to search out a silly girl, when he had bridges to build. A. P. could not tell when he would be back, but he had promised to visit her some time in the winter. Then I formed wild plans.

I had always taken things in the very worst form. Uncle often said that my face had been the reddest along the block when I caught the measels; that, without doubt, I

had cost him a small fortune in sling-shots and windows. And now I tried to think that I was not having something else in its worst form. Else why such plans? And this only goes to prove that uncles should not prevent nieces from having unlimited numbers of boy friends, for one is apt to be overwhelming.

Then I folded my letter, tucking it away in my dress, and when Uncle came in a few moments later, I had lighted the reading lamp and was pulling the curtains together. He looked at me in amazement, for I was humming a little song. I had been grim for months.

I spoke after he had asked me what was up. I explained that since he had planned a trip to some wonderful musical convention for the coming holidays, that I should spend New Year week in a wee excursion of my own. He asked me no questions, for he has always respected my queer notions, as I have his. So three days later I locked the empty house and started for Aunt Phoebe's, trying to convince myself that all I wished to see was the lake, the sky and A. P.

There was only one daily train at the lake village, and when I stepped off at the tiny station, familiar as I was with the place, I felt lonesome. It was two long miles to Aunt Phoebe's, and if I wished to reach there before dark, I would need to hurry.

I seemed always to be hurrying to Aunt Phoebe's in the dusk. The cold crisp air with its spicy odors of pine and fir made me fairly dance along, and before it was the least bit dark I was chasing the chickens away from her back door. Now I began to feel happy. I had neglected going through the orchard, purposely, for I did not care for any surplus emotions; I had with me all I could take care of.

I walked into the kitchen, but saw no one. Then I stepped into the little room A. P. had used as her parlor. Tea was on a tiny table, set for three. I was disappointed; I had not expected to find visitors at Aunt Phoebe's. I spied pink salmon on shining, curly leaves of lettuce, and realized that I was hungry. The last of the sunset glow shone through the curtains and lighted up the cozy room; a salty log crackled in the fireplace, and an old black tabby lay curled up before it, sleeping. I threw off my coat and hat, and squatted down before the fire, gathering the cat's warm body into my arms. How contented I was.

Nestling the cat's head under my chin, I opened my bag and pulled out a picture. The edges were worn, but the back of the fisherman was just as expressive as ever, and I wanted to feel that I was listening to the rain again and a voice reading George Ade. Then I began to be ashamed. Of course, I had not expected to find Wilson Roberts here, but I had come, hoping; and that was almost as bad. Then I saw the table again, set for three. Might he not be one of the three? I felt a sudden desire to throw on my hat and coat again, and run back to the station. It was not customary for girls to place themselves in the way of the one person they happened to like. I should have stayed at home—but then, I had run away from Wilson, why shouldn't I come back?

Someone behind me suddenly laughed. I forgot everything else at that instant. I knew that the person I most longed and most feared to see, stood there, so I turned and looked right up into his eyes—and looked away again in double quick time!

I could not get up, so Wilson came to me; knelt down and put his arm about my shoulders, holding something under my eyes. It was a picture of myself, sitting on a stone wall, sun-bonnet and all.

"You see I have one, too. I've been admiring myself, though, for the last five minutes."

"Where did you get it?" I asked breathlessly.

"Why, I snapped it long before you saw me, that afternoon. I sat and admired the original of it until I wanted to keep her. And I got you."

"Did you?" I asked saucily, looking up. But I had not expected to find his head so close and his eyes so searching, and I looked down again, almost losing my senses.

"I wish I knew. It is something I have been torturing myself about all the winter. Do you know, I half expected to find you here some time today. If you had not appeared, I was coming after you tonight," and, to my dismay, he took my chin in his hand and made me look up. "I was going to give up bridge-building in the fall, and hunt you up. Do you think because A. P. refused to tell me where your home was, that

I could not have found you, Ceil Warner?" I looked down, and knew that he could have. "That was a mean way you deserted me that night. How was I to know what you meant; and I don't know yet—or what crazy idea you had taken into your little head. Please don't tremble so, Ceil." But his hand trembled, too, under my chin. Then he did not talk any more, but left me alone on the rug, and walked up and down the room, scowling.

I felt as if the spell was about to be broken, and I was longing to hear him speak again. So I did stop trembling, and ran up to him, and took him by the shoulders, trying to shake him a little.

"Now stop being cross right away. I suppose you," I began, then ended hopelessly. I tried again. "You suppose I am thinking of—Star, but I'm not,—I am thinking about you."

It could not have been what I said that made him look at me so steadily, so it must have been the way I said it. My moment's bravery left me, and there I stood not daring to take my hands from his shoulders, for fear I should sit down on the floor in a limp heap; and in a second I could not, for he was holding me so close that I could scarcely breathe, and he just made me tell him how much I loved him before he had even told me that he loved me at all. But he did afterward, and it took so long to do it, that it became dark, and we heard voices on the porch.

"It's A. P. and your uncle!" Wilson whispered, grasping my other hand—for he already had one. So this was Uncle's important convention! But Wilson and I scooted.

CROOKED TOE

By Charles Edward Hewitt

PA!" said Warren Townsend, between snuffling gasps, as he "cleaned up" preparatory for the noonday meal; "thet dratted prize turkey hen we hed shipped from New York stole a nest some'eres in ther bresh. I seen her sneakin' in this forenoon with ther same 'haven't done nothin'' kind o' look Carlo Purp has when he's ben hidin' a bone. I've fixed her, howsomever. The next speckled beauties'll be sot in ther old feed be'l; onless she hists her blame carcass over eight foot o' wire fence."

Thus 'mid tangled brier and odorous pine, a blue-blooded offspring of civilization kicked a way into being, midst ten gasping, moist cousins of the wild; in whose sylvan birthplace he had been unceremoniously placed while yet in an embryo state of egg-hood. It was at the very threshold of his momentous career that the little brown-mottled fellow obtained that which distinguished him henceforth from all his kind, and proved in later life such a menace to his existence. As he rolled out of his clinging shell, the great middle toe of a wildly gyrating right foot became entangled in a loose thread of adhesive shell skin; and during the long struggle for life which ensued (lasting fully five minutes) the imprisoned member was drawn around outward, the skin thread then taking a turn about the right little toe, forming a very effectual bind. When the little turkey was at last free of his shell, the contorted member was still held in its strange position, and ere the skin bandage had worn away, the pliable cartilage had set in a perfect semicircle.

This defect in his lower extremity troubled Crooked Toe not at all. He stole up to unsuspecting flies, crouched at the maternal warnings, and yanked off tender tops of young grass blades with all the abandon of a truly concentrated nature. He could stretch fully half an inch higher than the largest of his mates, consequently obtaining many choice morsels beyond their reach, and waxed plump and large during that critical period of pin-feather growing, which weeded out five of the flock's weaklings. A

fox pounced upon one other who foolishly disobeyed the hen's warning "putt;" so the ever-guarding turkey mother had but five of the original eleven to lead before her proud lord and master at autumn's first mellowing breath.

In the flock which now gathered together about the great breasted tom were some two dozen young of various sizes, on whose full-feathered sides of amber hue the sunlight glinted as burnished copper; on all save one;—whose great blue-black back loomed even now perceptibly above the leading tom's. At once through the initiative foresight of the denizen of the wild, the fierce old leader had scented a future rival in Crooked Toe; therefore, giving the young tom bare space to feed in peace, so that from a plump, well-fed bird the youngster soon became scrawny and ill at ease, never sure of an unharried moment.

One crisp morning in late October the flock had wandered from its accustomed haunts to the rich feeding-ground about old Sheldrake—midst whose whispering, sombre-hued cloak gleams many an oasis of crimson and gold—where wild grape and bittersweet together extend their offerings of orange and purple to the harvest gods,—and while lagging behind, his heart smouldering with a slowly igniting flame of rebellion, Crooked Toe spied a particularly productive mountain vineyard, unnoticed by the others. How eagerly he tossed down great clusters of the luscious fruit; gorged until the distended crop would hold no more, then sank down in the sun's golden warmth to forget all troubles of spirit and flesh in nature's sweet balm of sleep.

It was not many days later that the following conversation took place between Farmer Townsend and his son Warren: "Came acrosst an almighty big turkey track, on ther west side o' Old Sheldrake, this arternoon," the elder man said. "Wished ye could wing him, Warren, whilst ther new snow makes good trackin'."

"I came on a whole bunch o' turkey trails over t'other side o' Mill Brook Way, yesterday forenoon," spoke up Townsend junior; "led by a whopping tom, too. Foot stretched three inches, by thunder."

"Shucks!" returned his father; "warn't a carcumstance to Old Crooked Toe. His steppers'll cover four inches o' gravel; or I'll eat my hat. You watch fer 'em Sonny. Ther old feller fergot to cut his nails, and ther right big toe's growed like a fish hook."

Thus spread the fame of Crooked Toe, who had eluded one evil only to bring unto himself a ten-fold greater. In his favor, however, was the wild creature's indomitable fear of man, combined with the nurtured sagacity of generations of civilization; and many a time the youthful Townsend lay prone for hours behind some huge rotting trunk, guarding a run-way of the bent toed tom, to rise stiff and baffled, all unknowing of a motionless object with unblinking eyes watching from yonder heavily-clad fir.

As spring crept through the valley and mountain, dispersing the ice king's horded drifts into the raging torrents whence they came, each faint blush of arousing day was heralded from Sheldrake's sombre side by the challenges of a mighty gobbler that strutted back and forth in the increasing glow, quivering defiance to the world of wings. Long of limb and great of frame, with drooping wattles that swell from white to purple and purple to crimson with a tingling charge of battle gore; he was indeed a noble foe to look upon.

From far down the dusky mountain, one warm morning in May, came floating to the challenging one the coy "Yonk, yonk" of a love-lorn soft-eyed poult.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!" thundered Crooked Toe, head back drawn and tail fanned, making way with long jerking strides toward this sweet music for which his lonely heart has been yearning long. "Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!" ("I your lord am coming!") he roars, and halts a brief second, for from below ascends the strident battle cry of a wild tom. The glossy barred tail is now flattened, and the great neck stretches out straight as the mighty bird skims over brush and prostrate trunks. There he stands by the young hen's side! that hated persecutor of youth; his amber sides vibrant with fury; the wicked jet eyes shooting forth sparks of potent scorn at this aspirant to the forest throne. Five paces between they pose as graven images, for one brief instant—then together hurtle, the impact of their huge bulks sending many a feathered mother from her brooding sleep in screeching terror. Around and again around they pirouette; spur glancing spur, beak parrying beak; but you, Copper King,

your neck is too short to gain a throttle-hold on this giant son of a generation of giants. Even now your haughty head, marred by many a crimson ooze, is borne resistlessly down. In a wavering circle you totter; silken tassel and shining breast dragging mire and bramble. Yet hold! Fate has saved you to garnish another feast.

"Quick! You gibbering blatherskite! Grab ther hulkin' dark un, whilst I nab ther wild tom," comes audibly from a near-by clump of blueberry, and though the wary poult has long since flown, the panting toms, conscious of naught save blood, struggle on.

Noiselessly, and almost imperceptibly, the the dreaded man and his stalwart son approach the battling ones. Forward suddenly pitches Crooked Toe, as his long legs are lifted clear of the ground. Crack! crack! crack! his mighty pinions beat the tousled tow-head and blocky shoulders.

"Help me, Pap! He's yankin' loose!" young Townsend yells; so, loosing the smaller bird, the farmer, with his son's aid, at last succeeded in securing the huge gobbler.

"Jumin' Sally!" ejaculated Townsend the elder, mopping his beaded brow. "The critter's a sure 'nough devil. Ain't nothin' but a yearlin' tom, neither. But it do beat all, Warren, how a pure blood Mammoth Bronze come to be hikin' around this mountain by hisself."

"By Crimps! Pap!" Warren exclaimed suddenly, bringing a huge palm down on his thigh with a resounding thwack. "Ye know thet prize turkey hen from New York laid her fust egg some'eres in ther bresh, larst seed time? Well! This here's thet egg hatched out, by some tarnation manner."

"Believe yer right, boy," exclaimed the farmer, rubbing his horney hands together. "And, under those circumstances, ther cuss is the best blooded tom in all Vermont; fer we didn't raise airy one larst season, on account o' thet danged fox. We'll trim his off wing, and leave 'im inside ther eight foot wire, along with a couple o' breeders."

Ah, Crooked Toe! They whom you so craftily evaded during the dreary, lonely winter season have slung your mighty weight on their shoulders at the very threshold of glory. "Snip!" and your hope for freedom is in twain. Twice, thrice, and again your bleeding head is crushed against cruel wire. That was truly a noble skyward leap! But a useless wing sends you spinning to earth. Back again to the flesh bleeding fence. Oh, crazed meteor of blood-clotted feather and fury; once the glory of a mountain morn, to sink baffled at last, but not beaten!

"He'll spruce up an' take notice o' ther galls purty quick," the farmer remarked to his son, some days later, as they watched the captive disconsolately standing in a far corner of his enclosure. "He's commencin' to find corn better livin' than acorns, I reckon; and when some o' his cussed wild trainin' wears off, ther hens'll find the've ketched a mighty fine ladies' man."

But the wild "trainin'" failed to wear off. "Yonk! Yonk! Yonk!" the valiant battle-cry has changed to "Yonk! Yonk!" from rosy dawn to night owl's hoot; the wild caged thing cries; now quite alone, as the breeders have been given a more appreciative spouse. To eat, sleep and send that plaintive call echoing toward Sheldrake's pine-clad crest is all that remains for Crooked Toe now; and so the summer, with its accompanying moult, passes, and unreckoned by captors and captive alike the mighty wings are again in their barred perfection.

Being apparently useful for nothing else, Crooked Toe is the bird to be sacrificed for the coming feast day; therefore a continuous flow of dainties pass to the favored one, and he, having retained a mountain appetite with the other wild attributes, gains in weight accordingly.

"I'll be mighty glad when this everlastin' 'Yonk! Yonk!' gets done with, Warren," said the good wife to her protector on the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving, as the two ruminatively eyed the big gobbler. "I've heared nothin' but that infernal squawk since ther pesterin' crittur was fetched."

"Wall," drawled the farmer. "He's ther only tom thet'll turn ther pinters to ther fifty-pound mark this side o' Madison Square Show, I'll bet a cookie," so saying, he strode away to "edge up" the fatal axe.

Is that the yelp of a far-distant, soft-eyed poult which floats to the listening exile on this his day of doom? "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" he rumbles the first challenge during his long desolate confinement. The spell of silence being broken, he strutted back and forth, uttering his deep-toned battle-cry, until the golden sun sank behind Sheldrake's violet screen.

What is that? Surely those guttural notes came from none of the farm toms! Crooked Toe, about to enter his roosting shed, hears the sound and becomes as rigid as stone. Can that be the hated rival of the wild, once so nearly conquered, come to mock him in his helplessness?

Now the enclosure where the big turkey was confined stood some distance from the other out-buildings, at the base of a rocky knoll that jutted about six inches from the top of the enclosing wire, and as the shadows were enveloping all in a dusky cloud, the Copper King, followed by his favorite hen, stepped upon the knoll and peered down at the captive below.

Humiliation's dregs of bitterness in misfortune's cup renders the prisoner again motionless for an instant. But see! With baleful eye he crouches! Forgotten is the useless wing! Up! Up! he comes, beak, claw and beating pinion propelling upward, and the top is reached!

Oh, lost life's chance! The mocking foe has sprung to knock you back, Crooked Toe; and even now the shadows below hold reaching arms and waiting axe. Ah, with lightning side leap, learned in youth's parrying, he evaded the flying amber bolt, and down to the waiting arms fell the Copper King.

"This here bent-toed turkey beats all I ever seen, Pap!" muttered Townsend junior from a cloud of steam, as he plucked the scalded bird suspended from the barn door, by the full moon's silver light. "He was durned hard to git, warn't a mite o' use as a breeder, ain't half ther size he looked to be, and ther triflin' cuss hed jest larnt, at kilin' time, thet he'd growed new wings. I heered a great scufflin' twixt sundown and dark, in ther critter's yard, an' hustlin' in, by ginger! thar ther old feller was, walkin' up ther eight foot wire as though it wa'n't nothin' but a stone wall. Luck was ag'in' 'im thet throw, howsomever, for a fox, or some varmint, skeert 'im back."

"Seems like a hoo-doo business from start to finish," replied the farmer, knocking the ashes from his corn cob pipe. "Mebby it's his blame club foot thet's worked them devil tricks."

"Here, Carlo Purp; chew up ther hoo-doo," said Warren, completing his task; and the "purp" happily "chewed"—but *not* the supposed hoo-doo.

"Never knowed a farm turkey taste so gamey," remarked Cousin Ed Townsend, as he smacked his lips over the juicy brown meat.

"Old Crooked Toe was raised wild, ye know, Ed," said the host, between great mouthfuls.

"Mighty strange," spoke up Ike Townsend of South Fork. "As me and Jimmy druv around Sheldrake this mornin', I ketched sight o' two turkey trails in larst night's sift o' snow. I jumped out tew see which way they p'inted, out o' cureosity, and blamed ef one warn't a four-inch track with ther right big toe booked."

"Take my advice, Ike, and leave thet there trail alone," put in the bustling goodwife: it's ther mark o' ther Old Boy hisself; and ef my teeth warn't sot in his meat this instant, I'd say Old Hooked Claw war a sure 'nough ha'nt."

And while they gorged on the flesh of the Copper King, amid Sheldrake's whispering pines Crooked Toe strutted beside the soft-eyed poult.

HIS INCOMPLETE ROMANCE

By Erschel Records

THEY were sitting on the veranda of the largest hotel at The Pines, in the twilight of a summer evening, enjoying themselves in that lazy, companionable way which is possible when two friends understand each other perfectly.

The evening was unusually quiet, even for this quiet little summer retreat; the stillness broken only by the clamor of childish voices playing somewhere in the distance. Suddenly, the shriek of the incoming passenger train was heard, and, as if by magic, the place was transformed into a hive of activity; for this was one of the events of the day, when old and young felt called upon to go to the rustic station to welcome husbands, brothers, sweethearts and friends who had been away in the neighboring city during the day, looking after business interests.

The increased activity served to rouse the friends from the reverie into which they had fallen.

"Tom," began the younger man, "did you ever have anything remind you of something else, without being able to see any connection between these two things?"

The other regarded him laughingly. "Accept my congratulations on the profound wisdom of that remark." Then, aside, "I'm afraid it's the young moon over there gone to his head; it may be his extreme youth, or again, it might be the atmosphere. In that case, I think I had better seek the shelter of my own room; it might be infectious," and Tom Grayson made as if to rise, and then sank back laughing, into his chair.

"Maybe it's the atmosphere, but I'm inclined to think it was the whistle on the evening passenger; it was precisely the same kind;" and Westbrook gazed dreamily across the intervening valley to the hills, reflecting the subdued rays of the sun's light, as it sank behind a dark cloud which portended a gloomy day on the morrow.

"Here, old man, come out of it," commanded Grayson quizzically. "The expression on your face suggests a trance, or an inspiration. If I didn't consider you immune, I would swear that you were in love."

Westbrook's serious mood was not to be thus lightly dispelled, and seeing this, Grayson adapted himself to his friend's humor.

"Go on, Charlie; it's got to be told, and I'm a good listener;" and he laid his hand with affectionate warmth on Westbrook's shoulder.

This was all the encouragement he needed.

"It happened," he began, "at the time of the G. A. R. Encampment at Chicago, three or four years ago. I passed through there on my way home from the West. All the hotels were full, so I didn't stop over, but took an evening train out for home. I found every coach full to overflowing, many excursionists being on their way home. I passed through one after another, till, finally, at the rear of the train, I found a seat facing the half-seat at the end of the coach, both of them unoccupied. I adjusted myself and my grips, and was revelling in the unexpected luxury of two whole seats; for, being unable to get a bunk in the sleeper, I knew I could be reasonably comfortable, anyway.

"Suddenly my attention was drawn to a young woman who had come the full length of the car, and had paused uncertainly beside the half-seat opposite me. At once, I proffered half the seat I occupied, but instead, she dropped into the half-seat. At her side, evidently her escort, was a man who, because of his striking contrast to his companion, caught my attention at once. He was the best type of villain I have ever seen. Looking again at the young woman, I was struck by her uncommon loveliness and evident distress. The sweet innocence of her face, in contrast to the man, excited my curiosity, and I fell to studying the two from beneath the brim of my hat. He kept talking to her in an oily tone, which was nauseating to me, and apparently a source of distress to her, for she answered only in monosyllables or not at all, while her troubled glance swept here and there, as if seeking a

means of escape. I was the only one near enough to hear what was said, and all at once the true state of affairs flashed upon me.

"He was taking advantage of her defenceless position, judging rightly that she was too timid to expose him and so attract attention to herself. Presently she turned away from him where he stood over her with a proprietary air, and gazed persistently through the window into the darkness, ignoring the questions and remarks which he directed to her. I caught the glimmer of tears in her eyes. At the risk of committing an unpardonable blunder, but unable to endure it any longer, I leaned forward. 'Pardon me,' I said, 'but is that fellow annoying you?'

"She gave me a grateful look. 'I have never seen him before,' she answered.

"The 'fellow' in question glared at me malignantly for a second, then, turning to her with a half-mocking smile and a profound bow, said, 'I see that you have found another friend, so I will ask you to excuse me.'

"I wanted to choke him for his ugly insinuation, but for her sake I had to ignore it. She sank into the seat with a murmured 'thank you' on her lips, and we rode in silence till we were well out of the city. The other passengers were settling themselves to get what comfort they might out of the long night's journey. She, alone, sat bolt upright in the most uncomfortable seat in the coach, while I had a wide, comfortable seat to myself. At length, at the risk of displeasing her, I told her she must exchange seats with me. At first she refused, but I insisted, and she smiled as she said demurely, 'I'll not exchange, but suppose I share your seat with you. I think that would be better.'

"I thought so, too, but hadn't dared to suggest it, with the memory of the other fellow still fresh in my mind. After taking the seat by my side, she sat in stony silence, with her eyes riveted against the window-pane, though I felt, instinctively, I suppose, that she wished to explain some things to me. Finally, she turned abruptly and began in a sweetly hesitating manner to explain how she happened to be traveling alone. I was more impressed with the manner of the telling than what she actually said, but, as I remember, she had intended visiting friends in Chicago, en route from Milwaukee, but had arrived unexpectedly, only to find them out of the city. The hotels were full, and there was nothing to do but continue her journey by night. The stranger had accosted her as she was making her way to the train, and she hurried aboard, only to find that he had followed her. 'I don't know what I should have done without your help,' she added with a shudder.

"'I am treating you as I would want some fellow to treat my own sister, similarly placed,' I responded, right gallantly; and I realized that I had said the right thing, for she gave me a grateful smile, which established us on a friendly footing at once.

"She did very little of the talking, but I told her everything, including my family history, my work, college days, even my hopes and aspirations; everything that any other man is likely to tell when inspired by the sympathy and tact of a lovely woman; for she was beautiful. There was an inexpressible charm to me in the piquant features, the demure expression and the wholesome good cheer revealed in every line of her face.

"The other passengers were dozing in their seats, while we talked on and on, until suddenly I realized how tired she must be. My conscience smote me, and I insisted that she must try to rest. Against her protest that she was not tired, I improvised a pillow from my top-coat, and arranged it comfortably for her. She declared that she meant to remain wide awake, but presently I had the satisfaction of seeing her eyelids droop and quiver, and finally close, as she sank to sleep like a tired child.

"I do not know how long I sat there, studying her face, but I know that every line was graven indelibly in my mind. I fell into a reverie, dreaming of the days to come; and I knew not how it was, but always her face was before me, sometimes as if to mock, and again filled with the ineffable tenderness of which it was capable. It seemed impossible that in a short time our lives, thus brought together by accident, were to be severed ruthlessly.

"Her head slipped gradually from the rude pillow I had made for her, until it rested lightly against my shoulder. I scarcely dared to breathe, for fear of waking her and dispelling my own illusion. I had the sensation that, somehow, the unvarying rumble and roar of the train must go on and on till we two were ushered at last into eternity together.

"I was rudely brought back to the things of earth, however. A series of nasal disturbances from a sleeping passenger two seats away from us culminated in a loud snort which roused his fellow passengers as well as himself. My little friend raised her head and smiled at me, without seeming to realize her attitude. She was greatly rested she declared, and was in the best of spirits. I, on the other hand, was unaccountably depressed. To be roused from such a reverie was, in itself, bad enough; and on consulting my watch I found that we were but a short distance out from the city which meant the parting of the ways for us. She would board her train and go her way, while I should linger in her memory, if at all, merely as a nameless stranger who had shown her a kindness which she appreciated, but that would be all. If I had not known her so well in those few hours, I might have been guilty of trying to learn her name and home. As it was, I knew that no power on earth could induce her to disclose a single clew to her identity. 'Fate may be kind,' she faltered, 'and we may meet again. If not, I couldn't endure the thought that our meeting had been just an ordinary chance flirtation; even at the best, you must admit it is a little irregular.'

"'But perfectly justifiable,' I protested. I still had a little regard for the conventional things of life.

"I respected her all the more for her attitude; and yet I felt that I would give the little all I possessed in the world if I but knew her name. I would take chances on searching city directories, till I found her; for she had not even told me her destination.

"I had told her something of my work as an illustrator, and all at once the forlorn hope came to me that if—if, for any reason, she should change her present attitude, I might easily be found. I sketched a bit of scenery I had described to her earlier in the evening; then I made a rough sketch of the fellow who had annoyed her, and on each I placed my initials conspicuously. Last of all, I quoted a love sonnet of mine which had appeared in a recent issue of a magazine.

"'I never use a *nom de plume*,' I told her with my lips, while my heart said to her, 'If you wish to know my name, you will find it attached to that poem.'

"I helped her aboard her train at four o'clock that morning. She extended her hand with a frank winning smile as she bade me good-bye. I turned and rushed headlong for the door, not daring to trust myself further; boarded my train and finished my journey, my mind in a perfect chaos and an aching sense of depression in my heart. For days I found myself recalling her face, her gestures, even the tones of her voice; and since, to this day, though I consider myself a rational being, in every crowd I find myself looking for one face and listening for the sound of one voice; so, until I find her, my one romance will remain incomplete." He paused with a far-away, wistful look.

"Grayson," he resumed, "if I could only find her!"

During his impassioned recital Grayson's face was an interesting study. At its close he rose abruptly.

"Come to my room with me," he said, as he led the way. He took from the table a late magazine, which he opened and handed to Westbrook. "I read that little story, and am struck with the similarity between it and the one you have just told me," he said.

Westbrook took the magazine and read a few lines listlessly. Suddenly he gave an exclamation, and then read on breathlessly to the close.

"What do you make of it?" he demanded, as he laid the book down. "That is my story. I could swear to it. Even the illustrations are mine."

"I hardly know," Grayson answered. "The author, Catherine Allen, is an old and very dear friend of mine, who has been doing some splendid literary work of late." He considered it unnecessary to state just the degree of warmth that friendship had attained. The memory of it was still too sacred to share, even with his dearest friend.

"Where does she live?" was Westbrook's next question.

He waited only long enough for a reply, and then hurried to his room with one fixed purpose in mind: he was going South; to her home! The thought thrilled him that she might have written this, thinking it would reach him. Then he remembered that she was not a woman who was likely to do such a thing.

Fifteen minutes later, when he opened the door rather sheepishly, in response to Gray-

son's imperative knock, he was pushed unceremoniously into the room and informed in an awe-stricken voice that Miss Allen had arrived at The Pines.

"Jove! It's an uncanny piece of business. Do you know, she came on the very train that set your romantic soul to reviewing the past. She is not a spirit, either; but a very much alive young woman, who, by the way, always impressed me as being abundantly able to take care of herself. I warn you, in the face of your supposed prior claims, that our friendship is going to be put to the test; and here's success to the winner!" Grayson had Westbrook's hand in his, and was wringing it with unwonted fervor.

Westbrook regarded his friend with speechless amazement.

"There's some mistake," at last he declared. "Things might happen so in a novel, if it were cheap enough; but not in real life."

"Very well; have your own way; but I was good-natured enough to tell her that I had a friend here, and she is waiting below even now, to meet him. Of course, if you prefer to remain here moping—"

Westbrook was impatiently making toward the door, unmindful of his friend's bantering. Together, they descended the stairs and entered the parlors.

"Prepare for the shock," whispered Grayson, nerving himself for the trying ordeal.

The introduction over, Westbrook could never recall what he said to her in the bitterness of his disappointment; for the beautiful young woman who rose to meet him was an utter stranger. The thought of the story he had just read kept surging uppermost in his mind, and presently he found himself referring to it.

"Do you know," she confided, with an odd little laugh, "that was based on an actual experience of my sister a few years ago. She told me only recently, and I wove it into the story without her knowledge, never dreaming she would mind. Oh, but there was a scene when it appeared, and she recognized it as her own. She felt that if it should by any chance fall into the hands of that young man, he might regard it as an unmaidenly appeal to him."

The effect of her explanation on both men may be imagined. Westbrook wanted to shout aloud for joy. He wanted to demand of her the whereabouts of that sister. All the impatience and longing of the past were concentrated in that moment. Grayson felt the self-imposed burden of friendly obligation lift from his shoulders.

"Ah, she is coming down, at last." This commonplace remark by Miss Allen brought them both back to the realities.

"I believe I hadn't told you," she said, innocently, "my sister is with me."

POESY

AH, Poesy must please; a goddess she!
With shining eyes and gracious mein, she moves
In radiance among all things that she loves;
Unlocking charmful secrets with her key,
Her magic key of song, she keeps in fee
For all her loyal votaries. She finds
Sweet music's chords, and on her way she winds
Soft melodies that float o'er land and sea;
Dear dulcet strains that tremble on the breeze;
Kind lullabys that rustle in the trees;
Brave anthems that o'er mountain summits go;
For pensive groves, andantes, marching slow,
And wild-blown fugues that all the forests thrill:
Such art hath Poesy at her sweet will.

M. D. Tolman.

AT A NATION'S SHRINE

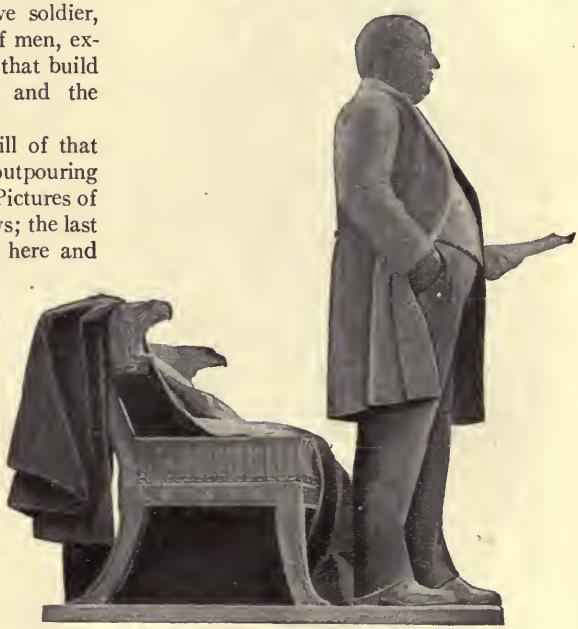
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

A MEMORABLE chapter of national history was closed at Canton, Ohio, on September 30, 1907, when the beautiful mausoleum was dedicated to the memory of William McKinley. Vivid memories and uplifting emotions were aroused as the throngs of visitors came from all directions to pay a tribute to "the good citizen, brave soldier, wise executive, helper and leader of men, exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the state, society, and the home."

There was something in the chill of that September day that recalled the outpouring of a nation's grief six years ago. Pictures of the beloved face hung in the windows; the last words of the Great Heart flashed here and there—like a message of comfort. As if in towering triumph, signalizing the victory over the grave, stood on an eminence seen on every side far and near, the white mausoleum, a stately suggestion of the glories of Grecian grandeur,—the monument erected by millions of his countrymen. Situated on a height where he loved to sit in autumn days, looking over the scenes of his early manhood, and on to the far-distant hills, the scenes of his childhood and his birthplace—William McKinley lies at rest. Every visitor had made this pilgrimage a personal privilege to pay a tribute of affectionate respect to his memory.

* * *

Dark clouds threatened rain in the early morning, when that stirring scene of school children greeting President Roosevelt as he passed, presented a vivid expression of the patriotism of youth. In years past the city of Canton left nothing undone to honor the memory of her distinguished and beloved citizen; but now the citizens surpassed previous efforts. The parade had a mingled touch of civic as well as military strength; the sturdy army regulars, the white plumes of the Knights Templar and other similar organizations and the militia under Senator Dick made an imposing pageant; the bands mingled the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" with the triumphant paeans of victory. At mid-day the clouds parted, and the sun burst forth in regal splendor. Thousands of people stood in groups on greensward mounds and among the trees surrounding the mausoleum. It seemed like a great army, marshalled in hosts on the hilltops, to fling out the pennants of "Peace."



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STATUE AT McKINLEY MONUMENT HILL

UNVEILED BY A SISTER OF THE PRESIDENT, MISS HELEN McKINLEY

Before the mausoleum stood the veiled statue; on the first terrace of steps the speakers' stand was erected, and directly in front was an amphitheater partitioned off in white and festooned with laurel streamers.

Into the front row of the amphitheater marched the old comrades of Major McKinley, survivors of the Twenty-Third Ohio, carrying the torn and faded battle flags of '61. Upon the speakers' stand were many men of national prominence, who treasured the friendship and memory of William McKinley as a personal heritage. In the faces of the throng it was curious to note the cloud of sorrowful remembrance and saddened reverie, dispersed by the joy of paying a

MISS HELEN MC KINLEY

fitting tribute to an honored memory, as they looked upon that splendid expression of a nation's gratitude.

The eloquent invocation by Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of President McKinley, was full of heart and feeling of the great occasion.

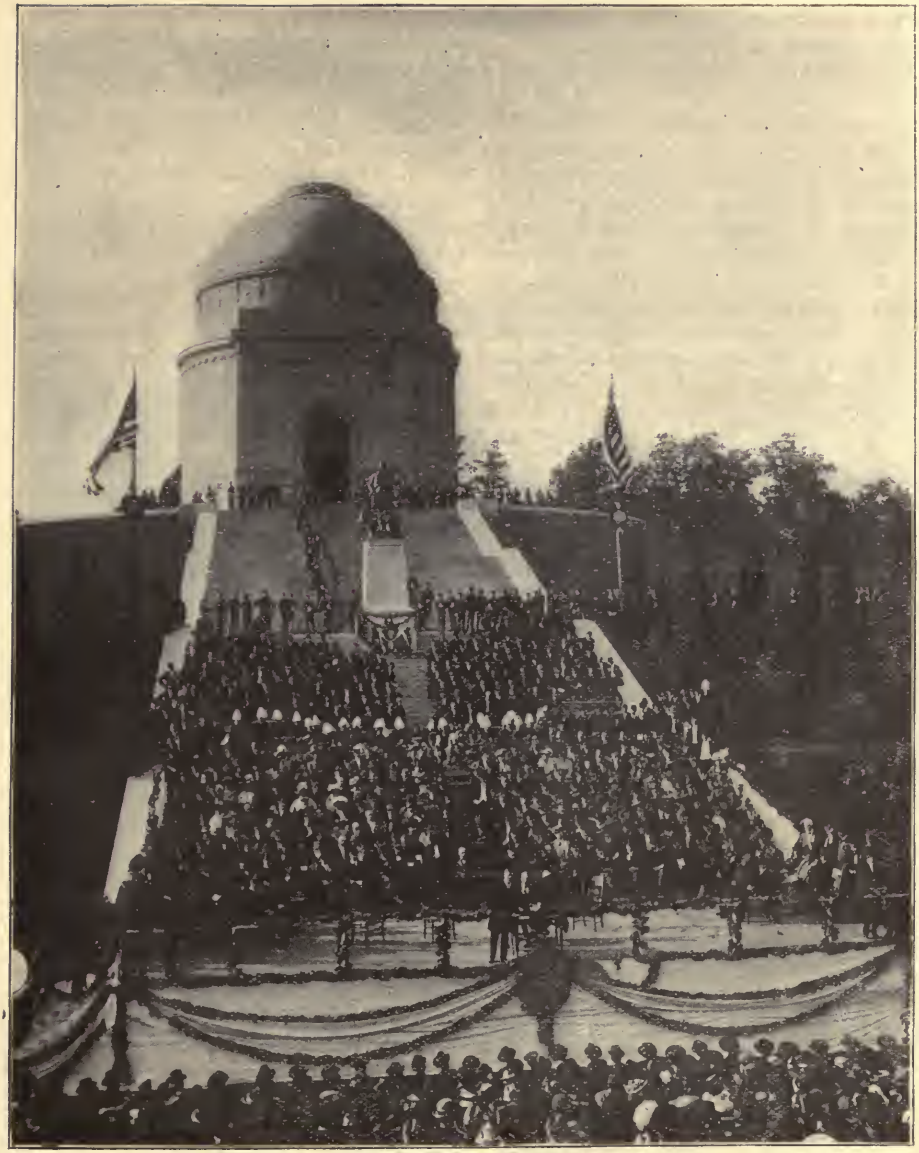
The refrain of "The Star Spangled Banner," led by the G. A. R. band of Canton and the Canton Singers' Club, seated on the steps above, was one of the songs that sing themselves, the echoes floating majestically across the hills. Never did the beauty of the national anthem stand out more clearly. The melody was caught up by the throngs, and echoed and re-echoed from the hilltops as it soared away into the boundless space beyond.

With that same gentle modesty which has always characterized him, Justice Day told the story of "The Building of the Memorial" in a manner that illuminates pages of American history, and which is here given:—

"The McKinley National Memorial Association today presents its completed work to the nation and people whose generosity has enabled it to be built.

For six years the work of duty and devotion crowned by the ceremony of this day has been carried forward. On the day when the vast concourse of people who attended the funeral of the martyred president paid their tribute of affection and regret, a few friends remained to consider the manner of providing the final resting place and a suitable memorial to the lamented dead. Other places had been suggested, only one was seriously thought of. It was the known wish of William McKinley that when he should receive the final summons which comes to all, his body should rest among kindred and friends and with the loved ones of his blood who had gone before. It was the undivided opinion of those assembled that at some spot near his old home, near his kindred and among those loved ones, the place of sepulchre should be located.

To make this purpose effectual no better means were suggested than the formation of a permanent society under the laws of Ohio, having for its objects the construction and maintenance of such a tomb and memorial. An executive committee had been appointed to have charge of the funeral ceremonies at Canton, and this committee, consisting of Mayor James H. Robertson, William A. Lynch, John C. Welty, F. E. Case, Henry W. Harter and William R. Day, on the twenty-sixth day of September, 1901, by the filing of the proper certificate, effected an organization under the name of The McKinley National Memorial Association. It was resolved that the first board of trustees should be named by President Roosevelt upon the suggestion of Mrs. McKinley. The President thereupon named: Marcus A. Hanna, Myron T. Herrick, William R. Day, William A. Lynch, of Ohio; Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, David R. Francis of Missouri, Alexander H. Revell of Illinois, Franklin Murphy



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DELIVERING HIS NOTABLE ADDRESS IN FRONT OF THE McKINLEY MONUMENT

of New Jersey, Henry M. Duffield of Michigan, George B. Cortelyou, Cornelius N. Bliss, John G. Milburn, E. W. Bloomingdale, of New York; Ell Torrence of Minnesota, Robert J. Lowry of Georgia, Eli S. Hammond of Tennessee, Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, William McConway, Thomas Dolan, of Pennsylvania; W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, and Henry T. Scott of California.

To these was added the name of James A. Gary of Maryland. On the tenth day of October, 1901, the oath of office was administered and the following officers chosen: President, William R. Day; vice president,

Marcus A. Hanna; treasurer, Myron T. Herrick; secretary, Ryerson Ritchie.

An appeal to the public was prepared and issued the same day. The object of the society was stated, and the hope was expressed that the memorial would be the sincere expression of all the people of the country of their love for William McKinley and their admiration of the qualities expressed so eminently in his life and deeds. It was declared that the offerings of the people should be voluntary with an opportunity for all to contribute. The co-operation of the governors and officers of the states and municipalities of the United States and of all religious, educational, civic and other organizations was invited. The press of the country was asked to lend its aid in collecting subscriptions. In conclusion, the appeal expressed the confident hope that the response of the people would be so liberal that a memorial might be erected that would fittingly commemorate the honored president.

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THE McKINLEY HOME AT CANTON

* * *

As the trustees lived in distant states, on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1901, an executive committee was named which could be readily assembled for the transaction of business. On the sixth day of November, 1901, the committee met in Cleveland, and the secretary was authorized to open offices in that city for the transaction of the association's business. In accordance with the regulations of the association, the principal business office was established in Canton, and a local secretary placed in charge thereof. It was informally decided that the sum of $600,000 would be necessary to erect a suitable memorial and properly endow it with a fund for its care. This sum was apportioned among the states in a manner which seemed just and equitable. It was determined that the governor of each state or some well-known person within its borders should be asked to effect a separate state organization, auxiliary to the national society and reporting it from time to time. In many states such organizations were effected with excellent results. Many thousands of letters were sent to people throughout the Union, asking for their influence and co-operation in raising the necessary funds. A large amount of printed matter was furnished to the press of the country, and generously published. The Grand Army of the Republic, benevolent, ecclesiastical and labor organizations were asked to take up the work within their own bodies, and they responded most nobly to the call. At a meeting of the trustees, a little more than three weeks after the first call was issued, contributions were reported by the treasurer from thirty-four of the different states. Governor George K. Nash of Ohio, as chairman of the Ohio auxiliary board, issued a proclamation asking that the coming January 29, the anniversary of the president's birth, be observed with appropriate exercises by the school children, in whose welfare the president ever took the warmest interest, and that every child in school be given an opportunity to contribute to the memorial fund. Governor Nash's proclamation was communicated to the governor of each state in the Union, requesting similar action. This course had much to do with making McKinley's birthday a general holiday in the country, and the resulting contributions of the children made plain that the confidence of the association in their patriotism and love of a good man's memory had not been misplaced. A souvenir certificate was prepared, and, with the approval of Postmaster General Payne, a request was made to each postmaster in the country for its distribution.

On March 15, 1902, Secretary Ritchie

asked to be relieved from the care of the active charge of the association's affairs, since which date the offices of the society have been in charge of Assistant Secretary Frederic S. Hartzell, with offices maintained for the transaction of business at Canton.

Canton having been chosen as the place, the society was early confronted with the question of the exact location of the memorial. The place from which it now rises was part of the property of the Canton Cemetery Association. From this eminence, with friends, President McKinley had often looked upon the sweep of the surrounding city and country and remarked its eligibility as a site for a monument to the deceased soldiers and sailors of Stark County. A visit to this hill was made by the board of trustees, and the problem solved itself. It was at once decided to acquire this spot so adapted by nature to the purpose intended, and overlooking the city and home of William McKinley. From the cemetery association and the adjoining property owners a tract of twenty-six acres was acquired, which is now the property of the National Memorial Association.

* * *

At the meeting of the trustees, on June 22, 1903, a report of the treasurer showing that $500,000 had been subscribed to the memorial fund, it was determined that designs for the memorial should be invited, to be submitted to the board for such action as it might thereafter determine upon. While the sum subscribed was thought ample to erect the memorial, it was recommended that an additional fund of $100,000 would be necessary for the permanent endowment of the monument with a view to its future care and repair.

To the request for the submission of designs for the memorial, such prompt and general response was made that on November 19, 1903, more than sixty were submitted to the board of trustees. The trustees, realizing the importance and lasting character of the work, and that none of their

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MAJOR TUMBULL AND GOVERNOR HARRIS REVIEWING THE PARADE OF THE SONS OF VETERANS AT CANTON

number were expert in sculpture and architecture, and that only the best results could be had by inviting the co-operation of the foremost skilled talent of the country, requested the co-operation of Mr. Robert S. Peabody of Boston and Mr. Walter Cook of

BISHOP HORSTMAN, D. D., OF CLEVELAND

New York, architects, and Mr. Daniel Chester French of New York, sculptor. These gentlemen visited the site of the monument and gave their help and efficient co-operation until the design was selected. Examining the plans already submitted, they determined that it was best to invite six of the leading architects of the country, in addition to four who had already submitted designs deemed worthy of consideration, to enter upon the preparation of plans for which compensation should be given, to be submitted not later than January 1, 1904; and that from these the jury of experts with the approval of a committee from the board of trustees, without knowledge of the originators, should make selection upon the merits of the plans submitted as they appeared to the board and committee. On November 22, 1904, the trustees met in New York and received the report of the committee conveying the information that, after viewing and considering the ten designs submitted, that prepared and submitted by Mr. Harold Van Buren Magonigle of New York had been selected. With slight modifications which have occurred to the architect from time to time, the completed design is now before you. The bronze statue and lunette are the work of Mr. Charles Henry Niehaus of New York, sculptor. The statue is made from the photograph by Miss Frances B. Johnston of Washington, representing President McKinley in the attitude of delivering at Buffalo that message of peace on earth, good-will toward men, which Fate had decreed should be his last public utterance. The lunette above the bronze entrance doors represents the victories of peace.

Contracts were made May 31, 1905, with the Harrison Granite Company of New York, for the erection of the mausoleum and the construction of the approaches, the work to be completed on or before September 1, 1907. Upon the same day, a contract was made with the Gorham Manufacturing Company of New York for the construction of the bronze work on dome, doors, cornices and interior. The mausoleum was constructed under a sub-contract by Geo. W. Maltby & Sons of Buffalo, New York. The landscape effects and parking of the grounds are the work of Wadley & Smyth of New York.

To the architect whose brain conceived the simple strength and beauty of the tomb and the grace and fitness of its approaches, and to all others who have contributed by head or hand to make his conception a reality the association tenders its sincere congratulations and hearty thanks.

The work of construction was begun on June 6, 1905, and had been so far carried forward that the corner-stone was laid on

November 16, 1905, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, with brief and appropriate ceremonies.

* * *

For the construction and endowment of the monument the sum of $578,000 has been raised. These subscriptions have come from every part of the national Union, from all the states and territories and outlying lands beyond the sea. Every civilized country in the world is represented in these contributions. On the reverse of the pedestal is inscribed the simple fact, more eloquent than words can be, that more than a million people thus testified their devotion to the memory and their appreciation of the life and character of the president who has been well called The Beloved of the People.

During the progress of the work the trustees have found it necessary to hold twenty-three meetings, seven of these in Cleveland, four in Washington, four in New York and eight in Canton. A large and extended correspondence has been carried on through the offices of the secretary and assistant secretary, who have given to the society most faithful and intelligent service. A detailed report from the treasurer, Honorable Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland, will be published in the book which will contain the record of this day's proceedings and embody in permanent form a history of the association. It is fitting upon this occasion that note should be taken of the fact that Governor Herrick has so managed the finances of the association that all its operating expenses have been paid from the income and earnings of its funds, leaving the handsome sum of $37,000 accumulated from the earnings over and above the entire expenses of the association in soliciting, collecting and disbursing the fund which has built the memorial.

The mausoleum as you behold it today is constructed of Milford pink granite and the stairways are of the same solid material. The interior lining of the mausoleum is of Knoxville marble, and the sarcophagi of Windsor green granite with a base of Berlin black granite. The inscription below the cornice in the interior, "Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of Peace not those of War," is from the last public utterance of the president at Buffalo.

Of the original board of trustees, four have died during the progress of the work: Senator Marcus A. Hanna, Postmaster General Henry C. Payne, Judge Eli S. Hammond and William A. Lynch. All were closely identified with the work of the association, and were most important factors in originating and carrying it forward. It is with profound regret that we note their absence on this occasion, and with deep sorrow mourn the loss to their friends and country entailed in the death of such men. The vacancies thus created in our ranks, except the one caused by the death of Senator Hanna, whom it was voted there should be no attempt to replace, were filled by the appointment of

Photo by Bells, Washington, D. C.

REV. FRANK M. BRISTOL, D. D., PASTOR METROPOLITAN M. E. CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Charles G. Dawes of Illinois, Horace H. Lurton of Tennessee and Henry W. Harter of Ohio. With the exception of the secretary while in charge and the assistant secretary, there have been no paid officials of the association, and no expense incurred by the trustees in the discharge of their duties has been paid from the funds.

Perhaps no public man in our history has more attracted the attention of the people by the simplicity and beauty of his home life than did William McKinley. The devoted affection for the invalid wife, repaid by her with a love which never altered, made of the Canton home a picture which all the world salutes as the perfection of domestic peace and conjugal affection, and which is forever consecrated in the memory of all who were permitted to behold it.

Photo copyright 1907, *M. S. Courtney, Canton O.*
THE McKINLEY MONUMENT

It is fitting that beside the man whose first thought and purpose were ever for her, the beloved wife should be laid to rest. In the wall of the mausoleum niches have been provided for the two infant children early called from earth. Thousands of loving hands have joined to bring the little family together in this beautiful temple.

* * *

In dedicating this memorial, from this day forth, to the high purposes for which it is intended, the trustees of the Memorial Association cannot refrain from expressing the hope that it may serve to commemorate the life and deeds of the illustrious dead, may teach coming generations the lesson of a noble and generous life, and impress upon the youth who shall look upon it in all the coming years that true success is only to be built upon exalted character, and that the highest public honors and universal popular esteem are not inconsistent with a life devoted to the faithful and cheerful discharge of the simple duties of each day which make up the life of a good man and a patriotic citizen.

* * *

Justice Day, the "old friend from across the way," chairman of the McKinley Memorial Association, introduced Governor Harris of Ohio, Major McKinley's comrade during the Civil War, as president of the day. A stirring, homely, affectionate tribute he paid to his boyhood companion in the field. He called attention to the fact that since Abraham Lincoln's time, New York and Ohio had furnished all the presidents of the United States, and that out of nine, five were from Ohio. With this he gave greeting to President Roosevelt, as a representative of the Empire State.

In the front row of the President's stand was a lady in black with a bouquet of pink carnations; the sweet, gentle face, the violet-blue eyes recalled the features and expression of William McKinley. She was greeted by President Roosevelt, and then standing with the bouquet, tied with white ribbon, in one hand, with the other she drew the chord that gently unfurled the flags veiling the statue; they swept upward and swung aloft majestically to the breezes from the flag staffs on either side prepared to receive them, revealing the statue in its stately beauty. The bronze figure was radiant in the rich

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COLONEL JAMES, VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, SECRETARY LOEB, AT CANTON

gleams of the afternoon sunlight. There was an impressive hush as the people stood with bared heads and gazed upon the lineaments of William McKinley reproduced in bronze. President Roosevelt, standing beside Vice President Fairbanks, exclaimed, "Impressive —nothing could be more impressive."

At the ceremony of unveiling and dedication exercises, even in the face and bearing of that sorrow expressed in the ancient "Vale eternum," but rather of triumph for one who "wore the white flower of a blameless life," and now had passed on to join the "host celestial."

It was exalting to hear the tribute of that loving sister! She did not think of him as having dwelt in the realms of greatness, but rather as her own—her beloved brother. Her eyes flashed as she caught the thrill that passed over the vast throng.

"It is beautiful! beautiful!" she breathed; "and we were all so proud of William! The pose of the statue recalls to my mind how he used to stand as a little boy, when making his speeches at school."

The cheers of the people stirred the very souls of those who heard them. It was like

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

some great ovation to a conqueror; the artistic beauty of the monument with its setting of graceful trees, as pillars in "God's own temple," seemed as though the great throng had met there in a spirit of worship, to give thanks for a signal victory; indeed many a heart that day did return grateful thanks to the Creator for his gift of such a man as William McKinley.

The poet laureate of the home folk, James Whitcomb Riley, was on the platform, and doffed his overcoat. His voice and hands trembled as he read the verses which so fitly commemorated the great man whose memory was honored that day.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

He said: "It is God's way;
  His will, not ours, be done."—
And o'er our land a shadow lay
  That darkened all the sun;
The voice of jubilee
  That gladdened all the air
Fell sudden to a quavering key
  Of suppliance and prayer.

He was our chief—our guide—
  Sprung of our common Earth,
From youth's long struggle proved and tried
  To manhood's highest worth;
Through toil, he knew all needs
  Of all his toiling kind,—
The favored striver who succeeds,—
  The one who falls behind.

The boy's young faith he still
  Retained through years mature—
The faith to labor, hand and will,
  Nor doubt the harvest sure,—
The harvest of man's love—
  A nation's joy that swells
To heights of Song, or deep whereof
  But sacred silence tells.

To him his Country seemed
  Even as a mother, where
He rested—slept; and once he dreamed—
  As on her bosom there—
And thrilled to hear, within
  That dream of her, the call
Of bugles and the clang and din
  Of war. . . . And o'er it all

His rapt eyes caught the bright
  Old Banner, winging wild
And beck'ning him, as to the fight
  When—even as a child—
He awakened—And the dream
  Was real! And he leapt
As led the proud Flag through a gleam
  Of tears the Mother wept.

His was a tender hand—
  Even as a woman's is,—
And yet as fixed, in Right's command,
  As this bronze hand of his:
This was the Soldier brave—
  This was the Victor fair—
This is the Hero Heaven gave
  To glory here—and There.

James Whitcomb Riley

The oration of President Roosevelt upon this occasion was a stirring tribute to his predecessor. When he declared that the name of William McKinley would take its place with those of the four great presidents of the nation, he made a statement that will be verified by the historian of the future. Fresh from his summer's work at Sagamore Hill, the President appeared to delight in casting aside his manuscript. There was a dramatic touch when the audience failed to applaud the first part of his climax:—"*It would be a cruel disaster to this country to permit ourselves to adopt an attitude of hatred and envy toward success worthily won, toward wealth honestly acquired.*" In the other hand he was wielding the "big stick" with no mercy for the wrong-doers of wealth and power.

The first statement of this paragraph was received in silence, but the President retraced his speech, repeating the first section, and persistently demanded that the audience applaud the assertion. It was a rather unique proceeding—an orator commanding or directing the approval of his own words; but Theodore Roosevelt did it. He made a plea for honest wealth, and insisted on holding the scales for a "square deal" for all classes.

He paid a special tribute to the old soldiers in front of the platform, and looked reverently upon the torn and faded battle flags which occupied a position of honor. The President referred to a letter of the late Secretary John Hay, which was given him by Secretary Cortelyou, emphasizing the appropriateness of the inscription on the mausoleum, to "William McKinley, President of the United States, a statesman singularly gifted to unite the discordant forces of the government and mold the diverse purposes of men toward progressive and salutary action; a magistrate whose poise of judgment has been tested and vindicated in a succession of national emergencies."

This tribute, paid to President McKinley on May 17, 1901, by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, was secured by Secretary Hay and sent to President McKinley with a touching and almost prophetic letter:—

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

President Wheeler sent me the enclosed at my request. You will have the words in more permanent shape. They seem to me remarkably well chosen, and stately and dignified enough to serve —long hence, please God—as your epitaph. Yours faithfully,

JOHN HAY."

Photo by Courtney, Canton

FREDERICK S. HARTZELL

The great audience joined in singing "America" at the conclusion of the President's oration, after which an eloquent and feeling benediction was pronounced by

Bishop Ignatius F. Horstman, D. D., of Cleveland, an old personal friend of President McKinley.

* * *

For a few moments after the exercises concluded the audience again looked in silence at the statue, and then passed up the terrace, ascended the steps and entered the massive marble pile. The mausoleum is circular, and the sarcophagus of black marble bears on it the simple inscription, "William McKinley—Ida McKinley." In the niche

WILLIAM N. ALBEE, ADVERTISING MANAGER THE REPOSITORY, CANTON, OHIO

in the corner rests the remains of their two children. The bronze doors of the mausoleum are said to be the largest ever made in this country.

The afternoon sunlight poured through the aperture in the roof as the visitors walked silently about in that restful, peaceful spot.

An interesting little scene was enacted near-by. When Judge Day referred to the architect and sculptor, he had them rise on the platform, and I readily recognized Herbert VanBuren Magonigle, the architect, with his mother, who now for the first time looked upon the work of her son. As she gazed up at him, the mother's eyes betrayed the affectionate appreciation of her child's achievement—a tribute of approval more dear to him, doubtless, than any other in the world. She grasped his hand and said, "My boy, my boy!" and there was a gleam of triumph in the young architect's face, which indicated that this praise was well worth all it had cost him. The scene recalled the days when William McKinley insisted that the proudest moments of his whole life were those when he received praise from his beloved mother.

* * *

It was almost sunset before the throngs ceased to pass through the shadows of the mausoleum, as though loath to leave the spot which had on that day been consecrated to the memory of one who had reached the heights of true greatness.

* * *

The statue of McKinley, by Charles Henry Niehaus of New York, is perhaps second in interest only to the noble mausoleum itself. It is of bronze, and of heroic size, and is placed about half-way up the grand stairway leading to the entrance to the tomb. It was there viewed by many artists and by intimate friends of the late president, all of whom were impressed by the success of the sculptor in reproducing the dignified but easy pose characteristic of Mr. McKinley on state occasions, and the kindly yet serious and thoughtful expression of his face. It may be said that the statue represents McKinley as the people remember him best. He stands with his right hand in his trouser's pocket—a favorite attitude—and his left holding the manuscript of his speech; for the statue is intended as a representation of the beloved chief magistrate in the act of delivering his last and perhaps most famous address, that on reciprocity and closer relations with other countries, made on the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, on September 5, the day before he was shot. Mr. Niehaus has modelled statues of several famous sons of Ohio, among them Garfield and Governor Allen, and General W. T. Sherman, and is a native of the Buckeye State himself. Because of this fact, and of his personal admiration for Mr. McKinley, he gave especial care to the execution of this his latest work, with what success the public may now judge.

Above the door of the tomb is a lunette also by Mr. Niehaus. It contains allegorical figures typifying the State of Ohio, War and

MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY

Peace. The central figure of the three symbolizes Ohio; that at the right, holding a vase and with one hand resting on an anvil, typifies Peace. War is the male figure at the left presenting a shield and a sword wreathed with flowers. All the figures are in relief, and the composition gives a decorative effect to the entrance without interfering with the impression of simplicity conveyed by the architecture of the memorial as a whole.

* * *

When I first looked upon the statue, I found myself unconsciously waiting for the

GEORGE B. FREASE, EDITOR AND MANAGER THE REPOSITORY, CANTON, OHIO

lips to move, and it seemed to me that the first utterance after the flags were drawn aside would be those words of brotherly affection spoken in his dying hours, inquiring for his friend Senator Hanna. "Is Mark there?"

On such an occasion one could not but be impressed with the many faces that were missing—those friends of McKinley who would have been foremost on the platform—Senator Mark Hanna, Secretary John Hay, and many others who must have been in the mind of John Hay when he penned those lines in "The Stirrup Cup,"—

> "Tender and warm the joys of life—
> Good friends, the faithful and the true."

Perhaps the most intimate personal friend of President McKinley now living is Vice President Fairbanks, and many will recall the beautiful tribute of these friends in those days when "history was made."

* * *

When night had fallen at Canton there was a feeling that it had been a perfect day. True to its associations, Canton people and Canton institutions will recognize that thirtieth day of September, 1907, as memorable in history. On every side—in almost every home—were enduring personal tokens of the loving respect for the memory of William McKinley—friend and neighbor. Laurels were festooned everywhere. Radiating from the Square were white pillars, decorated with laurel; buildings intimately associated with the public and home life of the distinguished president bore evidence that the memory of McKinley will remain to the people of his home city a close, personal inspiration, as evergreen and unfading as the laurel leaves. The intertwined story of William McKinley and the City of Canton is but another proof of the strong influence the smaller cities and towns have upon national life:—"Not nations, not armies, have advanced the race; but here and there an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world."

* * *

Returning to the city, after the dedicatory exercises were over, I was waylaid on Linden Avenue, just outside the memorial grounds by a nimble-footed newsboy shrilly shrieking, "Evining Repository! One cent! All about the dedication!" In exchange for my coin, he thrust in my hands a twenty-four-page paper, crammed from first page to last with an up-to-the-second account of the doings of the day, so thoroughly covered, so snappily written, and so profusely illustrated as to give some of its more lordly metropolitan brothers a run for their circulation.

Reading it, I mused over the peculiarly intimate relation the paper bore to the dead and gone president whose memory we had honored that day. Moved by the mood of my reflections, I wrote George B. Frease, the editor, my thoughts:

"It was superb. There was nothing lacking in the splendid way in which The Repository covered the great event. Heart, soul and enthusiasm are rarely reflected so muni-

ficently in a newspaper, as indicated in the enterprise of The Repository."

Many visits to Canton and calls on the late president had made me familiar with this paper's unique history. John Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's grandfather, had founded the paper in 1815. This pioneer newspaper-maker of the West lived to chronicle in his pages the fall of the first and third Napoleons, of Waterloo and Sedan.

In 1884 Thomas W. Saxton, Mrs. McKinley's uncle, and owner of the newspaper, died, and the late president, as administrator of Mr. Saxton's estate, became intimately connected with The Repository in later years to the extent of editorial contributions. The "Major," as the late president was familiarly known then, and ever after, to his townsmen, started the aspirations of young Frease the present editor, newspaperward, and later sold him stock in the concern. Ever after he maintained a more than friendly interest in his protege. Times and events were never too exacting to prevent close inquiry concerning The Repository, and news from home. The interest of the late president in the present editor of his old paper may have had its beginning in an incident at the outset of his career of which the late Senator Hanna liked to tell.

William McKinley had come to Canton to carve out his fortune at the close of the Civil War, at the request of his sister Anna, a teacher in the public schools. He hung out his shingle above "a store box of an office," as he laughingly called it in later days, and waited for business. But business for young and unknown lawyers was almost as fickle then as now, and William McKinley waited. Belden & Frease, lawyers, grandfather and father of the present editor, were in partnership. Judge Frease had been elevated to the common pleas bench, and another partner was needed. "Mack, I want you to plead a case for me tomorrow; I'm too sick to handle it," said Judge Belden to the future president. "I can't make a plea," desisted young McKinley; "I never made one in my life."

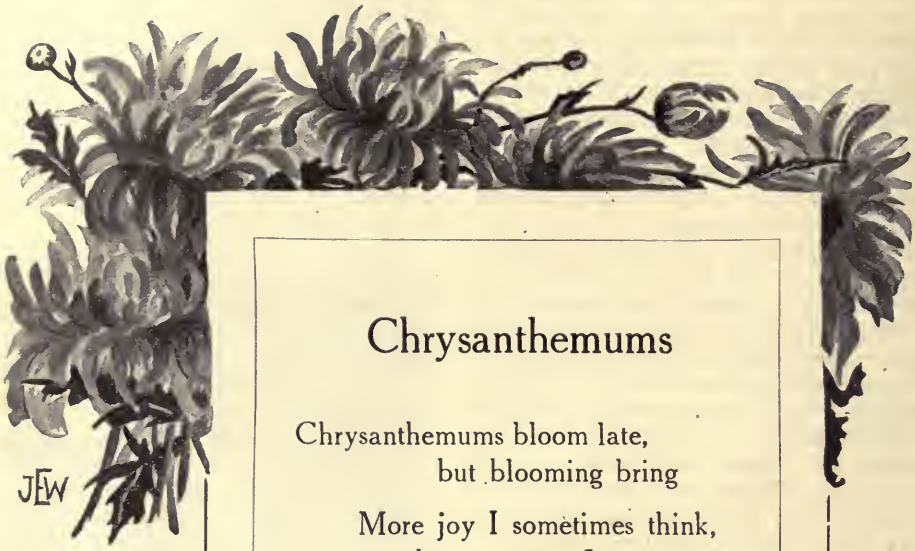
"You've got to do it; I can't be there," said the judge, and left.

McKinley spent midnight oil that night, and went into court next morning. He made his plea and won his maiden case. Looking around near the close he caught a glimpse of his benefactor, who had been keenly watching the youngster win his spurs. Ten days later he called on McKinley, threw twenty-five dollars on the table and said, "Here, Mack, take that for your day's work." "Oh, I can't," demurred McKinley, "that's too much." "That's all right, Mack; I got a hundred." A short time later he was taken into partnership.

From the outset of McKinley's national political career, when he was elected to Congress, through his gubernatorial campaigns, until he reached the apex of his triumphs at the White House, the paper was his staunch supporter. It was in the memorable campaign of '96 that it did its most effective service. In that year the publication printed thousands more papers daily containing his front porch speeches than the city had inhabitants. Every night during the campaign a copy of The Repository was sent to every public speaker, committeeman and others of prominence in the political field, from Ohio west to the Pacific.

It was during the lively times of that campaign that Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of the Chicago Times-Herald, and a close friend of the president, sent his men down to Canton to get a photograph of the president reading the Times-Herald. The president was posed on the sofa, reading, by the photographers. The shutter was about to click when the president interposed. "Sam," he said to his nephew, "get me my favorite paper." Sam handed the president The Repository, and the president gave the word to proceed. A writer in McClure's Magazine said that during the McKinley administration The Repository was the most religiously read paper in the White House.

Commercially, as well as from a political or sentimental viewpoint, the paper occupies a unique position. With a circulation of 15,000, it circulates more papers in the city than there are homes. It has been credited with the largest percentage of home circulation in the United States.



Chrysanthemums

Chrysanthemums bloom late,
but blooming bring
More joy I sometimes think,
than summer flowers,
For when they come,
the birds are on the wing
To summer climes;
and every summer thing
Is bidding us farewell!

Then these, bright, spicy,
like a well known guest,
Remain to cheer us,
lest we miss the rest.

—*August Lane*

THE LAST HOUSE

By Jessie M. Whittaker

THE florist's workroom was tropical with the fragrance of flowers and greenery and the heat from the glowing stove, though outside the snow whirled and drifted at the mercy of the wind, and now and then a gust of sleet sent a shiver along the lustiest veins.

Close to the fire sat two men, middle-aged, thick-waisted, prosperous, and a boy of twenty, waiting none too patiently the end of their errand. When they spoke at all it was in subdued monotones, for they were lately come from the presence of the dead, and the spell of the house of mourning was still upon them.

A little apart, to catch the best of the gray light, Louis Labrie sat weaving upon a foundation of wood and tinfoil a great cross of ferns and narcissus. It could not be said that he listened; he merely heard the tributes to the dead and felt the presence of a profound and irremediable bereavement. In silence and apparent apathy, he heard the interchange of low broken sentences, adding no word of praise or regret. Then suddenly, like a smouldering, ash-covered log that, eaten through the heart by fire, falls apart with a tempest of sparks and fierce flame, he began to speak rapidly and scornfully:

"Gentlemen, to hear you talk, one might believe that you had thought your friend above all mortal weakness, even immune from death itself. Had you never thought when his hand clasped yours, how cold that hand must some time lie? Had you never thought when he walked among you—a leader of men—to what idleness he must sooner or later come? Your grief amazes me. I can only wonder at it."

He laid the finished cross upon the table, and gathered about him the material for an anchor of violets. "What is life?" he resumed, "but a long death? And yet, when the process is finished, you cry out in awe or horror or grief, as if something unexpected, unprecedented and unknown had befallen you or your fellow-creatures. Bah! Are men hypocrites or fools? I watch your endless, forever-new, eternally-old panorama of life and death, and I sometimes think there is no grief, no sorrow, no despair; it is all some fine, unconscious dissimulation, or it is the attenuated inheritance of the first man's consternation and frenzy at the first death.

"*Your* loss is real? *Your* sorrow is sincere? You are sure of that? Then do you belong to the other category?

"Today, perhaps, you hold in your arms, warm and sweet and clinging, your wife. Tomorrow that soft body lies dumb and cold, at the mercy of what a touch, what an embrace! Or tomorrow you teach your child that 'God is good;' that 'God is love;' and the next day he watches the heavy coverlet of clay spread over you, and with all his feeble might he flings your dogma into the face of the universe as a lie.

"Yet, day by day, year by year, you bind yourself to life as a banyan tree drops its roots to the earth, knowing—it is the only thing you do know—that one by one, soon or late, every cord must be severed, by violent wrench or slow disintegration, at the cost of what wounds, what pain! Is it a wonder that I maintain that my fellow-men are either fools or stones?"

At first the men by the fire had received Labrie's storm of denunciation with silent forbearance, offering neither protest nor defence; but now the older man, a stranger to the florist, turned his keen eyes upon him.

"And which of the two, my friend, are you?" he asked. But his scorn fell short of its mark. Labrie tossed back from his forehead a lock of hair, singularly gray among the brown, and returned the questioner's gaze.

"By the grace of my own strength, I am neither," he retorted on the instant. "I was not a fool, and I could not be a stone, so I became the wise man."

"'The end of desire is the beginning of wisdom,'" quoted the man by the fire. "Perhaps you are one of the rare mortals who can attest the truth of that."

"I will not pretend that it was the beginning of mine," replied Labrie, though the thrust brought the blood to his face in dull splotches.

"I suppose that you are not made of the same quality of clay as the rest of us," pursued Labrie's aroused victim.

"I am forced to believe that I am not," returned the florist. He rose and stood looking down on his little audience with an expression on his rugged features that justified his haughty assumption. "Do you wish to know why I think so?" he continued; "do you wish to know? It is because I could not live as Mr. Wainwright there lives, as young Harold there lives, as you perhaps live, and keep sane. You have your wives, your children, your sweethearts, your friends, your ambitions, your dearly-bought successes; and I maintain that if you are not the stones I suspect you of being, you tread hourly the brink of such a hell as would drive me mad. Call it cowardice, call it heartlessness, call it what you will—for myself, I chose a different road."

"And may I ask what that road was? Will you prove it was a wise choice?" asked the stranger.

"I chose the path that thwarts *your* pursuer at every turn save one. I will not live in your demon world of anticipation, and I will not live in your ghost world of memories.

"The Thing that robs and cheats and mocks and defies *you*, that maims and sears and tortures you from your first breath till your last, has no terrors for me. I yield him but one victim—this!" He made a swift gesture that embraced his own superb body. "What are we but sheep huddled in the shambles? I wait my turn alone—that is all! If I am ever happy it is at the thought that in all this spinning world not a heart shall ache, not an eye shall dim when I fall." Still standing, he finished covering the wire and moss anchor with violets.

"You have no mother?" queried the stranger.

"No."

"No wife nor child?"

"No."

"Nor friends nor ambitions?"

"None."

"Why do you live?" he persisted quietly.

"Why should I die?" came the calm response.

Wainwright, seeking to break the tension of the uncanny dialogue, interrupted with: "Did it ever occur to you what an incongruous trade you follow?"

"Growing flowers for your fetes and dinners and weddings and funerals? I should think you would see that in its very incongruity lies the exquisite appropriateness of my occupation. Here are your flowers to celebrate another victory of your arch-enemy. Go give them to your dead mayor, and pretend they are for him. Here you are—wreath, cross, anchor; I have wrapped them well. The drive will not injure them, I think."

Wainwright received the parcels silently, with a sort of patient dignity; it was no time for words. But Talbot lingered a moment. He had been touched by what to Wainwright was repugnant braggadocio.

"I hope we may meet again," said he, "at a time more favorable for talking."

"Thank you," said Labrie, but something in his tone brought a swift revulsion of feeling to Talbot.

"We were both mistaken," he said sternly; "you are not made of clay, either coarse or fine. You are black adamant!"

"Which is all the rarer and more valuable," retorted Labrie.

The three passed out into the storm, but in a moment the boy came back, made a pretense of looking for his gloves, flushed, stammered, and finally blurted out: "I want to tell you how glad I am that I came out this afternoon. I want to thank you for what you said. I think I understand. I have thought about these things so much, but a solution like yours had never occurred to me. You are the bravest man I have ever known. I wish I could be like you, but I'm afraid I am a fool—or a stone. I don't know whether I can be strong or not.

He held out his hand, that trembled a little, to Labrie, but the florist retreated to his table, thrusting his hands behind him.

"That would be against my creed," he said slowly.

The admiration in the boy's eyes only deepened. "May I come out to see you sometimes?" he ventured.

Labrie looked long and deep into the young fellow's eyes, then his answer came, cold as a naked knife, "No."

"I need you," said the boy unsteadily.

"Your father is waiting," said Labrie significantly, and opened the door.

It is a good occupation, that of a florist, for a man who can put his body to his task fourteen hours a day, and who is content with a tread-mill sort of work that the year's end leaves as far from complete as the new year found it; a good occupation for a man who would be much alone and who wears the plain though intangible placard, "Touch me not."

If you wished violets for your sick, or roses for your sweetheart, a wreath for a bride or a cross for the dead, in season or out of season, you took the Lennox Road at the end of High Street, the left turning half a mile out, and another five minutes brought you to the last house and Louis Labrie's little greenhouse, outdazzling the sun on the southern slope of a low bare hill.

To come upon a sun-warped ship stranded upon the desert, or a vine-clad homestead breasting the flood, and to see Louis Labrie for the first time among his flowers, would create something of the same impression—the sense of gigantic mistake, irretrievable loss.

Dwightshill had seen him for the first time twelve years before, and the first impression had faded long ago. But Louis Labrie continued to apply energies that might have been useful to a nation to the uplifting of flower-pots and the wielding of trowels; continued to expend powers that might have brought him a pleasant fame to winning the contemptuously familiar title of "Old Louis Labrie, the Flower Man." Not that he was old, but it is an adjective people are fond of misusing.

Even such a night as this—a blizzard late in March—could not exhaust or daunt those resourceful faculties. Hour after hour he waged battle with the implacable foe that threatened his ruin. The heating pipes ran cold a few yards from the furnace, and the wind found unsuspected crevices faster than three men could have kept them calked. By infinitesimal degrees, slowly but surely, the thermometer began to drop. Then he began carrying the tenderer and more valuable plants into his little dwelling that adjoined the greenhouse. It was an endless task for one pair of hands, and by eleven o'clock he had become a sort of automaton oscillating between the plant house and the living rooms.

Then suddenly that magnificent man-machine ran down. There was no flaw or break in the mechanism; the motor-power was dead. He was not panic-stricken, he was not even greatly surprised. It had come at last; the thing he had so long expected that he had ceased to speculate on the time and manner of its arrival. He had simply ceased to care.

"This," he said to himself grimly, "is the last death but one. The ossifying process is complete. If it were possible and consistent, I should be glad. Wainwright's friend was a true prophet; behold yourself, Louis Labrie, the figure of a man hewn in black adamant! I think it must have been the boy who did it. He aggravated the symptoms. It's a bit untimely, a little premature—but no matter."

He made an orderly and dispassionate review of like calamities that had befallen him. His amusements, his finer tastes, his friends, his loves, his hates, his passionately loved profession, and now his bread-winning trade—all, one by one, had gone by the same way. Was there nothing left? "A chair and a candle-stick," he answered himself. "Oh, the inconsistencies of women! Multiply them by ten thousand, and you have the inconsistencies of men!"

He drew to the fireside a chair whose ample velvet cushions had once been crimson, suggesting luxurious repose. Now they were corrupted by moth and dust, and the rich color was all but gone. He laid his hands upon the high back, and drew his fingers along the broad arms. But for a Hamlet-like madness that had once beset him, and still held him in its grip, a woman's head might have rested there and a woman's hand might have met his own on the arm.

He put out his hand toward a candle-stick of crystal glass upon the mantel-shelf, then sharply stayed the impulse. What years had passed since one giving it to him had said: "When your darkest hour comes, no matter how or when, you will put a light into it, and it will remind you of another light, a different light, that will be burning for you somewhere."

His hand ached to touch the spark to the wick, but his stubborn will cried out against it. "I do not need you. I shall never need you," he persisted doggedly to the candle's challenge.

The room grew chill and the lamps flick-

ered out. The turn of the night came; but it brought no abating of the storm

"What a night!" he cried, partially rousing himself from the stupor of mind and body that had come upon him. "What a night! Darker and colder, colder and darker. Within and without. How much colder? How much darker?"

He rose to his feet, flinging his arms down, hands clenched, muscles rigid. "Will the end never come? Never, never—"

Slowly his dulled senses became aware that something, not the wind, rattled at the hall door, and a cry almost human—or was it distorted fancy—pierced the storm. Whether seconds or hours elapsed he could not have told. He found himself in the hallway, the lighted candle in his hand, just as the outer door fell open and a woman swaying and groping, fell to the floor on the threshold. He gazed at her in a sort of perplexed terror, laid his arm across his eyes for a moment, looked again at the pitiful thing on the floor, and then turned quickly back into the room.

"Louis Labrie," he explained calmly, "you are stark mad. You have lit the candle 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' You are crazy, crazy—"

He put the candle down and listened. Surely no phantasm of a crooked mind could sob so pitifully. He took up the light and went out again to the door The woman had raised herself to a sitting posture, leaning heavily against the wall He bent toward her, and put out his hand.

"Lottie," he whispered He thought he called aloud and many times. The woman started and gave a low cry as if a white-hot iron had been laid to her flesh. They looked long and long into each other's eyes, as two souls, parted in one world and meeting many eons after in another, might regard one another.

"You!" she cried in a hushed voice of bewilderment and wonder. "You! How could I know? I only saw the light. I—" She hid her face and shrank from him.

"This is no time to think of that—of who I am—of other things." he said. His voice was steady again, calm to sternness. "You are half-frozen, hurt, suffering—no, no, not now; there is no need to explain. Come."

He lifted her, weakly resisting, and carried her to the cushioned chair by the fire. "There is no one else. You will have to let me help you," he answered to her look of inquiry.

She lay back in the deep chair, white and motionless, submitting mutely as a desperately hurt child, while he removed her wet cloak and shoes, wiped the snow from her hair and chafed her hands. But no words passed between them, and their eyes met no more. Between these two all must be said or nothing; so they threw out a wall of silence to stay the deep sea of speech. He knew that the slightest trickle of words might widen in a breath's time to an irreparable breach; and though for the moment those pent floods might find relief, in the end nothing could come of it but destruction and desolation.

He drew a couch by the fire, and hastily, almost roughly, wrapped her warmly and put her upon it. He built the fire to a roaring blaze, and set the lamps to burning again.

"And now," he said brusquely, "we must have a doctor."

He stood in the center of the room, his eyes averted and his shoulders set squarely away from her. "You will not be afraid?" he asked; "and you must not go to sleep," he commanded.

"I will be good till you get back," came the reply, pathetically cheerful. "The cold is terrible," she ventured; "is it far to go?"

"You must not—you can stay awake till I come back?" he asked again.

"I'll not go to sleep till you come back," catching the desperate meaning of his demand. "But you must protect yourself better than that," she begged

"Let me go."

The revelation of the words was like a lightning flash at midnight. The woman half lifted herself on her arm.

"Louis!" The word was a chord of wonder, pity and remonstrance, but it fell on deafened ears.

Labrie strode out of the house and into the storm. But he was callous to the scourging of wind and sleet and blind to the obstructions of the road.

The whole universe had in the space of an hour resolved itself into two infinitely separated worlds, and the larger was the fact of the existence of two persons—himself and this wounded, storm-beaten woman.

Was it for this, that fourteen years before he had pitted his great will against his great

desire? Was it for this that he had set his head against his heart, and betrayed his own nature? Was it for this that he had hurt a woman's heart past all healing and looked upon her face in the hour when its girlishness faded forever? Was it for this that he had chosen a "different road" and had deliberately hardened himself in his mad whims till in his inconsistent pride he had welcomed but a few hours before the suggestion that he was now but adamant? Was it for this that now at last fate or chance or accident had brought Lottie Barron back into his life, only that he might lose her in the end by the intolerable way that he had so long and so bitterly defied?

Yet the shaft of granite may have its keynote, which, if sounded with persistence and rising stress, may rend and shatter it, and reduce it to the humblest dust. Slowly, lightly, unacknowledged to himself, the sympathetic vibration had begun to tremble through him.

Out there in the darkness he could see and think of nothing but her: her face, worn with the years, even as his was; the rich hair with the silver threads beginning to show about the temples; the frail, thin hands—nothing had escaped his minute though unconscious observation. The years dropped into a gulf, that closed upon them at the thought of her eyes and her voice; and it seemed but yesterday that he had last looked into them and listened to her speaking.

A thousand memory-jewels began to glimmer and glow for him; memories of summer days and autumn weather and fireside twilights; memories of her tears and smiles, her fancies and jests, her pensive moods and her sober wisdom; memories of what she wore and how she looked and what she said at a hundred times.

He took from its hiding his last memory-jewel. It was stained with heart's-blood, blackened with soul-fire, and corroded by the biting acid of remorse. And, even if he were other than he was, he felt that nothing could restore that memory to any semblance of beauty, or atone for its defacement.

Yet, turning away from the doctor's door, with the accomplishment of his errand, both memory and foreboding seemed to have died within him. He seemed again incapable of all feeling—incapable of all but one thought: He must make the return journey slowly, that the doctor might overtake and pass him, and reach the house before him. He stopped often to listen for the sound of wheels and horses' feet on the road behind him. Sometimes he waited by the roadside for what seemed a quarter of an hour, but which was barely two or three minutes. For Lottie's sake more than for his own, he must go slowly—perhaps he had best not go at all. Yes, that was best, not to return to her at all. He would turn back and urge the doctor to make all haste, but he himself—and then a point of light trembled into view and in a moment vanished. He saw it vaguely, and idly reasoned that it could not be a star, for the thick, furry clouds seemed but a few yards above him. Again the light danced across his vision, darkened, and then came out and lingered, a distant but steady glow.

He knew it now as a light from his own window. A pang of self-pity seized him. In all the years, never before had a light been set in a window to lure and guide him home. Home! Never before had he thought of his solitary house on the hill as that.

Now, because a woman was there, and a light shone from the window, the place was transformed, and—he was going home. He plunged forward like a moth to the flame. The simile occurred to him, but the consequences could not daunt him.

Yet, when he reached the door, his strange elation forsook him. The old fear for himself and dread for Lottie gripped him again, and only the lash and spur of conscience and human compassion compelled him to enter the room.

A faint movement from the couch told him that she was yet awake.

"The doctor will soon be here," he told her, his hand still upon the latch behind him. "His wife is coming, too, and—" the dead whiteness of her face and her closed eyes shook him out of all self-control. He ran to her and laid his fingers on her feebly-pulsing wrist. Her brow was drawn and dewy with pain. As he bent over her to listen for the weak breath, she opened her eyes wide upon his, and for a moment he could only lose himself in their depths. But had they been the gates of Paradise he could only have stood and gazed. He had welded his purgatorial chains too well to escape them with a single bound.

"You will soon be better," he assured her,

drawing himself up stiffly. "The doctor's wife is even better than he, and she is bringing everything you need."

He drew the coverlets more closely around her, and made her taste a little wine.

"I am better now," she sighed drearily, and turned her face away from the light.

"Could you sleep now?" he asked.

"Perhaps," she answered dully.

He sat down at the further side of the room, folding his arms upon the back of his chair and bowing his head upon thim. There was nothing to do, nothing that he could do, but to wait. Would the doctor never come!

"Louis." The whisper startled him like the unexpected peal of a great bell. He lifted his head and placed his feet more rigidly on the floor.

"Louis."

"Can't you sleep?" he asked gently, but did not move. The silence that followed almost persuaded him that he had heard nothing. Then, "Louis," came the call again, hardly above a breath, with the ethereal sweetness of the first notes of music that arouse a sleeper. He clenched his hands together, and caught a deep breath before he answered, "Is there something I can do?"

There was no reply, and his heart began to plunge with terror. He strained every nerve to catch the faintest sound or movement across the room, yet when she called again he made no answer.

"Louis."

He sat motionless as a stone. Would the doctor never come!

"Louis, surely there can be truth between us—now—at last. It cannot matter now—tonight—for this little while, Louis!"

He rose heavily, and, without turning, walked to the window, and pressing his forehead against the icy glass, stood staring out into the desolation of the night. His answer was a two-edged sword held by the blade.

"It was no wish of mine that we have met again," he said with slow distinctness.

"Yes," she said softly, "I know."

Her answer stirred in him a subtle wonder; there was neither anger, pain nor reproach in her voice; only a boundless compassion. He hid his face against his uplifted arm and leaned heavily against the wall.

"Louis."

"Are you trying to drive me mad?" he asked in a low voice.

"I am trying to win you from madness," she answered calmly. "Have they been such happy years?"

He made no answer, but his heart beat like great hammer-blows, and the blood surging in his ears was like a seething flood. The palpitant silence and the dread of her pleading became alike intolerable.

"You had lit the candle," she reminded him.

With the desperate effort of a fatally-snared lion, he summoned his strength to answer: "The lamps had gone out; that was all." He felt that she had half risen on the couch; he felt the imploring stretch of her hands; most keenly of all he felt the look that he knew was in her eyes. His nerveless fingers beat a tremulous involuntary tattoo upon the window-pane.

"Louis!"

He knew what was coming, as the lightning flash prepared the nerves for the blow of thunder, and his fingers gripped the window-ledge with an iron hold.

"Louis, I am the woman you loved!"

Slowly, as a tortured body might writhe and wrench itself from the rack, he turned and faced her; then, reeling and blind, he crossed the room and fell on his knees beside her.

The seconds lengthened to minutes, the minutes measured half-way round the clock, and still he knelt, his face buried upon his arms, silent, motionless, save for the heavy breath that now and then shook his great body.

The stone had been riven and crushed and softened to impalpable dust. Slowly, with consummate skill and infinite patience, that humble dust was being remolded into new being. Plastic and pliant, mute and awed, he waited the consummation that needed but the breath of a voice to make him a living man.

At last the woman laid her frail hand on his bowed head; he quivered at the electric touch.

"Oh, my poor, foolish, mistaken Louis! So foolish, so foolish, and so miserable."

He lifted his blanched and quivering, tear-stained face and sought her eyes with his. "Lottie! Lottie, my love," he whispered, and gave her all the long-denied truth from his eyes.

"Forgive! Can you?"

"I have understood," she answered under her breath.

He drew her fingers to the pulse in his wrist. "Is there real blood beating there?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Look at me again, Lottie. Am I really alive? Do my eyes look like a living man's?"

She smiled her answer, and then studied him gravely. "You had the candle-stick in your hand," she mused. "How strange! Was it all an accident?"

"No, not all accident. Let us not talk of that, now."

The swish of wheels and the crunching of horses' feet through the snow broke in upon them. He rose and went into the next room, and, groping in the depths of an old trunk, went back to her with that circlet of magic gold, an old engagement ring. He held it out to her. "Look, Lottie; do you know what it is?"

A pitiful flush swept across her thin face, leaving her paler than before, and her eyelids trembled upon brimming tears.

"You are thinking of that day at Willow Haven! Forget that!" he begged. "Think of tonight and tomorrow, and of all our tomorrows."

"Louis." Her low voice rose and fell like the murmur of distant waters on the wind, sometimes slipping out of hearing altogether. She spoke rapidly, between soft little breaths, and Labrie leaned close to her lips.

"Once—you loved for its sweet—and hated it for its bitter. Once—you wanted only the roses—and the sun and the song—and would have none of the thorns and the clouds—and the tears. You—Oh, Louis, can't you see that there is not much left—nothing perhaps—but the thorns and the cold and the dark? You—"

"Then I want the thorns and the cold and the dark. I will take all, I want all. I want to live. I want all love brings; I will yield all it asks—quick, Lottie, they are at the door. Answer me, Lottie. Do you remember what is in the ring? Will you put it on again?"

Her left hand moved feebly, and he slipped the ring back to its old place.

The doctor and his wife looked with unconcealed wonder at Labrie when he let them in. Perhaps they had never before seen a fellow-creature in the hour of his transfiguration.

The white light of it did not leave him, even when the doctor came out to him at dawn with the news of his patient.

"Will she—?" His eyes finished the question that his lips refused.

"No," said the old physician, who was a stickler for truth; "it is worse than this. She will live—such a life as it will be. The fall from the moving car, the fright, the long exposure, the super-human effort she must have made to reach shelter—I wish I could give you more hope, Mr. Labrie—even a strong man could hardly hope to recover from a shock as terrible as your poor friend has received."

But Labrie looked, as the doctor afterward told his wife, like any but a man whose hopes had been dealt a mortal blow.

Indeed the glow of that night's miracle had not left him when he walked in the June gardens, cutting roses for Lottie to send to the doctor's wife.

"She is wonderful," the doctor was remarking for the fiftieth time. He had just come from the room where Labrie's wife lived out the measure of her death-in-life days. He was not a fool, yet he often ventured where an angel might have passed by.

"Labrie," said he, "it is told in Dwightshill that you once said that such a life as this—yours and our poor Lottie's—was a hell you refused to be suspended over."

Labrie's eyes met the doctor's with an undisturbed affection, and then turned to his wife's window.

"Most of us are more or less mad, for a longer or shorter time, at some period of our lives. Haven't you found it so, Morrison? Mine lasted longer than most men's, perhaps. Doubtless I said something like that. I haven't recovered entirely, but—there are glimpses of paradise, too. And it is so good to be alive—after all those years of ice and flint.

"But see how selfish a man is—always thinking of himself. Roses and thorns! They are made so. Nature could not grow a different species—even for me."

A NIGHT *in* OLD MEG'S HOLLOW

By Charlotte W. Thurston

I THINK it all came to pass because my middle name is Dulcinia. A yearning grandmother begged to have me named for her—Jerusha Dulscreech; an erudite though fanciful grandfather plead for Cervantes as a middle name. My poor parents compromised on Dulcinia. How indeed should such an adventure happen to me, plain Jerusha D. Grey? To J. Dulcinia Grey, however, it might well be an every-day affair. Jerusha and Dulcinia were terrible trials to me during childhood, but when I was twenty, and dear old Ralph appeared and said that they were the sweetest names in all the world, and so particularly suited to being followed by his own name of Grey, the only thing I could do was to fall straightway into his arms, knowing there was nothing in all the world for me worth the having if I did not follow this suggestion of his.

———

"Ralph," said I one morning after we had been married some two years, as I helped him to a third cup of coffee,—Sir Isaac Newton and Paracelsus having helped themselves to a third dish of catnip, meanwhile propelling themselves across the floor on ecstatic backs—"Ralph, I think I'll go to spend the night with Aunt Harriet, and be back tomorrow, long before you get home."

"Sir Isaac," said Ralph solemnly, "you, Paracelsus and I, we three, are to be left alone, deserted, ostracized from the land of smiles."

Sir Isaac slowly arose, with one light spring was on the table, and, after polishing Ralph's hand with the back of a glossy maltese head, seated himself, his long tail curling in an effective arc over my best damask breakfast cloth, and beaming on Ralph with overweening sentimentality through narrowed eye-slits, set up a loud insistent purr.

"Merciful heavens," ejaculated Ralph, "is that the way you take it? Well, well, Sir Isaac, perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right."

It was so early that I went in to talk with Edith for a few minutes on the way to the train. Her house stands directly opposite the little station, and thus I felt myself on safe ground.

Here enters the real villain of my tale. Edith possessed an old Indian relic, a ruby—and what a ruby! In mere size it was (Ralph, who is looking over my shoulder, says, "Now, be careful, be careful.") simply enormous, but the way its red splendor glittered and dazzled is unspeakable. There was a winking of sinister intelligence about it; a glint of occult human—or inhuman—wickedness in the depths of that gorgeous Oriental eye. I had long ago (with disregard to ethnological considerations) named the thing the Cyclops.

Edith, from a freak, had slipped it on her finger this morning, and on being called off to the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, at the back door, had tossed the ring into my lap, saying, "I can't wear *that* down to them. I'll be back in two minutes." As she disappeared, she glanced over her shoulder with her merry smile, and cried airily, "If not, keep it till called for."

I had slipped the ruby mechanically on my finger, and ceased to think of it as I stood gazing out on the people hurrying to the station. A rumble and some wisps of blue smoke awoke me to the fact that my train was coming. I seized traveling-bag and gloves, flew across the street, scrambled into the train, settled myself down in comfort, laid bag and ticket on the seat beside me, and we were all off and away. All—including the Cyclops!

Across the aisle sat two of the most villainous-looking men eye hath ever beheld, and suddenly I realized that they were staring straight at my still ungloved hand with an expression that "harrowed up my soul and made my two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres." It was no jesting matter, nevertheless, for nothing short of murder

lurked in those protruding eyes. With what calmness I could assume, I drew on my gloves, and sat in uncomfortable self-communing.

To my unspeakable relief, however, the two men left the car at the station some ten miles before we reached my alighting-place, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them left behind on the platform as our train pulled out. It was a little disconcerting to find that we had only pulled out on a siding, to wait for the up-train to pass; but as the men did not reappear, my natural buoyancy reasserted itself, and I threw fear to the winds and fatuously enjoyed myself. I should have been very thankful, nevertheless, to have had the Cyclops safely out of my keeping.

The stage-coach that was to carry me farther on my little journey was in waiting as the train drew up, and in a few minutes we were rolling gaily across the open country behind four magnificent gray horses. Gaily, I have said, but after some seven or eight miles were stretched behind us, the not altogether pleasing knowledge was thrust upon me that on the driver's seat, in apparently amiable converse with him, although most of the time out of my view except for an occasional glimpse of their legs, sat my two friends of the train.

Why need the wheel have given way on that particular trip? Why need we have been delayed by it so long that when we reached the cross-road where I had many a time alighted and met the north-bound stage that passed Aunt Harriet's door, this had already gone by, and why did I not learn of it until the four great gray horses were galloping miles away?

A small, untidy-looking cabin stood near the intersection of the roads, and it was here, after waiting rather impatiently in the now gathering twilight for half an hour, that I learned that to stand longer staring down the road for the stage was a useless amusement.

The place hereabouts was known as Old Meg's Hollow; a wild romantic, mystery-loving spot I had always considered it, and had enjoyed the brief waiting on the edge of the solemn forest, with the sunlight yellowing the curves of the four ascending roads, and even Old Meg's cabin, viewed from a distance, the fields behind it sloping gently upward in the cheerful daylight, had added its fascination; so it was with no feeling of uneasiness that I made my inquiries as to the passing of the stage.

The only inhabitants of the cabin seemed to be a man and a woman. The former was about sixty years old, with a smooth face and cold lack-lustre eyes; bald save for two or three short gray hairs which stood straight up in the air from the exact top of his head. The woman looked older. Crafty, bead-like eyes surmounted by a forehead possibly one inch in height, from which the streaky hair was drawn tightly back, and a mouth which possessed every expression that a woman's mouth should not possess, and not one that it should, gave me an uncomfortable desire to hasten my departure.

The cross-road at Old Meg's Hollow, where the west-bound and north-bound stages should have met, as my charming hostess assured me, was a dozen miles from the nearest settlement; horses in this vicinity there were none to be had. I was exceedingly sorry to learn this, but I would walk; I was a good walker, and would keep on my way; I should come to other houses before long?

"There ain't another house for three miles, and thet's one a leddy like yer wouldn't dares ter go ter," answered the woman with a mock deference that warned me to be on the defensive.

"But," I persisted, "I saw the chimneys of a house that seemed to be only a little way off in the woods."

The creature leered at me.

"O yes, there's a house all right, but there don't nobody go *there*. It's haunted; the noises they say is something awful; and the lights, and the steps folks hev heerd there o' wild windy nights—there ain't a soul would go near it now for anything yer could offer 'em."

Old Meg surveyed me with a baleful grin that was intended to be reassuring. "Yer kin stay right here, ef yer want ter; I'll give yer some supper an' a good bed," she added with obvious alacrity.

Despair gripped my heart. What could I do? I pled my inability to eat, but gladly shut myself into the proffered room. A doleful hour dragged by. I could not sleep; I stepped softly to the window and looked out.

The moon was just coming into view over

the tops of the forest trees, and cast long level rays across the road and two or three outbuildings below the cabin. There, leaning against one of these, stood my two friends of the morning, whose faces I had earnestly hoped never to see again. They, leisurely, hands in their pockets, slouched toward the cabin, and I heard them calling on Old Meg. Evidently they had no desire for secrecy. Their quarry was safely housed.

A bad quarter of an hour dragged by.

That my room was on the ground floor filled me with alternate terror and rejoicing. I felt sure of a visitor ere long, and flight seemed the only help. Where to go? I could not stay out until morning. I certainly could not stay in.

I stepped again to the window; the moonlight streamed white over the fields, and a hot night-wind was tossing the tree-tops madly to and fro. Could I hide in the woods? My pursuers would find me—the haunted house! It flashed into my thoughts and at once I felt it my only chance. Small fears had I, a twentieth century woman, of the ghostly guests; and it might be my haven of refuge from only too real mortal terrors.

My mind was instantly made up. I waited in an agony of impatience until everything was still in the house, and then made myself wait still longer. I waited, waited, until the breathing of the sleeping man and woman in the room next to mine grew loud and regular, and then, the accursed Cyclops buried in my bosom, slipped out of the window and made with frantic haste for the forest.

At every step a grasp was on my shoulder, a hideous voice in my ear. I think for the time being I was actually crazy.

There was no difficulty in finding the house; what had once been a path led near it and on into the wood beyond. It was a low one-storied building, with trees growing thickly about it on three sides. As the hot gusts of wind seized them, the branches thrashed against the roof and rasped fiercely at the weather-beaten walls, adding vastly to the weird gloom of the place. My fears, however, were not of the house; I tried the door; it resisted; a window; it opened, and in a moment I was in what might be by force of contrast, considered safety.

By slow degrees my senses came back, and I looked about me.

The moonlight flooded the front room, which was low-ceiled, with woodwork which must have once been painted white. The house stood on the verge of a deep hollow, and although it had but this one story, the ground sloped away so sharply at the back that one of the windows in the room opened upon the flat roof of a sort of shed or L about three feet below. A rough board table and two or three chairs and boxes stood about in confusion. There had once been a fireplace, but this was now boarded up and an air-tight stove with a long funnel had been substituted. Not a room to encourage ghosts. As I glanced about thinking how lacking were the true accessories to such visitants: no mullioned windows, sliding panels or waving tapestries, I almost smiled. But the the stiffened muscles refused their uncanny work, and I shivered instead; and as I shivered I noticed that there was another door in the room. This door was close beside the fireboard, and led into a long dark narrow closet, the walls of which were rather oddly covered with hangings of faded chintz. A number of old garments still hung from the pegs.

I turned away with scant desire for further investigation, and sat dolefully down to wait for daylight.

My thoughts indeed were ghostly enough. The wind fairly snarled around the house. Cyclops' gorgeous eye seemed to be burning a triumphant hole through my breast. How villainously would that wicked eye blaze there in the moonlight if I durst draw it forth! How would the Thing bore itself a tunnel down into my heart's blood, if I did not swiftly tear it out of my bosom!

These cheerful forebodings were disturbed by a sudden louder onslaught of the wind, and a noise the like of which I had supposed neither earth nor hades could offer. It was a vibrating, quivering sound, rising into a wild shriek, changing to a fierce clatter, falling to a muffled rumble and ending in a high, shrill, prolonged moan. From no mortal throat could such a sound come.

I started up, cringing, abject terror utterly demoralizing me. Then I drew myself together. I—my father's daughter—fear ghosts? I—a twentieth century woman? Whatever this is, it is actual, it is the logical outcome of Something; I cannot yet grasp it. With grim whimsical humor it came into my brain:

"Here is a graphic illustration for your latest article on subjectivity and objectivity."

Then I sat down. But I thought of Ralph, at his serene vigil before the wood fire of a September evening; Paracelsus basking under the table lamp, one paw confidingly outstretched on Ralph's arm; of a furry ball on the rug that would lift an acknowledging head if Sir Isaac were addressed, probably utilizing Ralph's slippered foot as a bulwark to lean against—and Ralph lovingly looking at my empty chair.

The real horror of the night was, however, yet to come; for now with terror unspeakable I heard human voices. This was something before which even my vaunted stoicism was overwhelmed.

There in the moonlight, making straight for this house, came the men to escape whom I was spending this awful night in this awful place. I had, in truth, chosen their rendezvous as a haven of concealment.

There was no time to fly, no place to fly to under the moonlight. I folded my arms and stood waiting. But instinct rebelled, and, without rhyme or reason, I rushed into the long narrow closet, stumbling as I did so against the closet wall. It gave way, and I was precipitated into darkness.

When the old fireplace had been closed up for the substitution of the air-tight stove, the great chimney in the middle of the house had been rebuilt into a small central shaft, and the space occupied by the huge chimney had been left, a dark cavity surrounding the now slender chimney, intersected horizontally by a long stretch of funnel from the stove I had seen. An opening into this space had been cut in the wall of the closet, the door-like slice of the wall and the button which should have held it in place being concealed by the chintz hangings. Of course I knew nothing of all this at the time.

Here, then, in this long low space I lay, haggardly forecasting what was next to fall on my unhappy head. Soot, apparently, judging from what seemed to be scattering down upon me. My hand rested on something cold and hard; my head on a bag of —Good God! I was lying in the robbers' treasure hole, among their ill-gotten gains.

The men evidently settled themselves down as in a familiar haunt. I heard one of them start up and throw open a window. They talked low, but now and then a word would penetrate to my ear. Of what did reach it, however, the least said perhaps the better.

I dared not stretch out my feet, for the floor might end in the darkness, and what if I should slide down the hole! I dared not reach out my head an inch, lest at a touch the crazy funnel might come rattling down, but yet was I grateful enough for this suddenly improvised Procrustean bed.

I knew that the men must be talking of the Cyclops and of me, but in vain I listened. Had they been to my room and discovered the flight of their victims? They would never be satisfied to let matters rest there What were they planning next?

Something ran softly and lightly, with little tripping feet, across my hand. Involuntarily I shrank back, repressing a scream, and then as quickly came the thought: A twentieth century woman, and after all she has gone through tonight, lost because of a mouse? Yet what if there were rats around me! That is a very different matter, and enought to make her hair look like the quills of a fretful porcupine, even on a twenty first century woman. But I set my teeth and bore even this. It might have proved too much for me, who knows? and I might have flung myself screaming upon human mercy, had not on a sudden a sentence come loud and clear.

"Hell! Ike left that d— door open!"

One of the robbers jerked the closet door shut, and I heard a sound as of the key scraping in the lock.

The discussion was evidently at an end, for the voices were no more to be heard. footsteps echoed for a moment, and all was silence.

So dazed was I with all that I had gone through, that at first I did not grasp what had happened. When I did—I cannot write even now of that awful moment. I was beyond all earthly help now locked into that hideous hole. The robbers would find a raving maniac, or if God were merciful, my dead body.

Mortal woman could bear no more. I flung through the opening into the closet and hurled myself fiercely against the door. The stanch old wood hardly quivered Mad now with a ghastly gripping terror, I dashed myself again and again against the panel. My breath came in agonized gasps. I tried to cry out, but could make no sound.

Once again I flung myself in impotent despair againt the woodwork. I shook the handle of the door furiously—which instantly turned under my hand, and the door (like the much-abused but perfectly well-behaved door which it was, and in logical co-operation with the laws of mechanics) opened. My fears had run away with me; it had never been locked.

My dazed mind had little time for rejoicing, for footsteps echoed on the steps outside; footsteps of no blessed ghosts, but of mortal men. Probably the noise I had made had been heard, for the robbers were certainly coming back; or possibly they had intended a quick return, for the window was still open.

The closet door was still clenched in my astonished fingers. Mechanically I jammed it shut, and in an instant had sprun out through the open window to the flat roof of the shed below. I dared not stay here, for the moon though now far in the west, still flung her light across the h use. The wind raced over the roof with e, abbing and grinding at the creaking r. es that hung thick and heavy over the buil[illegible] The great oaks beyond were in deep shadow, and it would be no easy work, with the help of a drooping branch, to swing myself seat in the darkness in the crotch of a hug ree. Thither I fled, a suppliant Daphne, and the tree was faithful also unt m .

The men, probably reassured at findi g everything as they had left it, after prowling a few moments about the house, went off in the direction of Old Meg's cabin. I speculated as to whether they were now going in quest of the Cyclops and me.

Flimsy black clouds kept swirling across the moon's face, and the night-breeze still came in hot sudden gusts.

As I sat at my ease, waiting for daylight to give me courage to go back to civilization, represented by the morning stage-coach, a wild rush of the wind came, and again burst forth that ghostly sound vibrating between a shriek and a moan, quivering away into a piteous plaintive wail. Terrified, I nearly fell from my throne, but, nevertheless, daring to look upward, saw on the slope of the upper roof the cause of the ghostly visitants —an innocent but loosened shingle, rising, falling and careening in the arms of the night-wind. The scraping and grinding of a bough of my giant oak tree against the walls and the roof at intervals, came in as the weird ghost chorus.

I was fearless now; with nature simply carrying out her laws, I was with a friend. When my Dodona oak-boughs made heard he e impressive but not melodious voices, it was but the Oracle foretelling a pink flush in the eastern sky, a stage-coach, a short journey—and Ralph.

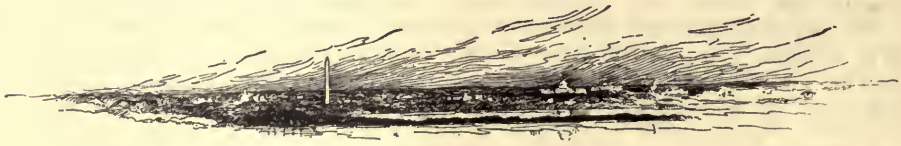
Thus it befell. The morning light brought with it courage for the flight to the road, and the early stage was as the chariot of the gods.

I was lying on the sofa before the blazing logs, in the cool September twilight; close beside me, with tucked-in paws and sleep-overpowered eyelids Paracelsus roaring loud contentment; and Sir Isaac, with long tail extending straight out behind him in an ever-diminishing perspective, sitting bolt upright before the fire, intent eyes following the ascent of every spark as it vanished up into the mysterious darkness—when Ralph came into the room.

"Merciful heavens, Paracelsus, she's back again! No high old bachelor time for us tonight, Sir Isaac,"—when he caught sight of my face.

"My darling, what is it, what is it?"—and I was crying my heart out in his arms.

Paracelsus roared a louder contentment, and Sir Isaac Newton, reversing the conundrum of his namesake, continued the pondering of his problem as to why a spark falls upward.



MORN

By Agnes Haskell

WHEN Morn kisses awake Earth's drowsy eyes,
As open her rosy curtains swing,
To souls awake, glad orisons rise,
And rapturous alleluias ring!

Hoar hills lift their foreheads of burnished gold;
Dusk rivers leap and blush at her glance;
Brooks babble their bliss to wood and wold;
Bird pipes to bird, in a joyous trance.

From dale and down of sumptuous blooms,
That smile thro' tears which Erebus weeps,
God's censers, exhaling rare perfumes—
The silvery mist soft heavenward creeps.

Her white-winged shallops before the breeze,
Careen and float where the eagle whirls;
Her fingers comb the locks of the trees,
And strew them thick with glistening pearls.

Up!—Up!—from slumberous woodland deeps,
A-wing for luminous heights of space,
The skylark, wildly jubilant, sweeps,
And pours his soul in her laughing face!

Swift roll the lambent billows of light,
And silently swell an ocean vast;
As—gaunt, denuded, tottering—Night
Silently sank in the grave of the Past!

First-born of Day!—Bright herald of good!—
Thrice welcome thy smiles on sea and land!
Glorious! as when the Creation stood
A *marvel*, fresh from Jehovah's hand!

UNDER THE JACK-LANTERNS

By Catherine Frances Cavanagh

HEAVY it hangs over your poor head! What shall the owner of this pledge do?" Miss Carmody dangled a bracelet over the head of blindfolded Mr. Dale, who was playing the part of judge in the game of forfeits, at the Misses Chilton's hallowe'en party, which was being held at Judge Chilton's Delaware farm. In response to the inquiry, Mr. Dale answered by another:

"Fine or superfine?"

"Superfine!"

"Um! Another fair damsel on my hands," said Dickie Dale, as he was familiarly called. "Well, let me see! I'm almost at a loss for stunts. I don't want any more impromptu songs, after hearing Miss Kennedy's 'a grasshopper sat on a sweet tater vine,' nor do I want any more *poems*, after Jack Forrest's 'Bingen on the Rhine,' it's too much like making the judge suffer for the offences of the criminals before him. I can't ask her to slide down the banister, can I? Nor to bring in another big log for the fireplace; nor to walk backward down the cellar steps; nor blacken the kitchen range; nor go out and dust off our automobile; nor any of those nice little jobs I am saving for the fellows! Well, I'll tell you, Miss Superfine can meander down the lane until she comes to the stile between the orchard and the woods, and there, under those two jack-lanterns which we hung there this evening, she must sit and think on her past sins. In a little while I will send to her a father confessor, who will ask her about her crimes and absolve her, if he sees fit. As for the penance; well, let *him* see to that—I don't pretend to know the different measures of penance for different sins. Fair penitent, move out into the night," he concluded, waving his hand majestically.

"But it's lonesome up there near that woods," expostulated one of the young women of the party—not the one who received the sentence, though; she was moving slowly toward the hall.

"Oh, it won't be, soon," airily answered Dickie. "Besides, you girls run around enough in boogy-holes on hallowe'en for the sake of peeping into the future—places you wouldn't dare to go on any other night in the year. Oh, I know you! Run along, fair maid. I'll soon send your father confessor," he called cheerily to his unknown victim. But she was already on the way. Catching her white shawl from the hall-rack, Alice Brierton passed out into the frosty autumn.

There was no moon, but the stars were out in countless legions, and a pale light seemed to hang over the peaceful, sweet-smelling land. She drew a deep sigh as she passed down between the garden beds, where dahlias and chrysanthemums bloomed, with here and there a wax-like autumn rose, and lemon verbenas saturating the air with their dying fragrance. She gathered a belated rose and a sprig of the verbena, and then, opening the little wicket, passed into the orchard and up the long lane, at the end of which was the stone stile leading into the woods. Seating herself on the top-most step, she waited for her father confessor, idly wondering who he would be, and when he came what he would ask her, and what she would tell him. She thought that she would tell him that she was growing old, or felt as if she were growing very old, in spite of her twenty-three autumns; and that, somehow, hallowe'en seemed a very foolish institution, anyway.

There was one thing certain: she was not enjoying herself this night. Had she known that Mr. Geoffrey Townsend was to be there that evening, she certainly would not have come. She was heartily sick of meeting him at places, and inventing ways and means of trying to avoid speaking to him; as she knew he tried to avoid her and yet not draw the attention of others to their conduct. It seemed harder than ever, tonight, for it was the anniversary of their first meeting, and once he had told her he would never forget it; and she—well, she told her heart

that she never would, either! But all that was past now, and hallowe'en and all its foolish pastimes seemed very distasteful to her.

Her father confessor was a long time in coming. The candles in the jack-lanterns sputtered noisily; some persistent katy-dids and katy-didn'ts renewed their old-time controversy in the dark woods, a cricket chirped sleepily, a hare scurried by, acorns pattered down on the fallen leaves, and all the noises of the open gave her an oppressive sense of loneliness and of being totally forgotten by the gay crowd up at the stone house.

She was not forgotten, however. Dickie was just biding his time. After sending her away, he gave the next victim and the next some tasks in different directions, and then, being informed that it was "fine" and a gentleman waited to be given a task, he called out cheerily:

"Well, I don't know who you are, or who that poor girl is who sits up near the woods waiting for your coming to hear her confession, but off you go, sir; and don't be too hard on her!"

There was a profound hush in the room as Miss Carmody held Geoffrey Townsend's Masonic charm in her fingers. She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then put it into his hands and indicated that he was the man. He took it, and without a word stalked from the room, and a few minutes later they heard the hall door close after him. Then such a clamor broke loose!

"Now Dickie Dale, you've put your foot in it!" cried Miss Carmody. "You have sent Townsend after Alice Brierton, and they have hardly spoken to each other for months and months."

"How was I to know whom I was sending after her?" cried Dickie, snatching the bandage off his blazing blue eyes. "And, even if I hadn't been blindfolded, how was I to know about this Brierton-Townsend feud; I who have been an exile from home and mother for twelve months and two! I never listen to gossip, either, you know! Oh, you wicked people!" he continued, wringing his hands in mock helplessness, "this is how poor Justice gets into trouble, being blindfolded!"

They couldn't help laughing at Dickie, and, as if to console him, Arthur Blair spoke up: "Never mind, Dickie Dale, others besides Justice are blind."

"Love, for instance," sighed Dickie. "Well, I wish them a happy reunion. By Jove! You don't think he'll shirk, do you? If I thought he would, I'd scoot up there to her by a cross-cut right off."

"No, you don't, Dickie, dear!" cried Mrs. Chase, a young chaperone, pulling him back. "Please leave them to the care of the good fairies that are abroad tonight. He'll go for her, even if they don't exchange a word; I know he is a gentleman who will keep his pledge."

"In the meanwhile, we must sit here serenely and wait for news," sighed Dickie. "For mercy's sakes, Billings, give us one of your songs,—anything, anything to break these moments of suspense!"

"By request," said Billings, rising and bowing to the ladies, then to Dickie, "I will sing my little song, and here it is—

> "Oh, Dickie Dale, little we knew
> The mischief you this night would do!"

"That's right, pile it on!" cried Dickie. "Blame me, instead of the evil witches that run around this night, do!"

"Meanwhile, Townsend was hurrying through the orchard and up the lane to the stile near the woods. He could see the Jack-lanterns grin as he approached the stile they guarded, and, gritting his teeth, he could, in imagination, see the grins of the company that he had left behind him. Dickie Dale always had a knack of making blunders, and they should have known better than to have let him give out the forfeits. But they should never know that he, Townsend, wanted to flatly refuse to go after Alice Brierton; for had he not told her that he would never go to her again unless she sent for him; and hadn't she told him that that hour might possibly come when heaven and earth met! The months had been very dreary since that bitter misunderstanding, and, somehow, he wasn't feeling so sure of his getting along without her friendship now as he had been some months ago.

He drew near the stile, and could make out plainly the slight figure sitting on the top of it, the dim yellow light of the grinning lanterns falling on her pensive face, one white hand holding the fleecy shawl around her, to ward off the night air.

"Miss Alice," he called, as he stopped at the foot of the stile, "it's a shame letting you or any other woman stay out in this damp

and lonely spot, just for fun. I am sorry that you are not to have a more agreeable escort, but I had to come, as it fell to my lot."

The girl laughed nervously. "Oh, I suppose it's fun for the others; and if it will amuse them, I don't suppose either you or I should object, should we?" She arose, shaking her skirts and prepared to descend. He put out his hand and motioned her to wait. Seating himself on the step below her, he began steadily:

"Well, so long as Fate in the person of Dickie Dale has made us break our vows, and meet and speak again, I might as well take all that is coming to me, and hear your confession. I am tired of all this, Alice; tired of this long misunderstanding; the going day after day without one word of even friendship from you, when you know that I had hoped for something more. I will ask you, Alice, if you can, and will, give me an explanation of your conduct toward me last spring; why you should break an engagement you had made to go to the theater with me; to refuse to see me when I called for you, and yet to let me hear you entertaining that despicable cad, Darby, in the library. I told you then that no explanation seemed necessary; I thought there could be none, excepting that you wished to trifle with me. Now, as your father confessor," he gave a weak laugh at this, "I am going to ask you for the reason and make the punishment as light as I can, under the circumstances."

"Punishment! It is you who deserve to be punished, Sir Hotspur!" she cried. "If you hadn't demanded an explanation—*demanded*—at that time, and also told me that you would never come near me again until I sent for you, I might have told you, and we might have laughed over it together—even if it did make both of us very provoked on that night!"

"You too!" he cried, leaning toward her and catching the hand that was not occupied in drawing the shawl tighter, for she was shivering now with excitement, as well as from the night dews. "Oh, Alice, if I had known that it was not all your fault! I beg your pardon for being so hasty, so stubborn, too. Now, will you tell me?"

"It's so simple, so silly, even if it did turn out to be tragical," she began. "I couldn't come out in the hall to you, or get up, while Mr. Darby was in the room, for—well, if you must know, you horrid man, I hadn't any shoes on! When I went to put on my opera slippers, I recollected that I had left my one precious shoe-horn down on the library table—the carved ivory one you brought me from Japan, you know. I had had it down in the library, showing it to Cousin Nell that afternoon, and I forgot to carry it up stairs again. I thought I could run down and get it without anyone seeing me, but I had no sooner gotten into the library when the maid answering the bell ushered that hateful Mr. Darby right in on me. I sank into a chair and didn't stir out of it till he took his leave.

"Oh, Geoff, you don't know what misery I was in! And you acted as if nothing I could say or do would make you have any faith in me. I don't know how I can ever forgive you, anyway, for thinking I'd neglect any nice young man for that horrid Mr. Darby!"

"So, I am the one to cry pardon! Dear Alice, if I ask for pardon, and I do from the bottom of my heart, mayn't I give you just a small penance for making me worry needlessly? Why didn't you let me go in and send that fellow about his business?"

"And have to get up! And have him tell it all over as a joke! You don't know what you are saying, Geoff!"

"Well, let's dismiss that cad! Alice, dearest," he said, sitting on the step beside her and putting his arm around her waist. "It's a little too cool to be out here without much protection, and so—and so! There, that's your penance and my paradise!"

"Well, what kept you two out so long?" cried Dickie Dale, when the engaged lovers came in almost an hour later, after they had been sent out. "Was the penance so long; so severe? Do tell us about it, unless it was *sub rosa*."

"I assure you, Dan Cupid," said Townsend, beaming with a happiness none could misunderstand, "the punishment is great—a life sentence! And the verdict was not given *sub rosa*, but *sub* Jack-lanterns."

A MAN AND A MAID

By Celia Myrover Robinson

IF one could only eat ancient portraits or old china or mahogany furniture! But, unfortunately, the choicest Sevres doesn't mellow with age, and one's defunct ancestors might prove indigestible."

"I don't see how you can!" Mrs. Belknap turned a pathetic, red-eyed face to her younger sister. "It is no season for jesting. Do you realize, Elizabeth," she drew her damp, lace-bordered handkerchief from her face and threw her hand out tragically, "do you realize that we are facing starvation?"

"That I do realize it, my speech has just shown, but I don't think we are facing it very bravely. It is now nearly two months since—since—" She broke off helplessly, as her sister turned from her and sank into a chair, burying her face in her hands and sobbing convulsively.

The younger girl rose and went over and knelt down beside her.

"Anna," she said, piteously, "if only you would not give way so! Oh, don't you suppose that I suffer too? It isn't easy to laugh when one's heart is breaking, but it is better and easier to laugh than to cry.

"It is now nearly two months since Roy—left us. We must try to think; we must do something."

"We might sell the place," said Anna, between sobs, "but it would break my heart."

"Sell the place! Anna, I told you—surely you understand; the place is mortgaged, dear. We do not own a thing but the furniture and pictures, and our own personal effects. It is only through Colonel Hempstead's kindness that we have remained here so long. And there is no money, dear. After I have paid the servants there will be nothing left. We must find work, Anna."

"What can we do?" asked Mrs. Belknap, helplessly.

"If it were a magazine story, I should marry Colonel Hempstead, and it would end happily. But it isn't, and so I must find something to do. Oh, if I only knew how to do some one thing well! I wonder if, in all Kentucky, there are two women as helpless as you and I?"

"I can paint a little," began Mrs. Belknap.

"Yes, you can paint a little, and I can sing a little and play a little and dance a little, and I know a little French and a little German. Together, we know a little of everything under the sun. But we neither of us could earn a penny with any of our numerous accomplishments."

"You are so pretty, Elizabeth. I don't see why—"

"You don't see why I couldn't captivate Colonel Hempstead or some other eligible old or young man? After all my seasons and my many advantages, it is strange that I should be an old maid, isn't it? But I am, and we must make the best of it."

"You are so strange, Elizabeth," said her sister, plaintively. "You know you might have married anybody—anybody; and yet—"

"And yet, I have married nobody. I am not so sure that I could have married 'anybody,' but I am sure that I have reached the time of life when one's years are a reproach. I am twenty-eight, and I wouldn't wonder if I am growing gray."

"Gray! You never were so beautiful in your life as you are now."

"Your personalities are delightfully flattering, Anna; but this isn't discussing the question of bread and meat. We are two lone women, thrown on the world; and, unfortunately, as rich in pride as we are poor in pocket. Now, if you will be sensible, Anna, and try to listen quietly, and help me a little, I will tell you my plans; for I have not been altogether idle during the last month, and have formed some plans for our future."

"I am listening," said Anna, resignedly.

But Miss Bethuen did not proceed at once to divulge her plans. She sat for some moments in silence, and when, at last, she

looked up at Mrs. Belknap, there was a hot flush on her face. She ran her hand into the bosom of her gown, and drew out a scrap of paper, which she threw to her sister.

"Anna, read that," she said.

"What on earth, Elizabeth? It is an advertisement for a maid, and signed Lucia Pemberton. Can it be our Mrs. Pemberton?"

"It can be and is; it is our Mrs. Pemberton; and she wants a maid."

"Well, I don't see—" And then a light slowly dawned on Mrs. Belknap's face. "You don't mean—oh, Elizabeth, you can't mean—"

"But it is just what I do mean," said Elizabeth, cheerfully. "She offers a very good salary, and—"

But Mrs. Belknap had burst into tears.

"Oh, Anna! Must all our conversations end in a flood of tears?" cried Elizabeth, despairingly. "Can't you see it is providential? It is the only thing, the very only thing that I can do. Even you can see that I am cut out for it. Listen, dear," she put her hands on her sister's shoulders and laughed down into the tear-stained face; "it isn't as though it were here in Lexington, where I am known. No one need be the wiser. If I am to earn our bread and butter, I must do it honestly; and this is the one thing that I believe I can do. You know you always said I could do your hair better than Nanon herself, and I am a genius where clothes are concerned; you know I am. I have always had the most unbounded curiosity to see this usurper of the family purple and plate. No one will ever know, and it will mean daily bread for us both; for I shall be able to save nearly all my salary, and—" she broke off rather helplessly.

"And support me in idleness," said her sister, bitterly.

"Well, it won't be very luxurious idleness, I'm afraid; but I think it will be enough. And as for supporting you—for how many years have I been dependent on your bounty, I wonder? You must let me do it, Anna."

"Elizabeth, I'd rather sell all the furniture and the portraits."

"Well, you shall not sell them," declared Elizabeth, with decision. "Not so long as I have my hands to work and save them; and, my dear, it is too late to deplore it, because I am already engaged."

"Oh! Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth's lips trembled, and she laid her hand on her sister's, pleadingly.

"Help me to be strong, Anna," she said.

* * *

"Has Fido had his airing, Liza?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the maid, respectfully.

"Have you fed the gold-fish?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the canaries?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you find time to do my laces?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"For heaven's sake, don't ma'am me again!" cries Mrs. Pemberton. "One would think you didn't know how to use your tongue. But I warrant you can wag it fast enough, when you've a mind."

"But I thought—"

"You aren't paid to think; you are employed to do your duty and behave like a rational human being. When I wish you to talk, you are to talk; and when I wish you to hold your tongue, you are to hold it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the maid, demurely.

Mrs. Pemberton took off her spectacles, rubbed them, and then put them on again and looked at the girl with something like a smile lurking in her sharp eyes.

"Do you know how to read?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady bounced in her chair. "If you use those two over-worked words again, Liza, I shall box your ears."

The girl bit her lips, and her cheeks flushed. "I don't know how else to answer in the affirmative, ma'am," she said.

"You are as bad as a poll parrot. Here, if you haven't anything else to do, you may read to me; my eyes are tired. But don't swallow your words, and don't mumble, and don't read down in your throat like a third-rate elocutionist. That is the way most young people read. No, I don't want that namby-pamby novel. Whoever wrote it had much better been sawing wood. It is a disgrace to the American people. An historical romance! Historical fiddlesticks! Here, read me the newspaper. The newspaper and the Bible are enough for any Christian woman to read. There, child, what are you waiting for? Why don't you go on with your reading?"

At the end of an hour Mrs. Pemberton interrupted in the middle of a sentence.

"There! that's dry enough, heaven knows. That will do. You read very well. Do you know how to write?"

"I do," said the maid, a little smile trembling about her lips.

"Well, let's see if you do. Most young people these days write as unintelligibly as they talk. I want my letters written plainly, and I do not wish you to use a stub pen. You might as well write with a stick. You are to write with a decent fine pen, and you may read to me for an hour every day, and write my letters, when I don't choose to write them myself; and I shall pay you ten dollars more a month. You needn't thank me; it will be no sinecure. I shall expect you to do it, and do it well. I shall take a nap now, and you may fix that cap I told you of. Shut the door after you, and don't bang it."

* * *

The doctor left the room, and the maid followed him, closing the door softly after her.

"She is very ill," he said, tentatively.

"She is very, very ill. She must have a trained nurse, and at once."

The maid shook her head. "She will not have a nurse, Doctor Michal."

"She need not be consulted. She must have a nurse immediately; and I will send one to you this afternoon. I know a young woman who will suit admirably."

"You don't know Mrs. Pemberton, then. I am sure she would not permit—"

They were interrupted by a voice ringing from the sick-room. The maid opened the door quickly. The old woman was sitting up in bed, very much disheveled and very angry.

"What are you two mumbling about out there in the passage. Deliver me from people who whisper behind closed doors. A nurse? No, I will not have a nurse. I told you, Jimmie Michal, that I would not have a nurse. A trained nurse, indeed! Much training they have! Young wiseacres, with their theories and their homilies. Half of them don't know how to make a decent gruel. I wouldn't call one of them in to nurse Fido. I know them. They are all as alike as black-eyed peas. Didn't I have one when I was in Louisville, at Hannah's? A pert chit of twenty, who thought she knew more than I did, and forbade my drinking tea. Forbid me to drink tea—and I've been drinking it three times a day all of my life! Little upstart! No, I shall have Liza and old Aunt Jinny. Old Aunt Jinny is better than all the nurses and half the doctors, if her skin is black."

"But, my dear Mrs. Pemberton"—

"Oh, don't 'my dear' me, with your grand seigneur airs. I shall do as I please. All you have to do is to prescribe your medicine; that is what I pay you for; when I want advice, and that isn't often, I go to my lawyer. You are a very good doctor, in your way; but your father was a better, and I wish he were here. But he isn't, and I shall have to put up with you. Hoighty, toity! you needn't get red. I have no doubt you will pull me through; you with your physic and Liza with her messes."

The doctor bowed. "Then I shall leave you in your maid's charge, Mrs. Pemberton. But I beg that you will be as quiet as possible, and not excite yourself in any way."

"Oh, I shall do very well, I dare say. Good-bye, Jimmie."

Dr. Michal bowed himself out.

A fortnight later the old woman lay quiet and white and spent with suffering. Liza stood at the foot of the bed, a pale ghost of herself, worn with work by day and vigils by night. The patient was too weak to rail today; her eyes were closed, and her breathing heavy.

As the doctor left the room he beckoned the maid, and she followed him.

"Why don't you lie down?" he asked abruptly, when he had closed the door after her. "You are as white as chalk."

"I am not very tired," she said mendaciously.

"You are tired. Your eyes—your palor show it. Human nature cannot bear such a strain, and it not tell. She is an old woman with a heart of gold, but she is a terrible old woman, none the less."

"She is a very pathetic old woman, now," said the girl rather hotly.

"I do not mean any disloyalty to her. No one knows of her noble qualities better than I. But I did not bring you out here to discuss her. It is of you I am thinking now."

The girl lifted her head rather proudly.

"You are very kind," said said, "but I can take—I am taking care of myself."

"No, you are not. Why don't you leave her more to Aunt Jinny?"

"Aunt Jinny is old and sleepy-headed."

"Then we must have a nurse," said the doctor, decidedly.

"She shall not have a nurse now, when she is too weak to protest. Indeed, Doctor Michal, you do not know how strong I am."

"I know how brave you are," he said, "but strong—I do not know about that; you look very frail and weak to me, tonight. You must spare yourself more."

"I am doing very well," she said coldly. "Are there any further instructions, Doctor Michal?"

"None others except a nap for you, and I suppose it would be useless to prescribe that?"

She smiled faintly, and went back into the sick-room.

She had grown rather fond of the irascible old woman in the three months she had been with her. But the strain of nursing was telling on her she knew. Yet, what was she to do? She would not go against the old woman's wishes and call in a nurse; she could not leave her to Aunt Jinny. And now that the crisis was so near at hand, she felt that she must be faithful. She felt almost as if she held the frail life in her hands, and the responsibility of the position appalled her.

She seated herself in a low chair and leaned her aching head against the cushioned back, and scalding tears splashed their way down her cheeks.

She felt unspeakably lonely and homesick. Homesick for the old place in Lexington, and for Anna. She could see the old pretty garden, and almost smell the flowers. She had tried to be brave and not think, but the thoughts would come crowding sometimes. The life had not been as hard as she had expected, but it had been unbearably irksome, and, she could not help it, it was degrading. She had thought she could bear it for Anna's sake, and because there seemed to be no other honest way.

She had told herself that a Bethuen could do even this and not lower herself. But tonight she felt that this was not so. Her hands were not the only things that were roughening. She could not bear it any longer; she must try something else. When Mrs. Pemberton was better she would give it up and try some other way. O, why had she ever been such a fool as to place herself in so false a position! The shame of it had never so bitten into her soul as it did tonight.

"Liza!" called Mrs. Pemberton, faintly

She rose quickly and bent over the invalid.

* * *

"You are worth more than half-a-dozen trained nurses," said the doctor.

Liza smiled faintly.

"No wonder she wouldn't have one of her *betes noires;* she knew whose hands she was in. You have saved her life."

"She owes that to you," said the girl.

"She owes it to your good and faithful nursing."

"She is entirely out of danger, then?"

The doctor laughed. "I think we may safely say so. When one is spirited enough to throw a book at her physician's head, it is probable that she is in no danger of leaving this world for a better. But if she is out of danger, you are not. You must let me prescribe for you, now. You may safely leave her to Aunt Jinny. And will you let me thank you for being such an efficient helper?"

"I am glad I was of service to her," said the maid coldly. "I only tried to do my duty. I was paid for my services, Doctor Michal."

She was standing beside him, looking very tall and very pale, and in the light that fell from the stained-glass window above her, her face looked ghastly. She felt a strange giddiness and choking in her throat, and she put out her hand to steady herself, and reeled a little.

"Liza!" he said, and caught her. She had fainted.

He carried her to a couch and laid her down, and then, stooping with a sudden passionate tenderness, kissed her on the lips.

* * *

"If you have come to pay a professional visit, you may go home," said Mrs. Pemberton; "but if you have come to gossip, you may stay and have a cup of tea with me."

"I will take the tea then, please," said Michal. "Your tea is always better than

anyone's else. Are you feeling quite fit again?"

"You are not to ask me how I feel, any more. Am I to put out my tongue for your inspection every time you enter my doors? Tut, tut, child! I know more about medicine now, than you do. It wasn't your nasty physic that saved my life; it was my own good constitution and Liza's good sense. Not that I would depreciate you, Jimmy. Your father and your grandfather were good doctors before you, and it is said you are eclipsing them with your advanced ideas and new methods. I never was one to call in a doctor for every toe ache, and I don't believe in your new-fangled notions; but you have gotten the credit, and I am perfectly willing to give you a credential if you want it; it would be honester than most of them, at any rate."

Michal smiled somewhat dryly. He was used to Mrs. Pemberton's blandishments.

"How is—your maid?" he asked, flicking away an imaginary speck from his immaculate self.

"Liza? She is now engaged in writing letters, and then, I suppose she'll have strength left to pack her trunk. She is going back to Lexington."

"To Lexington! I didn't know—that is—it is a pity she should leave you. She seems—" He broke off lamely and flicked away some more imaginary dust.

Mrs. Pemberton put up her lorgnette and regarded him severely until he looked up, flushing a little under her scrutiny.

"Jimmie," she said, "when next you choose to kiss my maid, I would advise you to pick out another place than a couch directly in front of my bed-room door. My eyesight is failing me, it is true, but I can see pretty clearly what goes on under my nose. And I should like to ask you if you think it very honorable—"

"On the contrary," he broke in, "it was the act of a cad. But I am not as black as I seem, Mrs. Pemberton—"

He got up and strode about the room for some minutes, as if to collect himself. When he came back he laid his big hands on her little claw-like fingers.

"Do you remember," he said, "when I was a little shaver, how I used to steal away from home and over here, and beg for sugar-cakes, and help myself to your jam?"

"Yes, you did begin filching your sweets rather early in life," she said.

"And do you remember how I always called you Aunt Lucie?"

"For mercy's sake, don't be sentimental, Jimmy. If there is anything I hate, it is sentimentality."

"You know me pretty well," he continued, undisturbed. "Did you ever know me to lie to you?"

"Well, I don't remember that I ever caught you in a lie," she said.

"I have never lied to you. And I have not, knowingly, done a dishonorable thing. Whatever my sins may be—"

"And they are many," interposed Mrs. Pemberton.

"I came here this morning to ask you to help me. Aunt Lucie, I want to marry your maid."

Mrs. Pemberton stared at him in silence for some moments. "I wonder your father doesn't turn over in his grave," she said at last. "And your mother! I suppose you have told her of the proposed alliance. If you have, I should like to have seen her face. A Michal marry a lady's maid! It's true they have made a mesalliance or two in their time. Your Grand-uncle Hugh married an opera singer. But none of them, so far as I know, ever married a servant."

"She is not a servant!" said Michal hotly.

"What is she, then?"

"She is the woman I love!"

"Hoighty, toity! She is my maid; and that is the long and the short of it; and if you marry her you may have a hornet's nest about your ears, boy."

"I do not know that I shall marry her," said Michal, "for I don't know that she would marry me. But I love her, and I should be proud to make her my wife. Why," he burst out, impetuously, "she is the loveliest woman I have ever seen, and the noblest."

"What a young fool you are," said Mrs. Pemberton. "Well, you're none too good for her, I can tell you that."

"Will you help me?" he asked.

Mrs. Pemberton sat staring before her for some minutes and laughing softly to herself. It was somewhat disconcerting.

Michal tramped about the room with his hands in his pockets.

Suddenly she turned to him with her eyes twinkling.

"Come here," she said, "and sit down. Did you ever hear of Harold Bethuen? Yes, of course you have; every Kentuckian has. He was the handsomest and the fastest and the proudest man in Kentucky. The Bethuens were wealthy from time immemorial. Old David Bethuen was a Crœsus. He owned this place and twenty others, and the fastest blooded horses, and the best blue grass land in the state. He had six sons, and, before his death, he divided up his property. The bulk of it went to Harold, who was the eldest. And his sons made ducks and drakes of their fortunes as fast as they could. This property and a good income he retained for himself. When they had squandered their substance, they looked to his death for reimbursement. But there was a quantity on which they had not counted. And that was his marriage. He married me, as you know, and they have hated me cordially ever since. Nor were they suited when, after his death, I married Mr. Pemberton. He is dead, now, too, these many years. Harold Bethuen lived in Lexington and had two daughters. One of them married Roy Belknap, and after her father's death her younger sister Elizabeth lived with her. You remember hearing of Roy Belknap's failure and suicide some months ago. Have you ever seen Elizabeth Bethuen? She is as beautiful a woman as Kentucky has ever boasted. Well, you'll probably see her some day, and who knows? maybe you'll lose your heart to her, and then where will the maid be?"

"Aunt Lucie," he said, "it is hard to tell what you are driving at sometimes. If you mean to intimate that I am fickle enough—"

"Oh, you are as constant as most men, I dare say," and she arose. "I am going to leave you now. No, don't go. I shall be back presently. I have not finished with this interesting subject." She left the room.

"When she opened the door of her morning-room she found the maid still writing letters.

"Elizabeth Bethuen," she said, "when do you propose to pack your trunk?"

The maid dropped the pen, and came very near tipping over the ink.

"Mrs. Pembertor—" she began.

The old woman laughed wickedly. "You little fool!" she said. "I wonder if you thought that I was blind? Why, you have your father's face and his walk and his very voice. I'd know Harold Bethuen's eyes in anybody's head. Did you suppose you could hoodwink me so easily? La! child, few people can fool Lucia Pemberton. A cap and an apron don't make a maid. Much you know about being a maid. You've been very companionable, and you've saved my life; and that's a good deal better than washing my poodle. You read very well, though rather too fast, and you write more plainly than most women. You were rather too respectful for a maid, but you did your best —you aren't a very good actress. I'd like to know what that sister of yours meant by permitting such an escapade?"

"She didn't permit it."

"No, I don't suppose she could help herself. You are probably as heady as the rest of the Bethuen's. Well, you saved my life, my dear, and so your novitiate wasn't all wasted. But you don't suppose I am going to let you run off to Lexington thinking you are keener of wit than I am. I don't see why you want to go, anyway. I believe you rather like me, if I am crotchety."

"You have been very good to me, Mrs. Pemberton."

"I like you, child. And let me tell you something. You may go back to Lexington and keep your secret, and nobody be the wiser, unless your sister has blabbed it. Those people who knew of you at all knew of you as my companion, and I am sure that is no disgrace. And there is just one thing more: you may come to see me whenever you like, and I hope that may be very often. You've probably never heard any good of me, but maybe you think better of me than you did. I was poor, and I married your grandfather for his money. There are several people who are waiting for my death, as they waited for his, but they'll not profit by it. Now, go down stairs; there is someone in the drawing-room who wishes to see you. Never mind whether they are from Lexington or Kamchatka; go and see for yourself."

Elizabeth, thinking of Anna, flew from the room, and raced down the stairs. When she flung open the door Michal's tall form confronted her.

She looked beyond him for her sister.

"I thought," she began, "Mrs. Pemberton said someone wished to see me."

"Someone does wish to see you," he said. "I want very much to see you. I—"

Elizabeth's hand was still on the door-knob.

"Doctor Michal," she said, "I am afraid you are forgetting your position and mine."

"I am not forgetting," he said. "I have come to tell you—to ask you to be my wife. I love you. I think I have loved you—"

"Do you know that you are speaking to Mrs. Bethuen's maid?" she said huskily.

"I am speaking to the woman I love. Dear—"

But the maid had sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

Then Jimmy Michal did what he had sworn he never would do. He went down on his knees to plead his cause.

An hour later when Mrs. Pemberton burst into the room, they were standing suspiciously far apart, and one of Elizabeth's cheeks was redder than it had any business to be.

Doctor Michal went up to Mrs. Pemberton and took her hands in his.

"Aunt Lucie, Miss Bethuen has promised to be my wife," he said.

YOUTH AND AGE

By Sarah Martyn Wright

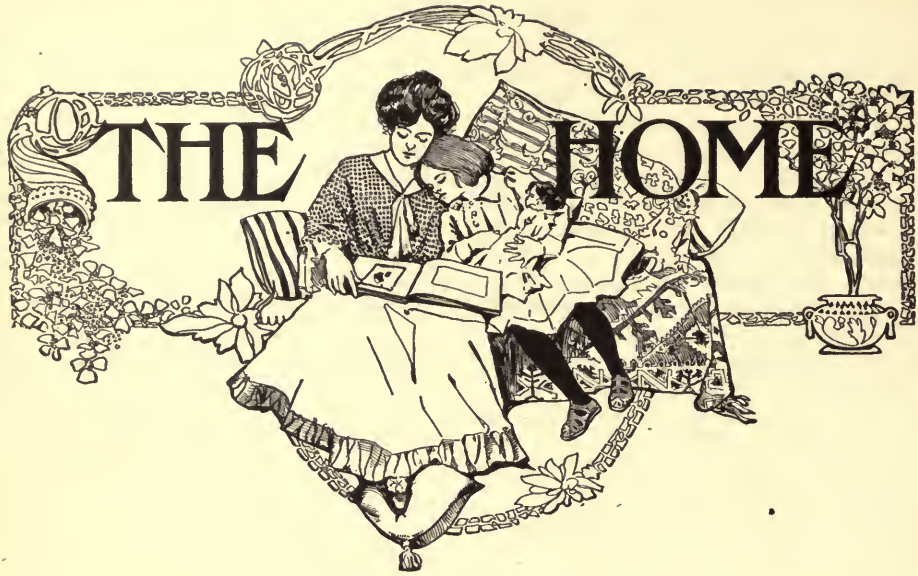
AH! Youth is fair and Youth is sweet!
But swift she flies with wingèd feet,
And leaves our life but half complete.

Ah! Youth is fair and Youth is gay!
She charms and rules with magic sway;
Then passes on, like summer day.

And Age, with beauty all her own,
Comes silently, Youth's path a-down,
And sits a queen upon her throne.

She touches with her fingers fair
Our lips, our eyes, our brow, our hair,
And leaves her gentle impress there.

And what glad Youth with flying feet
Was fain to leave with footsteps fleet,
Age finishes with patience sweet,
And Youth and Age make life complete.



WHAT THE HOME STANDS FOR

Julia Sherman Upton, Hurdsville, N. D.

Quotations that I judge to be of great value have recently come into my reading, and it occurred to me that these might fit well in the columns of your Home Department, and bear to your readers a precious, helping sentiment.

The first is as follows: "Strength of character may be acquired at work, but beauty of character is learned at home. There the affections are trained—that love especially which is to abide when tongues have ceased, and knowledge fails. There the gentle life reaches us, the true heaven life. In one word, the family circle is the supreme conductor of Christianity.

Tenderness, humbleness, courtesy, self-forgetfulness, faith, sympathy—these ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit are learned at the fireside in commonplace houses scattered over the country, or in city streets."—*Henry Drummond.*

Another is found in the closing sentences of an address given by our President on the recent occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Michigan Agricultural College. I would be greatly pleased if all that our brilliant, truth-loving President said on that occasion could be put before your readers. We ought every one of us to know just what he did say there. It all honors labor and the foundation principles to which we as a great nation owe our prosperity, but for present use we must take the few closing sentences. He says: "Nothing outside of home can take the place of home. The school is an invaluable adjunct to the home, but it is a wretched substitute for it. The family relation is the most fundamental, the most important of all relations. No leader in church or state, in science or art or industry, however great his achievement, does work which compares in importance with that of the fathers and the mothers 'who are the first of sovereigns and the most divine of priests.'"

What a summing up is this; and if it is true, as we must concede it is, what more excellent work for humanity can be done than that which will help to hold in the thousands and tens of thousands of homes under the flag of this United States such standards as these beautiful words unfold?

* * *

THE MORAL OF A PAIR OF STOCKINGS

Mrs. F. D. Sturgeon, Mason City, Iowa

The following was written by a distinguished literary lady to a learned judge, on the eve of his marriage:

DEAR COUSIN:—Herewith you will receive

a pair of stockings knit by my own hands; and be assured, dear coz, that my friendship for you is as warm as the material, active as the finger work, and generous as the donation.

But I consider the present as peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of your marriage.

You will remark, in the first place, that there are two individuals united in one pair; who are to walk side by side, guarding against coldness, and giving comfort as long as they last. The thread of their texture is mixed; and so alas! is the thread of life.

In these, however, the white is made to predominate, expressing my desire and confidence that thus it will be with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe you will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent when we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts arise in my mind regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a substantial frame, may furnish instructive influence, as saith the poet:

> "The iron dogs, the fuel and tongs,
> The bellows that have leathern lungs,
> The firewood, ashes and smoke,
> Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the top of these things (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by no means of seaming are drawn into a snarl, but after comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so until the final toeing off. By this I wish to take occasion to congratulate you that you are now through with seeming and have come to plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings were not all made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch to another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair and equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action, but millions of little ones combined; and so it may be with our lives—no stitch dropped when duties are to be performed, no widening made when bad principles are to be reproved, or economy is to be preserved, neither seeming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question.

Thus every stitch of life made right and set in the right place—none either too large or too small, too light or too loose—may you keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until together having passed the heel you come to the very toe of life, and here in the final narrowing off and dropping off the coil of this emblematic pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light. May you, like these stockings—the final stitch being dropped, and the work completed—go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven.

Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a civil reception, I remain in true-blue friendship, seemingly without seaming, yours from top to toe. L.

* * *

THE CONVALESCENT CHILD

Leora Curry Smith

A THOUSAND birds are singing,
With voices clear and sweet.
A thousand happy, grateful thoughts
Attend my flying feet.
A thousand years of grateful love
Would be too few to give
To Him who spared my loved one:
My precious child will live.

Fearful my faint and aching heart,
Without a ray of light —
But now — the earth is ringing
With voices in the night.
O listen, happy angels,
And bear my words of love
To the One who spared my darling:
The reigning King of Love.

Oh, Thou who spared my first-born,
My good — my gentle one,
With joyful tears I bless Thee
For all that Thou hast done.
To the One in heaven above us,
Who every blessing gives,
I kneel in adoration.
Thank God, my child still lives!

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN

EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

—

WATERPROOF DRESSING

By M. A. P., Fulton, Mo.

Get at the drug store ten cents' worth of rubber shavings; cover with linseed oil; let stand until dissolved; thin with neat's-foot oil; add lampblack to color; stir until smooth, and you have the best waterproof dressing known for leather. Linseed oil is not properly a solvent of rubber, but will reduce it to a glutinous condition in a few days; this may be hurried by occasionally kneeding it with a paddle or old knife. This has been well tested.

—

BAKED POTATOES

By G. W. B., Erie, Pa.

If before baking potatoes you will pour boiling water over them and let them stand for a moment before putting into the oven, they will be smooth, light brown and full when they go to the table; not dark and shrunken.

—

A DAINTY IDEA

By Mrs. H. K. Bradbury, Van Buren, Me.

When washing your white shirt-waists, put a bit of orris root in *scalding water*, and pour over them the last thing. Let stand a while, and the result when dry will be a dainty fragrance that will appeal to you at once.

—

DULL SCISSORS

By Winnifred L. McMaster, Creston, Ia.

If, when you are ready to do some special work, you find your scissors dull, open them around the neck of a small bottle and work them hard five or six times. You will find that they are sharpened quite a little, and will cut very much better.

—

A TARNISHED LIGHT FIXTURE

By R. R. L., Plano, Ill.

An electric light fixture which had seemingly become so tarnished that its original color could not be restored was renovated by the use of whiting made into a paste with a little vinegar.

—

TO KEEP MOLD FROM CANNED FRUITS

By Clara Stiles, Center Strafford, N. H.

Cut a piece of paper the size of the top of jar; wet in alcohol, and lay over fruit, then close jar as usual. There will be no mold on top, as there often is.

—

WHEN A ROOM IS DAMP

By L. B. T., Paris, Ky.

When the musty odor due to dampness is perceptible in a room, place some charcoal in a dish or hang it up in a little bag of net or cheese-cloth. This will purify the air and absorb odors.

CARROTS FOR DYSPEPSIA

By Mrs. Wonzor, Monticello, Minn.

For many years I was troubled with dyspepsia which no medicine helped. Someone advised me to eat a raw carrot every morning before breakfast. Before many days I was completely cured and have since seen many others relieved.

—

A REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA

By Mre. Steele Bailey, Stanford, Ky.

This is vouched for:—Cut a slice of bread, butter it generously, and sprinkle liberally with cayenne pepper. Eat just before retiring. The sufferer will soon be asleep. The heat from the pepper causes the flow of blood to the stomach—anything to draw the blood from the head.

—

MARGUERITES

By Mrs. F. Van Buskirk, Stockton, Mo.

Boil two cups of granulated sugar in enough water to dissolve well. When the syrup threads pour it over the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and beat until smooth; then stir in one cup of chopped nut-meats; spread on crackers and place in hot oven until glazed over top.

—

FOR EARACHE

By Mrs. E. M. A., Columbus City, Ia.

A little black pepper sprinkled on a small piece of antiseptic cotton, the cotton drawn up around the pepper, then dipped into warm oil and inserted in the ear gives quick relief when suffering with earache.

—

NEW IDEA IN DRAWN WORK

By Mrs. F. S. Pomroy, Alma Center, Wis.

If a piece of white toilet soap is rubbed on the wrong side of a piece of cloth where threads are to be drawn for fancy-work, the threads may be pulled with half the trouble.

—

WHEN THE CREAM HAS "TURNED"

By Myrtle Tibbetts, W. Concord, Minn.

If cream is a trifle sour it will not taste nor curdle in tea or coffee if stirred in cup with one or two teaspoonfuls of sugar before pouring the beverage.

—

TO CLEAN A COPPER BOILER

By Mrs. A. C. Winn, Tomales, Cal.

While the boiler is warm rub a flannel cloth dipped in coal oil over it, and then rub with a dry flannel cloth; it will look like new.

—

TAKES OUT SHOE POLISH STAIN

By Mrs. E. N, High, Norwood, Ohio

After using numerous other things to take the stain of shoe polish from a skirt, I found that chloroform cleaned it very nicely.

—

FRYING FISH SUCCESSFULLY

By Elizabeth Collins, Barton, Fla.

Fry fish with skin side next the pan, to prevent the pieces from curling up and breaking.

COOKING BEANS

By Olive Johnston, No. Jackson, O.

This recipe is from an old scrap-book made years ago. It was originally taken from the "Rural New Yorker," a paper printed years ago.

If, my dear Rural, you ever should wish
For breakfast or dinner a tempting dish
Of the beans, so famous in Boston town,
You must read the rules I here lay down:
When the sun has set in golden light,
And round you fall the shades of night,
A large deep dish you first prepare,
A quart of beans select with care,
And pick them over until you find
Not a speck or a mote is left behind.
A lot of cold water on them pour
'Till every bean is covered o'er,
And they seem to your poetic eye
Like pearls in the depth of the sea to lie;
Here, if you please, you may let them stay
'Till just after breakfast the very next day,
When a parboiling process must be gone through;
(I mean for the beans, and not for you);
Then, if in your pantry there still should be
That bean pot so famous in history,
With all due deference bring it out;
And if there's a skimmer lying about,
Skim half of the beans from the boiling pan
Into the bean pot as fast as you can;
Then turn to Biddy and calmly tell her
To take a huge knife and go the cellar;
For you must have, like Shylock of old,
"A pound of flesh," ere you beans grow cold;
But very unlike that ancient Jew,
Nothing but pork will do for you.
Then tell once more your maiden fair,
In the choice of the piece to take great care;
For a streak of fat and a streak of lean
Will give the right flavor to every bean!
This you must wash and rinse and score,
Put into the pot, and round it pour
The rest, till the view presented seems
Like an island of pork in an ocean of beans;
Pour on boiling water enough to cover
The tops of the beans completely over;
Shove into the oven and bake until done,
And the triumph of Yankee cookery's won!

—

TO STOP NOSEBLEED

By Estelle Sanders, Columbia, Ala.

Feel all along the under side of the jaw-bone (the right side, if the right nostril is bleeding, and vice versa) until you locate the pulse. Press this very firmly with the finger until the bleeding stops, which will usually be not longer than two or three minutes. This very simple remedy will check the flow of blood into that side of the head until the blood in the rupture can coagulate, and will almost invariably have the desired effect.

—

BRIGHTENS COLORS IN A CARPET

By G. Patterson, Vesta, Minn.

To sweep a carpet without raising a dust, and at the same time brighten the colors, add kerosene to water and dampen the broom with it.

—

DUST-CLOTHS

By Pearl Rosskopf, Heno, Ohio

Old stockings split open and sewed together make nice dust-cloths, as they do not leave any white lint.

THE CELLAR WALL

By Mrs. J. McWhinney, Mansfield, S. D.

To make a dressing for a cellar wall, take one gallon of unslacked lime, and slack with hot water; thin with skimmed sweet milk to the consistency of cream; add two tablespoonfuls of salt to the mixture and apply to the wall with a whitewash brush. Let it dry thoroughly, and apply a second coat. It will harden and be almost as solid as cement. I treated my cellar wall this way five years ago, and it has not crumbled except where there was some hard substance thrown against it.

MINCEMEAT WITHOUT APPLES

To make mincemeat without apples, use table beets for a substitute. Boil the beets as for pickles, chopping fine, and using the same proportions as with apples. No one can tell the difference when made into pies.

—

GINGER BEER

By John Pound, Dover, N. H.

Twenty quarts of water, five pounds of sugar, three ounces of white ginger root and a pennyworth of licorice (I put in a piece of licorice candy about two or three inches long); boil them well together. When this mixture is cold, put a little new yeast upon it, (but not too much) put into a barrel for a week or ten days, and then bottle it, putting a lump of sugar into every bottle. In four weeks it is drinkable. I drank mine a few days after making. It is superior to the ginger ale which you get at the stores. This recipe was copied from an ancient book, printed in England in the eighteenth century.

—

FOR CHAPPED HANDS

By A. C. Jensen, Boise, Idaho

Persons afflicted with chapped hands should keep a cigar box, or other small box, divided into two sections, near the wash-bowl, filled with graham flour and corn meal. Use a little corn meal in washing (with or without soap); this will remove the rough chapped skin. After drying the hands with a towel, rub well with a handful of the graham flour, which will wholly absorb the moisture, removing the cause of further cracking of the skin.

—

RENOVATING FEATHERS

By Mrs. Henry Kuhl, Mason City, Ia.

Have a large sack made of two flour bags or some thin material; empty the feathers into this and place over a boiler of hot water. Let steam well, turning often. When steam comes through in clouds, shake and hang on line to air and dry, and you will find your feathers as nice and downy as new ones, and you are sure of your *own*, besides.

—

CORN CURE

By H. H. Cooper, Woodland, Mich.

Purchase five cents' worth of salicylic acid (powder) and stir in lard about size of a tablespoonful. Put this on corn every night, and in about a week you can pull the corn out, and it will never return.

—

WILL REMOVE IRON-RUST INSTANTLY

By Sallie J. Parks, Sandhill, Tenn.

To take out iron-rust *instantly*, apply ammonia.

CURE FOR CHILLS

Common salt worn in the shoes is a cure for chills.

TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND

By One of the Wives

Select with care; the very young and green varieties take longer to prepare, but are often excellent when done; those too crusty take a long time to cook tender. One neither hard nor yet very soft will give best satisfaction.

Do not keep in a pickle, nor in hot water, for even a little while, as this toughens the fibre, retards the cooking and often spoils the result. Never prick to test for tenderness; this leaves a mark, and they are never so smooth afterward.

Even the poorer varieties may be made sweet and tender by the following method:—Wrap in a mantle of charity and keep warm over a steady fire of loving domestic devotion; garnish with patience, well sweetened with smiles, and flavored with kisses to taste. Serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared, they will keep for years.

—

OLIVE OIL FOR PIE CRUST

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Cal.

The healthiest pie is made without lard, olive oil being used in its place. Two tablespoonfuls of the oil makes lovely crisp crust for one pie.

IF TROUBLED WITH NEURALGIA

Here is a neuralgia cure so simple that it is surely worth trying. It is a remedy used in India, and is said to bring relief in less than five minutes:—If the left side of the face is affected, submerge the *right* hand in hot water—as hot as can be borne—and if the right side, the *left* hand. The explanation is this: Two nerves having the greatest number of tactile nerve endings are the fifth and median nerves. As the fibres of these two nerves cross, an impulse conveyed to the right hand will affect the left side, and vice versa.

—

TO LAUNDER PONGEE SILK

By Mrs. Harvey L. Moore, Garland, Utah

To launder pongee silk and keep it from spotting, wash follows:—Make good suds with any good soap, wash gently with the hand, and then rinse in luke-warm water. Press, not wring, the water out; then when nearly dry iron with a moderately hot iron, and the silk will look like new, while if dampened in the usual way after the silk has dried, it turns very spotted after being ironed.

NEW USE FOR CLOVES

Two or three cloves sprinkled on the stove make an excellent and agreeable deodorizer for kitchen fumes.

—

TO RENOVATE OLD BLACK LACE

By Mrs. R. N. Pollard, Cumnor, Va.

If of good quality, pin on pillow, every point in place; *dampen every thread*, and leave to dry. If directions are followed, lace should be like new.

—

FOR COLD FEET

By A. B. G., Fairfield, Me.

A five-minute foot bath in hot water every night will insure warm feet for the winter, and incidentally prevent the appearance of corns.

—

MAKES CLOTHES-PINS LAST

By Mrs. Fred Tanbert, Aberdeen, So. Dak.

If new clothes-pins are put into hot water they will not break so quickly in using.

WHAT EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT

By Percy Fielding, Ithaca, N. Y.

Raisins kept for any length of time will harden and are unfit for cakes, puddings, etc., in that condition. Place them in a hot oven for a few minutes and they will soften.

In using molasses in cold weather, one finds great difficulty in measuring it. Place a cup in hot oven, and when it is hotter than the hand can touch, pour the molasses into the cup, and it will run easily.

However well greased, juicy pies invariably cause the crust when cold to adhere so tenaciously to the plate that it is next to impossible to remove the pie without breaking. Placed in warm oven before serving removes the difficulty and does not over-heat the pie.

—

IN TIME OF ILLNESS

By Mame Buxton, Redondo, Cal.

When using cloths dipped in hot water to allay pain, one is apt to burn the hands wringing out the cloths. A better way is to lay the cloths in a steamer placed over a dish of boiling water. They will be kept hot, ready for application, and require no wringing.

To cool a fever, bathe the patient's face with cold water and fan for a few moments. The rapid evaporation gives the face a delicious sense of coldness. While almost burning up with fever one hot day, this was tried, and it brought wonderful relief and quieted the patient when every other method failed.

—

SEWING HELPS

By Rose Acheson, Des Moines, Ia.

To gather sleeves and other parts of garments, stitch with the machine near the edge, using a coarse thread, No. 40, below and a loose upper thread; then draw up to the proper size. If a finer thread is used below it sometimes breaks.

A great deal of time may be saved if, when you open a paper pattern, you will write the number and size on each part.

—

WORN CARPETS

By Mrs. Geo. A. Clark, W. Deerfield, Mass.

When taking up somewhat worn ingrain carpets, I buy a supply of darning cotton of the colors in the carpet; and with this I darn the worn or thin places, making the carpet neat and more durable.

When sweeping, I place a large well-dampened newspaper in the center of the floor, and sweep toward it. It catches much of the dust that would otherwise fly to the part of the room already swept.

—

A BLOOD PURIFIER

By Willie A. Wallace, Savannah, Ga.

Take one pound of dry sulphur and half a pound of cream of tartar; mix in half-gallon of water. Take one wine-glass full twice a day, shaking well before taking. It will remove all pimples from the face and eradicate all impurities from the blood. Try this a few weeks and see the result.

—

SHADOWS ON THE SHADES

By Bertie Norrell, Augusta, Ga.

To divert the shadows from the shades at night, place the lights near the windows, between the windows and the occupants of the room. The shadows will fall toward the interior of the room.

SALTED PECANS

By Mrs. E. Polke, Houston, Texas

Salted pecans are even more delicious than salted almonds. They are seldom prepared at home because the nuts are difficult to remove from the shells without breaking the meats. This difficulty is entirely overcome by pouring boiling water over the nuts, letting them cool with the water. Crack by striking small ends of nuts; salt them as you would almonds.

SEWING MACHINE OIL STAINS

The yellow oil stains left by the sewing machine can easily be removed in the wash if they are rubbed over with a little liquid ammonia.

—

STORING CELERY

By Mrs. Rufus Lease, Dunkirk, Ohio

Let stand until moderately freezing weather is at hand, then when the ground is damp enough to adhere in generous quantities to roots, dig it up and place the bunches closely side by side in boxes (or half-barrels) deep enough to allow plenty of room for celery to stand upright. Cover with old carpet or anything to exclude light; sprinkle occasionally to keep quite moist, keep in cool place, but do not let it freeze, and you will have white, crisp, tender celery until spring.

—

SWEET WINTER BUTTER

By H. A. Hover, Boyceville, Wis.

So few cows are milking in winter that butter is often hard to churn and bitter in flavor. I strain all my milk into a large enameled pan, set on stove, bring to a boiling point, turn into cans or jars and set in cupboard where it is moderately cool. The cream will be sweet, and butter will come with ten minutes' work. Never set in cold water after scalding. Try this way.

—

FAST-HOLDING SHOE BUTTONS

By Mrs. E. H. Scott, Vulcan, Mich.

To keep the buttons securely on shoes, cut small slits in the leather large enough to allow the eyes of the buttons to go through. Run a shoe string through the eyes and pull buttons back into place; then fasten string securely at each end.

—

FROST-NIPPED TOMATOES

By Kate B. Page, Catanduanes, P. I.

If frost catches green tomatoes on the vine, remove the large sound ones, wrap each in newspaper, pack in a wooden box, cover with paper, nail lid on, place in a cold dark cellar, and you can have ripe tomatoes for the Christmas dinner.

—

RENDERING LARD

By U. B. Brown, Morgantown, W. Va

Instead of cutting your lard fat into bits, just grind it through your meat-chopper, as for sausage. It renders quicker and makes more and nicer lard. Try it.

—

WINE STAINS ON LINEN

By Nannie Samuelson, Ceresco, Neb.

Wine stains on linen should be covered with salt, wet, and rinsed out before the regular washing process.

TO MAKE PALMS HEALTHY

By R. B., Indian Territory

My palms looked brown and lifeless until a friend suggested that I wash the leaves in tepid water, using a soft sponge to rub them off. They now look green and healthful and the leaves are smooth and shiny. I wash them usually about twice a week.

KEEP THE MIRRORS FROM THE SUN

Always have the dressing-table or bureau in that part of the room where the direct rays of the sun will not fall upon the mirror, as the heat melts the quick-silver and in a short time the glass is ruined.

PLACE CARDS

A friend of mine who has quite a reputation for originality had place cards at a recent dinner, which were rhymes in the limerick style. each being a "take-off" of that especial person's pet hobby. The reading aloud of these caused much merriment. and there was not the usual constraint that generally precedes the first course or two.

—

RAW ONIONS

By Mrs. C., Ohio

To those who are fond of raw onions, the following mode of preparing makes them delicious—slice thin onions such as are put in cellar for winter use, place in a dish, pour boiling water on them, draining off immediately; repeat three times if onions are very strong; then pour cold water on them once, drain off and put onions in cold dish, and set in a cool place. They will be sweet and crisp.

—

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER

By Mrs. J. M. Merrill, Grant, Mich.

Put a quantity of powdered charcoal in the bottom of the potato bin or barrel; it will preserve their flavor and prevent the sprouts from shooting out as early as they otherwise would.

—

ROAST WILD DUCK

By Mrs. C. H. Fisher, Scranton, Pa.

To remove the fishy taste from wild duck, after drawing the duck and removing the skin, insert a peeled raw potato. Put in steamer and steam until nearly done. Remove the potato, fill with force-meat and roast in oven as usual.

—

TO REMOVE OBSTACLE FROM NOSE

By Belle Williams, Gazelle, Cal.

Place the thumb against the *free* nostril, putting the hand firmly over the mouth, and give a sharp rap on the back of the patient, thus forcibly expelling the breath.

—

A NICE FLOOR WAX

By Mrs. N. B. Collins, Prairieville, Ala.

Two-thirds melted wax and one-third turpentine makes a fine floor polish—just as good as that you get at the stores.

—

TO RID A SAFE OF ANTS

By M. S., Washington, D. C.

Do not let the safe touch the wall. Chalk mark around the legs, and the ants will not crawl over it.

HAPPY HABITERS ARE BUILDERS

By the Editor

THE realization that it is the falling leaves, the dropping of seed-vessels and fruitage, the closing harvest days, that ensure another seed-time and another harvest, other leaves and another year of bloom and fruit — this it is that thrills the mind with the sweet promise of everlastingness. The bountiful harvests of America have been garnered, and we once more grasp the fact, as Balzac says: "What you put into the soil, you get out of it."

* * * * *

In a few hours spent in the woods in this glorious autumn-time, I seemed to realize more clearly the responsibility of the Happy Habiters in the harvest days; for we cannot deny that in every happy thought and habit created seed is sown that is bearing fruit. Have you ever been dissatisfied with work undertaken and carried on in the spirit of happiness? True, there are people who seem to be happy in making other people unhappy, and if they reap the fruitage of such seed, what marvel is it? "As a man soweth, so shall he reap," is as true now as in the days of old. Yet it may be that even creating unhappiness and discomfort among one's fellows is not done with evil intent, though the consequences are as unpleasant as if it were.

I recall the old days when candles were commonly used, and we sometimes went to stay with grandmother, a lady of the old school, who abhorred modern ways, and declared with Solomon, "Behold, this only have I found; God made man upright, but they sought out many inventions."

I remember the old low-ceilinged room, with its strange silhouettes and ancient steel engravings on the walls; how the candle-light flickered on the pictures, and the black-a-vized ladies and gentlemen in them seemed to open their lips and move their eyelashes, while we wondered what they might have looked like if we could have seen them face to face, instead of always in profile. A pair of heavy silver candle-sticks always stood on the glossy dark surface of the old table of Spanish mahogany that reflected faithfully the dancing light of the candles and the glory of the candle-sticks that were grandmother's pride; but sometimes the light grew dim with what we called "letters" on the wick of the candles, and then we vied with each other for the privilege of using the great silver snuffers that lay all ready on a tiny tray of their own. Carefully instructed, and with the best of intentions, we tried to snuff the candles as we had seen grandmother do, but it frequently happened

that we cut the wick too deep and left the room in darkness that resulted in a dropped stitch in grandmother's knitting, and the losing of "the place" in the solid history or theological work that we were reading aloud to her.

The candles had to be snuffed in order to get the best results from them, but even in those youthful days we understood that everything depended on the way it was done. If you did it just right, they burned brighter than ever.

How many of our great reformers are snuffing the candles and leaving the world brighter and better because they know just how to use those ponderous snuffers, public opinion. How many times the snuffers are wielded to keep in check the evils that accumulate. The snuffers are all right—there is a little box in them that holds the burnt, unsightly pieces of wick and keeps them from soiling anything on which they might chance to fall—and the candle is all right; it is all in the way you use them. This is why I am at variance with people who want to make the world better by snuffing the candles *out*, instead of snuffing them *brighter*.

* * * * *

AT the peril of being classed with the "nature fakirs," I am going to tell you a story about a fly. I was riding on a train to Cobalt; tired of reading, even a little bit tired of Joe Chapple, and a little tired of the monotonous scenery without, when, on the window-sill, I observed a big fly—the old-fashioned, blue-bottle variety—and he seemed a sociable sort of a chap, as he sat there rubbing his feet fore and aft and ducking his head. It seems absurd, I know, but it occurred to me that he was lonesome. He brought back visions of childhood, when we watched some one of his ancestors crawl along the window-pane and listened to the ditty:

"Baby bye, here's a fly;
Can't we catch him, you and I?
Up he crawls, on the walls,
Yet he never, never falls."

I was sorry that I did not understand his language, because I felt sure that he had something to communicate as he sat there pluming himself, setting his wings in order, and making his toilet with the utmost care. I did not see his "sabre tooth," but he may have had one. He must have been a tame fly, because I did not scare him one bit. He was as chatty and friendly as a squirrel. It seemed to me that he had the happy habit; not a snarl on his face, and I don't sympathize so much now with civilized mortals who spend thousands of dollars in exterminating the flies and keeping them out of society generally. I feel rather like the good old German who, when the agent came to sell him some fly screens, protested, "Vat for I fight mit de flies. Dey haf as moch right to live as I."

That fly performed a service for me. Just when I was in danger of losing for the moment that pleasant chain of happy habit thoughts which I vigorously try to maintain, that innocent big Canadian fly seemed to turn the tide of thought; and why not? Did not a spider inspire Bruce — Robert Bruce — with courage, just as his fortunes were at the lowest ebb? Did not Frederick the Great escape poisoning simply because a fly fell into his soup? — that soup that was intended for the conqueror?

* * * * *

IF the human race could be all Happy Habiters, or even moderately rational, there would be little bitterness, and no more of the absolutely needless sacrifice of the nobler and uplifting emotions of mankind. Today we offer human sacrifices just as truly as did the Aztecs, and our shafts of sarcasm and persecution cut as deep as any sacrificial knife of old, beneath which the human blood gushed out and stained the great stone slab on which the victim lay bound.

True, those who suffered in the old days were not all helpless victims—some went to the stake cheerfully content to die for their convictions. They are now made victims for personal revenge and public honors, which could never be attained except by slaying those in power, over whose prostrate forms the ambitious grasp the tinsel of the glory they covet, but which they, too, some day will find only a broken bauble.

It has been said that the way to appeal to an Englishman is through his stomach; let it not be said with equal truth that the way to appeal to an American is through his purse. Too many great questions today are considered on the basis of whether or not "there is money in it;" but all manhood cannot be bought with gold, or the nation's sense of justice dulled by pecuniary gain.

Ruskin was one who loved his fellow-man. This great man said: "The sum of enjoyment depends not on the *quantity* of things tasted, but on the vivacity and and patience of taste."

My point remains the same as at the start—no victim will trace his sorrows to the hands or the lips of a Happy Habiter, and the more I think of it, the more I desire to enlarge our ranks until the whole world belongs to "our noble order of Happy Habiters."

REUNION *of* NATIONAL READERS

By the Editor

YOU all want to hear about it? It was a complete success—far beyond even the most sanguine dreams of the editor. Yes, we arrived two days beforehand, for there were preparations to make, and no one of the thousands of subscribers at the Reunion of the National Magazine Readers, at Jamestown Exposition, September 14, was ever more thrilled with the joys of anticipation than was I when landing on the deep water pier and greeting many new faces of the friends whom I knew well by letter, but now met face to face. Captain John Smith never had more real pleasure in founding the first English settlement.

Across the bay from Old Point Comfort, and down the river on the Norfolk & Washington boats, the people came, each one bringing new groups of National Magazine readers, people who had planned to spend this day with us. As the vessels docked, representatives of the National were on hand, and these visitors were readily distinguished by dainty red, white and blue badges.

* * *

There seemed to be no end of the details to be arranged. New suggestions for the schedule every fifteen minutes; and as often as I crossed out items that had been attended to, others came clamoring for attention. First there was the White House Coffee to be arranged for, and Mr. and Mrs. Greely came nobly to our aid. The great problem then was to get real sweet cream, and it was insisted that the dairy farm would be leased for one day if necessary. For when Messrs. Dwinnell & Wright, the famous coffee men, do anything it must be right.

Otto Miller, of the Swiss Alps had to be seen for a brigade of his best-trained waiters; for it was determined that everything must be of the very best. Then there were decorations to consider.

Manager Campbell was busy operating his shredded wheat plant in the Pure Food building, and with what joy we received his announcement that we should have "peaches and cream" with the shredded wheat he would provide.

Not far away at the Jello exhibit, Manager Lukken struggled with the proposition of obtaining real cream for our ice cream; and farther on in the handsome Heinz booth, Colonel Foster and his good wife and efficient corps of assistants were all ready with their "57 varieties," including the product which has made Boston famous, for Heinz Baked Beans have long since made that New England dish known the wide world over. They were to be served piping hot and to supplant salad.

In the busy Lipton booth, Mr. Goodier was selecting his finest teas for us, for Sir Thomas' best was considered none too good for the readers of the National. The handsome silver cup, for the yacht race, that he had given to the exposition, had that day arrived. Mr. Goodier and his helpers proved invaluable allies.

All this looks simple, doesn't it? But did you ever have a church social at your house? If so, you know just how it all happened—thought we had everything, and horrors!—we had forgotten Underwood's Deviled Ham. True to the home instincts of the National, the lunch was to reflect credit to the Home Department battalion.

Right at the outset let me say that it appeared as though everybody on the grounds was interested in making the day a success. The kindness, the courtesy, shown on every side by exhibitors and exposition officials can never be over-appreciated. They all wore the "National" colors that day.

Well, next we wanted music—national in character; so Captain Phinney and his famous band were appealed to; Director of Music Whidditt also gave his aid. It was a delight to see the cheerful and energetic way in which everybody took hold and helped.

* * *

Promptly at one o'clock the doors of the Auditorium rooms were thrown wide, and there was the great table laden with flowers,

and four immense punch bowls, in which iced tea and fruit punch were soon to be served. Then the waiters began to circulate, and how they ever sailed around that room so rapidly remains a puzzle to me. The beans were piping hot; the pickles were crisp and delicious; the shredded wheat and peaches and cream were fit for a king; the Jello ice cream was perfect; the tea and coffee were of the sort that you hope to get, but very seldom find,—and we proceeded to enjoy ourselves.

The formalities were brief. No introductions necessary. Everybody good-natured.

STEPHEN W. BOLLES
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

After lunch the room was cleared, and everybody passed out into the Auditorium—out one door and in at another—no time lost—although it had taken about two hours to serve that dainty luncheon to a thousand subscribers.

This was certainly a notable occasion; for when before in the history of American periodicals have the subscribers, readers, advertisers, editors and publishers of a magazine, representing twenty-two states, met face to face and broken bread together? Few of us had ever met before, yet we felt in a few minutes that we were old friends, enjoying the occasion in the true reunion spirit.

* * *

Long before half past two o'clock, the hour announced for the exercises, the audience began to gather in the Auditorium, and at a signal the strains of the national hymns were heard, whereat the audience arose, and Mr. William Wall Whidditt followed with a short and very interesting discourse on the history of various national airs as they were being played. In twenty minutes he had given more instructive and inspiring information than we could have derived from a month's reading of musical literature. During the rendition of Dixie, the Southern people rose to their feet. When the magic chords of "The Star Spangled Banner" were struck, President Tucker took the platform to welcome the editor of the National Magazine as he advanced from the opposite direction.

There had not been a moment to think of what I ought to say, or whether I ought to say anything; but dumb indeed must be the tongue that could not respond to such an audience!

Yes, I trembled a bit; and for the moment my mind was a vacuum, but after that hearty welcome from President Tucker and his splendid tribute to the readers of the National, it was at once apparent that neither I nor anyone else need worry, for the great audience had taken control of the exercises. As I looked out upon the sea of faces below, and in the circular balconies, it suggested a gathering at a great hearthstone, where one looks squarely into the faces of old and tried friends. There was nowhere to be found a scowling or discontented face, not a frown was to be seen. It is not often an editor gets a chance to bathe in the sunshine of his readers' smiles, and I tell you, if it is not the fountain of perpetual youth, it is an unforgettable remembrance and inspiration.

As the afternoon sun began to gleam through the windows, it was suggested by President Tucker that the next number on the program was peculiarly appropriate. Doubtless to many present Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" always excites the most tender and sweet associations; recalling "angel faces" forever passed from earth.

It is to me a song that seems to speak the language of heaven; a greeting from the host celestial to the host terrestrial. Now, as the band, the eight trombones and the pipe organ played the matchless chords of that grand refrain, and the melody rang and filled the hall, floating to the very clouds and thrilling every auditor, it seemed to me that such a rendition must have been heard by the soul of the great composer when he recorded those wonderful notes.

which the dead president still holds in the hearts of the American people. As the graceful boy placed upon the picture a wreath of pink carnations, as if with one accord thousands of voices joined in McKinley's favorite hymn,—a splendid volume of fervent expression accompanied by the majestic chords of the pipe organ. As they took their seats, all eyes were fixed upon the portrait of the great leader whose tender heart ever pulsated with love for his fellowman. Then from the op-

PHINNEY'S BAND, WHICH FURNISHED MUSIC FOR THE REUNION OF NATIONAL READERS

The strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" floated out, played softly by the band, when Master Brown came upon the platform clad in pink and carrying a large bouquet of pink carnations, walking slowly, with bowed head to the side of the stage; as the music proceeded, he gently drew from the easel the Stars and Stripes that covered the portrait of William McKinley. The great audience arose as one man and the deep silence of that supreme moment declared more unmistakably than any spoken tribute the place

posite side of the platform Mrs. Blanche Armstrong Wienshenck sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and the audience listened in breathless silence as the strong sweet voice poured out in liquid melody:

"And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost a while."

The sunlight flashed across the portrait, and it seemed as though I could see the lips move; and the voice of the singer trembled as she sang the last verse without accompaniment. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

In the impressive hush that followed, Director of Publicity Bolles was introduced. He referred touchingly to the days of the Buffalo Exposition, when he stood with the correspondents of the various newspapers, awaiting the dreaded news of a nation's bereavement, six years ago that day.

Mr. Bolles has been identified with former expositions and has become well known to many readers of the National, who now proceeded to give him a vigorous ovation, recognizing him at once as an old friend.

* * *

After a little recess for conversation everybody was ready for a jest or a bit of fun.

MASTER BROWN, WHO UNVEILED THE PICTURE

All wore the Happy Habit smile, and were ready for a quip or jest. A "voice from the past" was announced, and in stentorian tones it was asserted that "soon would be heard famous words which had echoed down the corridors of time and through the pages of history." The "echo" came in the shape of a Columbia phonograph, that repeated in an oratorical voice the words of Patrick Henry's famous speech, concluding with those never-to-be-forgotten words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

The applause must have been vigorous in Patrick Henry's day, and now the air fairly rang with this twentieth century appreciation of that time-honored speech. The patriotism was touched with comedy for me, because I could not forget the sport that we had in making the record right there on the grounds, in the haste of preparation—I had the audacity to pass off my own voice as that of Patrick Henry, and we gathered together folk from all quarters to provide the applause at the right moment, and do the cheering, whistling and stamping, to make it seem like a real audience and a real speaker. What a happy time we had; it seemed wanton destruction to bring such exercises to a close.

You cannot imagine my feeling of regret as I arose to announce the last number on the program, realizing that it was indeed the last time that we all would look into each other's faces and have such a happy time together; but the memory of that occasion will linger as long as life shall last.

* * *

With a wave of the hand, Captain Phinney drew forth a flood of music, and the various state songs were given: the "Suwanee River" being claimed by subscribers from Florida; "Maryland, My Maryland" was also sung, and by a strange coincidence, on that very day the composer, Colonel Randall, was present at the exposition. "Old Kentucky Home," with variations, was rendered, "Illinois" was sung, and "On the Banks of the Wabash;" but few selections were more popular than "Old Black Joe," which was improvised on the great pipe organ by Director Whidditt, bringing in the sweet chimes of the bells, fading away in the pathetic refrain. One almost seemed to see them carrying Old Black Joe out of the church, as the bells tolled their grief for his departure. Then national airs were rendered, in which the audience joined, showing the great homogeneity of the gathering, for some sang with hearty good will "The Wearing of the Green;" the "Marseillaise" found sturdy supporters, as did the "Watch on the Rhine" and "Scots Wha Hae." A moment's pause, and then came the announcement:

"We will sing a verse of 'Should auld Ac-

NATIONAL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION BOOTH, WHERE THOUSANDS OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS HAVE ADDED THEIR NAMES TO THE LIST

quaintance Be Forgot.' Sing, even if you can't remember the words, and join hands in spirit at least, for this last reunion together."

No sooner were the words spoken, than I noticed that quite a number of young men who happened to be sitting between young ladies siezed the opportunity and clasped fair hands, despite the mild, rebuking looks bestowed upon them. Would you believe it, they just hung right on to those pretty little hands until the singing was all over, and perhaps later.

The last echo of the refrain died away down Raleigh Square, and over Hampton Roads, and was caught up by the breezes

that from North, South, East and West seemed to whisper the sweet message that verily old acquaintance ne'er will be forgot.

During the exercises the Washington correspondents and at least a hundred newspaper men arrived, and it may be not amiss at this time to give the record as "'twas writ" by those sages:

TRIBUTE PAID TO WILLIAM McKINLEY

Interesting Incident Yesterday at Celebration of Chappel Day at Jamestown Exposition

Six years ago yesterday the soul of William McKinley, the martyred President of the United States, who was

FREDERICK PHINNEY

DIRECTOR OF THE FAMOUS BAND WHICH BEARS HIS NAME

struck down by an assassin's bullet at the Buffalo Exposition, passed into eternity. Yesterday, the anniversary of his death, a beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of the immortal Ohioan at the Jamestown Exposition.

It was the reunion of the National Magazine Readers, the name of which publication Mr. McKinley selected, and eight hundred people with bowed heads and wet eyes did honor to the dead president, as Phinney's band softly played "Nearer, My God to Thee," his favorite sacred music, while a large portrait of Mr. McKinley was unveiled in full view of the audience.

As the Stars and Stripes, which draped the picture, was pulled aside, the whole audience arose as one man and remained standing until the band finished the sacred hymn. It was a silent, deep-hearted tribute to the man. Every head was bowed, and the only human utterance that broke upon the soft music was the singing of a few ladies. Mrs. Blanche Armstrong Weinshenck then sang "Lead Kindly Light." The tribute to McKinley was the feature of the reunion. It has been customary for the National Magazine "family" to honor the memory of the immortal President, but it was never more touchingly done than it was yesterday beneath a Southern sky.

The reunion was a very successful one, over a thousand readers of the magazine being at the exposition to take part in the ceremonies. From 1 to 2:30 o'clock Joe Mitchell Chapple, the editor of the National, was host at a dainty luncheon in the Auditorium, served by the Swiss Alps. The refreshments served were all supplied by advertisers of the National. Over a thousand people were entertained at this luncheon.

—*Norfolk Daily Ledger Despatch*

PAID TRIBUTE TO McKINLEY'S MEMORY

National Magazine Readers Hold Reunion at the Exposition—Entertained by Joe Mitchell Chapple

One of the most impressive ceremonies of the whole exposition was the observance of the anniversary yesterday by the National Magazine readers of the death of the late President McKinley, who was slain six years ago by an assassin.

The immortal Ohioan had given the present name to the great periodical and was almost the father of it.

Several thousand people were present to do honor to the dead statesman, and stood with bowed heads as Phinney's band softly played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," his favorite hymn. During the music a large picture of the honored dead was unveiled in full view of the big audience. As the Stars and Stripes were pulled aside, the whole audience rose to a man, and remained until the end of the music.

When the silent tribute had been paid to the memory of President McKinley, Joe Mitchell Chapple presented Mrs. Blanche Armstrong Weinschenk, who sang beautifully "Lead Kindly Light."

The honor shown to the late president was the real feature of the reunion of the National Magazine Readers. Nearly all day, however, the crowds were entertained by the editor and his corps of assistants in some manner or other.

From one o'clock until two-thirty in the afternoon Mr. Chapple was host at a dainty luncheon served in one of the convention rooms of the Auditorium. When the readers themselves had been served, the doors were thrown open and the exposition visitors generally were invited to participate in the luncheon. Over one thousand people were entertained.

Following the luncheon the reunion was held in the Auditorium, and Joe Mitchell Chapple presided. He announced that Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the United States treasury was expected to be present as the orator of the day, but that Mr. Shaw had wired him at the last minute that it would be impossible for him to reach Norfolk in time.

The address of welcome was delivered by President Harry St. George Tucker, who paid an especial tribute to the youthful editor, saying that in the very infancy of the exposition he had thrown open the columns of his magazine to the exploitation of the great enterprise.

Mr. Tucker said that Mr. Chapple's magazine was the first to raise the flag of the Jamestown Exposition, and that when the history of the fair is written that the name of the editor will stand high among those who have contributed to the success of the exposition.

Mr. Chapple then presented Mr. Stephen W. Bolles, director of advertising of the exposition. The exploiter of the fair joined in the tribute to the lamented McKinley. He said that he was standing within a few feet of McKinley when he was shot, and concluded by declaring that the late president had torn down the wall between the North and the South.

—*Virginia Daily Pilot*

Right after the exercises, at the invitation of Sir Thomas Lipton's representatives, everybody went back to the scene of the luncheon, to partake of afternoon tea at "'a past four"—say it quickly.

Everyone wore badges with a dainty bit of red, white and blue, but we were told that there was no need of them, for the National Magazine readers were known by "the happy habit smile."

There was a sheaf of telegrams of regret from thousands of subscribers from all parts of the world, who wired in the genial spirit of "Let's Talk It Over."

MRS. BLANCHE ARMSTRONG WIENSHENCK.
SOLOIST AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

So I walked about among the jolly crowd assembled. There was a good elderly lady from Florida, ten years a subscriber, she said; the gentleman from Connecticut, five years on the subscription list; the school teacher from Oregon, three years a reader of the National. As I made acquaintance with one after another, the distinction seemed to be how long a time they had been on our subscription list. It was like a pioneers' picnic."

Everybody felt that the reunion had been a great success, and it was interesting to hear the varying opinions expressed, and in many places the subscrib[illegible] come f[illegible]

One lady said she was from Old Point Comfort; another told of a scrap book compiled from the magazine, in order to preserve her favorite selections. A young man said to me, "No letter is looked forward to more eagerly than the National every month." A lady who was with him said, "It seems as though I were hearing direct from all the contributors to the Home Department." Yet another said, "I wish I could have my magazine earlier, and two copies every month instead of one, because everyone wants the National first."

The way they came pouring in to that reception and telling me who they were, made me think that, after a while, I should have the pleasure of shaking hands with the entire 269,000 subscribers. One hand was not enough, so the gracious lady at my side began to use two; and what a jolly, merry crowd they were. That reception was certainly an inspiring overture to the spontaneous success of the simple exercises.

We all scattered to the Canoe Trail or the War Path, to see the Merrimac and Monitor, Ranch 101 and all the other sights.

* * *

How fitting it was that National Magazine Day should witness the dedication of the famous Government Pier. "Was it not fortunate," said one to another, "that the two events should occur on the same day?" As we looked into the skies at those great rockets with their tentacles of light, first with flashing fire and then with smoke, standing out like flaming bas reliefs against the night, the great basin was one mass of shooting fireflies, and from the vast concourse of people who surrounded it there was a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's," at each glory—a "National Day" indeed, with fireworks and all.

The only thing I can think of that we ought to have had, and failed to provide for was a photogarph of the great gathering. This was on my mind over and over again, and dalf a dozen times I set out to see about it—but when I met a delightful subscriber and stopped to shake hands it simply put everything else out of my mind, and I forgot my errand, but, photograph or no photograph, so long as memory lasts there is an unfading picture of that gathering in each mind and heart.

Readers may be pleased to know that that sweet-faced little boy who unveiled the picture of President McKinley at the reunion of the National Magazine Readers exercises, was Master Brown, who every day in the Liberal Arts Building has interested large audiences by telling the story of the Buster Brown shoes, while his dog Tige sits up, cap on head, looking at Buster as he talks. This has been one of the most pleasing advertising features of the exposition, and no one who sees him doubts that Master Buster is a very bright boy. The hearty and affectionate interest which he took in the exercises commemorating the death of McKinley, on September 14, was charming. The Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis are certainly to be congratulated upon having so fascinating a representative as Master Brown.

* * *

One of the most popular soloists of the exposition is Blanch Armstrong Wienshenck, a vocalist of rare ability, whose voice is especially pleasing in concert selections, while equal to dramatic and operatic work. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and has been a favorite in St. Louis and other large cities in which she has appeared. She studied in Paris for three years, and finished with Fidele Koenig, the same leader under whom Susanne Adams studied. Since her return to America Mrs. Wienshenck has devoted much time to oratorio and church work. She has sung at almost all the state receptions at the exposition, and has appeared frequently as soloist in the Auditorium. Mrs. Wienshenck has a very pleasing stage presence, and is mistress of intricacies of musical phrase and coloratura. She promises to rank as one of the most popular vocalists in the country. Never will anyone present at the exercises on September 14 forget the effective and feeling manner in which she rendered the favorite songs of the late president.

* * *

The rendition of the "Powhatan Guard", the official march of the exposition, under direction of the composer Mr. William Wall Whiddit, was a rare treat. Mr. Whiddit is director of music at the exposition, and has given conscientious effort that has been warmly appreciated.

FEW World Fairs have drawn to their close so auspiciously as the Jamestown Exposition promises to do. After the dedication of the government pier, on September 14, a steady increase in the attendance was apparent from day to day, and none who came went away disappointed, for it is now emphatically—a completed exposition.

On every side there are flowers—not artificial blossoms all carefully arranged, or rare specimens preserved under glass; but a rich luxuriance of the treasures of homely, old-time gardens: peonies, black-eyed susans, sweet williams, holly-hocks, golden-rod, and many other old favorites—"dear familiar flower faces"—that make the exposition a perfect arbor of floral beauty. Deep-centered in his warrior soul there was hidden a tender home-loving sentiment that urged General Fitz-Hugh Lee to insist that the Virginia creeper be lavishly planted, and the wonderful floral enclosure which now surrounds the exposition grounds is a feature which has made a lasting impression on every visitor.

"Isn't the hedge beautiful?" is heard on every side.

Every season and month brought new beauty—in June the hedge was a wealth of green, bestrewn with rambler roses and honeysuckle; and now in autumn it is a blaze of glory with its rich reds, yellows, greens and browns, a lovely tribute to the forethought of the projector.

* * *

In no exposition has more attention been paid to state days, and state and civic pride and patriotism have been notably awakened on these occasions. The states which participated in the exposition and erected buildings, vied with each other in making every visitor from their commonwealth welcome at the state rendezvous.

A very noticeable feature of this exposition is that the usual admixture of colonial, Corinthian, Queen Anne and other composite styles in architecture is conspicuously absent. Every building means something; historic lines have been followed and there is a general harmony in the groups of structures, which has been lacking in other expositions; and over all hangs an atmosphere of colonial romance and historical association. Here is Pennsylvania's old Independence Hall; home-memories of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, in the Maryland state building; an air of political activity is connected with the replica of the residence of the first governor of Ohio; and a thrill of patriotism comes over one as he enters the model of the old State House of Massachusetts. In the Virginian building one has visions of the magnificent hospitality of the old Southern regime at Westover, Brandon and Claremont on the James. Every state building recalls some enthralling association in the history and development of the nation.

While there are no art galleries at the Jamestown Exposition, the History building contains a notable collection; for there were gathered from thirteen colonies an exhibit never equalled, and such as will probably never again be assembled. It is an education to have seen the T. F. Ryan collection and other important exhibits brought together from all parts of the world.

* * *

The splendid collection in the anthropological exhibit was a veritable encyclopedia of the history of American tribes and races; and the government representation from the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum was the most complete and carefully arranged ever exhibited.

The illuminations, and especially that splendid feature the nocturnal sunburst, will live forever in the recollection of all who saw that glorious electric display which originated at Buffalo under the direction of Mr. Rustin, and was here perfected by Mr. Dixon, the assistant director general of the Jamestown Exposition.

There was not a dull or idle hour at the exposition; for each day had its special feature, whether it was Fulton Day, with Dr. Mark Twain, alias Samuel Clemens presiding, to aid in doing honor to the inventor of the first steamboat; or the naval parade, which gave an illustration of the triumphs of steam navigation since the days of Fulton. The Auditorium has been constantly thronged with visitors interested in various events. The Lee Parade Ground has always presented an attractive scene, where a series of concerts by Phinney's famous band always drew a large concourse of listeners, whether held in Raleigh's Court or in the large Auditorium.

THE INCONSISTENT TOM JOHNSON

By W. C. Jenkins

THE question of a three-cent street railway fare, which the country in its general belief saw, as it thought, conclusively disposed of several years ago, when Detroit, Indianapolis and a number of large cities repudiated the proposition, has again been brought forward by the pertinacity of Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland. A municipal campaign is in progress in that city, with three-cent fare as the leading issue, and as Mayor Johnson is an advocate of the low-fare proposition, and is seeking the suffrage of the people of Cleveland, it is necessary for the general public to regard the matter seriously. Whether or not a street railway can keep up its equipment, pay interest on its bonds, and dividends on its stock on a three-cent fare basis, is an interesting question. Street railway men throughout the country have answered that question with a decided negative, while Mr. Johnson asserts it can be done.

Mayor Johnson's position before the people is open to criticism, for the reason that his past attitude on this question is strangely inconsistent with his present pretensions. A dozen years ago, when the conditions were highly advantageous for introducing a three-cent fare system, the country saw no more energetic or strenuous opponent of the measure than Tom L. Johnson. In those days labor was cheaper; car bodies, which now cost $1800, could be purchased for less than a thousand dollars; rails were lighter and the price lower, but, notwithstanding, Johnson said a three-cent fare was not only impracticable but impossible, while today he is voicing sentiments exactly opposite.

Since the days of Abraham, a certain class of politicians have sought political preferment through channels too deep for the average citizen to fathom. The surface was made to appear that reduction in taxation, innovations of a beneficial character, or some public advantage could be obtained if certain men were elected to office, and today there is nothing more captivating than a three-cent fare proposal, no matter how impossible such a proposition may be. The late Hazen S. Pingree of Detroit was the first office-seeker who saw the political value of such an issue. Johnson was in Detroit as president of the Citizens Railway Company during the height of Pingree's popularity through his advocacy of cheap fares, and at that time he not only opposed the plan, but denounced the Detroit mayor in the most bitter terms. It was in Detroit, however, that Johnson learned how easily people swallowed sugar-coated pills of this character, and being in possession of expert knowledge of street railway equipments and municipal functions, he was later enabled to secure certain street railway franchises in Buffalo and Cleveland, and to build up a political machine in the latter city, the discipline of which is only equalled by the German army or the Mormon church.

Who cares for yesterday when tomorrow is ahead? A charge of inconsistency does not, as a rule, elevate men in the minds of their fellow-citizens, but Johnson is one of the few who points to this feature of a life's history with pride. The great future contained inviting possibilities for the man who could carry along Pingree's political hobbies, and in this work Johnson has manifestly not figured as a round peg in a square hole. Moreover, he has great advantages over Pingree, inasmuch as the latter knew practically nothing about street railway construction and management, while Johnson has had an almost continuous identity with corporations of this nature since the days when veterinary surgeons were among the chief functionaries of street railway systems.

When Johnson received the call to liberate the people from their bondage, he did not put his theories into practice by reducing fares on systems in which he is interested, and which held perpetual five-cent franchises, he being the ruling spirit in the Lehigh Valley Traction Company of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and of the New Jersey & Pennsylvania Traction Company of Trenton, New Jersey, where uniform fares of five

cents, with no tickets, is the prevailing rate. When he was charged with this fact, he quickly but shamelessly answered, "In one case I am working for myself and associates, while in the other I am working for the people." Johnson began his battle in Cleveland, where the Democratic party was prosperous, and where important street railway franchises were on the eve of expiration. Let us gaze at the corporation record of Cleveland's Low Fare Mayor.

It is a remarkable record of disturbance. It is a record that is punctuated by avarice and insincerity. He has been a franchise-seeker in Brooklyn, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Buffalo, St. Louis, Allentown, Pennsylvania, and Trenton, New Jersey, and in not a single case has he raised his voice for cheap fares except when there was personal advantage, either political or financial, in sight. In the cities above mentioned he has been a factor of more or less prominence until his schemes bore financial fruit; then he folded his tent and, like the Arabs, stole quietly away. He is in Cleveland now, but there is no assurance of any permanent residence in that city.

In the early '90's he acquired what, in the days of horse cars, was known as the Deacon Richardson lines of Brooklyn. After gaining control and securing the co-operation of influential politicians, Johnson installed electric motive power, and immediately secured franchises in the rapidly growing suburban territory of Brooklyn, with the apparent object of being an important factor in street railway affairs in that city. When he found himself holding trump cards, Johnson sold out to the corporation now known as the Brooklyn Transit Company. He cleaned up a small fortune, but history does not record an effort on his part to give the people of Brooklyn three-cent fare privileges.

Johnson in his early days was a railroad man in Indianapolis and other cities of the Middle West. He went to Cleveland and established a street car line of his own, and by consolidation and re-consolidation he finally became the chairman of the board of directors of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company. When Johnson became the controlling figure of this company, the rate of fare in vogue was six tickets for twenty-five cents. He promptly raised the fare to five cents. When the company was organized he promptly injected several million dollars of water. Later he sold out his interest, including the water, and today we have the strange spectacle of a man trying to make valueless the stock that he himself sold to innocent investors.

In 1894 Johnson was president of the Citizens Street Railway Company of Detroit. At that time an application for a street railway franchise was made by Cleveland financiers, the condition being that eight tickets should be sold for twenty-five cents from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M., and six tickets for a quarter during the balance of the twenty-four hours. The proposed franchise provided that the new corporation should be exempt from any expense to keep the streets in repair. Johnson opposed the measure most strenuously, but Pingree, who was an earnest advocate of low fares, carried the proposition through the council. About fifty miles of track were built, and in the course of time the system was purchased by Johnson and his associates. The Citizens Street Railway Company had been selling six tickets for a quarter, but immediately after acquiring the new system, Johnson boosted the rates to a straight five-cent fare. At that time Johnson and Pingree met one day in the Cadillac Hotel. Johnson said, "What are you doing for your country today, Pingree?" Mayor Pingree answered, "I am raising h—." Johnson replied, "I am raising street car rates."

Pingree was attracting considerable attention by his advocacy of low fares, while Johnson was incurring the enmity of the people of Detroit by his zealous opposition. Johnson was not slow to observe, however, that Pingree was fast ascending the ladder of fame, and he conceived a plan by which the mayor's popularity might be utilized, and at the same time the coffers of the Citizens Street Railway Company greatly enriched. His proposition was bold and in fact audacious, but it required trained eyes to see the fine Italian hand of this master of corporate affairs figuring in the deal. Pingree's vision was obscured, and he blindly walked into the trap laid by Johnson. The proposition, in effect, was a scheme to municipalize the street railway systems of Detroit. Both Pingree and Johnson advocated the plan, which, of course, meant that the city should acquire control of the street railways. Bonds aggre-

gating $17,500,000 were to be issued and turned over to the corporations for their interests in the street railways. It was at that time that we find Johnson first advocating three-cent fares. He argued that under the management of the Street Railway Commission passengers could be carried for three cents, but he was strangely silent as to the number of millions of dollars he and his associates would clean up in the proposed deal. Back of the scheme was a security franchise or contract running to the bondholders, which provided that the properties should revert to the original owners if the Commission found itself unable to pay the interest on the bonds, and that five-cent fares or six tickets for a quarter could be charged on all the lines for a period of forty-five years. Johnson, it is apparent, had cast his lines to windward, and would gain immense financial advantage no matter whether the scheme was a success or not. In one event he would have sold out to the city with immense profit; in the other he would have acquired a forty-five year franchise on all city lines, with the low fare feature eliminated; but a violent opposition arose, and the proposition was rejected, partly because of its unconstitutionality, and partly because the people were opposed to the measure.

Tom Johnson sold out his street railway interests in Detroit to his associates, and moved to Cleveland. At that time he and his brother, A. L. Johnson, now deceased, were exerting an effort to secure rights to build a street railway from London to Brighton, England. For some reason the scheme did not meet the approval of English people who were interested, and the Johnsons returned to the United States, where they believed the gullibility on the part of the people was more manifest.

At one time Johnson secured control of a street railway in Indianapolis, which he run for several years. When the opportunity came for consolidation, Johnson pursued his well-known tactics and finally sold out. He did not give the people of Indianapolis anything less than five-cent rides, and his record in that city is one of corporation avarice. When later he appeared in Indianapolis with an application for a franchise, which in effect meant that he proposed to be a competitor of the men to whom he had sold out his street railway property, the people of that that city refused to grant the ordinance, declaring that they already had "too much Johnson."

Our energetic promoter had disposed of his street railway interests in Detroit, Indianapolis and Buffalo, and concluded to adopt the Pingree tactics and seek political preferment, and so he began a campaign in Cleveland which has been to all intent and purposes an exact counterpart of the disturbing conditions created by Pingree in Detroit several years ago. Aside from a small number of streets covered by the franchise given the Cleveland parties in 1894, with its exemption from paving expense, the citizens of Detroit are today paying the same rate of fare as they did twenty years ago. It is true, important franchises are nearing completion in Detroit, and the matter was made a political issue in the last campaign. Mayor Codd, who was a candidate for re-election, submitted a proposition which was accepted by the Detroit United Railway, and which would have given Detroit the low rate of fare of six tickets for a quarter during the day, and ten tickets for a quarter during the rush hours of the morning and evening. The opposition, led by the present mayor of Detroit, promised the people a straight three-cent fare, with universal transfers within three months. Johnson went to Detroit and urged the people to stand for three-cent fares. He commended the opposition to Mayor Codd, and pronounced its plan feasible; but three, six and twelve months have rolled along, and the people of Detroit are still waiting for the promised three-cent fares, much as the people of Cleveland have been waiting for the past five years.

Those who patronize the street railway lines of Buffalo, and who are familiar with history, have a constant reminder that they are paying more or less tribute as a consequence of Johnson's appearance in that city during the year 1895. The relationship between the Buffalo Street Railway Company and the municipality was most harmonious prior to Johnson's visit, but when this expert in franchise grabbing appeared upon the scene with a four-cent proposition and various promises to members of the common council, he was given a respectful hearing. His affable manner, combined with a thorough knowledge of how things are done,

gave him an advantage over the unsophisticated members of the Buffalo common council, many of whom knew no more of franchise matters than they did about the cause of the Trojan war. His plan virtually meant that several of the existing street car lines were to be paralleled, and while under the hypnotic influence of Johnson, the council granted a forty-year franchise. The State Railroad Commission, however, had not been "convinced," and that body without ceremony, but with laudable promptness, knocked the foundation from under Johnson's structure by refusing to approve the measure, on the ground that such a franchise was not only unnecessary, but impracticable and impossible of fulfillment. Baffled, but not defeated, Johnson drew from his coat-sleeve other cards. He had lost a battle, but not the war, and so he decided to appeal to the state legislature, with the request that the act of the Buffalo council be approved. The members of the committee to whom the matter was referred were hypnotized by Johnson, as had been the members of the council, and the franchise became a part of the laws of the State of New York. Whether Johnson ever intended to build a system in Buffalo or not, the people of that city never knew; at any rate, he sold out to his associates and left the field before a mile of track was built. But he had succeeded in cleaning up a nice sum of money, and also in creating conditions of no advantage to the people of Buffalo that will live long after Johnson's street car fights are ended. The system for which the franchise was granted to Johnson was subsequently built, but its earnings did not enable the company to pay interest on the bonds. The Buffalo Street Railroad Company in order to get rid of a menacing nuisance later purchased the property, but quickly discovered that they had acquired nothing more than a gold brick. The rates were raised from four to five cents, council granting permission in return for certain transfer concessions. The only advantage the old company realized from the purchase of the Johnson system was the opportunity to add another million dollars to capitalization, and on this additional capitalization the people of Buffalo have been, and will be for many years, paying interest.

St. Louis, too, has been visited by Johnson. After some interesting experiences with members of the city council, he secured a franchise to operate on certain streets. He became no permanent fixture in St. Louis; his visit there was simply to acquire franchise rights and then sell out. In that city he also cleaned up a nice sum of money.

It is really difficult to understand Mayor Johnson's position on street railway rates. In the days when the expenses of operation were far lower than the present, Mayor Pingree of Detroit tendered to Johnson a franchise on the basis of eight tickets for a quarter, and which was to be as free from taxation as possible, and also devoid of street paving expenses, but the wiley promoter flatly refused to accept the ordinance, saying most emphatically "no corporation can exist with such rates." Today, when the expense of operation has greatly increased, Mr. Johnson asserts that a three-cent fare is practicable.

There is no question but that a three-cent fare is a splendid issue upon which to run a campaign, but Mr. Johnson knows very well that a railroad cannot be run on any such a proposition, unless his view shall be accepted that the government shall pay a considerable part of the cost. No practical railroad man in the country will assert that street railroads can be run on any such basis, many experts claiming that five cents is too low, in view of the greatly increased cost of maintenance and the continued necessity of adopting improved facilities and additional comforts for the passengers. Johnson has asserted that a street railroad system can be constructed for $50,000 per mile, and that every dollar in excess of that amount is water pure and simple. He has built thirteen miles of track in Cleveland, and when it became necessary to make a showing to stockholders, the fact was discovered that the cost of the system had been in excess of $70,000 per mile, and this, too, when his equipment is to some extent second-hand and purchased from corporations that had considered it obsolete. His power house machinery is largely second-hand, and his plant is in a building belonging to the city, on which a nominal rental is paid. The contest in Cleveland which is attracting attention throughout the United States began when Johnson entered the field of politics. Realizing that certain franchises would, within a few years expire, The Cleveland Electric Railway Company in 1903

offered to abandon all its franchises and accept a new grant for twenty years on the the basis of seven tickets for a quarter, with universal transfers. The average life of its franchises at that time was about twelve years. The Cleveland Electric Railway Company is entitled to continue operation on a five-cent fare basis until all its franchises expire, which means that unless there is a settlement of the franchise question in the near future, for over six years, or until 1914, a vast majority of the people of Cleveland and adjoining territory must continue to pay five-cent fare. For at least fifteen years after 1914 the company will be in possession of practically all franchises which are now outside of the city, as well as some within the city. Therefore, unless there is a settlement, it means that the street railway question will remain in politics, hampering or preventing the proper solution of problems which involve the future growth and prosperity of Cleveland.

For six years Mayor Tom Johnson has been advocating three-cent fares in Cleveland. Contrary to his previous utterances, he has told the people that such a system as The Cleveland Electric Railway Company could be operated at a profit with three-cent fares, and that capital was eagerly waiting to pour into Cleveland and build lines on this basis. In his first campaign for mayor, Johnson advocated a settlement of the franchise question on the basis of three-cent fare and universal transfers over the entire Cleveland Electric's system. During the campaign he declared that certain franchises of the company had already expired, and that he could use those expired franchises as a club to force the company to accept a new grant, on the basis of a three-cent fare and universal transfers. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I know that some of the company's grants have already expired." Six months after election, Johnson was asked why he had not carried out his pre-election promises, and he replied, "Before I was elected a very able attorney told me that two important franchises had expired. After further investigation, subsequent to my election, he told me that only one had expired, and that applied to a single track on a street where the company had two tracks." In 1903 Johnson was again a candidate for re-election, and here is one of his promises to the people: "In 1904 a bunch of valuable franchises will expire, and then you will hear something drop." Not a single franchise of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company expired in 1904, and this Mr. Johnson discovered after he had been elected to office the second time. Having wholly abandoned his original proposition to compel The Cleveland Electric Railway Company to accept a blanket three-cent fare franchise, Mr. Johnson's next move was to organize The Forest City Railway Company, in which he testified in court that he was financially interested. With the aid of a willing council, he granted certain franchises to his company, and later conceived a plan, fashioned after the holding company scheme suggested by himself in Detroit, the Cleveland proposition being unquestionably a subterfuge for municipal ownership, but admittedly a device to evade certain statutory injunctions in the state of Ohio. With the aid of men associated with the mayor politically, or dependent in some manner upon the dominant faction in Cleveland, and which is controlled by the executive, Mr. Johnson organized a holding company, under the title of The Municipal Traction Company, and this company took over and is operating The Forest City Railway Company's lines. There are five directors in this company, three of whom owe their positions on the board to a close identity with Mayor Johnson, so that he is complete master of the company's policy.

About two years ago Mr. Johnson conceived an idea that The Cleveland Electric Company should lease its property to his holding company, but when a proposition was made to the directors, it was declined, because Johnson had refused to agree to an insertion of a clause in the lease which would limit the fare to three-cents, also because of the apparent irresponsibility of Johnson's holding company, and for several other reasons which were publicly set forth at the time. The mayor and his associates then began a bitter war upon The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and the battles are still in progress. It is evident that Mr. Johnson's purpose is to force the company to surrender its existing franchises, and lease its lines to his holding company. Mayor Johnson has refused to accept The Cleveland Electric Company's proposition of a twenty-year renewal franchise on the basis of seven tickets for a quarter with universal transfers, and the com-

pany's suggestion that the proposition be submitted to a vote of the people did not receive any support from the mayor.

Early in January of this year Mayor Johnson renewed his holding proposition to The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and a series of meetings between the presidents of the two corporations were held, which, however, were fruitless, but they brought out the fact that if an agreement was effected Mayor Johnson's holding company would not operate The Cleveland Electric system on the basis of three-cent fares with universal transfers, an innovation for which the mayor had contended so long, but that it would charge three-cent fares within the present city limits, and five-cent fares outside of the city. It also developed that the mayor had found it impossible to attract outside capital to build three-cent lines in Cleveland, thus proving the falsity of his original statement on this subject.

Following this, the company submitted a formal proposition to the mayor and city council, agreeing to throw open its books and submit to an independent expert commission the question as to what is the lowest possible rate of fare at which the company could operate its system and give good service. It also indicated its willingness to accept a renewal of its franchises on any basis that might be agreed upon by this proposed commission; but Johnson ignored this suggestion of the company, clearly indicating that he would oppose any settlement which would not give to his holding company complete control of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company's system.

Summed up briefly, the situation in Cleveland is this: The Electric Railway Company offers an immediate settlement of the question on the basis of a twenty-year franchise at the rate of seven tickets for a quarter. The corporation agrees to spend from $8,- to $10,000,000 in the building of subway terminals and general extensions and betterment of service. Mayor Johnson proposes that the city shall grant to The Forest City Railway Company existing franchises of The Cleveland Electric Company as they from time to time expire, the same to be operated by his holding company. This plan, of course, is conditioned on whether Mayor Johnson can induce the people to invest in three-cent fare stock.

The law in Ohio is peculiar as related to street railways. A city council may give a street railway franchise for a period not longer than twenty-five years, and this only with the consent of a majority of property owners along the proposed route. Johnson failed in his efforts to induce legitimate capital to invest in his street railway promotions, so it became necessary for him to raise money by peddling fractional shares of stock on the streets, by inducing those with whom he is affiliated politically to take shares; city employes who owed their public positions to Johnson were also expected to buy this stock. By this means enough money was raised to build a short line, on which a three-cent fare is charged, but which is being operated at a loss, as evidenced by statements recently furnished the Cleveland Stock Exchange. It also appears from recent court testimony that Mr. Johnson himself advanced many thousands of dollars toward the support of the company.

When William Allen White wrote his timely article "What's the Matter with Kansas," that state was practically without a financial friend outside of its own borders. Agitators and so-called reformers had driven capital to other localities. The effect of Pingree's merciless attacks on corporations is well remembered by the moneyed men of Detroit. It is also remembered by men who were seeking to obtain capital to build up industries in that city. Cleveland is face to face with a serious condition, and the business interests are already beginning to feel the evil effects of Johnson's war for political purposes.

The people of Cleveland want the matter settled. They are tired of seeing an important problem being made a football for every politician to take a kick at. Manufacturers, bankers and a large majority of the merchants admit that the seven for a quarter proposition made by the railroad company would insure cheaper fares than is given by any other street railroad corporation for similar service and length of haul, and should be accepted. No street railway of recognized standing in the United States is being operated on a three-cent fare basis with transfers, and no one but the professional politician is asking that they should be. As a rule, the men who would tear down great industries had no part in creat-

ing them. Johnson was never able to successfully finance and manage a street railway on this low fare basis, notwithstanding his success in misleading a large number of voters into a belief that it can be accomplished.

It is the opinion of a great many people in Cleveland that Johnson's real purpose is to again be the chief owner of The Cleveland Electric Company when he is through with politics, but, judging from the expressions made by a great many representative citizens to the writer, the eyes of the people have been opened and the result of the pending election will all depend upon whether a majority of the voters can see through Mayor Johnson's game.

The only answer I was able to obtain from the mayor's supporters in Cleveland to the direct question, "Can a street railway company keep up its equipment, pay interest on its bonds and dividends on its stocks on a three-cent fare basis?" was, "Johnson says it can be done."

A brief summary of Johnson's record as a corporation man is as follows: In Cleveland, Indianapolis, Detroit, Trenton, New Jersey, and Allentown, Pennsylvania, Johnson has emphatically insisted that five-cent fares should be paid by those who ride on his lines. In Buffalo, he obtained a franchise for a system which he never operated on a four-cent basis. Since he has been a politician he has operated for political effect a small system in Cleveland on a three-cent basis. As a business man Johnson wants five-cent fare; as a politician he tells the people three cents is sufficient.

The Cleveland Electric Railway Company was organized in April, 1893 by a consolidation of the interests of four existing railway companies, the oldest of which being established in 1858. The Broadway & Newburg Street Railway Company was incorporated in December, 1872, by Samuel Andrews and five other citizens of Cleveland. Samuel Andrews, who died three years ago, was the father of Horace E. Andrews, now president of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company. For years the expenses of this company exceeded its income, and Mr. Joseph Stanley, father of John J. Stanley, now vice president and general manager of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, was compelled to advance money from his pocket to meet the monthly pay-roll. No dividends were paid until 1889—sixteen years after the organization of the company. The Brooklyn Street Railroad Company was incorporated in the summer of 1869. The road was operated under a lease until 1879, when Tom L. Johnson came to Cleveland and bought most of the stock of the company at a low figure. Johnson became very active, and succeeded in obtaining some valuable franchises from the city council.

The South Side Railroad Company was incorporated in 1872, the Superior Street Railroad Company was built and opened for traffic in 1874. In 1887 this entire line, together with systems it had acquired, was taken up, the tracks and all other material sold for old iron, and a new track for a cable railroad took its place. In 1889 The Cleveland City Cable Company was organized. In June, 1893, this company and the Woodland Avenue & West Side Railroad Company consolidated under the name of The Cleveland City Railway Company, with M. A. Hanna as president.

For the ten ensuing years after 1893 The Cleveland Electric Railway Company and The Cleveland City Railway Company continued to operate as two separate systems, the Cleveland Electric operating seventeen lines and the Cleveland City six lines. Transfers were not exchanged between the two companies. In 1903 The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, through its present president, Horace E. Andrews, purchased the property and lines of The Cleveland City Railway Company. The combined capitalization of the two companies was not swelled one cent as a result of the consolidation. Today the company operates approximately 240 miles of street railroad, extending not only over the entire city, but into adjoining suburbs and pleasure resorts, in most cases at least three miles beyond the city limits. The rate of fare is five cents cash or eleven tickets for fifty cents and practically universal transfers. The capitalization of the company is $23,400,000. The bonded debt is $8,000,000 and floating debt of about $1,300,000. The highest dividend paid by this or the other companies before consolidation was five per cent, and this was paid only one year, namely, in 1906. No dividends were paid for many years by any of the companies.

In 1894 Tom L. Johnson became chairman of the executive board of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company. For some years prior to that time, the company had been volun-

tarily giving a three-cent fare for school children. It had also started to sell six tickets for a quarter. As soon as Johnson was in control, he immediately revoked the sale of three-cent tickets to school children, and raised the general rate to five cents and eleven tickets for fifty cents.

It was in 1900 that the cable lines, though still in excellent condition, were abandoned, and electricity installed as the motive power. In making this change The Cleveland City Railway Company was compelled to throw about $3,000,000 worth of property into the junk heap.

Two of the franchises of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company expired on March 22, 1905. In April of the present year the company tore up its tracks and took all the equipment from the streets covered by these franchises, being forced to do so because the city administration under Tom L. Johnson would not consider the offer of the company to accept a new grant in those streets on the basis of seven tickets for a quarter and transfers to all other city lines, and also because Mayor Johnson's council had granted a franchise in those streets to The Forest City Railway Company. This company has not been permitted to begin work under its franchise, for the reason that it was found that the corporation had really been financed by Mayor Johnson, he having guaranteed its stock, its purchase of supplies and other items. The matter is now in the courts.

Mayor Johnson in 1903 attempted to arrange for the building and operation of a municipal electric lighting plant, which was intended not only to furnish electricity for street lighting, but also to sell current for commercial purposes to consumers generally.

This was an interesting incident in Mayor Johnson's career as mayor of Cleveland. The mayor knew that Detroit and Chicago had municipal accessories of this nature, and why not Cleveland? The city was not suffering from any oppressive action or excessive rates on the part of the existing electrical company, nor was there any demand whatsoever by the public for the city to go further into debt for the purpose of inaugurating such an enterprise, but Johnson wanted a municipal lighting plant, and that settled it. His political machinery was set in motion, and the people found themselves face to face with the necessity of voting on the subject. A committee was appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to investigate what the proposition really meant, and their report was emphatically and unreservedly in opposition to the Johnson scheme. It should be borne in mind that the Chamber of Commerce represents the business interests of Cleveland, but this Johnson cared nothing about, as he had drawn a Democratic platform previous to the expression of the Chamber of Commerce, which, among other things, declared, "Our pledge to the people is that we will build and operate a municipal lighting plant." The precise question that was submitted to the voters of Cleveland on November 3, 1903, was whether they would authorize a bond issue of $400,000 for constructing an electric lighting plant. The referendum on this project was secured by its opponents after its advocates had exhausted the means at their command, both legal and political, for committing the city to the project without a direct expression of the will of the people. The verdict was against the mayor's municipal fad by a vote of 30,432 in the negative to 24,193 in the affirmative.

After this expression by the voters, the city administration necessarily abandoned for a time its efforts to install a municipal lighting plant.

Prior to the election of 1905, some of its adherents thought that they had discovered a way to accomplish the mayor's desires. In an adjoining village there was in existence a small municipal lighting plant, for the installation of which some $30,000 of bonds had been issued by the village. A movement was set on foot to annex this village to Cleveland, and at an election in the fall of 1905 the proposition to annex was submitted to the voters of both the village and the city, and carried, and with the annexation of the village this small municipal lighting plant came into the city of Cleveland. After this decision on the part of the voters, it was necessary for certain details of annexation to be perfected, and for the carrying out of this purpose a commission was appointed by each of the two municipal corporations. It is interesting to note that Mayor Johnson attempted in the fixing of these terms of annexation to insert a clause obligating the City of Cleveland to operate and maintain this municipally acquired plant for a period of at least ten years. The council of the City of Cleveland, which was then a tie between the Republicans and Democrats, opposed this par-

ticular provision, however, and, after a number of interesting aldermanic debates on the proposition, it was defeated, and the village plant came in without any such binding proposition. Immediately after the acquirement of this plant, Mayor Johnson's administration set out to make it the nucleus for a proposition to force upon the citizens of the City of Cleveland, against their will as expressed in their vote of 1903, a municipal electric lighting plant to enter into competition with the existing company.

This proceeding is rather characteristic of Mr. Johnson. When he thinks the will of the people is along the lines that fall in with his plans, there exists a mandate which must be obeyed, but where their expression is against his desires, it is a mandate to be ignored.

When the appropriation ordinances for 1906 were submitted to the council, it was found that these ordinances provided moneys not alone to operate the newly-acquired plant, but a very considerable sum for its extension and enlargement. As a consequence, the amount appropriated for the year 1906, over and above the amount necessary to operate the plant, was $80,000, and this in view of the refusal of the taxpayers to authorize a bond issue for the purpose as indicated in the election of 1903. The only way, therefore, in which the city could raise money for the extension and enlargement of the plant was to divert funds raised from taxes for other purposes. Accordingly, there was taken from the general tax fund for the year 1906, $80,000; this amount being in addition to nearly $20,000 appropriated for operating the plant. The result of this action on the part of Mayor Johnson's administration is that the small village power plant has been abandoned. The new plant which was built with diverted tax funds has been in operation for several months, and additions are being built to it. Of the $30,000 bonds issued by the village to build the plant, two-thirds of this amount, on account of its abandonment, has been wiped out of existence. Since the acquisition of this plant in the fall of 1905, there has been appropriated from the general tax funds of the city, in round numbers, $153,000. As against this $153,000, there has been operated from this municipal plant a certain number of street lights, the value of which, according to an official report on the municipal light plant for 1906, is $9,306. For the year 1907, no figures have as yet been published, but on the same basis the value of the service rendered would not exceed $20,000. The result, therefore, of the acquisition of this plant to the City of Cleveland is, that there has been taken from the pockets of the taxpayers of the city $153,000, less probably $30,000 for street lights furnished, which amount they would have paid to the general electric lighting company. The taxpayer is therefore out of pocket approximately $120,000. It may be said that they have an asset in the plant, but so far as the taxpayer is concerned, it is money out of his pocket, and if it had not been used for a municipal plant service, it might have been used for some of the things the City of Cleveland badly needs and has to do without for lack of funds to meet the necessary expenditures.

In addition to this, the City of Cleveland acquired a garbage plant from an existing company, and has spent upon this plant a large amount of money, and no matter what results may eventually follow, if the money had not been spent in this way, it would have been available for other purposes. The money thus available for the electric lighting plant and the garbage plant would have gone a long way toward rebuilding one of the viaducts for which the city administration attempted to have the people authorize an issuance of bonds a short time since, and which not only failed to receive the necessary two-thirds majority, but more votes were cast against the proposition than for it, although it is one of the essential means of communication between the east and west sides of the City of Cleveland.

In view of the bitter attacks made upon The Cleveland Electric Railway Company by Mayor Johnson and his political henchmen, the question naturally forces itself upon us: Does it pay a corporation to be honest? Horace E. Andrews, president of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, is undoubtedly one of the most honorable public service men in the country. When it becomes necessary for him to protect the interests of his company, he fights openly and honestly. He will not tolerate anything that is not legitimate, and he asks for his corporation nothing that is not granted similar corporations in other cities. The equipment and service of the street railway company are first-class in every respect, and in the pending contest nothing is asked but a fair and honest consideration of the question at issue.

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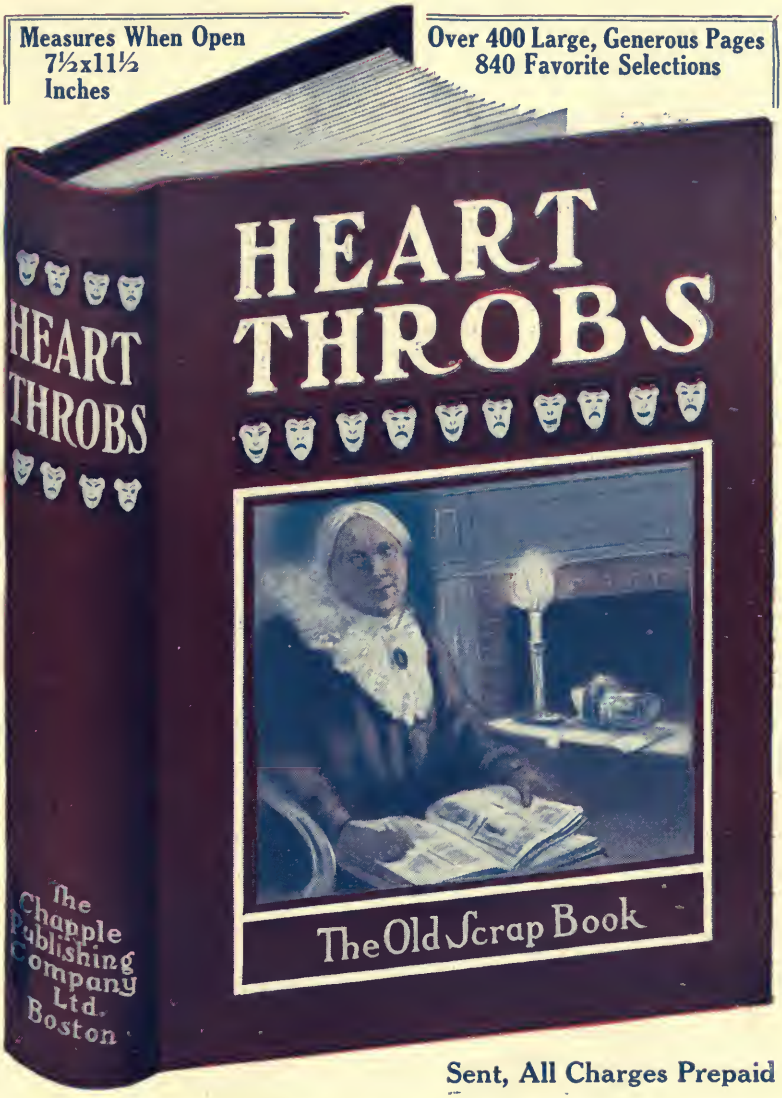

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"There was a kindly expression in the keenly alert gray eyes."
See "The Smoky God" in this issue.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII DECEMBER, 1907 NUMBER THREE

THERE has been a cycle of great events this month, which have touched directly indirectly, affairs at Washington. It seems that Washington has never been so pre-eminent a great national center as now. Do we have a flurry on Wall Street, with panic stricken depositors in double files, waiting night and day around the great stone buildings in "the street"—then the trouble is removed by the secretary of the Treasury, who comes from Washington and occupies his quarters in the sub-treasury in New York City.

On my usual trip to Washington, I chanced to stop over in New York on that dark day in October. There was a sort of panic look in the faces of the people, a reflex of the excitement that swept the country. The spire of Trinity never looked more secure and benignant than on that day, and the statue of Washington in front of the Sub-Treasury, seemed to have a quieting influence on the overwrought nerves of the passers-by. With all respect to the good people of New York City, they are the most timid and susceptible to fluctuation in money matters of all the citizens of the United States, though they ought to be the strongest. In fact, money is the all-predominating thing in New York life, and perhaps it cannot be wondered at that financial fear is acute.

In addition to the depositors' fine, there was a great throng of curiosity-mongers, and the mounted police were there too, to represent the majesty of the law. Some of the people were eating lunches while they waited in line, a scene to remind one of the days when the land office "rush," occurred out West. As I walked around the buildings and looked in the faces of the depositors, and surveyed the boxes that some of them had brought to take away their coin, and the luncheon bags firmly clutched by others, the humorous aspect of the situation struck me—the "wherewithal-shall-I-be-fed" represented by food or coin, was certainly paramount in every mind. I asked one man how much he had at stake His balance was $17.63, and in his pocket he had something like $100, and $200 in another bank. His income was $100 per month, and it seemed to me that he could have earned more by remaining at work than by wasting time chasing this deposit. I cannot say that he had my sympathy, but there were pathetic cases there, although in all that line I could see no one who appeared to be in real distress, such as one reads of in old-time stories of the confusion and real distress caused by the bursting of the English South Sea Bubble, and other "bubbles."

Over on one prominent corner of Wall Street J. Pierpoint Morgan had assumed command and was at the telephone, demanding that every bank and interest he represented send in their quota of money to meet this hungry host. It may be said that this is a small matter for him, "Pierpoint Morgan can afford to do it," but when one is behind the scenes and sees the faith, confidence, and splendid courage of such men in this emergency, in which their interests were

just as much concerned as those of the man demanding his $17.63,—and much more so,—there is a saner understanding of the flurry on Wall Street, and what it means to both the big and little depositors.

In New York there were, in the Cafe Martin, certain individuals flourishing rolls of bills with $20,000 in their pockets, and another chap had $30,000: they were assuring me that "they were all right."

Then I bethought me: supposing that each person in the United States pulled out from the banks only $10—not $20,000, as some of the timid New York financiers have done—there would be eight hundred million dollars taken from the banks—what country could stand such a drain? J. Pierpoint Morgan never said a wiser word than "Keep your money in the banks and keep your head cool."

Millions of dollars were taken from the banks in one day, and every safety deposit vault in the city was rented.

There was no sane reason for the disturbance, and the people themselves have saved the financial situation, which was not a question of finance but just of plain common sense, by leaving things alone, for, after all, patience is often the truest courage.

* * * *

ANOTHER great event of the month is the sailing of battleships on the longest naval voyage ever organized for a great fleet. The passage of so many great war ships over thousands of sea-miles in time of peace makes us realize that the world is growing small, and that our ocean coast lines are no longer the boundaries of power and influence.

Then one reads of the President hunting in Louisiana; of the Secretary of War far away in the Orient, opening the Philippine parliament; Secretary Root in Mexico, and other members of the Cabinet scattered to the four winds of heaven—all indicating that distance is annihilated, and that though thousands of miles supervene between the President and his Cabinet, they can still continue their work by wire and wireless, while rapid transit brings them swiftly together again.

Then, too, the month witnessed the great balloon competition at St. Louis, when the winner of the prize landed at Asbury Park, covering a distance of 864 miles in forty hours. As I looked upon this mighty balloon, I felt for the first time that aerial navigation is destined to become a real factor in our lives, and that it will not occasion as much loss of life as the introduction of automobiles. Who knows but the time may come when I can go to Washington on an air-ship and harness it to the dome of the World Building in New York while I stop there for lunch?

The same month witnessed the first really effective service of aerograms or wireless messages across the Atlantic, adding another wonderful record to the marvels of the age.

In Washington I found officials returning from the Isthmus of Panama, where the records of all previous progress have been surpassed, clearly demonstrating that this great artery of trade through the isthmus will undoubtedly change the map of the world.

Yes, these are great times in which we live; far greater than we realize, and the importance of events that are transpiring will be more plainly seen in the later years.

* * *

THE Thanksgiving proclamation of President Roosevelt has been issued. The opening of the Sixtieth Congress in December is looked forward to with keen interest, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. As one foreigner recently arrived, remarked, "The United States will occupy the center of the stage in world affairs; and the center of the center for the coming six months will be Washington, D. C."

* * *

A MASSACHUSETTS boy left his native New England home and went out "where rolls the Oregon." Since those days few public men have had a more interesting career than Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon. It was he who helped the great fight against Senator Mitchell, in the land frauds, and perfected the organization of the legislature when he had secured enough votes to insure election.

Senator Bourne is a man of force of character, and carries into his daily life and work all that New England stands for in the history of the nation. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, and was among the first to foresee that public sentiment was crystalizing, and would insist on

SENATOR JONATHAN BOURNE, JR., OF OREGON, WHO OFFERS THE $1,000 PRIZE FOR THE BEST ARGUMENT WHY ROOSEVELT SHOULD BE A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1908

the renomination of the present chief executive for a second elective term. There is a widespread conviction that Senator Bourne is correct in his analysis of the situation for 1908.

Oregon will have reason to be proud of the splendid record which Senator Bourne is making in the United States Senate. The interest of every individual constituent is to him a matter of careful study, for into this also he brings his "New England conscience," and earnest views of life; nothing

short of the best he is capable of will satisfy him. The senator is a broad thinker, and a man of progressive ideas and fearless in the championship of his convictions.

* * *

AT last the perfected utility of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph as a means of ocean cable communication has been formally established. Some years ago I remember how Thomas Edison positively predicted that Marconi's would soon span the ocean, and would be sending messages at the rate of 1,000 words a minute. One expert in Washington has predicted that the time is coming when, within a few years, the electric communications between Europe and America will be almost as cheap as the telegraph on land is now. In fact, the wireless has already taken on such proportions that there is some apprehension that certain capitalists will obtain franchises on the blue sky and the invisible ether above the wide Atlantic, securing them for the transmission of messages; it being quite evident that some arrangement must be made to prevent confusion between competing companies.

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

CAPTAIN W. P. POTTER

If this is not conquering the elements of "earth, air and water," I don't know when it will be done. We have subways tunneling the earth; messages flying through space without visible means of transmission, and submarine boats "moving on the face of the waters" and down into "the vasty deep."

* * *

SOMETIMES the joke is upon those very earnest individuals who have a desire to ferret out and proclaim the dishonesty of their fellows. During the past year there has been some weighing of mails, and Assistant Postmaster General J. T. McCleary has been given direct and authentic information that grindstones and scrap iron were finding their way mysteriously into the mails in Maine, with a view to pad the weight. Similar information came from one self-respecting citizen in Georgia; but the joke of the thing is that the mails in New England and Georgia are not being weighed, a fact which is of course well-known to post office officials. Therefore, no one could have any object in mailing grindstones and scrap iron in those localities. The mails are being weighed only in the northwestern states, known as the third district, so that the self-appointed government detectives in Maine and Georgia have not established any record for the exposure of dishonesty—neither have they established a record for personal veracity.

Photo by E. Muller, New York

ADMIRAL HEMPHILL, WHO IS NOW IN THE ORIENT TO GIVE WELCOME TO THE PACIFIC FLEET

FRESH from the lake-paradises of Minnesota, Congressman James A. Tawney is ready for busy hours in the work of the Appropriations Committee. One of the most comprehensive addresses ever made by Mr. Tawney was that on the battlefield of Gettysburg, when he opened his speech with a description of a little house on Wolf's Hill, "on the old Low Dutch Road, connecting the York and Baltimore Pikes," where he was born. He went on to tell how, from an attic window, he and a brother, on the afternoon of July third, witnessed the fearless but modest Gregg and the gallant Custer drive back the cavalry of Fitz-Hugh Lee. He told, too, of the familiar churches and school-house, and gave a thrilling description of the morning of the opening day of the battle:

"I was picking cherries for my mother, high up in a big, black cherry tree on the farm, then owned by "old" John Snyder. Well do I remember the haste with which

Photo by Pach Bros., New York

CAPTAIN J. P. MURDOCK

I climbed down out of that tree and ran home with my cherries, while the first thundering tones of the battle rolled over Gettysburg and the surrounding country. I remember, too, that our house was used as a hospital for the wounded; that the enemy began shelling it on the third day, and that it was saved by the act of a Union soldier, who unfurled my sister's red flannel petticoat, with my fishing pole as a flagstaff, from the top of the highest chimney on the house. On the Tuesday following the battle I rode over the field with my grandfather, and there on the north side of Culp's Hill I saw the

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES SPERRY

bodies of some sixty soldiers lying in one uncovered grave. And all over this country side, in every wood and valley, I can, at will, hear the voices and see the fancy-painted faces of long ago.

"It seems but yesterday that I listened to those words from the lips of the immortal Lincoln, uttered upon the dedication of this ground as a National Cemetery, almost from the spot where I now stand.

"Here let us highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Later, the Pennsylvania boy went West, and one does not have to travel long in Minnesota to understand that the citizens of the Gopher State are very proud of the congressman with the jet black moustache, who knows just how to set things a-going—and keep them going.

ON November 16th the forty-sixth state was formally added to the Union, and there was little ceremony in Washington to indicate that fact, except the presence of the numerous and vigorous campaigners for federal offices, who had long before established themselves at the Capital City.

Governor Frantz, of "Rough Rider" fame, was there to capture everything in sight; and the lone, solitary congressman from Pawnee, the Honorable Bird McGuire, was almost distracted, trying to settle the claims upon him.

MRS. OVERMAN, WIFE OF SENATOR OVERMAN

The Oklahoma bankers had gone on a holiday, proclaimed by the acting governor, and the New York drafts could not be cashed and had to be kept longer than their owners had planned, on account of this festive day in Wall Street. "Pockets full of drafts, and nothing to spend," was the popular song of Oklahomites in Washington.

* * *

ONE rough rider who has risen to the distinction of the bench is "Si" Reid of Oklahoma, who is to succeed Judge Wickersham as United States judge for Alaska.

Judge "Si" Reid is a jolly, good-natured man, about the same proportions physically as Secretary Taft—200 pounds—and over. He was a candidate for lieutenant-governor on the Republican ticket, nominated at the famous midnight session of the state convention. On a single stumping tour, he covered seventy-five counties in the state in forty days.

Judge Reid remarked that, like many young lawyers, he had always had "an ambition to go on the bench," and assured his listeners that he would rather be a justice of the Supreme Court than President of the United States. He is looking forward with a great deal of interest to his residence in Alaska, which he insists will one day be the popular summer resort of the United States.

* * *

THE smooth-faced and silver-tongued congressman from Missouri, Champ Clark, now comes into prominence as a champion of Pike County, and it srecord of superfluent whiskers. That is where he hails from; and he proudly boasts of one constituent in Spencerburg who has eleven feet and six inches of hirsute growth on his face, while another veteran comes in a close second, being the proud possessor of nine feet of imperial Missouri whisker.

Congressman Clark has grimly suggested that if the agitation for whiskers can be maintained, there may be some hope for the populist party, in which flowing whiskers are distinctive since the advent of Senator Peffer's Aaron-like beard into the Senate. Champ Clark, "all shaven and shorn," with face as smooth as a jack-knife or a Shakespearian actor, emphatically disclaims the rumor that he is attempting to rear a beard to maintain his popularity in Pike County.

* * *

ONE of the most notable dinners of the month was that given by the Swedish minister, Mr. Herman de Lagercrantz, who was the host of Prince Wilhelm during his recent visit to this country; the Swedish Embassy promises to be the scene of interesting hospitalities during the coming winter.

The Swedish minister enjoys the distinction of being the only minister or ambassador in this country who is a member of the Salvation Army. Mr. de Lagercrantz and

MRS. JOHN W. TIMMINS, DAUGHTER OF VICE PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS

his wife both belong to the Army, and take an active and keen personal interest in the welfare of that organization.

* * *

AN old-timer related this story concerning Bob Ingersoll's famous "stumping" tours along the coast of Maine. The trip was made on a yacht, and each afternoon and evening a different audience was gathered to harken to the silver-tongued orator. James G. Blaine was with him on that memorable trip, and a remark was made by Ingersoll to the effect that when "it came to fighting, Blaine had a hide like a rhinocerous, but when it came to laughing at and ridiculing him, he was like a jelly-fish."

Photo by Pach Bros., New York

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES M. THOMAS

One audience addressed was composed almost entirely of quarrymen, and the orator was reaching up to his utmost heights of eloquence, telling them that if the entire works of Burns were destroyed he believed that at the age of seventeen years he could have supplied every piece from memory. He was just getting his fingers in among the heartstrings of the worthy Scots, when he perceived a bonnie lassie close to the front gazing earnestly at his feet. She stared and stared, and a faint smile of amusement curved her rosy lips and dimpled her cheeks. He wished the yellow-haired lassie's eyes anywhere but where they were. Something was wrong with "the understanding" evidently. He paused a second in his flowing periods, and glanced down—his waving arms had caused his trousers to push up above his low-cut shoes—and then it flashed across his memory that, in dressing that morning, he had been unable to find a complete pair of socks; hence one leg was striped like a zebra, while the sock on the other ankle had the snowy whiteness of Mary's "little lamb." It was absurd that a Scotch lassie's cognizance of the defects of an orator's wardrobe should put his eloquent thoughts to flight, but the day would have been lost had not her woman's kindly wit come to the rescue.

"Gae on, gae on," she murmured, "I hae na seen that ither sock."

Afterward Ingersoll insisted that when a speaker can realize that the audience knows what he is thinking of, and will be frank in dealing with those to whom he is speaking, success is assured, as in his case the sharing of his thought by the Scotch lass brought him to a fine climax.

* * *

IMAGINE my gratification when an army officer just returned from Panama told me that in nearly every one of the thousands of homes on the Isthmus he found copies of the National. He called attention to the fact that the April issue of the magazine,

Photo by Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

UNITED STATES MARINES ON THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS

BERTH DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT, (ADMIRAL EVANS' FLAGSHIP) SHOWING GUNS AND GUNNERS

containing the account of the digging of the Panama Canal, is still looked upon as an authoritative description. He said that everyone was looking for the editor of the National down that way this winter.

The cost of food on the Isthmus has recently been greatly reduced; sugar is now only four cents a pound, and other things have cheapened in proportion.

The question of widening the canal has been taken up, and according to Lieutenant H. H. Rosseau, who with Secretary of the Navy Metcalf has just come back from

SENATOR SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA

the Isthmus, it is one of vital importance. It is said that a change of plans will be essential, and that the matter must be laid before Congress promptly. The facts that the Lusitania is eighty-eight feet wide and one of the battleships, the Delaware, and others of that class, are eighty-five feet, and the proposed width of battleships that are to be built will certainly not be less, emphasize the necessity for the widening of the locks.

The work on the actual prism of the canal, near the Culebra Cut and extending from Las Cacades to Paraiso, covers a tract of about five miles, this space being commonly known as the Culebra Cut. The locks at Gatun are planned for a width of ninety-five feet, but even this is thought to be hardly sufficient to accommodate the large battleships of the Dreadnought class and other ships which are to be added to the navy.

As the canal nears completion, interest in the merchant marine is awakened; for the question often comes up, "What sense is there in having a great navy and canal conveniences adapted therefor, unless we possess an American merchant marine of proportionate importance? Experts who have given the matter personal and thorough study have long been convinced that the good people of the Middle West must, in their own interest, realize that America's products must be carried in American ships whose profits go to American owners, masters, mariners and artificers. Even the subsidy, with all the odium it incurs, may have its place in the legislation of a country—that is to be truly great and prosperous.

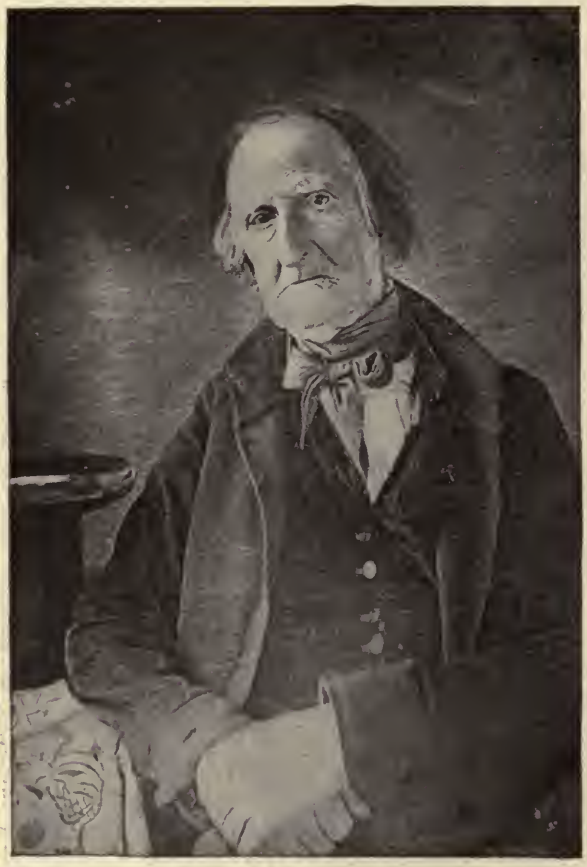
The oft-exploded argument of getting shipping where it is cheapest is no more reasonable than the idea that our products and manufactures should be affected in price by foreign competition. To the consistent mind, a protective tariff on cotton thread or coal is decidedly as much a subsidy as money apportioned for the encouragement of our leaders in coastwise commerce to establish steamship lines to South America and other foreign countries for the purpose of exploiting trade and commerce; in this following the methods which have been found effective by our European competitors.

Those old war horses at Washington, Senators William P. Frye and Jacob G. Gallinger, have prepared a measure that will obviate most of the objections that have heretofore been effectively urged. The proposed legislation will strenuously advocate and encourage the development of a merchant marine that will be a credit to the republic. Today a blush of shame and indignation comes to the cheek of every American who takes passage upon the high seas and realizes the lamentable decay of American ocean-shipping interests.

Every producer of a pound of wheat, corn or pork, or any other product of the farm, is vitally concerned in building up a merchant marine, not only bcause lower freight rates would ensure higher prices for raw

ADMIRAL DEWEY

and agricultural material, but because an enlarged foreign trade is certain to follow such increase because of more markets and a closer contact with new foreign customers. Today Americans expect British, German and other foreign vessels to carry their products; and seem to think that these will exploit American trade and interests; this idea is preposterous. Up to the days of the Civil War, the American merchant marine was remarkable as proportioned to the prestige of the nation, being only second to that of Great Britain. Respected on the high seas and in every port of the world, it was unrivaled in the beauty and speed of its ships, the skill and courage of its personnel, and the vigorous and aggressive enterprise of the Yankee captain-trader, who sailed to every port whereat trade could be established, introduced American products and "notions" and developed millions of dollars' worth of new and reciprocal trade which would otherwise have never existed. Then the glory of our shipping was in full measure understood. Of what avail is it to send battleships into the Pacific, expending millions in mere costly manoeuvres, when like amounts expended in building up an American merchant marine would bring universal benefits and give our rapidly-increasing navy some practical use.



JOSIAH FOX, FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

* * *

THE only operation of Uncle Sam's navy that pays a handsome cash profit is the work done by the Panama Canal fleet. It actually brings money into Uncle Sam's pocket over and above the expenses of maintenance, and this fact should inspire good old "Uncle Sam" to again become a skipper for profit as well as for glory, and proves still more clearly the necessity for a merchant-marine. The prospect that many tourists will visit Panama during the coming winter will add still more to the revenue accruing from the Panama fleet.

* * *

THE recent bank panic in New York has concentrated a great deal of attention on the office of the comptroller of the currency. The declination of Mr. Ridgley of the flattering offer made to him to become president of the Mercantile National Bank of New York indicates that a bank presidency is not always the most attractive position that a man can hold, despite the gorgeous salary thereto attached.

October was certainly a trying month for New York bankers; but the way in which the situation was met was a triumph for modern methods of meeting those emergencies arising from "financial flurries" which have hitherto bewildered the wisest financiers and have so often led to general and disastrous panics.

The unchecked revolution of the world's

business methods must now have its reckoning, and the books must be balanced to show the truth of the claims made for the strenuous business polices of the last decade. The reckless and riotous phases of "high finance" in New York and elsewhere must be checked, and the prompt action of the federal government, in exercising its close surveillance of the national banks, has undoubtedly been of great service.

Such convincing demonstrations of the criminal over-exploitation through which so many honest people have been ruined, should recommend strongly to the average citizen the projects for postal savings banks, and place these institutions on a practical basis, as outlined by Postmaster General Meyer. Late experiences have demonstrated that Comptroller Ridgley was prepared for the recent monetary stringency, and knew how to meet it, though as Secretary Shaw has often said, these disturbances are more psychological than economical. He says, "When you are leading a horse behind a wagon, it is well to have a little slack rope; so that if he stops suddenly there will not be too much of a jolt."

The secretary also pointed out that our currency is too unelastic, while our market for currency is ever expanding and contracting in response to business and industrial demands. There will be plenty of problems for the student of finance to solve in the future, in considering the monetary system of the country, and scores of bills are already proposed for congressional action.

* * *

ON a trip from the Pacific Coast I stopped in Minneapolis to see Mr. C. A. Smith, the largest individual owner of timber land in the Northwest, except Frederick Weyerhauser. Those who travel on the coast soon discover that Mr. Smith is one of the big men of the great Northwest. Smooth-faced, kindly, vigorous, blue-eyed, despite his business surroundings, it is evident that commerce is not his only interest in life. On the walls of his office, intermingled with pictures of the majestic timber of Oregon and Washington, hang many mementoes of public service and of prominent men and personal friends.

Mr. Smith is a splendid type of adopted

C. A. SMITH OF MINNEAPOLIS

American citizen. Born in the province of Ostergotland, in Sweden, in 1852, at the age of fourteen he arrived in this country, with his father and sister, ready to make his fortune. He attended the public schools of Minneapolis, and in 1873 was enrolled at the State University, and it was while a student there that he began work for Governor John S. Pillsbury. Mr. Smith, at that time, spent all his spare hours and vacations in the hardware

store. Later, a serious illness made it impossible for the young student to continue the tremendous strain under which he was living, and he was obliged to abandon his university education, which he did very reluctantly, thereafter giving his entire time to the hardware business.

In 1878, Mr. Smith went to Herman, Minnesota, a town on the Great Northern, where he built an elevator and opened an implement store and lumber yard. Here the young foreigner laid the foundation for one of the

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

CAPTAIN HENRY OSTERHOUSE

largest commercial enterprises of this country under the name of C. A. Smith & Company, with Governor Pillsbury as an equal partner. The kindly interest and confidence of the governor was gratefull appreciated by the young man The business was later extended and C. J. Johnson taken in s a partner, and at this time retail yards were opened in other towns throughout Minnesota. The firm was remarkably successful, and their records showed good returns.

Full of ambition and pluck, Mr. Smith was ready for the offer which Mr. Pillsbury made him in 1884. The governor had thirty thousand dollars involved in a log loan, and the suggestion was made by him that Mr. Smith should help by going into that business. At that time the great lumber manufacturing concern, known as C. A. Smith & Company was formed, Mr. Smith and Governor Pillsbury having equal interests.

One of the five large mills using water power in Minneapolis, owned by the John Martin Lumber Company, was purchased in 1887, but on a fateful Saturday night, but a short time later, the mill was entirely wiped out by fire, but that was the occasion when the courage of the young partner was put to the test.

In 1890, C. A. Smith & Company purchased the Clough Brothers' interest in a mill afterwards sold to Nelson, Tenney & Company; in 1892, the product of the firm, headed by this young foreigner, had reached a total of 25,000,000 feet annually. Incorporated as C. A Smith Lumber Company in 1893, the construction of the largest, most expensive and complete saw-mill ever erected in Minneapolis was undertaken; all pervious records we e broken in this mill, for in eleven hours, with three band-saws and a gang in action, 599,627 feet of lumber, 71,500 feet being lath and 130,000 feet shingles, were produced.

As I sat there, from the left hand drawer of his desk, Mr. Smith took data, in red figures, showing the product of his mill each day, proof positive of the daily, strenuous effort to exceed all previous producton. It was not surprising to learn that here lumber is produced at a lower cost than in any other mill of its kind in the country, this being due to the fact that every possible means is taken to save labor and avoid waste. There are thirty-five miles of steel tramways, where five horses do the work of 125 wagons. No load of lumber is ever dumped, and the waste fuel from the mill is sold to the city pumping station near by, thus saving to the city $40 a day on its fuel bill the year around. The waste edgings are utilized by the Northwestern Compo-Board Company, an institution that belongs to the C. A. Smith Lumber Company. This factory is located in the company's mill settlement north of the city.

The saw-mill has steadily increased its cut since 1893, the record for 1898 being 87,000,000 feet of lumber, 36,000,000 shingles, and 9,000,000 lath. In 1899 the cut was 108,000,000 feet, and in 1901 it reached 112,000,000 feet; 1906, 145,000,000. Mr. Smith is chief owner of the company's property, and asso-

ciated with him is Mr. C. J. Johnson, the partner of early days, with Edgar Dalzell, secretary, and Enoch Oren, treasurer. The great lumber and logging interests of the concern are looked after by the C. A. Smith Timber Company, of which Mr. Smith is president, and C. A. Trabert secretary. The standing timber owned by this company is stated to be sufficient to stock the mill at Minneapolis for many years to come. Mr. Smith is also the largest individual holder of Pacific Coast timber. He is a practical lumberman and has been especially prominent in the advisory councils of the trade, as treasurer of the Mississippi Valley Lumberman's Association, and vice president of the National Lumber Manufacturers association.

Mr. Smith was a central figure in public affairs as a presidential elector in 1896, and was delegated to attend the Republican National Convention, which nominated McKinley and Roosevelt in Phladelphia in 1900.

A gracious compliment was paid to the adopted American citizen by the King of Sweden, when, in recognition of Mr. Smith's services to the subjects of his fatherland, he was created a commander of the First Degree of Vasa. He is well known to all Scandinavian and educational interests throughout the Northwest, for the prominent part he took in raising funds for the relief of the sufferers in the famine in Finland. Mr. Smith is certainly entitled to all the encomiums that have been poured upon him for his part in this noble work.

It is in his home city that his greatest triumphs have been achieved. Here his family altar was established and the home grew up, in which are now three daughters and two sons, who, with their mother, take just pride in the strong, self-reliant, forceful man who has built up for his family and himself enduring fame and fortune.

Extensive timber developments at Coos Bay, one of the best harbors between San Francisco and the Columbia River, on the Oregon Coast, are being carried out by Mr. C. A. Smith. Coos Bay is an arm of the Pacific Ocean, protected by a high promontory at the entrance, and having a channel running northeast for several miles. Fifteen tidewater inlets reach in every direction from this bay, and the government is planning to make here an extensive network of canals.

Behind Coos Bay the great forest rises, rich and tall, covering the slopes and hills with a wealth of verdure. At the present time there is no direct railroad communication, but the coast-line roads are planning means of transit to this great inlet, the shores of which were settled many years ago.

With a climate never hot and never cold, where palm and pine dwell happily together, where summer and winter alike the roses bloom, Coos Bay, Oregon, is a port that promises great development, as the Orient and Panama Canal trade is developed.

MARCONI, WHO HAS PERFECTED OCEAN COMMUNICA- BY "WIRELESS"

On October 5, 1907, at Newport News, Virginia, the good ship Nann Smith, the largest in the coastwise trade, was christened and launched by Miss Smith, the eldest daughter of Mr. C. A. Smith, who has always taken a great interest in her father's affairs, since her graduation at Smith College. The good ship Nann Smith is eighteen feet draft, 300 feet long and forty-three beam, has two mammoth hatchways thirty-five by thirty-six feet, a carrying capacity of 2,250,000 feet of lumber, and will start in December on a voyage around the Horn, following Uncle Sam's great fleet of battleships. The new ship will be employed in transporting the product of Mr. Smith's mills now under construction at Coos Bay, and others to be

constructed at Humboldt Bay, to his yards on San Francisco Bay. Mr. Smith's prophecy that buildings of the East will be furnished with lumber from the Pacific Coast forests, brought through the Panama Canal in bulk cargo—at a lower cost in time and money than the same quantity could be shipped by rail across the continent—will probably be a fact within a few more years.

In the wake of his other achievements comes the announcement of the new mill, which he has recently established in Oregon, and it is a significant fact that the people of Marshfield,

CONGRESSMAN A. S. BURLESON OF TEXAS, MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

where this branch mill is located, warmly welcomed its establishment. The permanence and substantiality of all enterprises with which C. A. Smith and his firm have been associated are among the marked characteristics of the company. Mr. Smith's whole business policy is pervaded with the genial spirit of co-operation. Wherever he locates a mill he always manages to give as well as receive benefit.

It is estimated that the C. A. Smith Lumber Company have timber enough to run the Marshfield mill for two centuries, but its sawing capacity by no means represents that of the mills to be established and enlarged by this company on the Pacific Coast.

One cannot talk with this enterprising lumberman without discovering, that while the interests of his business are prominent in his thoughts, they by no means predominate. He loves to chat of his friends and home, of McKinley, of Hanna, of Roosevelt, and many other prominent public men with whom he has been associated. Those who know him best insist that the time is coming when C. A, Smith will honor his state in the higher councils of the nation. He is imbued with a wholesome philosophy of life, thoroughly alert to the great questions and problems of the day, and yet regards them in an aspect of fairness and justice. In meeting Mr. Charles Axel Smith I felt that I had, indeed, come into contact with a true type of the young and vigorous industrial manhood of our country, and one truly representative of the splendid adopted American citizenship that has done so much to make the great nation of today.

* * *

ONE of the overture stories of the session was told in the cloak room by Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, whose dramatic mode of narration made the tale doubly impressive.

It seems that a judge of his acquaintance had a very charming wife, but she was over-neat and was forever brushing microscopic dust from his clothes; still all went well until she started on the "hair hunt." After that she never sat beside her husband for five minutes but she perceived a hair of some sort on his clothing, and hastened to remove it, be it hair of dog, cat or human being.

About this time there came to the town a long-haired lady, possibly one of the Sutherland Sisters, who sat in state at one of the principal hotels, daily exhibiting her seven feet of black hair to an admiring audience. The judge was present at one of those exhibitions, watched his opportunity and secured a hair.

He and his wife were regular attendants at church, and at the Sunday morning services he suffered most from his wife's hair-finding proclivities. Just as he composed his mind to listen to the reading, the sermon—or even the prayers,—he would feel a sudden pluck at some part of his clothing—a hair was discovered—and so on all through the service. The judge feared that some time he would be heard to say a naughty word in church.

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JUDGE LANDIS

On the Sunday after his brief visit to the long-haired lady, his last preparation for worship was singular. A corner of his handkerchief was carefully arranged to peep from his coat pocket, and, showing upon the white background, dangled an end of black hair.

With marvelous patience he endured the searching scrutiny of the good lady beside him; her eyes soon reached his pocket, but a chance to secure the hair without attracting attention did not arrive until the sermon began, when the judge crossed his arms and was evidently absorbed in the eloquent utterances from the pulpit. A cautious jerk brought away a foot of black hair—another yank, another foot. There was a little surprise that the end was not reached

—a third foot came to light, then a pause to be sure that the "hunt" was unnoticed. A fourth yank, still no end to that hair. The good lady was exasperated and yank number five was energetic—still no end. The thing was like a nightmare; a damp chill came over her, but she was a determined and courageous American woman—yank number six—desperation—talk about nightmare—it was a joke to this! One more pull and seven feet of hair was on the seat between her and the judge. It could not be left there for the sexton to marvel over, so it was hastily thrust under the heavy cover of her hymn book, while she mopped the perspiration from her face and fixed her eyes in wrapt attention on the face of the minister, devoutly hoping that the "hair-hunt" had been unobserved by the congregation.

* * *

Quietly the judge's hand slipped down to the hymn book—a moment and the hair was in his pocket—no matter if it broke now. The sermon ended, the ireful lady grasped the book with relentless grip, holding on for dear life as she walked home, concocting scathing sentences to be uttered in the privacy of home—no word of the judge's pleasant conversation was heard.

The front door closed behind them:

"William, *what* did you have in your coat pocket this morning?"

The judge looked at her with an innocent and questioning gaze:

"You had *this*," she went on, sternly, opening up the cover of the hymn book. There was the flyleaf with the name neatly written on it—nothing more—absolutely nothing more. She turned pale and stared blankly at her husband.

"Could I have lost it?" she said, faintly.

"You could not have lost a speck of dust from that book coming home, Mary," he gravely assured her. "I saw the extraordinary way you gripped it. What did you think was inside?"

"*Think*"—she said indignantly—"I *know* I had a hair there—yards long," and she told the whole story.

The judge surveyed her, "more in sorrow than anger."

"My dear, you have imagined the whole thing; this hair hunting is becoming a positive mania with you," and he proceeded with a speech as eloquent-as-any-ever addressed to the listeners in a crowded court.

* * *

Senator Scott says that today, if the judge should walk out fairly festooned with a thousand hairs, it is doubtful if his wife would remove even one.

* * *

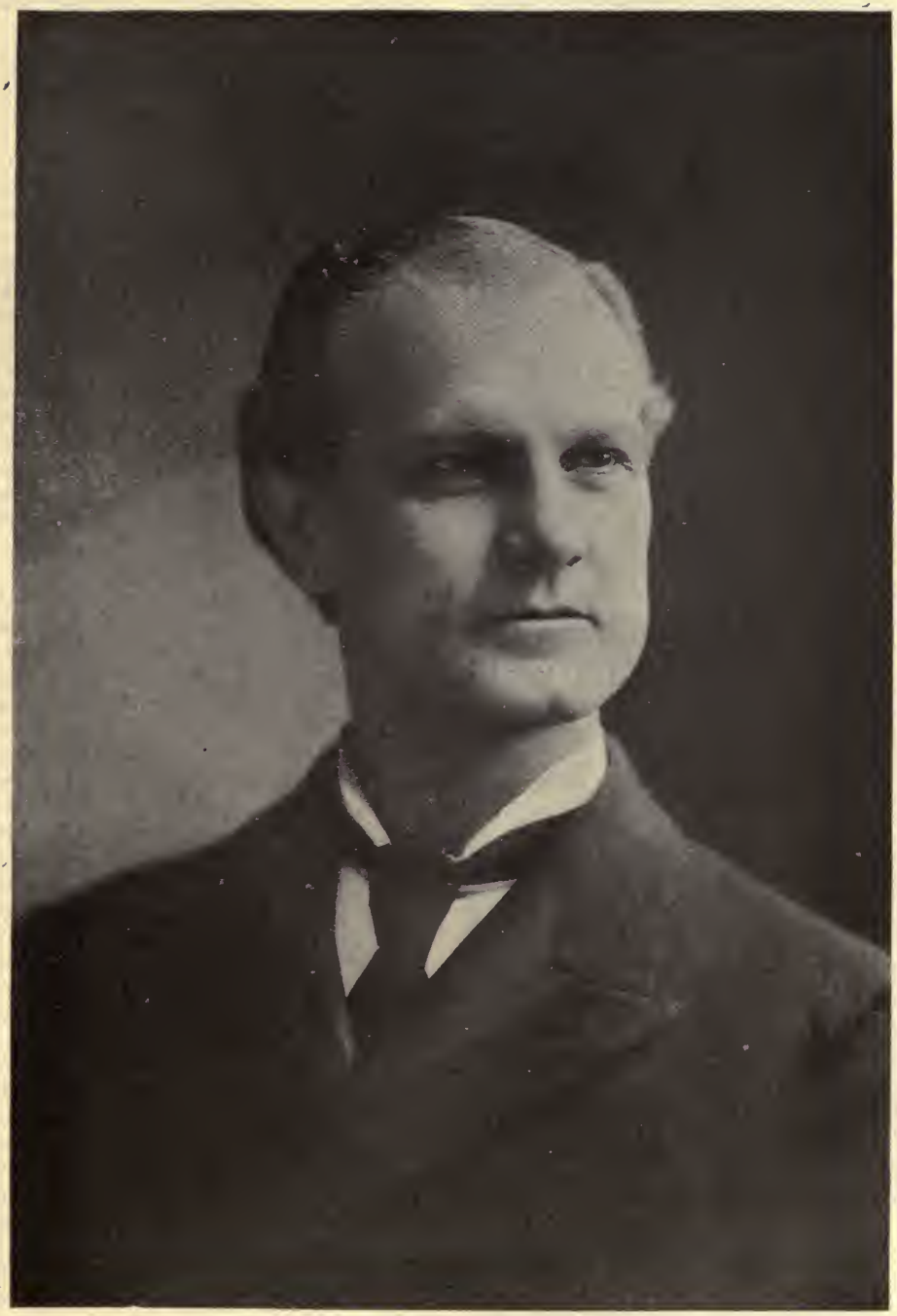
DURING a very pleasant hour spent with Postmaster General von Meyer, I gained an insight into one of the most business-like campaigns ever initiated by a cabinet officer. Mr. Meyer has had extensive business training at home and diplomatic experience abroad, and his public service exemplifies the same loyal, hearty devotion and care that he bestowed upon private affairs. The lofty sense of responsibility that characterized his conduct when American ambassador at St. Petersburg and Rome is apparent in the performance of his cabinet duties.

While in foreign countries, in addition to official and social obligations, Mr. Meyer made a special study of the European postal systems and became very familiar with the working of the parcel post and postal savings bank departments.

It is predicted that the postmaster-general will find congressmen and senators heartily cooperating with him in carrying out the practical postal reforms, which promise to make his term of office remarkable in the history of the department. His innovations aim at the advancement of popular prosperity, and respecting postal savings banks his principal endeavor will be to encourage thrift and economy among a certain class of the people, while discouraging as much as possible the hoarding of money in bulk, which operates against both capital and labor.

* * *

The foundation of the postmaster general's plans has been furnished by his exhaustive study of the immigration, which has been pouring into our country for the last ten years, from the places in which Mr. Meyer officially represented the United States. He understands the unlettered Latin and Sclavic peasantry as they are rarely understood outside of their own lands. Their attitude of suspicion toward private banks, their absolute faith in national institutions, are both an open book to Mr. Meyer, who knows that



SENATOR JAMES B. FRAZIER OF TENNESSEE

European environment has given the peasant unlimited confidence in our government. For this reason, the adoption of the postal savings system is especially recommended in order to secure the patronage of the working classes. Uncle Sam's bank rating will never

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

be questioned by the adopted citizen, whereas their suspicion of private enterprise often prevents their using any bank not connected with the government. Proof of this confidence is found in the fact that many of the immigrants practically deposit their spare cash with the Post Office Department by buying money orders payable to themselves, preferring to do this rather than bank money in the ordinary way, or hoard it after the "Old Stocking" method.

Mr. Meyer also recommends that money order offices, 40,000 in number, shall accept savings accounts—to draw two per cent interest.

It is also proposed to issue postal notes of fifteen different denominations from ten cents to $2.50, including twenty-five cent and seventy-five cent notes, which would amount to a personal draft from the debtor to the creditor, drawn on the bank of Uncle Sam. No advice or separate slip would be sent to the postmasters with these orders, but any person can fill in the name of the party to whom these are to be paid. The plan is somewhat similar to that adopted by the express offices. By the adoption of this system it is hoped to discourage the practice of sending cash through the mails, and to further this, postal notes of dimensions under ten cents will be issued without fee.

* * *

An exhaustive study, in connection with the savings bank situation, has revealed the fact that in New England, where one third of the savings banks are established, the average distance of a postoffice from a savings bank is fifteen miles, in the Middle West twenty-five miles, and in the central states thirty-three, while in the Pacific West the nearest savings bank is estimated as fifty-five miles distant. The rate of interest shows that the plan is not to compete with savings banks, but is for the purpose of encouraging thrift among persons to whom savings banks are inaccessible by reason of their living in out-of the-way places. Mr. Meyer realizes that increased savings mean increased confidence among the people, and having a stake in the government makes more conservative citizens.

It seems that there are three billions of money in the country—$1,000,000,000, in the banks, $325,000,000 held by the government, $1,675,000,000 in other channels. Now even a slight hoarding by every earner necessarily means a "tight" money market, and that, eventually, indicates cessation of prosperity. The existing money stringency is not surprising when it is considered that every man, or woman in the country has more money in pocket now than probably ever before, and if, on pay day, the end of the week, there be an average of $10 held by each person, it

means $800,000,000 in the pockets of the people.

The postal savings banks proposition has long been discussed before Congress. With the present array of facts and figures it is difficult to see how Congress can fail to act.

* * *

In his recommendations to Congress, the postmaster general will also insist on the adoption of postal conveniences and privileges that have long been in use in other countries in the civilized world. He proposes to have packages,—weighing eleven pounds maximum, instead of the present limit of four pounds—taken through the mail on a postal conveyance basis and not on the zone method as adopted by the express companies. Thus, a parcel properly stamped and addressed will be carried to California for the same price that a parcel of the same weight would be delivered in any adjacent New England town. The disparity between the American and other postal systems is clearly set forth in Mr. Meyer's own words:

"Any individual entering the postoffice here in Boston, or in any other city or town in the country, with two parcels, each weighing four pounds, can send one parcel to New York for sixty-four cents, while for the other parcel, which is addressed to some one in a foreign land and goes via New York, he will have to pay but forty-eight cents, for the reason that the rate to foreign countries is twelve cents a pound, while the rate to our own people is sixteen cents a pound. Should the packages weigh four and one-half pounds each, the one addressed to the friend in New York would have to be refused by the postmaster, while the one addressed to the person in the foreign land, would be accepted and forwarded to New York and then on to its destination. The parcel for the foreign country would be received in most instances, even if it weighed as much as eleven pounds, and forwarded to any one of twenty-two foreign countries."

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that this part of the postal service is regarded with apathy, and that, as Mr. Meyer says, "it does not seem to be understood by many of our people that we have a parcel post at present." The desire of the postmaster general to place domestic postage at least on as advantageous a footing as foreign postage, making it twelve cents instead of sixteen cents per pound, will be hailed with delight. Moreover, it has been proved that business can be conducted on such a basis without loss to the government.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON

All the mails throughout the country have been weighed during a given period, to ascertain the average weight carried from month to month, and the different classes of matter have been segregated, so that a mass of solid facts will be the basis of the suggestions and recommendations submitted to Congress this winter. There will be proof that Mr. Meyer's plans are not only feasible but profitable, and are designed to utilize to the full the present machinery of the department, while including postal savings banks and the parcel post.

In order to meet the objections of the retail merchants or store keepers in the smaller cities and towns, as to the inroads made upon their trade by the large mail order houses, the postmaster general has devised a rural delivery parcel post in which the rate is five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound, making a maximum charge of twenty-five cents, for a parcel weighing eleven pounds, from all rural free delivery offices as point of origin thus giving them a lower rate than on general parcel mail. This innovation will prove of great general convenience to patrons along the free delivery routes, and make it possible for the country storekeeper to compete, by lower postage rates in his locality, with the large mail order houses.

If these various recommendations are adopted, the unnatural restrictions and limitations upon the postal service, now existing, will be removed.

* * *

The postmaster general believes in getting into close personal association with the people, and has already delivered several public addresses. His abundant fund of old-fashioned common sense, his level head, wholesome geniality and the fact that he serves the public with the same degree of courtesy that would be expected in a private enterprise, insures the highest possible standard of efficiency for the postal system under the present administration. Mr. Meyer's efforts are already enlisting the hearty cooperation of the people at large.

It was long after the clerks had gone, that I saw the postmaster general sitting at work, planning for the morrow. In such quiet visits one sees more of the personality of a public man than may be observed in the ordinary way. It was soon apparent that Mr. Meyer has an aversion to being addressed by the military title. No official bluster, no bureaucratic methods for him—simple, business-like, direct, efficient, are the words that come to mind in describing him, though these do not express the force and vigor of the man who is initiating important improvements that are certain to materialize in response to the insistent demands of the people—nor can words convey an adequate expression or description of the charm and graciousness of the manner of the postmaster general—no matter how busy he may be in the conduct of Uncle Sam's postal bureau.

* * *

SHORTLY after the success of one of his first books, I met Mr. Booth Tarkington in Minneapolis and learned that he was doing all his writing at night. His system is decidedly unique. He sketches the *dramatis personæ* of his novel on his sketch-block or drawing-board. Then he proceeds to write about the characters as the sketch develops. In fact, he has a visible representation of all his characters before him while he tells their story in words. Thus there is always a realness and humanness about what he writes.

Booth Tarkington is one of that genial, whole-souled coterie of young authors whom success cannot spoil, and whose works are always popular. He started in life as an artist, but success did not seem to come as rapidly as he felt it ought. He wrote a number of novels which were not accepted, but, with the encouragement of his sisters and family he kept persistently at it.

* * *

ONE of the notable events of October in Washington, was the opening of the new Union Station. Over 25,000 visitors honored the occasion. It is said that $20,000,000 were expended on this white marble building not far from the Capitol. Train No. 10 of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was the first to arrive at six fifty-six in the morning. A few minutes later the New York Express rolled in amid the cheers of welcome. Excursion trains poured in from all directions.

The old Pennsylvania & Baltimore Station remains desolate, now only a landmark. In this station President Garfield was shot, and the spot has always been marked by a stone. This was stolen some time ago, but

SENATOR BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA

was promptly replaced by another for the same purpose, that the place might be kept in the memories of the people. This later mark was also stolen, probably by some ardent curio-seeker.

* * *

REPRESENTATIVE James Francis Burke, who is one of the youngest men in Congress, has taken the famous "Studio House" on Massachusetts Avenue, the Washington home of Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney,

SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT

the noted artist, for the coming social and Congressional season.

The Barney house, which is one of the most artistic in America, is almost as famous as the artistic owner, Mrs. Barney herself, who is now spending a couple of years abroad. It is not one of the Washington homes which can ordinarily be leased for a high rental, but Congressman Burke was fortunate enough to secure it solely through the fact that Mrs. Barney will not return to America this year.

As Mrs. Burke, who is already recognized as one of the most beautiful women in official life, is a charming hostess, the many friends of the young Pittsburgers will be assured a more than usually pleasant reception during the coming Congressional season.

Mr. Burke, who is a member of one of the largest law firms in Pittsburg, and also engaged in a number of business enterprises, is regarded as one of the most diplomatic men in Congress. He is also fond of outdoor sports, and Mrs. Burke and he are both enthusiastic motorists.

* * *

IN the office of the secretary of the treasury hang paintings of William Windom, John Sherman, Salmon P. Chase and Leslie M. Shaw. In an adjoining room there is a portrait of Gallatin, who was secretary of the treasury for thirteen years, from 1801 to 1814, under Jefferson and Madison, the longest term that the office has ever been held. In later years the terms of Cabinet officials have been much briefer than formerly. In that same room are portraits of Benjamin Bristow and of Levi Woodbury, the distinguished secretary from New Hampshire, who served from 1834 to 1841. The next longest term of service is that of Secretary Shaw, who held the position for five years. Mr. Levi Woodbury, the present proprietor of the St. James Hotel, and president of the Norfolk & Washington Steamship Company, is a direct descendant and namesake of the distinguished secretary from New Hampshire.

* * *

IN the rooms of the Navy Department, in the absence of Secretary Metcalf, the newspaper boys were seeking information. Assistant Secretary Newbury, the jolly and rotund secretary who hails from Detroit, and whose friends have been anxious to see him occupy the position of chief of the department, was the fount of information at this time. At his desk the reporters gathered, listening to the few sententious words which fell from the lips of the occupant of the desk chair. If all the remarks of the boys were chronicled it would require a great many pages of the Congressional Record; for they talk of almost every event that occurs at the Capitol on the hill.

Playing with his pen, the assistant secretary answered the interrogations until the six or seven inquirers felt that they had catechised him sufficiently upon every apropos and possible subject upon which he could give them information.

On that day the question of moving Old

Ironsides from Boston came up. There was evidently a desire to have the historic vessel float in the waters of the Potomac, under the eyes of the Navy Department; while others considered that she should be moored at Annapolis, to keep alive naval emulation among the cadets. When I ventured to offer my protest, I felt that the ringing words of Doctor Holmes would not be silenced; and compared with his masterpiece the reasons advanced for the removal of the old warship seemed trivial.

The newspaper men, standing in a semicircle, hats in hand, like a class reciting its lesson, talked all matters over and canvassed the popular feeling with the insistent secretary.

The Atlantic division of the fleet is expected to sail from Hampton Roads on December first, or certainly not later than the fifteenth, and of course the newspaper men were especially interested in these movements. It seems that the fleet is to consist of sixteen battle ships, the Connecticut, Kansas, Vermont, Louisiana, Georgia, Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, Maine, Illinois, Kearsarge, Kentucky, and the cruiser Tacoma. In addition to these there will be two supply ships, one water ship, one repair ship, nine navy colliers, and six torpedo boats. At San Francisco the battle ships Nebraska—recently commissioned—and the Wisconsin will join the fleet.

If the ships reach Magdalena Bay about the middle of March, as anticipated, and remain there a month for target practice, in will be April before they reach San Francisco, and the length of their stay there, it seems, is still uncertain.

It looks like a simple thing for a fleet to "weigh anchor" and sail away, but in reality at least thirty days of preparation are needed to prepare these floating cities for a lengthened absence.

The great difficulty is the supply of coal, and, in addition to the fuel carried in the bunkers when the ships start, it is estimated that 100,504 tons will be needed, besides the 13,000 tons which the torpedo boats will consume during the voyage. The ships will coal five times en route, making a total consumption of 125,000 tons. These facts are bringing to light the defective arrangements in regard to navy colliers. Nothing done by the Navy Department recently has created more interest than this projected cruise, and it is probable that Congress will be requested to appropriate funds for building more colliers in addition to the two under construction. One of these boats is in a New York yard, and is nearly half finished; but the other is being built in San Francisco, and it is stated that work on it is practically stopped, owing to the inability to secure labor.

* * *

AFTER the notes and statistics have been thrown aside, one little item of Washington Affairs always draws most heavily on

Snapshot by Clinedinst, Washington, D.C.

SENATOR ELKINS

my memory and imagination. I wonder if any of the readers have discovered what it is. That special part of my work begins when I shut my eyes and try to think of things that have happened; wondering if they would be of interest to my readers. It has often startled me to learn that the deep and profound subjects that I have earnestly tried to grapple with, and that are so ponderous that it is difficult to handle them, have not dwelt at all in the memories of most of our readers—what they tell me they remember best are little odds and ends, the absurd nothings, regarding the way that things are done in Washington. After I have contended with a great national question or world-event, it is some-

what surprising to learn that some scrap in the reverie corner was much more interesting to the general reader. What most people like to hear of are the common things that might happen any day to you or to me if we went to Washington.

* * *

IT is peculiar how a certain class of stories will always be associated with certain public men. Everyone has heard the famous "Senator Vest Dog Story," and now comes another congressman who tells a tale of how when Senator Vest was a small boy he knew another lad who disobeyed orders, visited the cupboard and almost completed the demolition of a custard pie before his appetite became satiated. Premonitory warnings of indigestion recalled the fact that his mother would soon return, and the pie would have to be accounted for. To make a bad case good, he proceeded to catch the house cat and smear her all over with the custard from the remainder of the pie, and on the return of the good lady the boy pointed indignantly to poor Tabby, who bore upon her fur apparent proof of her guilt. Tabby was condemned upon circumstantial evidence.

So now that Senator Vest's dog story has reached the apotheosis of an "oft told tale," there is the new yarn of poor pussy, with her whiskers covered with custard, the scapegoat for that "certain boy" who richly deserved punishment, but never got it.

* * *

BEFORE the curtain was drawn to reveal the first act of the Sixtieth Congress, representatives from Arizona were at work in Washington, insisting that Arizona does not care to enter the union of states, unless she can have a statehood of her own. The plan of uniting Arizona to Nevada, as Oklahoma and the Indian Territory were united, does not meet with approval, according to the Arizona representatives, who pointed out that, while the State of Nevada is a very narrow strip of land, with a sparse population, Arizona is a great territory with 240,000 American citizens, and is American in progress and feeling, while the greater part of the population, about 200,000, of Nevada today is Mexican. The taxable property of Arizona has increased to over $150,000,000 in the past five years, and Montana alone leads that state in the production of copper. Arizona is likely to make a strenuous record for herself in another campaign for statehood at Washington this winter.

* * *

AT the opening of Congress it was apparent that the presidential candidacy of Uncle Joe Cannon is becoming more and more popular; congressmen from New England, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast are all speaking outright for Uncle Joe, which certainly indicates that he will be favored by a brigade of friends in the campaign of 1908. No one who has met or known him can feel aught else than enthusiasm in contemplating, as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, a man who was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. Nearly all candidates are keeping their booms well within the boundary lines of the states in which they were nurtured.

The opening gun of the 1908 campaign was practically placed in position at the call of the National Republican Committee. In naming the dates for that convention, and in the other preliminaries, there was a suggestion of shuffling the cards for the great game of national politics. In it there is scope for the philosopher and the grafter; it has the exhilaration of football, and the silent absorption of solitaire; it may be a game of luck like "pitch and toss;" a game of science like whist, or a nerve racking ordeal like poker. Intertwined with it are alliances that may be hanging on a word, on a grimace, or the chance incident of two men meeting.

What a wonderful and delightful game it would be if it could be all played on the square! The rules change, just as the mode of playing "four old cat" would hardly be suited to modern baseball, yet the theory of both games is the same. Sometimes the political ball is played "ante over," and sometimes it simmers down to the science of the battery on the diamond. It will be interesting to see and trace the various ways in which the candidates play their parts in the overture of the new productions to occupy the boards for 1908, with a full season's run assured.

* * *

THE remarkable decision of Judge K. M. Landis in connection with the Standard Oil cases recalls the time when he was in Washington with Judge Gresham, who

J. P MORGAN

served in the Cabinet of President Cleveland and President Harrison.

One of his school boy friends was in Washington recently, and remembered the days when they "were boys together" at Greensburg, Indiana.

"In those early days we used to call K. M. Landis, Squire Landis, because of his deliberate and judicial manner. We were associated in a wholesale warehouse, and even then we used to discuss our ambitions for a career. When I was a full-fledged lawyer my chum was a clerk in the post office at Cincinnati, and after I had established myself "Squire" used to come to me for more advice concerning a law career.

SENATOR FORAKER'S HOUSE ON 16TH STREET

"As a boy, it aggravated him that he was not christened plain Tom, Joe, George or John, the same as other fellows that he knew. He was named by his father in honor of the victory of the troops at Kenesaw Mountain, and it was simply wonderful how his cognomen worried him as a lad.

"His career on the bench has been singularly brilliant, even more so than his work as a lawyer.

"I have visited him several times in Chicago," continued his friend, "and marveled at the remarkable manner in which he handled his cases and grasped every detail of complicated situations.

"I think," he went on meditatively, "that the judge has no political ambitions."

This seemed quite probable, as there are already two legislators in the family, and the judge is doubtless convinced, as well as the public, that the bench is the path for him.

* * *

THE newspaper correspondents stationed at Washington at the present day are without doubt as keen and cabable men as were ever assigned duty at the national capital. Each instinctively knows just what questions to ask on behalf fo the readers of the journal he represents, or of the local and political interests of his section of the country. A certain subject may be of vital importance to a paper in one city and of no consequence at all to the newspaper readers in another state.

The trained correspondent becomes an expert cross examiner, without the license and protection afforded the sarcastic attorney. He also becomes a past-master of tact, as was apparent in the collective interview granted by the President, wherein one of them asked an irrelevant question just as the others had judiciously brought the conversation around to an important climax, as the President was about to say something of the prospects of Theodore Roosevelt succeeding himself. The President had been answering every question as they came thick and fast, and there was a moment's hush when he was about to respond on this subject; but he also saw the little strategem, and tactfully and adroitly answered the interrupting question rather than the one which preceded it.

At that time, the President had just re-

turned from Sagamore Hill, the ruddy tan of summer on his hands, arms and neck, and his clear eyes betokening perfect health and stalwart manhood—a man in the prime of his forty-nine summers. He talked pleasantly of his anticipated voyage down the Mississippi and the days of joyous and successful chase with baying hounds and ready rifle, crashing through the canebrake of Louisiana. This interview with the boys was peculiarly characteristic of American ways; here was the chief executive throwing aside all official exclusiveness and receiving as friends the representatives of the newspapers of his country, and frankly and cheerfully giving them information at first hand.

The correspondents filed out, each holding his folded yellow papers, on each of which a scratch made here and there would, it was safe to prophesy, soon blossom into a story of several columns. For a single word, a terse sentence, is often the text for pages of good discursive newspaper material; and each day brings up its special question or story of peculiar interest. The old-time newspaper-man, with his expansive notebook and copious notes, has passed away. Not only does the expert memorize a man's words, but he carefully notes just how, when and where they are said, the inflection of the speaker's voice, the expression of his face and other collateral facts which often determine the state secret or legislative or party action which inspired the speaker. A conclusion drawn from these data often goes forth in startling headlines and interesting "inspired" correspondence. Sometimes, alas! these deductions may be erroneous; but the newspaper correspondent does not often make a mistake.

The Gridiron Club, which includes the Washington correspondents, is certainly a power in national legislation, not considered or foreseen by the makers of the Constitution of the United States, but they are none the less an active, potent and very real factor in shaping legislation.

* * *

THE Navy Department was established in 1798, but it was in 1804 that Josiah Fox was appointed naval constructor of the United States. This was eight years previous to the outbreak of 1812, and since that time no more effective work has been done in the Navy Department than that accomplished by Mr. Fox. To his credit are the following vessels which he built, every one of which took an active and prominent part in the naval eagagements of the country.

RIGS	NAME	GUNS
Frigate	Chespeake	44
Frigate	Constellation	36
Frigate	John Adams	32
Frigate	Portsmouth	22
Sloop of War	Hornet	18
Sloop of War	Wasp	18
Sloop of War	Ferret	12

* * *

A COLLEGE professor who has lived some years in Paris makes an interesting comparison between that city and Washington. He concisely states that Paris is the most interesting city in the world to live in, because its inhabitants are the most entertaining people in the world.

Next to Paris, comes Washington, for the same reason. Washington people are interesting because they absolutely refuse to notice anything that is not interesting. There, money counts only because of what it can purchase; but money as money does not come first in the estimation of Washington society. There is little of that ambition to own money for the sake of being rich that reigns in New York and other large cities, where wealth has been rapidly accumulated. As in Paris, the people who are liked most are not the wealthy or the highly connected, but the wittiest, or the brightest in some particular line.

In Washington, social caste is more or less determined by official position; but the power conferred upon the individual by office is transitory. Though the flow of official life goes steadily on, yet in its many changes it is always recognized that there are a few buoys that must always mark out the sailing course—the men of special brilliancy or merit are regarded as bright lights in the social firmament, and the guiding beacons for others to steer by.

In other words, residents in Washington soon find out who are the best conversationalists; who the best diners-out, or who may be depended upon to help make a social function a success. These celebrities are not always found among office holders; for there is many a good bit of official advice given by men who have long since passed off the stage of active political life.

CHRISTMAS DREAMING

By Willis George Emerson

A JOYOUS whisper fills the air,
A laugh is borne on every breeze;
And tender tokens, fond and fair,
Be-gem the love-crowned Christmas trees.

The bells ring out in sweetest chime
The old, old story, once again;
The message with a hope sublime
To light and lift the lives of men.

Once more we see Judean skies
With one bright star of love impearled;
And in an humble manger lies
The Christ-child, come to save the world.

Fond memories, so sweet, so sad,
Are in the sleigh-bells' merry lay;
And hearts, though bruised, grow young and glad
When loved Kriss Kringle holds his sway.

And mid these hours with joy imbued,
We see as with "that inner eye
That is the bliss of solitude,"
A realm where love shall never die.

With ivy green and wassail bowl,
And holly from the forest glen,
We'll breathe our blessings, soul to soul,
"And on earth peace, good will toward men."

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE SMOKY GOD"

THE MOTHER AND BABE

By Grace G. Crowell

ONE beautiful night in a far off land
All snuggled up warmly lay
The little Christ-child in His mother's arms,
On a bed of sweet grass and hay;
For though he was King of the whole, wide world,
No room in the inn had they.

And I wonder sometimes, as she held Him close,
If possibly she could see
The long, bleak road that her baby's feet
Must travel to Calvary—
And, as she thought of the weary years,
Could she face them unflinchingly?

Oh! I cannot tell of the many things
Her dear heart was pondering;
But this, methinks, on that first sweet night,
Whatever the years might bring,
She knew He was hers for a little while—
Her baby—and not a King.

"I was left alone with the dead."

"Twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering."

THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

I FEAR the seemingly incredible story which I am about to relate will be regarded as the result of a distorted intellect superinduced, possibly, by the glamour of unveiling a marvelous mystery, rather than a truthful record of the unparalleled experiences related by one Olaf Jansen, whose eloquent madness so appealed to my imagination that all thought of an analytical criticism has been effectually dispelled.

Marco Polo will doubtless shift uneasily in his grave at the strange story I am called upon to chronicle; a story as strange as a Munchausen tale. It is also incongruous that I, a disbeliever, should be the one to edit the story of Olaf Jansen, whose name is now for the first time given to the world, yet who must hereafter rank as one of the notables of earth.

I freely confess his statements admit of no rational analysis, but have to do with the profound mystery concerning the frozen North that for centuries has claimed the attention of scientists and laymen alike.

However much they are at variance with the cosmographical manuscripts of the past, these plain statements may be relied upon as a record of the things Olaf Jansen claims to have seen with his own eyes.

A hundred times I have asked myself whether it is possible that the world's geography is incomplete, and that the startling narrative of Olaf Jansen is predicated upon demonstrable facts. The reader may be able to answer these queries to his own satisfaction, however far the chronicler of this narrative may be from having reached a conviction. Yet sometimes even I am at a loss to know whether I have been led away from an abstract truth by the *ignis fatui* of a clever superstition, or whether heretofore accepted facts are, after all, founded upon falsity.

It may be that the true home of Apollo was not at Delphi, but in that older earth-center of which Plato speaks, where he says: "Apollo's real home is among the Hyperboreans, in a land of perpetual life, where mythology tells us two doves flying from the two opposite ends of the world met in this fair region, the home of Apollo. Indeed, according to Hecatæus, Leto, the mother of Apollo, was born on an island in the Arctic Ocean far beyond the North Wind."

It is not my intention to attempt a discussion of the theogony of the deities nor the cosmogony of the world. My simple duty is to enlighten the world concerning a heretofore unknown portion of the universe, as it was seen and described by the old Norseman, Olaf Jansen.

Interest in northern research is international. Eleven nations are engaged in, or have contributed to, the perilous work of trying to solve Earth's one remaining cosmological mystery.

There is a saying, ancient as the hills, that "truth is stranger than fiction," and in a most startling manner has this axiom been brought home to me within the last fortnight.

IT was just two o'clock in the morning when I was aroused from a restful sleep by the vigorous ringing of my door-bell. The untimely disturber proved to be a messenger bearing a note, scrawled almost to the point of unintelligibility, from an old Norseman by the name of Olaf Jansen. After much deciphering, I made out the writing, which simply said: "Am ill unto death. Come." The call was imperative, and I lost no time in making ready to comply.

Perhaps I may as well explain here that Olaf Jansen, a man who quite recently

celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, has for the last half-dozen years been living alone in an unpretentious bungalow out Glendale way, a short distance from the business district of Los Angeles, California.

It was less than two years ago, while out walking one afternoon, that I was attracted by Olaf Jansen's house and its homelike surroundings, toward its owner and occupant, whom I afterward came to know as a believer in the ancient worship of Odin and Thor.

There was a gentleness in his face, and a kindly expression in the keenly alert gray eyes of this man who had lived more than four-score years and ten; and, withal, a sense of loneliness that appealed to my sympathy. Slightly stooped, and with his hands clasped behind him, he walked back and forth with slow and measured tread, that day when first we met. I can hardly say what particular motive impelled me to pause in my walk and engage him in conversation. He seemed pleased when I complimented him on the attractiveness of his bungalow, and on the well-tended vines and flowers clustering in profusion over its windows, roof and wide piazza.

I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was no ordinary person, but one profound and learned to a remarkable degree; a man who, in the later years of his long life, had dug deep into books and become strong in the power of meditative silence.

I encouraged him to talk, and soon gathered that he had resided only six or seven years in Southern California, but had passed the dozen years prior in one of the middle Eastern states. Before that he had been a fisherman off the coast of Norway, in the region of the Lofoden Islands, from whence he had made trips still farther north to Spitzbergen and even to Franz Josef Land.

When I started to take my leave, he seemed reluctant to have me go, and asked me to come again. Although at the time I thought nothing of it, I remember now that he made a peculiar remark as I extended my hand in leave-taking. "You will come again?" he asked. "Yes, you will come again some day. I am sure you will; and I shall show you my library and tell you many things of which you have never dreamed; things so wonderful that it may be you will not believe me."

I laughingly assured him that I would not only come again, but would be ready to believe whatever he might choose to tell me of his travels and adventures.

In the days that followed I became well acquainted with Olaf Jansen, and, little by little, he told me his story, so marvelous, indeed, that its very daring challenges reason and belief. The old Norseman always expressed himself with so much earnestness and sincerity that I became enthralled by his strange narrations.

Then came the messenger's call that night, and within the hour I was at Olaf Jansen's bungalow.

He was very impatient at the long wait, although after being summoned I had come immediately to his bedside.

"I must hasten," he exclaimed, while yet he held my hand in greeting. "I have much to tell you that you know not, and I will trust no one but you. I fully realize," he went on hurriedly, "that I shall not survive the night. The time has come to join my fathers in the great sleep."

I adjusted the pillows to make him more comfortable, and assured him I was glad to be able to serve him in any way possible, for I was beginning to realize the seriousness of his condition.

The lateness of the hour, the stillness of the surroundings, the uncanny feeling of being alone with the dying man, together with his weird story, all combined to make my heart beat fast and loud with a feeling for which I have no name. Indeed, there were many times that night by the old Norseman's couch, and there have been many times since, when a sensation rather than a conviction took possession of my very soul, and I seemed not only to believe in, but actually see, the strange lands, the strange people and the strange world of which he told, and to hear the mighty orchestral chorus of a thousand lusty voices.

For over two hours he seemed endowed with almost superhuman strength, talking rapidly, and to all appearances, rationally. Finally he gave into my hands certain data, drawings and crude maps. "These," said he in conclusion, "I leave in your hands. If I can have your promise to give them to the world, I shall die happy, because I desire that people may know the truth, for then all mystery concerning the frozen

Northland will be explained. There is no chance of your suffering the fate I suffered. They will not put you in irons, nor confine you in a mad-house, because you are not telling your own story, but mine, and I, thanks to the Gods, Odin and Thor, will be in my grave, and so beyond the reach of disbelievers who would persecute."

Without a thought of the far-reaching results the promise entailed, or foreseeing the many sleepless nights which the obligation has since brought me, I gave my hand and with it a pledge to discharge faithfully his dying wish.

As the sun rose over the peaks of the San Jacinto, far to the eastward, the spirit of Olaf Jansen, the navigator, the explorer and worshipper of Odin and Thor, the man whose experiences and travels, as related, are without a parallel in all the world's history, passed away, and I was left alone with the dead.

And now, after having paid the last sad rites to this strange man from the Lofoden Islands, and the still farther "Northward Ho!"; the courageous explorer of frozen regions, who in his declining years (after he had passed the four-score mark) had sought an asylum of restful peace in sun-favored California, I will undertake to make public his story.

But, first of all, let me indulge in one or two reflections:

Generation follows generation, and the traditions from the misty past are handed down from sire to son, but for some strange reason interest in the ice-locked unknown does not abate with the receding years, either in the minds of the ignorant or the tutored.

With each new generation a restless impulse stirs the hearts of men to capture the veiled citadel of the Arctic, the circle of silence, the land of glaciers, cold wastes of waters and winds that are strangely warm. Increasing interest is manifested in the mountainous icebergs, and marvelous speculations are indulged in concerning the earth's center of gravity, the cradle of the tides, where the whales have their nurseries, where the magnetic needle goes mad, where the Aurora Borealis illumines the night, and where brave and courageous spirits of every generation dare to venture and explore, defying the dangers of the "Farthest North."

One of the ablest works of recent years is "Paradise Found, or the Cradle of The Human Race at the North Pole," by William F. Warren. In his carefully prepared volume, Mr. Warren almost stubbed his toe against the real truth, but missed it seemingly by only a hair's breadth, if the old Norseman's revelation be true.

Dr. Orville Livingston Leech, scientist, in a recent article, says:

"*The possibilities of a land inside the earth was first brought to my attention when I picked up a geode on the shores of the Great Lakes. The geode is a spherical and apparently solid stone, but when broken is found to be hollow and coated with crystals. The earth is only a larger form of a geode, and the law that created the geode in its hollow form undoubtedly fashioned the earth in the same way.*"

In presenting the theme of this almost incredible story, as told by Olaf Jansen, and supplemented by manuscript, maps and crude drawings entrusted to me, a fitting introduction is found in the following quotation:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void." And also, "God created man in his own image." Therefore, even in things material, man must be God-like, because he is created in the likeness of the Father.

A man builds a house for himself and family. The porches or verandas are all without, and are secondary. The building is really constructed for the conveniences within.

Olaf Jansen makes the startling announcement through me, an humble instrument, that in like manner, God created the earth for the "within"—that is to say, for its lands, seas, rivers, mountains, forests and valleys, and for its other internal conveniences, while the outside surface of the earth is merely the veranda, the porch, where things grow by comparison but sparsely, like the lichen on the mountain side, clinging determinedly for bare existence.

Take an egg-shell, and from each end break out a piece as large as the end of this pencil. Extract its contents, and then you will have a perfect representation of Olaf Jansen's earth. The distance from the inside surface to the outside surface,

according to him, is about three hundred miles. The center of gravity is not in the the center of the earth, but in the center of the shell or crust; therefore, if the thickness of the earth's crust or shell is three hundred miles, the center of gravity is one hundred and fifty miles below the surface.

In their log-books Arctic explorers tell us of the dipping of the needle as the vessel sails in regions of the farthest north known. In reality, they are at the curve; on the edge of the shell, where gravity is geometrically increased, and while the electric current seemingly dashes off into space toward the phantom idea of the North Pole, yet this same electric current drops again and continues its course southward along the inside surface of the earth's crust.

In the appendix to his work, Captain Sabine gives an account of experiments to determine the acceleration of the pendulum in different latitudes. This appears to have resulted from the joint labor of Peary and Sabine. He says: "The accidental discovery that a pendulum on being removed from Paris to the neighborhood of the Equator increased its time of vibration, gave the first step to our present knowledge that the polar axis of the globe is less than the equatorial; that the force of gravity at the surface of the earth increases progressively from the Equator toward the poles."

According to Olaf Jansen, in the beginning this old world of ours was created solely for the "within" world, where are located the four great rivers—the Euphrates, the Pison, the Gihon and the Hiddekel. These same names of rivers, when applied to streams on the "outside" surface of the earth, are purely traditional from an antiquity beyond the memory of man.

On the top of a high mountain, near the fountainhead of these four rivers, Olaf Jansen, the Norseman, claims to have discovered the long-lost "Garden of Eden," the veritable navel of the earth, and to have spent over two years studying and reconnoitering in this marvelous "within" land, exuberant with stupendous plant life and abounding in giant animals; a land where the people live to be centuries old, after the order of Methuselah and other Biblical characters; a region where one-quarter of the "inner" surface is water and three-quarters land; where there are large oceans and many rivers and lakes; where the cities are superlative in construction and magnificence; where modes of transportation are as far in advance of ours as we with our boasted achievements are in advance of the inhabitants of "darkest Africa."

The distance directly across the space from inner surface to inner surface is about six hundred miles less than the recognized diameter of the earth. In the identical center of this vast vacuum is the seat of electricity—a mammoth ball of dull red fire—not startlingly brilliant, but surrounded by a white, mild, luminous cloud, giving out uniform warmth, and held in its place in the center of this internal space by the immutable law of gravitation. This electrical cloud is known to the people "within" as the abode of "The Smoky God." They believe it to be the throne of "The Most High."

Olaf Jansen reminded me of how, in the old college days, we were all familiar with the laboratory demonstrations of centrifugal motion, which clearly proved that, if the earth were a solid, the rapidity of its revolution upon its axis would tear it into a thousand fragments.

The old Norseman also maintained that from the farthest points of land on the islands of Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, flocks of geese may be seen annually flying still farther northward, just as the sailors and explorers record in their log-books. No scientist has yet been audacious enough to attempt to explain, even to his own satisfaction, toward what lands these winged fowls are guided by their subtle instinct. However, Olaf Jansen has given us a most reasonable explanation.

The presence of the open sea in the Northland is also explained. Olaf Jansen claims that the northern aperture, intake or hole, so to speak, is about fourteen hundred miles across. In connection with this, let us read what Explorer Nansen writes, on page 288 of his book: "I have never had such a splendid sail. On to the north, steadily north, with a good wind, as fast as steam and sail can take us, an open sea mile after mile, watch after watch, through these unknown regions, always clearer and clearer of ice, one might almost say: 'How long will it last?' The eye always turns to the northward as one paces the bridge. It is gazing

into the future. But there is always the same dark sky ahead which means open sea." Again, the Norwood Review of England, in its issue of May 10, 1884, says: "We do not admit that there is ice up to the Pole—once inside the great ice barrier, a new world breaks upon the explorer, the climate is mild like that of England, and, afterward, balmy as the Greek Isles."

Some of the rivers "within," Olaf Jansen claims, are larger than our Mississippi and Amazon rivers combined, in point of volume of water carried; indeed their greatness is occasioned by their width and depth rather than their length, and it is at the mouths of these mighty rivers, as they flow northward and southward along the inside surface of the earth, that mammoth icebergs are found, some of them fifteen and twenty miles wide and from forty to one hundred miles in length.

Is it not strange that there has never been an iceberg encountered either in the Arctic or Antarctic Ocean that is not composed of fresh water? Modern scientists claim that freezing eliminates the salt, but Olaf Jansen claims differently.

Ancient Hindoo, Japanese and Chinese writings, as well as the hieroglyphics of the extinct races of the North American continent, all speak of the custom of sun-worshiping, and it is possible, in the startling light of Olaf Jansen's revelations, that the people of the inner world, lured away by glimpses of the sun as it shone upon the inner surface of the earth, either from the northern or the southern opening, became dissatisfied with "The Smoky God," the great pillar or mother cloud of electricity, and, weary of their continuously mild and pleasant atmosphere, followed the brighter light, and were finally led beyond the ice belt and scattered over the "outer" surface of the earth, through Asia, Europe, North America and, later, Africa, Australia and South America.

It is a notable fact that, as we approach the Equator, the stature of the human race grows less. But the Patagonians of South America are probably the only aborigines from the center of the earth who came out through the aperture usually designated as the South Pole, and they are called the giant race.

Olaf Jansen avers that, in the beginning, the world was created by the Great Architect of the Universe, so that man might dwell upon its "inside" surface, which has ever since been the habitation of the "chosen."

They who were driven out of the "Garden of Eden" brought their traditional history with them.

The history of the people living "within" contains a narrative suggesting the story of Noah and the ark with which we are familiar. He sailed away, as did Columbus, from a certain port, to a strange land he had heard of far to the northward, carrying with him all manner of beasts of the fields and fowls of the air, but was never heard of afterward.

On the northern boundaries of Alaska, and still more frequently on the Siberian coast, are found bone-yards containing tusks of ivory in quantities so great as to suggest the burying-places of antiquity. From Olaf Jansen's account, they have come from the great prolific animal life that abounds in the fields and forests and on the banks of numerous rivers of the Inner World. The materials were caught in the ocean currents, or were carried on ice-floes, and have accumulated like driftwood on the Siberian coast. This has been going on for ages, and hence these mysterious bone-yards.

On this subject William F. Warren, in his book already cited, pages 297 and 298, says: "The Arctic rocks tell of a lost Atlantis more wonderful than Plato's. The fossil ivory beds of Siberia excel everything of the kind in the world. From the days of Pliny, at least, they have constantly been undergoing exploitation, and still they are the chief headquarters of supply. The remains of mammoths are so abundant that, as Gratacap says, 'the northern islands of Siberia seem built up of crowded bones.' Another scientific writer, speaking of the islands of New Siberia, northward of the mouth of the River Lena, uses this language: 'Large quantities of ivory are dug out of the ground every year. Indeed, some of the islands are believed to be nothing but an accumulation of drift-timber and the bodies of mammoths and other antedeluvian animals frozen together.' From this we may infer that, during the years that have elapsed since the Russian conquest of Siberia, useful tusks from more than twenty thousand mammoths have been collected."

But now for the story of Olaf Jansen. I

give it in detail, as set down by himself in manuscript, and woven into the tale, just as he placed them, are certain quotations from recent works on Arctic exploration, showing how carefully the old Norseman compared with his own experiences those of other voyagers to the frozen North. Thus wrote the disciple of Odin and Thor:

OLAF JANSEN'S STORY

MY name is Olaf Jansen. I am a Norwegian, although I was born in the little seafaring Russian town of Uleaborg, on the eastern coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, the northern arm of the Baltic Sea.

My parents were on a fishing cruise in the Gulf of Bothnia, and put into this Russian town of Uleaborg at the time of my birth, being the twenty-seventh day of October, 1811.

My father, Jens Jansen, was born at Rodwig on the Scandinavian coast, near the Lofoden Islands, but after marrying made his home at Stockholm, because my mother's people resided in that city. When seven years old, I began going with my father on his fishing trips along the Scandinavian coast.

Early in life I displayed an aptitude for books, and at the age of nine years was placed in a private school in Stockholm, remaining there until I was fourteen. After this I made regular trips with my father on all his fishing voyages.

My father was a man fully six feet three in height, and weighed over fifteen stone, a typical Norseman of the most rugged sort, and capable of more endurance than any other man I have ever known. He possessed the gentleness of a woman in tender little ways; yet his determination and will-power were beyond description. His will admitted of no defeat.

I was in my nineteenth year when we started on what proved to be our last trip as fishermen, and which resulted in the strange story that shall be given to the world,—but not until I have finished my earthly pilgrimage.

I dare not allow the facts as I know them to be published while I am living, for fear of further humiliation, confinement and suffering. First of all, I was put in irons by the captain of the whaling vessel that rescued me, for no other reason than that I told the truth about the marvelous discoveries made by my father and myself. But this was far from being the end of my tortures.

After four years and eight months' absence I reached Stockholm, only to find my mother had died the previous year, and the property left by my parents in the possession of my mother's people, but it was at once made over to me.

All might have been well, had I erased from my memory the story of our adventure and of my father's terrible death.

Finally, one day I told the story in detail to my uncle Gustaf Osterlind, a man of considerable property, and urged him to fit out an expedition for me to make another voyage to the strange land.

At first I thought he favored my project. He seemed interested, and invited me to go before certain officials and explain to them, as I had to him, the story of our travels and discoveries. Imagine my disappointment and horror when, upon the conclusion of my narrative, certain papers were signed by my uncle, and, without warning, I found myself arrested and hurried away to dismal and fearful confinement in a mad-house, where I remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering!

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY *of* "THE LILACS"

By Isabel Graham Bush

THE idea would never have entered McKinshie's head if it had not been for the Morleys. For years they had belonged to the great army of flat-dwellers, until one morning, McKinshie, suddenly breaking loose from his briefs, looked in on his friends to find the rooms bare and tenantless. The night's mail brought an explanation, and the next week saw McKinshie making his first call at the Morley's suburban residence.

It was the sight of Tom Morley in overalls, delving with a spade in the neglected garden patch, which stirred something under McKinshie's vest. He caught the smell of clover—the clover field was a mile away, although he could have sworn it was only around the corner—the odor of harvest apples from the big tree in the orchard. Twenty years suddenly lifted their weight from his shoulders, and his pulse quickened with a youthful fervor.

Undeniably, that was the beginning. McKinshie grew restless; he could not call on his friends more than twice a week, so other evenings he took long car rides to the borders of citydom, and walked aimlessly up and down the streets, which almost brushed the fields in their nearness, where each house was set down in a wide breadth of lawn and garden.

It was upon one of these occasions, that delicious blossomy odors carried him on and on until he paused before a lilac hedge overgrown and straggly for want of a restraining hand, but the foliage was green and abundant, and soft, purple plumes waved languorously a full arm's length above his head. No exhibit of his favorite florist had moved him to such a glow of enthusiasm. He stepped back, his chin tilted in an unconscious attitude of interest.

"Well, well, but there's a sight for you, now! Why haven't I seen it before?" He took long whiffs and boldly plucked a flower for his button hole.

In the pleasure of the discovery, it was some moments before he noticed the house behind the blossomy barrier—a house with room and to spare under its ample roof. Queer little nookeries thrust themselves out in the most fantastic fashion, like the branches of a vine unpruned, with a balcony here, an oddly shaped window there; and up to the very edge of the gable a creeper stretched pale, green fingers. Of the garden, he caught but small glimpses—it was a tangled wilderness, that under a careful hand would blossom as the rose. The high-barred gate, which allowed of no intrusion, bore the sign of a dealer in real estate. The place was for sale.

McKinshie gazed long and earnestly. Never had the simple life so appealed to him; the city apartments his friends considered so luxurious, which he had delighted to fill with whatever his fancy dictated, suddenly grew distasteful. His love of Nature would not be satisfied with a handful of flowers set carefully in a choice vase; why need it, here in this quiet uncrowded spot was such a wealth of fragrance and bloom? After all, why shouldn't he as well as the Morleys? Aunt Martha would be only too glad to leave her daughter's home already crowded to overflowing. How his fingers itched to rejuvenate the tiny arbor, to set the water foaming from the gray dolphin's mouth into the marble basin. Footsteps came around the corner, and he sauntered carelessly away to return again and again.

His determination grew. "I'll try it, I'll see the agent now—Ellsworth street, that's two blocks east," he started off briskly.

Mr. Frey rose obsequiously at the entrance of a possible customer, and the thin lips parted in the semblance of a smile. McKinshie eyed him with suspicion when he stated the price.

"We'll go over and look at it; nicest place around for a family man, lots of room for the children to play in. How many may I inquire?" as they walked along.

"Ten," McKinshie answered solemnly, with such a weight of care in his voice he might have said twenty.

"Ah, fine family! I have five myself, but I think, sometimes, I could raise a dozen just as easy. Give 'em enough to eat an' turn 'em loose in a big yard like this here, and they'll stretch up like a lot of young colts, yes, sir." Mr. Frey opened the door, and stepping inside, threw back a blind. "If it wasn't for that laylock hedge, now, there'd be a mighty fine view from these front windows; I'd a had it cut down long ago, if"—

"Cut it down! Why man alive, it's what will sell this place!"

The agent subsided meekly. "Ten o' course," he muttered. "I wasn't thinking; young ones do need something of the sort. Well, here's everything a reasonable man could ask for—good-sized rooms, paper not bad—a mite cob-webby, perhaps"—

"Ah!" McKinshie paused at the door of a long room. Here was where he would set up his bachelor gods—his books in their low bookcases, his prints, a Whistler, and Turner, on those cool gray-green walls, his favorite chair on a favorite rug before that quaint, roomy fireplace. He flung the blinds back noisily. What an expanse of wide tangled turf, of lilac leaf, and blooms as odorous as a dozen hay fields. Cut them down? The very thought was sacrilege! At the other end of the room was a window, deep-seated, but McKinshie struggled with the shutters in vain; he turned his steps toward the garden.

It was a tangled, briary place, but some remains of its former glory still lingered—a row of daffodils, a dozen parrot tulips like a flock of gay-colored birds, a syringa bush with here and there a bud opening to the sun. McKinshie's keen eyes saw them all, and more; the possibilities were many.

The very next day The Lilacs came into his possession, and the day following, his treasures, with sundry additions, were bestowed therein. The necessary repairs would be made from time to time as he had leisure to plan them; just now he begrudged every moment that was not spent in his garden.

So occupied were his spare moments, the Morleys were totally neglected. Even after the twilight blurred blossom and foliage, and drove him to his bachelor fireside, the jovial, rollicking blaze from generous sticks of beech and maple wooed him to dreams he was loth to leave.

Never had it seemed so companionable, so full of sympathetic life, as he lounged before it one evening. He had been wrestling with the obdurate blind, which shut out the view of his garden. The window was a plate glass surrounded by small, delicately-tinted panes of diamond shape, and the moonlight flowed through, a broad, silver stream between flowery banks, which rippled out over the velvet of the rug in shining waves. McKinshie, stretched out in luxurious ease, revelled in it.

At last he arose, and lighting his spirit lamp, brewed with a practiced hand, a cup of Mocha and Java. Maid Phyllis herself could not have arranged with greater nicety upon the tiny table, the cream, fruit, and rolls he brought from an outer room. He ate leisurely, then settling back against the soft cushions of his chair, gave himself up to the enjoyment of his surroundings

Suddenly he sat upright. The room was in twilight, and at the window, overlooking the garden, stood a dark figure; the moon's rays fell full upon the bared head and upturned face of a man—a slim passionate face with dark intense eyes and hair swept back from a wide forehead. Keeping in the shadow, McKinshie stealthily drew nearer. That the visitor was not a house-breaker was evident; he seemed to evince no curiosity concerning the room or its inmate, he simply gazed at the window with the expression of one who sees a vision. Suddenly he disappeared, and, although McKinshie kept a long vigil, he did not return.

It was late too, when McKinshie arose the next morning, to go into the garden, and at night, instead of hurrying home, he took the car to the Morleys. They greeted him affectionately, and he became the merriest of the merry group, but in no way did he reveal his change of quarters.

How beautiful the place looked that night, as he passed through the gate in the lilac hedge. It was home, his home! He did not light the grate fire, but sat meditatively in the moonlight; suddenly, a shadow darkened the window—the visitor had returned. McKinshie watched him curiously, standing as close as possible to the window without betraying his presence. The white, slender fingers worked nervously, the large, dark eyes grew larger in the intensity of their gaze, and it almost seemed as though the face borrowed some of the radiance of the moonbeams

as the watcher studied it, greatly perplexed. This particular window seemed to be the attraction; it was beautiful enough from the inside with the light pouring through it like a flood, but outside—what could account for such a rapt expression? At last, the stranger departed with seeming reluctance.

The next day was Sunday. After a leisurely breakfast, McKinshie strolled into the garden; as he reached the farther end he turned with one comprehensive, self-satisfied glance around, until his eyes fell upon the window of his room. A woman sat in a a low chair before it. She was young—he could see at that distance—with a fair, dimpled face; the golden hair piled in a wavy mass atop the pretty head bent forward in anxious expectancy. One small hand caught at the lace in the bosom of the low bodice.

McKinshie rubbed his eyes. His sight had never been impaired or given to tricking him; he drew nearer, but utterly unmindful, she gazed wide-eyed at an old elm near the house —a tree McKinshie had voted an eyesore, and promised himself the pleasure of cutting in the early future. It had evidently been a magnificent specimen of its kind, but now, although on one side slender branches drooped in a brave attempt at luxuriance, toward the window dead limbs dangled, and the trunk was scarred as though a stream of molten lead had passed its entire length. Annoyed and perplexed, he hurried into the house; there were no signs of the strange visitant in the room, not even a chair at the window, but when he returned to the garden she was still there with that anxiously expectant look in the brown eyes as though they petitioned the Fates to deal gently with her. He noticed the dimpled roundness of cheek and chin, the smooth curves of the slender neck and tapering arm. In the flesh she must be—or was it the past tense?—bewitching. This was what had attracted his midnight caller; McKinshie's curiosity was fully aroused; tonight, if possible, he would unravel the mystery.

At eleven o'clock, that evening, McKinshie emerged from the house. A black cloak covered him to the knees, and a dark hat with wide, slouching brim was pulled over his face; he graspd firmly a stout stick. It was a night well suited to his purpose; now and then a cloud hid the moon, and seizing such an opportune moment, McKinshie secreted himself behind a syringa bush in close proximity to the window. From this vantage ground he watched with an alert eye. He had fastened the gate securely; how was his visitor to gain an entrance, or was he of the sort that laughed at bolts and bars? Even as he wondered the moon shone out—the figure stood before the window.

McKinshie gave a violent start. This personage, whoever he might be, had developed an unexpected phase of character, so uncanny, that a queer sensation made itself felt along the watcher's spine. If he were really flesh and blood how did he get in? It was an unanswerable question, but whether spirit or human, McKinshie resolved to learn at once. Rallying all the courage he could muster, he rushed forth and grasped the intruder by the arm—a real flesh and blood member that instantly dispelled his trepidation.

"What are you doing here, sir?" he thundered.

The prisoner made no attempt to free himself, but turned a strangely white face. "Pardon me, I had no intention of annoying you; I am going away tomorrow and I could not resist coming once more." The voice was so gentle McKinshie's anger was disarmed; his hand dropped in astonishment.

"Will you be so kind as to explain—this"—he said at last, pointing to the window.

The young man shook his head. "I don't understand it myself, unless it is a special dispensation of Providence—to comfort me," he added. "I never saw it until this last visit; it is wonderful—so perfect—as though she must speak to me"—

"She! Who is it?" demanded McKinshie.

"You are a stranger here?"

McKinshie nodded.

"And the owner of—this—place?"

Another nod.

"Tell me," the stranger seized hold of the black cloak in his eagerness, "have you seen her in the daytime?"

"I discovered the—likeness this morning for the first time—strange I didn't notice it when I took down the blinds, but I was in a hurry, and it was late."

"It is singular, very, I thought, perhaps, it was only at night—she—she"—the stranger stopped with a gesture of disappointment.

"Come into the house." McKinshie drew an unresisting arm through his.

The night was cool and sufficient excuse for the grate fire, which was speedily kindled, and the two sat in silence until the cheery crackling flames invited the stranger's confidence.

The Lilacs had been built by a man of wealth and many eccentricities, who was continually pulling down or adding a nookery here and there as the whim seized him. He had two children—Gardner, and Lettice a beautiful young woman. This was her room decorated to suit her fancy. Charlton Carter came from his Virginia home to visit her brother; he saw Lettice for the first time—McKinshie did not need to be told how she was wooed, as he looked into the fine, sensitive face keenly alive to every emotion. The afternoon before the wedding, a terrible storm came up suddenly. Lettice sat by the window overlooking the garden watching for her father, whom she idolized; he was accustomed to approach the house by the short cut across the yard, and had just reached the elm, near the window, when he was struck by a bolt of lightning. The shock was too great for Lettice, and she died on her wedding night.

"Did you notice nothing peculiar about the window?" inquired McKinshie, after a long silence.

"No." Charlton Carter shook his head decidedly. "The blinds were put up and the room closed immediately; shortly after, Gardner and his mother left the city, and to my knowledge have never returned. Twice a year I come here—the old break in the hedge is hidden by foliage, but I have not forgotten it. You can imagine my joy, the other evening, when I discovered her face at the window; it seemed"—Charlton Carter's voice suddenly broke—"it seemed as though she was —expecting me, that the time has almost come for me—to go—to her, and—and that she is waiting."

The older man could find no words of consolation; it was a phase of life he had read of, scoffingly, but when personally encountered it suddenly seemed strangely beautiful.

"You have been very lenient with my trespassing; I am exceedingly grateful." At last, Charlton Carter rose.

"Don't speak of it, my dear fellow," exclaimed McKinshie, impulsively. "Come whenever you wish; I was too hasty in my conclusions."

"No, I am confident this is my last visit to the city, and so I make bold to ask you a favor."

For answer McKinshie gripped the outstretched hand.

"My sister is with me and she has a great desire to see this place again; I refused to bring her with me when I saw the house was tenanted, but any time that would suit you"—

"Certainly, come tomorrow at—half past five."

McKinshie closed the door upon his guest with a new sensation tugging at his heart. He sat down and looked around. So, this had been her room, sacred to all the memories which cluster around young womanhood. How strange that he, a bachelor, and a confirmed one at that, should have chosen this apartment!

McKinshie was on the veranda the next day, when brother and sister arrived. They were noticeably alike—the same hair and eyes, a certain distinguished air which clung to their very garments,—but Doris was of shorter, fuller build, with little graceful movements; the symmetry of arm and shoulder showed through the lace of her gown, and where the silk glove had dropped from the short sleeve, with the tint of a blush rose. It seemed to McKinshie as though a blossom of some rare species had suddenly unfolded before him. Scrupulously attired, he was in a frame of mind that put him at his best, and the young woman gave grateful little glances toward the handsome lawyer, as her brother's reserve quite melted in the glow of their host's genial spirits.

Adroitly, the visitors were piloted over the lawn and garden, pausing, at last, before the window.

"She was good as she was lovely," whispered Doris, at last, the tears on her cheeks; a comforting arm went around her brother's shoulder while McKinshie looked on enviously.

"Have you any idea how the picture came here—can it be—explained?" At last, Doris turned to McKinshie.

"Since Mr. Carter has told me the circumstances I have given the subject a good deal of attention. I am something of an electrician — I might say that it is a fad of mine—and I have made a good many experiments. The only solution I can offer to the mystery, is, that the same bolt which struck the

the father, imprinted the daughter's likeness upon the glass—a peculiar example of electrical photography."

The young woman was at once impressed with the plausibility of the explanation, but her brother shook his head, unbelievingly. Doris gave McKinshie an appealing look, which received an answering nod, and they went into the house.

The host drew out a small table. "I am a bachelor, you see," he smiled gallantly, "and for the present without a housekeeper: may I ask my guest to assist me? I fancy the table would be more to a lady's liking."

"Certainly," Doris smiled, rising at once.

McKinshie brought her the tea-things, and with his hand upon the closet door, watched her as she hovered over the table; it was evidently a pleasing task to which she was not unaccustomed.

"Is there anything more needed, Miss Carter? Command me." McKinshie glanced at the small array of china which still adorned the shelves.

"Oh no, indeed, and I think you must credit us with large appetites, you have provided so generously."

"I always have an immense one myself, and you know a person likes company on such occasions."

But somehow, he was so occupied in waiting upon his guests, so absorbed in watching Doris pour the coffee with a pretty regard for the requirements of cream and sugar, that for once, his own wants were forgotten.

How empty and still the room seemed when, two hours later, McKinshie turned back to it alone. He extinguished the lights—they suddenly seemed to have lost their brilliancy—and drew his chair before the garden window. The moon shone dimly through a filmy drift of mist, and a sighing wind now and then swept around the house. McKinshie shivered; it was unbearable; he hastened to the grate. When the flames, with much splutter and contention flared up the chimney, he leaned back partially content. Never before had he realized his lack of companionship—not those of his club friends who marvelled at his absence—but the closer relationship of one who would laugh or cater to his whims, who would joy in his joys, or with a tactful sympathy, woo him from himself, and that one—ah, he had found her, she had suddenly come into his sky and outshone all else as the sun puts to shame a candle's light. All the fervor slumbering in the man's warm nature was kindled, and it leaped and glowed in a strange, fiery unison with the crackling flames at his feet. Her soft, southern speech was still in his ears; the sympathetic look in the dark eyes surely bespoke a gentle heart, he mused, striving to recall each charm.

The wind became louder and more insistent, it whistled down the chimney eeriely, but the fire burned on unheeding—McKinshie had fallen asleep.

An hour passed, two hours. Outside, the moon was blotted out; the sky was black except for a broad, pinkish band in the west; the wind had become a fury whose rage waxed more and more ungovernable. McKinshie awoke with a start and looked around. The room was in darkness; he had been lulled to sleep by a peaceful stillness which seemed to envelope him, and now he was surrounded by a seething tempest of sound which grew wilder with each moment.

Suddenly, a heavy crash, a sound of falling glass brought him to his feet in alarm; he stumbled to the electric button, but there was no illuminating response. Just then, as though in answer to some imperative, unheard mandate, there came a great stillness, but he could hear in the distance the roar of the retreating storm.

Half-dazed, McKinshie lighted a gas jet and looked at the havoc which had been wrought. The plate-glass in the window, overlooking the garden, was a ruinous heap, but its mosaic settings were intact. He peered through the opening—the stricken elm lay prone upon the ground.

The next morning, as McKinshie was dressing, the door bell jangled furiously. An old colored man stood on the porch bowing and scraping. "Mis' Ca'teh sez, would yo' do her de favah to cum at once, sah? It's jes' a little way, sah 'roun' de co'nah at Mistah Buttahfiel's."

McKinshie's heart thumped vigorously, to his own disgust, as he ran back to complete a careful but hasty toilet. His general judicial calmness had left him; he was inwardly so elated at the possibility of being of service to Miss Carter, that the unusualness of such a request, at that hour, hardly entered his mind as he hurried down the street strewn with the wreckage of the storm.

At Mr. Butterfield's there was much confusion. A voluble maid conducted him to a back parlor. "I'll tell Miss Doris," bringing forward a chair. "She took it mighty hard at first, and it was dreadful sudden"—

"What was?" a sudden fear dawned upon McKinshie.

"Why, poor Mr. Carter, didn't you know? We found him dead in his room this morning."

McKinshie was standing half-stupefied when Doris Carter entered. She did not break down as most women might have done, she was pale and trembling, but McKinshie noted with a new admiration the splendid self-control which kept back the rising tears, and forced her voice to a semblance of calmness.

"You have heard—they have told—you?" she began.

"Yes, but I can hardly realize it; you have my warmest sympathy." He held the cold little fingers close for a moment in his warm grasp. "Isn't there something?"—

"I could not persuade Charlton to believe in your theory of the window," she said, mournfully, hardly heeding him, "he persisted that it was a sign"—

"Perhaps it was," interrupted McKinshie, "it lies in my room broken in a thousand pieces, and the old elm is uprooted."

"Oh!" Doris clasped her hands in a tremor. "And do you think that was the time—that—she came for him—that they are happy now—together?" she urged.

"We may surely believe so, my dear young lady," McKinshie responded, with as much certainty as though he had penetrated the mysteries, "much happier than we poor mortals can conceive."

The tears rushed over the white cheeks. Doris was sobbing pitifully, while McKinshie sat dumb and miserable; he wanted to comfort her, but strangely enough, his vocabulary was inadequate; a few formal phrases stuck in his throat; he could not bring himself to utter them. Suddenly, Doris raised her head and met the look in the brown eyes opposite her. She was startled; her cheeks flushed rosily and as quickly paled again.

"I wish I could say or do something to comfort you," McKinshie blurted out, awkwardly.

"You have," murmured Doris, striving to calm herself. "It is such a comfort to think they are together and happy—he has suffered so much. I ought to be glad, but I shall miss him so!" Again she broke down, and McKinshie felt more helpless than ever.

His sympathies could best be expressed in action. The young woman was alone, and among comparative strangers, and he immediately took charge of all the necessary arrangements, until Major Carter could reach his daughter.

Two weeks later, Aunt Martha was duly installed at The Lilacs, and the house behind the flowering hedge underwent a process of rejuvenation, from which it emerged in early fall, fresh, and fair, and stately.

McKinshie still finds pleasure in his garden, but the radiant face that smiles approval from the window is not the ghost of another's buried happiness, but Doris, the flesh and blood embodiment of his own.

OUR FIRST GUEST

By Anna A. Merriam

HELLO, that's our door-bell, I believe—great old fire alarm isn't it. Now, have I got to travel down four flights of stairs just to tell somebody, that somebody else doesn't live here? No one knows *us.*"

"You don't suppose there's a chance that our boxes aren't all here, do you Tom?"

"Perish the thought!" I replied, squeezing between two boxes, and jumping over a third, as I made for the stairs. I started down one step at a time, but made it two, as a more vigorous alarm was sounded. When down two flights, I was brought to a halt by Mabel's cry of distress:

"Oh Tom, the tube!"

"What tube?"

"The tube up here—come back and call down it."

"Oh, blow the tube!" was my laughing reply.

Mabel and I had been married just four weeks, and were now ending our honeymoon in a city, two thousand miles from Mabel's old home. We were strangers in a strange land, where my hard won "shingle" was soon to swing in the breeze, and bring us friends and money, I hoped. All our wedding gifts had been forwarded to a flat, which I had rented on a flying trip, and here we were among them, and for twenty-four hours we had been doing our noble best to make a start toward unpacking.

"A letter for Mrs. Thomas Waring," I said, returning to my breakfast.

"How nice," said Mabel, but the way her face changed as she read it, showed me it wasn't nice at all.

"What's up—anybody going to die?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, in a tone that plainly indicated, "No such luck as that,"—"it's Uncle Jacob—he's coming here to-day!" and her voice rose in such a comical wail of despair, that to save me, I could not help laughing.

"Well, it's no laughing matter, I'll have you understand," she said, trying to look severe

"But my dear, which one was Uncle Jacob? Talk about the tribe of Abraham! your family relations"—

"Oh, surely Tom," Mabel interrupted, "you remember Uncle Jacob—the little, withered-up old man, who insists on dyeing his hair."

"Great bottles, yes. And he's the one who gave us that three-foot Milo Venus. Don't you remember, when my old nurse, Hannah, came to see the presents, that had just come, and when she saw it, she turned fourteen shades of vermillion, and covered her face and said: "Oh, Mr. Tommy, whatever kind of a family are you marryin' into."

"Yes," said Mabel, plaintively, "Uncle Jacob is *very* artistic! But what shall we do?"

"Do! why I'll put him up at a hotel, of course. When does he get here?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all—he hates hotels."

"Well he couldn't hate it more than he would the confusion here," and I looked about me in cheerful despair. There were six hundred bosom friends, not to mention relatives, invited to our wedding, and every mother's son of 'em sent a present, and every blamed one is here in a box twice the necessary size."

"I know it," sighed Mabel, "but they meant well, and really there were only four hundred and thirty-five, you know."

"And furthermore," I continued, "we haven't got but one bed, so that settles it—Uncle Jacob has got to go to a hotel whether he likes it or not."

"I see you don't know your Uncle Jacob," said Mabel. "If there is a fifty-second cousin in a place where he's stopping, and he's never met them but once in his life, he'll favor them with his society, rather than go to a hotel."

"All right," I laughed, giving in, "he may come, and welcome—I'll bet he never ate his cereal out of a cut glass berry bowl. How many were there? Eighteen? Good,

there'll be enough to go 'round. Will his artistic temperament permit him to eat his breakfast off one box while he sits on another? Awfully careless of somebody, that nobody gave us a dining-room table and chairs. I suppose we'll have to buy them."

"We'll get along—don't worry," said Mabel, her usual spirit and pluck coming to the front. "We'll get that big leather couch unpacked, and"—

"Sure enough, Uncle Jacob can sleep on that," I interrupted, jumping up and beginning to look around in a dazed sort of way.

"Mercy, no, Tom! Uncle Jacob never can sleep unless he has a good comfortable bed—it would never do We'll have to give him the bed."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" was my fervent reply. "How long is your estimable, artistic Uncle Jacob going to linger under our vine and fig tree? I have an idea we won't get along very well together."

"Only until to-morrow morning—do be a dear, and help make the best of it, and for gracious sake let's get to work. We don't know what's in anything, so we'll just have to trust to luck to get anything useful out."

I couldn't withstand Mrs. Tom, possibly, so very soon my hammer and chisel were in use, and the blows rang merrily.

"I say, Mabel," I shouted, "here, I've struck Uncle Jacob's lady the first thing. Wasn't that luck? Look out there," and away I slashed at the boards.

"Do be careful, Tom," urged Mabel, "it makes me shiver to see you so reckless with that hammer."

"Oh, pooh! I know what I'm doing," was my magnificent rejoinder, and then, blest if I see why, that disgusting hammer slipped—and off came the nose of the marble Venus. I don't mind admitting that my brow was bathed in morning dew, and not from over exertion, either, and my gasp was genuinely horrified. I expected Mabel to burst into tears of wild grief, but instead, she began to laugh.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," I growled.

"But I—look at her, Tom," groaned Mabel.

"I am looking."

"Well, don't you think she looks f—funny?" And this time I couldn't help joining in her helpless mirth.

"She certainly does look as if she'd been on a bat. We're used to seeing her without any arms and clothes, and little things like that, but when it comes to her nose"—and by this time we were almost hysterical. But all too soon, the awful predicament we were in asserted itself.

"What will Uncle Jacob say?" said Mabel, wiping her eyes.

"Say? he won't say anything. I'll box her up again, and we'll hide the case under a pile of others—we can spare a few," and I began viciously swathing the lady up.

She was finally left in an unsuspicious-looking corner, with two boxes on top of her, and barrels of china on three sides.

"There, I said, with a satisfied grunt, "if Uncle Jacob unearths that, I miss my guess."

"I only hope you haven't got another guess coming," Mabel said, doubtfully. "Uncle Jacob is very observing."

"Well, he doesn't wear X-Ray glasses, does he?" I asked, sarcastically. I'd worked hard to cover up the tracks of my indiscretion, and I didn't like to think it was wasted energy.

How we worked. After each box was unpacked, I gathered up the fragments, (wood generally) and carted them to the back porch.

"Begins to look like home, doesn't it?" I observed, cheerfully, as I lifted out a brass bowl the size of a wash tub, and carefully balanced it on top of a cloisonné umbrella stand. But Mabel paid no attention to me, and I attacked another "beslatted" chair.

My next remark wasn't so cheerful. "Maybe we were foolish to try and do this work ourselves—we really should have had professional packers come in and do it," I said, ruefully sucking my thumb.

"Oh no," mumbled Mabel, half way down a barrel of cut glass berry bowls, "just think how they would have marred things."

"That's so," I agreed cheerfully, as I hurridly put a mahogany rocker in a far corner of the room, and then, with one eye on Mabel, wet my finger and vigorously rubbed a scratch four inches long, right in the middle of the back—miserable old thing!

"Tom," called Mabel, emerging from the barrel. "I've such a bright idea. We'll

take Uncle Jacob into the bed-room and tell him this is our room, and then we'll walk around a bit, and then go back in it and say this is his room furnished just like ours. He'll never know the difference, and you see, the two rooms open off the hall, and he'll be all twisted."

"Great," I replied. "But what you tell me of Uncle Jacob, would not give me the impression that he would not mind at all to be occupying the only bed on the premises, so why put yourself to the trouble?"

"You never can tell, he might make a fuss. He's very fussy, "Uncle Jacob is "

"Humph," I ejaculated, as I cut the cord around a roll of rugs. "Here, let's spread these out—whew! aren't they beauties! We will have to put them down three thick until we get things thinned out some. Let's make a line of them—and we might put some of them in Uncle Jacob's room."

"Don't put more than one layer," Mabel begged. "Uncle Jacob always shuffles, and he might stumble and break something."

"Well, there's nothing to break but a brass bed and a chiffonier," I said

"Oh, I mean his bones, you stupid," laughed Mabel, as she pulled the chairs on the rugs.

"Now, isn't this nice," I sighed, sinking down in one, and then, jumping up, I fixed them in a straight row, observing genially: "We'll play 'Going to Jerusalem,' when Uncle Jacob comes."

We stopped work long enough to go out and get lunch, and refurnish our commissary department, and by dinner time we had brought to light twelve chairs, eight clocks, a brass bowl, six cloisonné vases, nine tables, cut-glass galore, sixteen rugs, a bust of somebody, a picture of the Sistine Madonna, and one of à particularly fetching Bacchante, seven candelabra, nineteen single candlesticks, and the leather couch. We borrowed a broom of the family down stairs, swept and garnished our rooms, pushed everything unpacked to the wall, and really felt very virtuous and pleased, as we sallied forth for dinner. It was arranged that Mabel should come back and have the place lighted, and I should go out to the eight-thirty train, and meet Uncle Jacob.

His train came in promptly on time, and I, thinking with remorse of the lost nose, engaged an electric cab, a most unnecessary expense, and we were soon landed at the foot of four flights.

"It's quite a ways up," I remarked apologetically, "but the air is so much better, and you can take it slowly."

"Humph," grunted Uncle Jacob, beginning to puff before he'd taken a step, and he could have given points to a steam engine before we reached the top. Mabel met us on the landing, and greeted her panting relative like a long lost brother.

"Dear Uncle Jacob, I'm so glad to see you," she said, kissing him, and, "one for your Sapphira" I put in under my breath.

"Sit right here and get your breath," and without daring to look at me, Mabel ensconced her U. J. in the scratched mahogany rocker, and offered him some water in a stein a foot high.

By and by his natural curiosity got the better of his abused feelings, and he began to look around.

"I see you haven't unpacked my Venus, yet," which wasn't as obvious as it appeared.

"No," Mabel said, hurriedly, "you see we don't know what's in the different cases, excepting chairs, of course, and some few other things, so we just take them as they come along."

"Just so, just so," assented Uncle Jacob, "but now, maybe, I could help you find it—I think I'd recognize it," and with sprightly goodwill he began to peer here and there.

Mabel cast an agonized glance in my direction, and I bravely came to the rescue, and escorted U. J. to the boxes farthest from the fatal corner, while he strained his eyes and neck for a familiar hall-mark. Mabel hovered round like a chipping sparrow protecting her young, and when finally, U. J. couldn't be kept away from the barricaded corner, she burst out:

"Oh Uncle Jacob, do come see the bedroom! don't bother to look any more—I'm positive we'll find it," (prophetic soul). But she was too late, for with the spring of a cat on a mouse, U. J. had swooped down on the corner, and was gleefully rolling out barrels of china.

"There she is," he cried joyfully, pointing to a huge black cross on the side. "I marked it myself—funny, wasn't it? Now give a hand here, Tom, and we'll have her out," and he commenced to pull.

"Please, please Uncle Jacob, don't,"

Mabel begged, while the effort to look pleased and gratified, and not horrified and petrified, gave her a composite expression that was positively weird. "I am so glad you have found it, (two for Sapphira) for now we'll not unpack it until the very last thing."

"What's that, eh?" said U. J. holding his hand, and looking uncertain and crestfallen. "Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Why, because it's so beautiful," panted Mabel, "and with things so in confusion it would be sure to get knocked about—oh, I wouldn't have you take it out for worlds."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said U. J., with unwilling consent, and then swelling visibly with pride, he continued: "You're quite right, my dear—it's a very beautiful thing, and you should not run any risks," and, strutting like a little turkey cock, he was led away from temptation.

"This is your bed-room," said Mabel, and her tone was quite buoyant, as she threw open the door and turned on the electric switch. "Of course, it's in no kind of order now, but we've only been here two days, you know."

If she expected to get a complimentary rise out of U. J., she got left, for he only grunted and shuffled out. Then Mabel took him through to the kitchen, and returning, threw open the bed-room door again.

"And this is our room," she sweetly said, keeping her back turned to me as I softly sang:

> Oh Sapphira was a lady,
> Though her habits were quite shady."

"You see it's just like yours," Mabel's sweet voice went on, that's the only trouble in a flat—the bed-rooms are all just alike."

"Humph," again grunted U. J. "Well, if you don't mind, I guess I'll go to bed now. I'm tired. Which was my room?" and he started for another door.

I could see Sapphira was in agony, so I grabbed him, and in my most jovial host tone I said:

"Oh, I say, Uncle Jacob, do come see this bust of Napoleon before you go to bed," and not waiting for his consent, I led him by devious ways to the place where that gentleman held forth. "I know this is a thing you'll appreciate," I urged, as we stood in front of it. "Now, isn't that great? To me it's more like my ideal of Napoleon than any I've ever seen," and I tried to get the proper squint to my eyes as I stood and stared.

"Napoleon!" snorted U. J. "What are you talking about young man. That's a bust of Lord Byron, and I helped Mrs. Satterlee pick it out for you—what in the name of—" but I had fled to the kitchen, and there turned on both faucets full force, to drown further damaging truths.

When I ventured back, U. J. had disappeared, and Mabel was stretched on the leather couch, but whether she was laughing or crying I could not tell.

"Hello Sapphira," I whispered, and when she looked up I saw that she was shaking with mirth not grief. I gave a sheepish grin, and said: "Suppose we go to bed—you can sleep on that couch, and I'll fix up some rugs—hang Uncle Jacob, anyway!"

Notwithstanding the mortification of spirit, not to mention the flesh, (rugs don't make an ideal bed, even if they are genuine Persian, made in Hoboken) I slept soundly, and didn't relish, at all, Mabel's very decided and urgent invitation to "get up," when it seemed as if I'd just gone to sleep.

"Please, please get up Tom, dear," she begged. "Uncle Jacob is a very early riser, and he's apt to walk out here any moment."

"What time is it?" I muttered, trying to get one eye open.

"Five o'clock, nearly."

"Five o'clock," I roared, my abused feeling effectually waking me up. "I'm not going to get up at five o'clock for a dozen Uncle Jacobs," and I indignantly flounced over on my bed and, much to my surprise, found myself on the floor. This completed the waking process, and like a sulky boy, I began the day, breathing maledictions down on U. J.'s head with frenzied froth. But for once Mabel was right. Scarcely had the rugs been scattered, when the pattering of U. J's. little feet was heard, and by six thirty we were gathered round the hospitable board. Mabel had forgotten to say whether U. J. was a hearty eater, but I fancied from the way he looked over the cold cereal, fruit, and coffee, that he was; and to cover up any feeling of want to his physical man, I commenced to feed him nibbles for his artistic nature.

"Great old plates these are, Uncle Jacob," I observed cutting my orange. We have a dozen. "And they do say," I continued, dropping my voice confidentially, as Mabel left the room a moment, "that they are the original set that Marie Antoinette used—

ah—you know," and my voice died away as Mabel appeared.

U. J. didn't seem properly impressed, though he examined the plate carefully, and Mabel, noticing him, blithely butted in.

"Aren't they dear—a special make of Tiffany's, you know. Blanche Ross had a set just like them given to her, too. I love them," and she calmly buttered a roll while I tried so hard to look serene and unconscious, that Mabel, in alarm, asked if I didn't feel well.

U. J. chuckled away like a little maniac, and I gave up and laughed too, but so immoderately that Mabel could see no reason at all for it, and the more alarmed she looked the harder I laughed. Nevertheless, it was not a cheerful meal, and I was thankful when it was over, and blessed Mabel from my boots up, when she suggested that we take U. J. for a drive until time for his train.

"No, no—I'll stay and help you unpack, and tell you where to hang your pictures," was U. J.'s. obstinate response to this cordial suggestion, but I stamped out his offer with both feet, and Mabel assisted, and in the end, much to his disgust, we carried the day, and insisted on the drive—I let Mabel do the talking—I couldn't think of anything but profanity, and only when, at last, we brought up at the station, and U. J. was safely tucked in a green plush section, did my voice come back. All my cordiality came with it, and I almost shook the little man's arm off as I wished him a speedy journey—Mabel, as she kissed him goodbye, said she hoped next time he came we'd be all settled, and as the train pulled out I fervently breathed:

"Whatever else we do, don't lets *ever* get settled."

ADVERSITY

By D. B. M.

I ENVY not ill-gotten gains nor heights;
  I follow not where bounties breed desire;
I question not good fortune nor its rights;
  I worship greatness and celestial fire.

That solitude that cheers with saddened sounds
  Oft echoes sorrow's wail for hopes destroyed;
I envy not an inspiration found,
  Nor genius, crowning glory from a void.

But you who stand as yon majestic spire,
  While troubles rage and storm around your head,
Ah, you who beat the onset and the mire,
  And strive to rise in silence from your bed.

Doth God Almighty mete a greater wage?
  Could fortune, save by trouble, make such men?
Ah, let the tempest and the tumult rage,
  Though long the battle, you will rise again.

And now you're singled out among the crowd,
  'Tis you all eyes and hearts look upward to;
And lo, the multitude doth praise aloud;
  'Tis you I envy; yes, I envy you.

FALLING LEAVES

By Willis George Emerson

THE brown leaves of autumn are falling.
The meadows grow sombre and drear,
The voice of King Winter is calling,
Foretelling the death of the year:
From branches where once dwelt rare beauty and mirth,
The brown leaves come fluttering down to the earth.

The voices of summer, so cheery,
The autumn has hushed to a sigh,
For now the Old Year is aweary
And waiting his hour to die:
Where life was once throbbing, is solitude now,
As brown leaves come fluttering down from the bough.

How gaily the leaves, in the June-time,
Made love to each rollicking breeze!
How sweetly the birds in their tune-time
With music made merry the trees!
The trees whose green crowns have grown hoary and sear
With frosty old age, now that winter is near.

Our hopes, like the leaves of the May-time,
They, too, have grown faded and old;
And Love, like the year, has its gray-time,
When life seems so dreary and cold:
When Care lays its hand on the heart and the brow
And brown leaves come fluttering down from the bough.

But after Old Winter's dull sadness,
Comes Spring with her smiles and her showers,
To brighten the world with her gladness
And bless it with birds and with flowers:
And Beauty shall twine her fair garlands where now
The brown leaves are fluttering down from the bough.

THE ONE THING

By Charles T. White

THERE was a grapevine which almost entirely covered the east kitchen window, shutting out the early morning sun. A door opened into the garden close beside the window, but the door was closed, though the afternoon was warm. Celia was heating the oven for the Saturday's baking, and what little breeze there was came from that direction. She stood beside the table, near the center of the room, deftly molding the bread into shapely loaves, and listening to the old voice, thin and quavering, which droned on monotonously from the opposite side of the room.

"'Taint as though it was your enemies, Cely, them't's jealous of your good looks, and would laugh in their sleeve to see you hangin' your head, when you've carried it high as the best o' 'em, and had reason to. I tell you it's them't wouldn't hear a word against you from nobody, and won't *now*. There's Maria Wilcox—she 'twas Maria Gibbs. Sez she, 'Cely Webster's too pretty a girl to take up with a shyster like Lem Hawkins.' That's what they *all* say."

Mrs. Evans took a furtive survey of Celia's face, partly averted, across the level of her knitting-needles. In her nervousness she held her work high, like a portable breastwork, behind which she might retreat in case of threatening demonstrations. Her skinny, blue-veined hands trembled a little in this unnatural position, causing the steel needles to click sharply against each other, though she was not knitting at the moment. Delicate diplomacy of the sort Mrs. Evans had taken in hand was hardly less perilous than open war, and Mrs. Evans realized the fact fully.

Celia was looking hard at the mass of dough she was kneading. Her cheeks were flushed crimson, but that was only what might be expected, Mrs. Evans assured herself, still hopeful of the success of her mission.

"Lem's well enough," Celia said doggedly. "A girl can't speak to a fellow without having the whole town at her heels. A girl wants to *go—some*. What's the harm, I'd like to know?"

"Nobody seems to 'a' known anything about him before he come here," Mrs. Evans resumed conscientiously. "Folks say he drinks hard—not but good men other ways have *that* failin'." The late John Evans was more than suspected in his lifetime of tarrying too long over the alluring beer. Mrs. Evans was guarding her defences from a counter attack. "Lem Hawkins is shif'less—there's no denying that, I guess. Not but what he's pleasant enough to meet and talk to—I own to like him myself—but he wouldn't make no hand to settle down and provide for a family. I tell you, Cely, there's lots in havin' a good provider, one that won't leave the flour barrel empty while he squanders money on himself. John never'd do that, whatever else he might do."

Mrs. Evans' faded gray eyes were sadly reminiscent, and she heaved a sigh above the irregular click of her needles. The muscles in Celia's bare arms swelled and shrank under the satiny white skin as she vented the energy of her embarrassment on the last of the puffy loaves. Mrs. Evans' second sigh was one of relief that Celia didn't "fly up."

"Lem don't drink—no *great*," the girl protested, stung into the necessity of saying something defensive. "He never has *once* when I've been with him places. It's no business of mine what he does other times. About providing—land sakes!" She accented the expletive with a mirthless, cackly laugh. "Whoever *marries* him will have to look out for that."

"Of course, we didn't *know*, Cely; but I just felt called upon to come over here when you was all alone by yourself and speak my mind. I know you'll take it as it's meant, and if there wasn't any need, so much the better." Mrs. Evans' effusiveness stirred up the deeps of her emotions, and she turned away to wipe her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief. "I told Maria Wilcox the other day that I'd never feel right if it went

on to the end without your knowing what your best friends thought about it."

Something rustled the leaves of the grape-vine outside the open window behind Celia, and she turned quickly. She flashed an inquiring glance at the corpulent figure on the other side of the table, then raised a warning forefinger at the brim of a straw hat rising above the level of the sill. The hat-brim obediently disappeared.

"Shoo! Shoo! Those Leghorn chickens of mother's just strip the vines clean before the grapes get fairly set." Celia presented a suspiciously rosy face to meet Mrs. Evans' mildly-questioning gaze. She was mentally debating what fractional part of a hat-brim might pass for a predatory fowl, if curious eyes happened to fall upon it.

"They've just ruined *my* garden," Mrs. Evans declared indefinitely, folding up the gray sock she was knitting. "I used to tell John they cost more'n they come to, winter feeding and all counted in. Eggs have kep' up this summer, though, wonderful. I don't believe I've sold for less'n eighteen more'n once or twice. I guess I'll have to be going now, Cely. I only ran in for a minute, and I've got to bake biscuit. I hope, Cely, you won't take it amiss—what I've said. You know I meant well, and I couldn't have no means of knowin' how far the thing might 'a' gone."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm sure I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Evans." Celia was following her visitor through a narrow hall, opening midway of its length on the front porch. Her rejoiner was not flippant, and there was a ring of heartiness in her voice. Mrs. Evans' interference had rather impressed her with the importance which her "keeping company" with Lem Hawkins had already acquired in the public eye. "Good advice don't break any bones, and it may save having them broken sometimes." Celia could afford to be generous. "You run in again when mother's home. She dotes on having you come."

"There was one *other* thing I'd counted on speaking of, but mebbe it's just as well, seeing there's nothing serious." Mrs. Evans lowered her tone to the pitch of confidential disclosures, the gray eyes searching Celia's face in vain for encouraging signs of curiosity. That the signs were lacking was due to the fact that Celia was thinking of Lem, crouching impatiently under the east kitchen window. Mrs. Evans' voice trailed off into shallow apologies for her silence. "Folks talk just the same, whether they know what they're talking about or not. But 'tain't been noways unfriendly to you, Cely; only your friends's been anxious—*dreadful* worked-up over it."

Celia's eyes followed the loquacious neighbor's stiff, ungraceful waddle beyond the thin screen of syringa bushes which flanked the front gate. She wondered vaguely, as she went back through the hall, what Lem's coming at this unusual hour might signify, and her heart quickened its beat a little as the rear door of the kitchen opened softly, admitting in cautious succession the haunting hat-brim, a rather handsome masculine face and a muscular frame clad in a natty outing suit of blue flannel.

"The coast is clear," Celia announced, but there was a hint of constraint in her usual free-and-easy manner, and the laugh was forced. "Come on in and sit down, Lem. The folks are all gone today."

Lem jauntily advanced, and threw an arm lightly around Celia's pliant waist. She made a little flurried remonstrance, holding her golden head erectly defiant, but as he drew her closer, it dropped to his shoulder complacently, the hat-brim sweeping her hot cheeks.

"That's one for waiting so long, and there's another to celebrate the evaporation of that old fossil." Lem's explanations would have been more clearly audible had his lips been given undividedly to the subject in hand.

Celia hid her face coquettishly in the bend of her dimpled arm, and slipped out of his grasp, smoothing her rumpled hair. She had a great admiration for Lemuel's masterful way, his tailor-made clothes, and his approaches to cultured speech. Lemuel had been in college once, he had told her, and sold dress-goods now over a counter at Dalway's. Beyond this acknowledged admiration for a man, quite different in style and manner from the young men of the country-side, Celia had never analyzed her feelings in the matter very closely.

"The horse and carriage are down yonder in the oak grove, Cele," he declared abruptly, swinging one of the wooden chairs into range and dropping into it. "It may seem rather sudden to you, but it's got to be now or

never, sweetheart." He reached for her hand, but she shrank back from him a little, watching his handsome face intently. "You see, I've given up my place at Dalway's—struck something that's better in Boston, but it won't wait on ceremony. We go together—for good and all—if you say the word."

Celia still stood looking at him, her eyes widening as she caught his meaning. The red flush died out of her cheeks, and her bosom heaved jerkily under the plain muslin waist.

"We'll make the splice at Blackinton. There might be a hitch of some sort, if we tried it nearer home." The light, business-like tone somehow chilled Celia. "You'd better hustle along now, and get ready. There won't be too much time." He glanced at his watch carelessly. "We'll drive through to Blackinton and send back the rig."

Celia walked away a few steps and stood for a moment in the open door, the cool afternoon breeze fanning her hot cheeks and playing with her kinkly hair. Unerringly, as in a rose-tinted mist, making all sharp, hard outlines indistinct, the consciousness was shaping itself in her mind that this was her wedding-day. It had dawned hours before, with never a hint in the pearly-gray of the morning sky, as she dressed in the half-light, looking at it dully through the parted folds of the muslin curtain. That long ride across country with Lem was to fill up the whole of the mysterious space which her girlish fancy had always peopled with giggling friends and fussy dressmakers, endless shoppings, unheard-of kitchen preparations, adorable gowns, and an array of gifts and a flutter of invited guests at the finale. Celia had a whimsical sense of being somehow defrauded by the suddenness of this most momentous of things coming up thus without warning from the dead level of the commonplace. She recalled the day when Jane had married Ezra Woodhull under a huge arch of evergreens in the musty front parlor, and how Ezra's big red knuckles had tried ineffectually to hide themselves in the conventional white gloves.

"Well?"

The man's questioning syllable smote upon her ear sharply like a blow, and she turned with a sny, nervous start. She merely glanced at him, without speaking, a serious look, which was almost the shadow of trouble, in her blue eyes, as she moved mechanically toward the back stairway. Lemuel heard the door above close, waking responsive echoes in the empty house. He settled back in his chair, whistling softly to himself, his long legs, outstretched, crossing the broad bar of sunlight on the yellow-painted floor.

Celia slipped off the muslin waist, and undid her hair, which fell in a sunny shower over her shapely white shoulders. Childishly, she was trying to fend off the real seriousness of the issue under the pretence that she was going with Lemuel for a drive, just as she had done often before. He couldn't have meant what he said a moment ago. He would laugh over it as a joke when once they were on the way. A wedding-day—the only one in a girl's whole life—couldn't come in such a sudden, unexpected fashion. Celia tried to smile at her distorted image in the cracked mirror over the bureau, as she twisted her hair into heavy, silken masses at the back of her head; but the bowed arms sank slowly, letting the hair fall loose again, as though some all-absorbing thought had taken possession of her, thrusting itself insistently into her consciousness like an unwelcome guest.

"She said there was *one* thing she didn't tell," the girl mused in a low, murmurous undertone, recalling Mrs. Evans' sibilant confidences on the front porch. "I wonder what it was. I'd give the—the world if I knew *now*. To be shiftless and drink ought to be enough for one man. Lem *does* drink. I smelled it on his breath this afternoon. It couldn't have been any common bad habit, like gambling, or she wouldn't have been so mysterious about it. There *are* things"—Celia's self-communing drifted off into her very immature acquaintance with the shady side of life.

Lemuel heard her descending step upon the stair a few moments later, and looked up carelessly. His eye was focused to take in the details of the trim girlish figure, the rakish tilt of the summer hat, the face—a trifle too highly-colored—softened into becoming tints behind the screen of dotted cream lace, the easy, unconscious swing and lilt of the lithe body and supple joints; items of a charming personnel which he had noted a score of times with a certain languid, sensuous satisfaction in their mere proximity; a tingling response of some artistic or esthetic

sensibility within him to their unstudied and unspoiled artlessness. The frayed toes of the every-day shoes, half-showing under the brown skirt, with a mended rent in the front breadth, startled him. She came straight up to him, putting aside his outstretched hands.

"I can't do it, Lem—not today." The chin trembled weakly, and the grotesque wrinkling of the red lips on the verge of tears spoiled the childish prettiness of the face, as he looked down at it. "There isn't any use talking." She cut short the beginning of his passionate remonstrance with a pathetic little gesture. "I won't have you going away, thinking I don't care for you. I *do*—more than anybody. If you like—love me the same way—*as much*, you'll come back. There isn't no 'now or never' when a man's heart is set on a girl for good and all."

"There's fifteen minutes to make up your mind," he burst out angrily, snapping his watch-case between his clenched fingers. She shrank away from his harshness, seeing the stern lines of his face dimly through her swimming eyes. "Don't put me off like this, Cele," he pleaded in a softened tone, trying to take her hand. "You know that your folks will turn it down, if we come out open and above board. That old gossip was filling you with stuff about me when I came. You can't deny it, for I heard enough to know. You can take her word or mine—which is it?"

Celia did not answer. She had drawn away a little farther, leaning heavily, as if for support, upon the battered casing of the door. The insistent demands of a great crisis were pounding their way into her bewildered brain. She looked across at the man opposite, standing jauntily, his hat poised in one hand. She was pitifully weak at that moment, feeling herself some powerless, passive thing in the grasp of a giant destiny, working its will with her helplessness. If there had been a glimmer of tender concern in the handsome brown eyes, one unmistakably convincing token of a great love struggling for utterance through the set lips, she would have thrown herself into his arms. His darkening face repelled her. She read the unanswered question anew on his lowering brow, and shook her head sadly.

He turned and went without a word, jerking his hat down savagely over his eyes. She heard his thick-soled shoes striking sharply on the board walk and crashing through the bushes at the foot of the garden. There was silence after that, broken only by the solemn ticking of the eight-day clock in the corner, but she listened to the silence for a long time as though it had been sound. Then, she crossed the room with a quick, nervous step, calling his name softly, her aimless fingers tearing open the fastenings at her neck, while her breath came in short, panting gasps.

"If I'd have known—what—that—one—thing was." The words came slowly in full-rounded syllables, as though Celia would force her sober reasons to stand out against their will in the revealing light of day. "Lord! What's one thing—what's a *thousand* things—to a whole life? I loved him—better than I ever knew till now—and he's *gone*—gone, never to come back. He said it was now or never, and he meant it. Anybody'd known Lem would know it, if they knew anything. 'Tain't 'at he didn't love me. It's just his way. I never had any chance when he'd say we'd go to a place, or when he'd put his arm around me as he did this afternoon. I don't see how—*how*—"

She passed the back of her hand over her forehead, struggling with the multiplying perplexities of the problem. The magnitude of the disaster was gradually unfolding itself as against the extreme pettiness of all the causes which had led to it. Lem had gone away angry, as he had every right to be. She would never see him again—*never!* The impossibility clutched at Celia's bare throat as though some beast of prey had sprung upon her, fastening strong, relentless fangs in the soft, quivering flesh. She stood upright with an effort, the merest cringing drop in her strong young shoulders, her blue eyes staring, tearless, into the unfathomed mystery, a haunting fear creeping into them as the real meaning of the impending desolation dawned upon her. It was a waking trance of disillusion, more enlightening to a nature that could bear the strain than weeks of passionate tears. Her limbs ached with the prolonged tension when she came to herself and began to move them stiffly, her feet dragging with the shuffling motion of age or weariness. The broad belt of sunshine on the kitchen floor had retreated to a narrow angle at the doorway. Celia opened the oven, more by housewifely instinct than by intention.

The plump loaves were barely beginning to brown, and the fire was nearly out. She laid two or three sticks of hard wood on the smouldering coals and opened the draughts. There was a sound somewhere at the rear of the house, and she glanced up quickly, half expecting to see Lemuel's smiling face framed grotesquely in the green leaves of the grapevine. She drew a long choking breath when she saw nothing, her throat swelling painfully, like the throat of a sensitive child that has sobbed away all its strength.

Then, for the first time, her woman's weakness prevailed, and she accused herself of being hard and cold to Lemuel, letting him go away without a kind, tender word, to be remembered when he was far off and alone in a strange city. A fanciful notion possessed her that he might linger in the oak grove where he had told her the horse was tethered, thinking she would relent and follow him; and this last she resolved to do, without much considering how her going would alter the situation for the better. She was not yet prepared to marry him in the sudden, offhand fashion he proposed, but she would say something to him which would soften his disappointment at her refusal, and leave him feeling that she would not forget him when he was gone.

Celia tripped down through the garden, a new hope lending speed to her feet, crossed the slender stream with a lithe, graceful bound, and climbed the long slope of close-cropped pasture land beyond. She was panting with the exertion when she reached the top of the hill, and the high color had come back into her fresh young face. There was a strip of partially cleared woodland behind this, and another pasture longer than the first. The oak grove bordered the main road to Durleigh and Blackinton. Celia came down upon it from behind, descending a series of irregular, rudely-terraced knolls.

There was a horse and carriage standing in the road beyond, partly hidden by the low-hanging branches of a scraggly maple, and Celia's heart gave a great bound. It was as she had shrewdly surmised, then, and she would have the opportunity she sought of setting herself right with Lem after their abrupt parting. She hastened forward, dropping down from ledge to ledge, and into the shadow of the trees, with little airy leaps, drawing the thin muslin together at her neck as she ran. She was quite close to the scraggly maple, having it on her lips to call out some gay greeting, when she discovered that the man in the carriage was elderly, with gray mutton-chop whiskers, that the other occupant of the carriage was a young woman, and that both were looking full in her direction, evidently waiting for her to come up. Celia uttered a little startled cry of surprise and tried to murmur something apologetic, for the nature of her errand made her morbidly self-conscious.

"Didn't happen to see a man passing along here—white horse and top-wagon—did you, miss?" the man inquired, jerking the brim of his soft hat with an awkward thumb and forefinger. "You see—" He paused, glancing over his left shoulder at the young woman, as though somewhat at a loss how to proceed.

Celia said "No" emphatically. "I haven't been here such a *very* great while—not in sight of the road," she added, still seeking to explain the fact of her being there at all.

"Well, you see—" the man began, but the other took up the subject boldly, with a vindictive light shining in her dark, rather deep-set eyes.

"We got track of my man last week," she snapped, "and we're following him up. He left me to shift for myself 'bout a year back, and I've never been able to locate him till now." The voice was brazenly assertive; the high-pitched falsetto of the ill-bred. Celia glanced up to take in the coarse, rather sharp-featured face, the tawdry, careless attire and the sensuous droop of the lower lip, scarcely concealed by the woman's rising anger. "After the baby come, I couldn't work in the mills any longer. He's dead now. I'd 'a' gone to the poorhouse then, I guess, if it hadn't been for pa here." This matter-of-fact flaunting of family privacies in the face of a stranger made Celia shudder. "It's more'n likely he's got wind of my coming and moved on. I think, pa, we'd better drive along to that other town—what's the name?—that the man at the hotel told us about."

"Yes, yes, my dear; don't excite yourself." The manner and tone of the person addressed as "pa" was as mild and characterless as his face. "It has been a most unfortunate affair; yes, indeed, *most* unfortunate. This Mr. Hawkins—Lemuel Hawkins—of whom

my daughter speaks, was employed at Dalway's Emporium. You may have heard of him; seen him, possibly. He is dark—*rather* dark—and counted good-looking. Yes, I think, Agnes, we must drive on."

Celia stood for a long time just within the screen of hazel bushes that skirted the roadside, watching first, the slowly-receding vehicle, then the gradually disappearing cloud of dust whirled up by the passing wheels. This was the oak grove—that was her first coherent thought, and her cheeks flamed red as the glowing sunset in the west as she recalled why she had come here. The voice of this strange woman—Lemuel's wife—seemed to be mocking her with its loudly-uttered disclosures. She shrank back with an involuntary gesture of repulsion, as though in the plucking of flowers her delicate fingers had touched some cold, slimy, loathsome thing. The pleasant-faced and glib-tongued Lem Hawkins of sundry drives and parties had dropped suddenly by some subtle play of circumstance into a distance too remote even for thought. She repeated the name twice in a a kind of articulate sob, looking up quickly at the sound of her own voice, as though the tall, unbending tree-trunks might have ears to pilfer her secret,

"That was the *one* thing," she murmured softly, turning to face the rising slope of the hill. "That—was—the—one—thing."

With the first movement of her strong young limbs came a glad sense of release, thrilling in her veins like wine. She was leaving the dizzy precipice behind, and the black, abyssmal deeps yawning underneath. The clover-scented breeze showered chaste kisses upon her face and toyed like a lover with her golden hair. The great world, sinking into silence for another sunrise, opened its arms to her. She paused, and the red lips moved, this time inquiringly, with the gray tree-trunks growing hazily indistinct in the backward distance:

"I—I *wonder* if that *was* the one thing."

FLOWER O' MADONNA

By Edward Wilbur Mason

"MOTHER, mother I dreamed a dream last night!
A dream of beauty and loveliness bright.
Oh, I dreamed that you were a sweet rose tree,
The pride of a garden all fair to see."

"Nay child, but a common thorn brake am I,
And far from the eyes of the world I lie."

"Mother, mother I dreamed a dream last night!
A dream of rapture and joy and delight.
Oh, I dreamed that I was the rose that grew
All white and stainless at the heart of you."

"Nay little child, thou art but meadow flower,
And I shelter you safe from the wind each hour."

"Mother, mother I dreamed a dream last night!
A dream of terror and grief and of fright.
I dreamed that the winter with icy breath,
From thy trembling bough hurled me down to death."

"Hush thee child, whatever the blast may bring,
After black winter shall blow the green spring!"

THE DEACON SAVED THE MILL

By Herbert Orlando Smith

I NEVER told you fellers what give me my start as a public man," remarked His Honor, Judge Pillsbury, quizzically contemplating the end of his cigar. "It was a spring freshet and Deacon Busberry's engineerin'."

"It's a queer thing," he continued,—"an unceasin' marvel to me—how triflin', accidental and uncontrollable a circumstance often changes the trend of a man's whole career. More often than not the pattern of one's whole life turns upon an event and is woven of affairs with which his interests have not a bit o' traceable connection. Providence works by methods quite beyond the grasp of logic. The ultra-logical is where the personal an' the social elements an' the forces o' natur' git in their work,—where man's a mere puppet of his environment. Providence gives ye surprisin' chances. But, after all, boys, you have to be thar to seize yer chance—to *call* Providence, as it were—make him show his hand. He deals yer the cards; but you have to play 'em. My own experience is full o' such.

"Deacon Tom Busberry and I was boys together, an' the rival representatives of our respective towns. He was raised over yonder acrost the line in Eastman; I, in this 'ere house in Pillsbury. From the earliest days, the towns o' Eastman and Pillsbury hav' been sharp competitors f'r the local lead. When the state was admitted in 1820, Pillsbury an' Eastman, bein' the most central located o' Sachem County, fought f'r the county seat. Pillsbury got it. Whereupon Eastman went to work an' endowed the Eastman-Sachem County Academy. So, the contest was nip-an'-tuck till Tom Busberry give me and Pillsbury town a boost in '78. Eastman ain't never got convalescent from that blow!

"As I said, Busberry an' I was boys together. Both on us attended old Eastman Academy, was rivals in class, in debate, in spellin'-bees, owed ardent allegiance to our respective towns, courted the same girl, were exponents o' two antithetical ways o' life.

"Tom Busberry cam' of a line o' farmers—good ol' dissentin' Puritan stock—and was a ploddin', sober, self-satisfied, earnest feller, who early showed the hereditary traits—a talent for activity in church administration affairs, for takin' enthusiastic part in the church services, an' a genius f'r drivin' a sharp an' skinflint barg'in. He was born deacon timber; an' when his father died, 'bout the time Tom left the academy, Tom inherited the farm, the batch o' mortgidges, the deaconship, an' settled down at once as a safe an' sane representative citizen.

"Wal, I was Busberry's opposite. That's enough said. I cam' o' a line of professional men—mos'ly lawyers, some ministers—and gentleman farmers,—an' was a natural born scapegrace. Busberry got the girl—bein' the more promisin' in the estimation o' the deestirc'—I wa'n't in his class fer virtu' and respectability—an' I went off to Bowdoin College, got my degree in law, an' settled down here t' allure the county practice. It came slow, but I had enough to live on, an' didn't worry. By the time I had set up so fer practice, Busberry was already chairman o' the board o' selectmen for Eas'man.

"Years went by, an' I shifted along comf'tably, havin' plenty o' leisure for travel an' study, an' didn't waste it all. Bein' o' the minority party in the county, though it commanded a majority in the state, I'd held one or two insignificant positions at the capital, but saw no prospect o' the county or the deestric' ever rallyin' to my standard.

"But in the spring o' '78 Providence dealt me the cards; an' I played 'em.

"My party in the deestric' asked me to accept the nomination on the ticket f'r state senator. I had no objection; somebody had to serve. Deacon Busberry, bein' a prominent citizen an' farmer o' the county, was put up on the other ticket—and had the support o' the church fr'm his prayin' and preachin' orthodox; the support o' the agricultural element, because he was a farmer an' money-lender an' held mortgidges on half the re-el

estate o' the deestric'; an' o' the farmers' Prohibition section, because he was a croaker fer no liquor, *'cept* cider, whereas we stood for no booze altogether—or high license. Apparently, he hed the whol' deestric' behin' him; but he played it all into my hands.

"It was the middle o' March, an' two foot o' soggy snow on the ground. The spring thaw had set in calm an' gentle. The ponds an' water courses was already high. But everyone was in hopes that the melt would be gradual and the water drain off steady, without the damagin' freshets so liable in these 'ere hills.

"The night after my nomination a cloudburst, with tremendous thunder 'n' lightnin' an' deluge o' warm rain near drowned the whol' o' Sachem County. The next mornin' the hills was bare in great gray and brown patches; the towns in the valley o' the Sachem River half under water; an' most o' the bridges an' mills, an' riverside buildin's gen'rally migrated further down.

"Eastman and Pillsbury, bein' up toward the crest o' the ridge, had as usual escaped serious damage. They wa'n't altogether safe, however,—at least, not Eastman, with Busberry as chairman o' se-lectmen.

"In the mornin', the stage driver, bringin' the mail from Eastman to the station at Pillsbury, reported Pollard's Pond full-up an' threatenin' to bust, an' ol' Pollard's mill in danger. So, wantin' to see anythin' that was doin', I hitched up an' druv' over.

"Pollard's mill an' Pollardsville, the mill settlement, is suburb to the hamlet o' Eastman, about two mile f'm the main village, on the Pillsbury road, where the road dips into a valley—rather, gully—between two ridges. On the lower side o' the road sits the mill, where, for four or five months in the year, they used to manufactur' a cheap, cotton-wool shoddy. Above, just t' other side o' the road, lays the artificial pond, coverin' sixty acres, averagin' ten to thirty foot deep, an' confined by an ol' dirt bank, part o' glacial formation, supplemented by the crafty hand of man. A four-foot box sluice under the road furnished the power for the mill. The gate through the dam for sluicin' off surplus water was out o' repair, an' not to be lifted—been so for years. Ol' Pollard was too mean to repair it; the town too easy-goin' ter make him.

"When I drove into sight o' Pollardsville, I was plumb dumbfounded. In all my acquaintance with the place, I had never known the pond to be within ten or fifteen foot o' the level o' the road. Now it lay tremblin' an' quiverin' an' lickin' greedily at the very brink o' the bank. Against the quicksilver surface o' the pond, reflectin' the leaden, lowery sky, and flashin' streaks o' light through the trees o' the woods beyond—it must have covered more'n a hundred acres. The whol' population of Eastman was lined up like rows and clumps o' blackened stumps in a clearin', awesomely waitin' developments.

"I druv ner as was safe, and, hitchin' 'side the road, walked down an' mingled with the populace.

"'What's happened?' I asked the first pers'n I come to.

"'Pickerel Pond above yere bursted las' night an' turned itself loose into Pollard's,' he replied. 'They're expectin' the dam an' the mill to go out. I cal'cate ef the water starts it *will* take the mill.'

"'What they goin' to do about it?'

"'Noth'n much, I guess. I cal'late it's the water'll do the doin's—ef anythin'! I'm goin' up f'r my tools an' togs, t' be on han' ef thar's work ter do. The se-lectmen are yonder, discussin' ways an' means,' he continued. 'Ol' Pollard's been sent fer fr'm Riverboro. They're expectin' him any minute.'

"Wantin' to be near the center of int'rest, I went over an' mixed with the throng dittributed loosely 'round the respectable slouch hat an' vibratin' whiskers, which I recognized as the trimmin's o' the Deacon.

"Most o' the crowd stood about in ruminatin' curiosity, like a suddenly distracted herd o' quietly grazin' kine. A few o' the more substantial townsmen, respectable, well to-do citizens, ventured now and then a bit o' sage personal comment, or voluntary advice. Busberry and his fellow se-lectmen, Philpotts, Baptist deacon, and Pinkham of the tannery, were discussin' the situation in low tones, with many a perplexed head-shake and wise nod—grave, important, nonplussed.

"'Watchin' the water an' waitin' fer ol' Pollard!' I heard somebody remark.

"By the time I had worked through the crowd near enough to git a nod fr'm Busberry, who c'd be condescendin' an' gracious; in anticipation o' the state senatorship he expected to win fr'm me; there was a stir of

expectancy in the multitude, an' ol' Pollard dashed up behin' a blowin' an' foamin' nag. He was a little, asthmatic, apoplectic old man who'd acquired a good deal by shrewd methods and accumulatin' most of it by consistent an' undeviable exercise of a phenomenally close fist. Tumblin' headlong out o' his buggy, he butted his way to the center o' the knot o' people about the Deacon, fairly in a palsy of alarm an' fury o' resentment. The way he glared at that hungry sheet o' water an' that bewildered herd o' human cattle was right blasphemous. 'Twas a speechless arraignment o' both God an' man an' the town o' Eas'man, for the happenin' o' that freshet!

"'W'y don't ye *do* suthin'?' he blurted shrilly, addressin' himself to the town of Eas'man an' its board o' selectmen in the person o' Chairman Busberry. 'Don't ye see the darn dam's li'ble ter bust and my mill be carr'ed away? W'at ye standin' here fer like—like—?'

"'We was partly waitin' fer you, Hank, interrupted Busberry with grave deliberation, as befitted his position as official head o' the town, 'bein' as you're the mos' interested party. Mebbe the bank'll hold. The water's sluicin' off through the mill race.'

"'Yes! 'n' wearin' out my machinery! W'y didn't some o' you pesky numbskulls shunt it off? Thet plant is wuth ten thousan' dollars, ef it's wuth a cent. I can't afford ter lose it. It 'ud be the ruination o' me. I'll sue the town, ef—'

"'Thar, thar, Hank! The mill ain't gone yit—an' the town ain't li'ble—but thar! We'll *save* yer mill!'

"'You better! Remember you hol' a mor'gidge—'

"'We'll save yer mill, an' no damidge done! The ol' gate won't work. You'd oughter kept it in repair, Hank; thet pond needs easin' off; an' I guess we kin dew it. Le's see! Hey, Thomas!'—to his son and heir—'Go hitch up the hosses ter the plow an' bring 'em down here. Some o' yew men git yer picks an' shovels. We'll need ye.'

"'What's up?' 'What's yer idee naow, Deacon?' came in chorus from his co-equals in civic responsibility.

"'Wal,' the Deacon explained, 'we've got ter ease off thet pond an' save ther mill—can't let that head o' water stan' over night. I've be'n offerin' up a petition fer guidance—never knew prayer ter fail. My petition's be'n answered by an inspiration. We'll give the water a leetle outlet, jest enough ter ease it off.'

"The throng became visibly intent to larn the Deacon's plan. It was very simple.

"'I sent fer my hosses ter plow a deep furrer acrost the top o' the dam,' he explained. 'We'll carry the furrer as near the edge as the hosses kin be drove—ter save manual labor—an' pick an' shovel the rest. That'll give the water a leetle channel to flow off.'

"I stepped forward hastily, to put in a friendly admonition; but young Brewster, then teachin' the 'cademy, who was standin' near, a silent spectator beside the minister's sweet, merry, clever daughter, was ahead o' me.

"'Deacon,' he said persuasively in a low voice, 'that won't do at all. You'll have the whole pond on you in a minute—if that water gets a start—'

"'Young feller—' began the Deacon.

"'I think the embankment will hold if let alone. If the water doesn't fall before tomorrow call up an engineer from Portland I'd be glad to suggest, but under the conditions I'm at a loss—'

"'Course ye're at a loss, young man,' returned Busberry, chin whiskers quiverin' an' maxillary muscles o' the jaw workin' with the energy of positive conviction. 'Yew hev' ther book-larnin' all right, but thet ain't much good in sech cases. This ere problem requires practical sense—an' Providential guidance. Engineer fr'm the city to dreen off a leetle water fr'm the top of a mill pond! Guess yew mus' think the town treasury's the United States mint! *I'm* f'r savin' the taown fun's 'n' keepin' daown taxes!'

"Brewster retreated, astonished, to the girl's side, said somethin' to her very sober an' earnest, and seemed about to speak to the crowd. But the girl restrained him.

"'You don't know Deacon Busberry,' she murmured in gurgly, choky tones. 'They didn't teach science at the academy in his day!'

"Young Brewster's strenu's earnes'ness slumped into grim irony. The rest o' the populace stood 'round, skeptical but expectant.

"The Deacon's magnificent twenty-five hundred poun' team, draggin' behind 'em on its side a clankin', thumpin' plow, arrived gaily upon the scene.

"'Make way!' cried the Deacon triumphantly, seizin' the plow handles. 'Some o' ye stand ready thar to pick an' shovel out the ends o' the furrer—Giddap!'

"The crowd stood aside; and out upon the embankment bumped and jerked the heavy plow behind the powerful horses, with Deacon Busberry switchin', lurchin', stumblin' at the handles. Headin' horses toward the pond, he set plow-nose into the frozen soil, and cut a deep transverse furrow, inch or two below frost.

"'Hi! Shovelful or two o' dirt here'll set 'er a-goin' all right!' he called 'xultantly. 'She's tricklin' through naow!'

"A final stroke of a pick gave the water passage. The Deacon stood leaning against his nigh horse, placidly an' benignly watchin' that finishin' touch. That water nosed gently, uncertainly round in the loose unfrozen gravel o' the furrow, then hit out like a durned batterin'-ram, and, with the suddenness of an explosion, knocked a big hole in the top o' the dam.

"'Dam's cavin', b'gosh!' bawled Busberry in starin' consternation, an' drove his team more in haste than dignity up the side o' the gully—none too soon.

"Less'n the time it takes to tell it, the pressure o' them tons o' water swep' that bank away as if it was made o' feathers an' broom-straw, an' went plungin' a vast, seethin', hissin', roarin', mad, staggerin', leaden torrent, meanderin'ly tearin' in the gen'ral direction o' the river, carvin' its own path, an' noticin' nothin' in its way. In less'n ten minutes, Pollard's Pond was jest a big hollow o' lead-blue clay an' slime, with a silvery thread o' water windin' through the middle an' the slidin', slippin', tumblin', liquid monster was gone out o' sight, swish-tail an' all. We c'd hear him snortin' an' rippin' down the valley. Two or three houses o' the mill settlement, fortunately uninhabited, it bein' slack time, I last seen bobbin' sawyin', rollin', doin' circus stunts on the back o' the flood, bowin' an' flappin' doors an' shutters to each other like bouncin', curtsyin', giddy equestriennes, when they hit timber half a mile away. Trees bowed, swayed, tossed their tufted crests in air an' waved their lanky arms, salaamed, prostrated themselves, kicked uprooted heels skyward, an' joined the procession. That was all!

"The mill was saved! Stood in stoical indifference while the rip-roarin', swish-tailed, watery thing cavorted by, fifty yards to east'ard.

"The house which stood just over the east end o' the embankment, was left hangin' a third o' its bulk beyond the brink o' the wash-out, but remained poised there uncert'nly, not bein' so courageous or so rash as its little mill-cottage neighbors to try the experiment o' rough-ridin'.

"Soon's the populace recovered some'at fr'm the blank dizziness which the phenomenon afflicted 'em withal, they set out afoot an' horseback, to follow the path o' the flood. It cut a groove through the sandy, clayey soil averagin' two to three hundred yards wide an' fifty to one hundred feet deep. The damages was consid'able. The major part o' its course was through a timber patch o' Deacon Busberry's an' ol' Hank Pollard's, an' it strewed some tens o' thousan' o' feet o' the Deacon's biggest timber, which he thought to cut, but had decided to let stan', waitin' better prices,—strewed it all along the river to Sachem on the coast, twenty miles off.

"The county mail road was cut in twain by a gulch fifty feet deep and a hundred yards wide. The Deacon, with his team, was left, dazed and scairt, stranded on the further side o' the washout, an' had to drive three miles 'roun' to git home.

"But he—the aforesaid Deacon—had saved the mill, valued by its honorable possessor, ol' Hank Pollard, at ten thousan' dollars. It cost the town o' Eas'man $30,000 to replace the dam,—they put in granite an' cement masonry—an' $10,000 to repair the county road, not to mention losses sustained by the Deacon an' ol' Pollard in timber an' re-el estate!

"Those an' the popular indignation against the Deacon was the cards; an' I played 'em. I knew he had a platform to win the rural vote. He was, besides, the can'idate for the majority party o' the county. So I jest laughed the senatorship away fr'm him by tellin' all over the deestric' at the end o' every speech how my 'ponent Deacon Busberry saved the mill.

"That was the end o' the Deacon as a public man—came pretty nigh bein' the end o' him as a shinin' light o' the elect. The brethern an' sisters, bein' indignant at the ridic'lous result, didn't like the way the Dea-

con said his plan f'r handlin' the freshet was God-given in answer to prayer. He saved himself, however, by a specious, unanswerable plea, backed up by me, who was magnanimous. 'Brethren,' he said, 'I hev' allers hed child-like faith in the infallible an' special efficacy o' prayer. It is now stronger then ever; but I hol' it with a greater sperrit o' humility then afore. I as'ed only ter be guided ter save ther mill; an' the prayer was answered to the letter. I *saved* the mill; but God, ter 'umble my sperrit, an' the more strongly ter empha-size the lesson, made o' me the instrument fer the destruction o' mos' everythin' else.'

"'That's so,' I testified, 'an' in further support o' the Deacon Busberry's chil'-like faith, I want ter say that I've been prayin' for months ter win the 'lection 'gainst the Deacon. As you know, I've got it—which I wouldn't ef it hadn't ben fer the Deacon's easin' off the pond.'"

KOKIKOMING *and the* IRON MOOSE

By L. B. Kinder

THE cold November moon glimmered across Lake Sesabegama, to a western peninsula's sombre pines, where blazed the campfire of a Chippewa war party returning from a barren incursion into Sioux territory beyond the upper Mississippi. The pitchy flames flashed about the circle of squatted councillors, revealing on one side Chief Umbigosh towering above the stooped medicine man, Mikidji; and on the other, gaunt Kokikoming, standing at the head of a dozen irresolute braves.

"Brothers," spoke Umbigosh, "who is this Kokikoming, that you should give weight to his words? Is he a hunter that brings meat into our lodges, or moose-hide for our moccasins? Is he a shrewd setter of traps that we may have furs with which to buy powder, rifles and hunting knives? Is he a warrior at whose name the Dakotahs tremble; does the blood of our enemies brighten his rusty knife blade? Do their dry scalps crackle in his wigwam? No, brothers. The great sun has watched Kokikoming in our hunting grounds and on the war-path; and by night the moon has scanned the shadowy trails; and neither has seen him perform a deed that should entitle him to be heard at our council fire!"

"Brothers," sullenly answered gaunt Kokikoming, "unworthy as I may be, the truth from my lips is as true as if uttered by the Great Manitou himself. Again I say to you that if we do not kill this whiteface, who has pitched his tepee on these shores, others will camp beside him until they wax strong, when they will drive us from our hunting grounds."

"There is room for us all," asserted Umbigosh. "The whitefaces are like needles on the pine. They would avenge their brother. I had rather get their bullets over the trader's counter than from their rifles."

"They are a people of marvels," cackled old Mikidji. "They build stone lodges as big as small hills, and they ride in long, narrow wigwams after a giant, iron moose that runs like the wind."

"A moose of iron!" sneered Kokikoming.

"Aye, a moose of iron that eats black stones and breaths fire and smoke."

"Some manitou has told you this in a dream," asserted Kokikoming.

"It is true," declared Umbigosh. "I have seen this monster with my own eyes."

The confirming testimony of a dozen others convinced the assembly, who by an almost unanimous voice, voted to permit the whiteface to remain unmolested. Whereupon, seeing himself deserted by his half-hearted supporters, Kokikoming launched his canoe and paddled morosely northwards.

Two weeks later, with the speed of one eager to execute a purpose, Kokikoming hastened to rejoin his tribe on the east shore

of Lake Mille Lacs. Before entering the the village he paused on its outskirts to dishevel his hair, bedraggle his garments and ochre his greasy face.

Those who hailed him, as he passed between the huts, he greeted with vacant stares, gibbering meaningless phrases. Thrice he thus made a circuit of the village, and people said: "Kokikoming is possessed of an evil manitou." When he judged that all had been sufficiently impressed, he went to the wigwam of his former adherent, Lotowis.

"Brother," he asserted, "I have made a powerful medicine. For two weeks I have lived among the spirits of the dead. Then a mighty manitou sent me away, saying: 'You must go and capture the iron moose of the whitefaces. Then the Chippewas will become strong and the whitefaces will vanish like the snow in springtime. But it is a task for many men. Lotowis will aid you.'"

The latter assenting, Kokikoming sought his friend, Nettagama, to whom he imparted the vision, ending with the injunction: "Nettagama will aid you." In a like manner he enlisted Esquegamah and seventeen others, who, that night, stole out of the village, heading eastward, for it was towards the rising sun that Umbigosh had seen the iron moose that drew, like the wind, the narrow wigwams of the whitefaces.

During a month they roamed about the forest wilderness. The lakes and swamps froze over and the snow came thigh deep upon the ground. For a week they halted to make snow shoes, on which they traveled faster than before. Frequently, his fickle companions threatened to desert, but Kokikoming passed such crises by invoking his patron manitou, and luckily the hunting remained good. Many were the strange trails that the others would have followed had not their leader sagely declared, that the manitou would tell him when they were on the right one.

Towards the end of December, when search for game succeeding their original motive, impelled them northwards, they discovered the long-sought-for trail. Late one afternoon, on emerging from a pine ridge into a long, narrow clearing, cleft by a long, deep cut, they came upon it. Rushing down the banks, they gazed in awe at the parallels of steel that bound the eastern to the western horizon.

"It is to be expected," declared Kokikoming, "that the iron moose should leave an iron trail."

"Look, brothers," cried Lotowis. "He is running towards us!"

"He is flat like a turtle and no bigger than a small she-moose," grunted one.

"Perhaps it is an iron moose calf," suggested another.

"No," Kokikoming asserted, authoritatively. "It does not breathe fire; neither does it travel like the wind. See, there are men upon it, and they are working their arms. It is some land canoe that is following the other's trail."

Nevertheless, they scrambled up the bank, from which they suspiciously watched it approach. On nearer view, it turned out to be a hand-car manned by four section men, who, alarmed at sight of a score of armed Indians above, redoubled their pumping. To Kokikoming's band, however, the hand-car was an object of only lesser mystery than the monster for which they were seeking. Curiously, they gazed until its outlines were dimmed by distance, when at their leader's command they descended to the track and followed.

Greatly they marvelled at the iron trail that maintained its even level, apparently by the filling of swamps and the boring of hillsides, and whose double line of steel spiked to hewn logs of cedar, kept their equi-distance with unvarying exactitude.

"It is the work of some manitou," asserted Kokikoming, to which explanation all grunted concurrence.

The end of the December day still found them in pursuit. With darkness came the realization that the trail was doubtless a long one, and they were hurrying across a heavy fill towards what seemed to be a favorable camping spot, when an unearthly shriek, like the wail of squaws during massacre, made them glance anxiously behind.

As they looked, a dazzling light rushed towards them from the cut they had just left. A second more terrifying shriek sent them scampering down the sides of the grade, when a sizzling, roaring monster crashed by at the head of a dozen lurching, clattering monsters, followed by a brilliantly illuminated one, wherein sat a score of whitefaces at their ease.

In the panic-stricken retreat southwards, no one ran faster than Kokikoming, but, when

on the following morning the party proposed to abandon the undertaking, his easily restored equanimity asserted itself.

"Brothers," he protested, "when Nettagama relieved me from the watch at midnight, I fell into a deep sleep in which the manitou appeared to me, saying: 'If you wish to trap an animal, first you watch him closely until you have learned his habits, and then you set your snare in such a way that he can not escape. So you must do before you can capture the moose of iron. Be not afraid. He is obedient to his master and does not wish to harm you, else he would not have cried out a second time to warn you from his path. This is no child's task. But you are not children, but men, and if you put your hearts into the enterprise I will give you success. But if you give up now, I shall proclaim your cowardice to the pine trees, who will spread the news abroad until you become the laughing stock of the whole Chippewa nation.'"

By repetitions of this and similar arguments, he won over the frightened warriors to return to the iron trail. With darkness, and the approach of the hour at which the monster had appeared on the night before, their anxiety became intense, but the expected did not come. For in those early days of the Northern Pacific (for such was the trail on which the Chippewas were encamped), a mixed train every other day was sufficient to handle the then insignificant traffic between Duluth and the West.

On the following morning, emboldened by the failure of the iron moose to appear, the band again ventured out upon the track, whence shortly before noon a terror-inspiring shriek sent them scurrying back once more to cover.

Crouched in readiness for immediate flight they waited, hearing with trepidation, the increase of sound that marked the monster's approach. When, at length, the latter rounding a curve dashed towards them, their hearts indeed quaked, but by daylight the iron moose seemed so infinitely less dreadful, that the reaction from their imagined fears saved them from a second panic. Nevertheless, the spectacle of a shiny, black, smoke-puffing creature, bounding along before a lurching line of narrow wigwams, in the last of which, stared whiteface men and women, so alarmed them that with difficulty Kokikoming held them to his purpose.

At his command wigwams were erected of balsam banked with snow, in which the party cowered during the bitter January days, and slept during the long nights. For three weeks they thus camped, becoming with daily familiarity less and less afraid, until it was no longer accounted sport to dare one another to stand close to the track when the train went by.

As yet, however, no effort had been made to capture their quarry. Repeatedly Kokikoming held councils, which failed to bring forth any feasible plan of attack. The instability of Indian character made a protracted siege impossible. Kokikoming, who had hitherto schemed in vain, now stimulated by fear of desertion, opportunely had a vision, in which a manitou confided the means they were to use for ensnaring the prey.

"Brothers," said he, exultantly, on the following morning, "the mighty manitou that commanded me to undertake this enterprise, appeared last night to me saying: 'You shall braid a rope of buckskin that shall be as thick as your arm and as long as three tall men. This you shall stretch tightly across the iron trail. Ten of your warriors shall hold on one side and ten on the other. When the iron moose comes he will stop, for he cannot dodge, neither to the right nor to the left, but must keep the iron trail that has been made for him. Then you will leap upon his back, overpower the whitefaces and ride him away to Lake Mille Lacs, where your warriors will be most honored of men, and you, Kokikoming, will be made chief."

"Brothers," objected Lotowis, "perhaps we can not lead the moose away from this iron trail."

"Do you question the words of the great manitou?" thundered Kokikoming. "If the monster needs a trail of iron, the manitou will make one."

Without further objection, the band set to work cutting deer hides into strips and braiding them into ropes, which in turn were braided and rebraided into a large cable. Many hands soon completed the task. Working with child-like enthusiasm, in eagerness to put the plan into immediate execution, they hurried at the first shriek of the whistle to the west end of the cut above which they were encamped. This they judged to be the most advantageous place to trap the monster, for he would be hemmed in by steep banks, and

in case of failure they could escape down the sides of the hill.

Dropping the rope across the track, they took their places in equal divisions on each side. On the right, Kokikoming stood next to the rails, while Lotowis occupied this post of danger on the left. Coward, as he was, the former, cocksure of success, awaited the result with an inward composure equal to his outward stolidity of countenance.

When, a few minutes later, the near whistle-blast was followed by the train sweeping into view and sailing down the straight track towards them, Kokikoming ordered his braves to man the rope.

"Brothers, this is to be a day of glory for us and for the Chippewa nation," he cried. "Remember, he can jump neither to the right nor to the left. Keep a stout heart and taut line and the great manitou will give us victory."

Like an arrow the train shot towards them, the pounding of the rails through the frosty air drowning the hum of telegraph wires and dripping of melting snow, as thunder drowns the gentle rattle of the rain. The cold sunshine upon the white landscape dazzled, illumined harshly the bare trees, accented the pleasing greenness of pine aand balsam, gleamed from the russia iron boiler and glittered upon the headlight reflector.

"Stretch tight, brothers!" cried Kokikoming.

Frantically the whistle shrieked. This failing to move the Indians, the engineer opened his cylinder cocks, and flooded the track with hissing white steam. But the former, having previously discovered the harmlessness of this bombardment, did not stir. Quickly shutting the cylinders, the engineer gazed anxiously ahead, fearing a blocked track. But the only obstacle in sight was a thick rope, suspended a yard high across the rails by opposing squads of well-braced Indians. He smiled and wickedly threw his lever ahead three notches. Like a horse beneath the lash the engine sprang forward.

"Hold fast, brothers," called Kokikoming, who, terrified by the towering, snorting monster, himself let go, just as the engine struck the rope. And well he did!

Like sparks from the blow of the blacksmith's hammer, or spray from a stone cast into the water, or rocks hurled from a blast of dynamite, his unlucky companions spurted into the air, whence they rained down upon the deep snow beside the road bed.

With a blurred perception of disaster, came realization of the failure of his scheme. Impelled by instinct to escape the probable vengeance of his discomfited band, he ran along beside the cars, and by a desperate effort, boarded the passenger coach at the end, whence he glanced stolidly back at a disturbed patch of white, wherein warriors staggered, legs kicked, arms, feet and heads wiggled above the snow, while great holes in the crust told eloquently of those who had plunged in the deepest drifts.

Contemplation of this spectacle was cut short by the appearance of a whiteface in blue uniform, who became so persistent in his demands for money, that Kokikoming turned upon him with a knife. This infuriated the other, who stepped inside for help. Returning with two younger whitefaces in blue, the three grappled Kokikoming and cast him off into a snow bank.

Thus it was, that a mile down the track east of a small area, trampled as by boys playing in the snow, the crust was broken by a single jagged hole, and at the bottom of that hole groaned bruised and terrified Kokikoming.

Signaling.

Launch Pulling Liberty Men Ashore.

WHY THE FLEET WILL 'ROUND THE HORN

By John Callan O'Laughlin

Hitch up your trousers, Jackie,
An' get to work, my man;
The cruise is long, an' at the end
Perhaps we'll fight Japan.

A GUNNER'S mate on the Illinois, the latest winner of the Roosevelt trophy for excellence in target practice, lovingly patted the bronzed muzzle of a 13-inch breech-loading rifle which, in sinister fashion, stuck out of the forward turret of the battleship.

"Yes, sir," he said, at the end of the nautical doggerel he was humming. "John L. here is the real thing. He made one hundred per cent of the hits in the last target practice, and if we go up against the Japs, I'll bet my bank roll every shot he'll make 'll be a bull's-eye. We ain't no Ruskies! Can we shoot? Say, you can gamble on us all right, all right."

"I don't believe you'll have a chance to display your skill," I observed.

"We won't, hey. You just watch our smoke. You don't think them wise geezers in Washington is sendin' all our navy 'round to the Pacific for the sport of the thing! Say! size up the proposition yourself. All the battleships, except the Iowa, Massachusetts an' Indiana, which are has-beens, and the old Texas, which is a dead one—passay is the French of it—is on the cards to go. There are sixteen of them, sixteen fine ships, every one of 'em a cracker-jack. All the armored cruisers, eleven Jim Dandies, are in the Pacific now. Then there are the destroyer flotillas, one of six boats, which is crawlin' down the Brazil coast, and five at Mare Island. Say, when all them ships get together, it 'll be a bunch that 'll beat anything that's called, forty-five ways from Broadway. It'll make the Japs sit up an' take notice, if it don't do anything else."

"You really think there will be trouble?"

"It ain't for us between decks to think. We've got to go. But it's a fair conclusion, as they frame it up in the King's Cabin, that if there was nothin' doin' we'd be stayin' on this side an' save your Uncle Samuel's coin."

"Do the men want to go?"

"Say, you ain't hitched up wrong, are you? Sure we want to go. There's nothin' to it, goin' to Guantanamo, then out for drills, back to Guantanamo, then to Culebra; more drills, liberty where there's nothin' to do an' less to see. Five solid months, one hundred an' fifty days of bloomin' hard work, an' nary a nibble at the gay life. Now we've got a chance to look over South America, an' it's a toss-up if we don't have to take on with the Japs when we get around. Do we want to go? Sure, Mike."

Probably no man in the Navy could have described better the feeling of the crews of the various ships ordered to the Pacific Coast than this youngster of the Illinois. They are wild to go. Since the announcement was made that the armor-clads were to make the long voyage, the percentage of desertions has dropped from an average of eleven to nine, and the enlistments have almost doubled. Letters are being received by the Navy Department from prisoners, begging for a return to the battleships, and promising good behavior under any and all conditions. Chief Boatswain Hill, the commander of the prison ship Southery, has in charge 250 men who are undergoing punishment. Most of these men were sentenced by courts-martial for desertion or fraudulent enlistment. "Every one of them," said the chief boatswain, "would be delighted if given the opportunity to rejoin their ships."

"It is the desire for adventure, which is inborn in every American breast," said Rear Admiral Brownson, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, "that is responsible for the satisfaction the men feel at the orders to the Pacific." The officers are as wrought up over the fleet's orders as the men are. The long cruise will be a test of efficiency. It will be a demonstration to the world of the

falsity of the charges made in Europe, that the American Navy, while excellent in *material*, is woefully lacking in training and discipline. It gives to every ambitious officer an opportunity to prove his possession of the qualities necessary to enable him to fight any ship he may command or to which he may be attached. It is a point of honor to go. There is a slight chance of war, and these men, whose entire training has had that single object in view, cannot afford to disregard it. Therefore, such an application as this:

"The Mayflower has just arrived at the Navy-yard, Admiral," said Lieutenant Commander, Andrew I. Long, commander of the President's yacht, to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. "I shall be glad to be assigned to one of the battleships if it can be so arranged."

Such applications were granted. Lieutenant Commander Long was ordered to the Illinois, as executive officer. He is a young man, and young men are wanted in responsible positions on board the monster fighting craft. Years are excellent as a temper to youthful enthusiasm, but old age is destructive to initiative and instantaneous decision, and this axiom was responsible for the removal of some of the older captains from the command of battleships and armored cruisers, and their succession by men who had only recently been promoted to the same rank. Take, for instance, Captain W. W. Kimball, who commanded the New Jersey. He will retire on account of age on January 9, 1910. The experience he would have gained in taking a ship around to the Pacific could not possibly have benefitted the country. By direction of the President, therefore, Captain Kimball was detached from the New Jersey, and Captain W. H. H. Souther-

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REAR ADMIRAL URIEL SEBREE, COMMANDING THE "PATHFINDER SQUADRON" AND PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF ADMIRAL EVANS AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

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ADMIRAL BOB EVANS ON THE LOUISIANA

land assigned to duty as his successor. Captain Southerland will not retire before 1914, and will have several years to serve as a rear admiral. In other words, the experience he will enjoy, not only as commander of a battleship, but as a unit in a great fleet, will fit him for squadron and later for fleet command as soon as he attains the necessary rank. "No matter how well-equipped in other respects a navy may be," says President Roosevelt, "though its fleet may be composed of powerful high-speed battleships, maneouvred by complicated tactics based upon the latest development of naval science, yet it is grievously handicapped if directed by admirals and captains who lack experience in their duties, and who are hampered by long deprivation of independent action and responsibility. To oppose such a fleet to one equally good, led by officers more active and more experienced in their duties, is to invite disaster." The youngest captain in command of a battleship is 54 years of age. The oldest is 59. In the British Navy, the youngest captain is 35, and he spends eleven years in that grade. In the Japanese navy, 38 is the minimum age, and eight years is the average time he exercises command of a battleshhip or armored cruiser.

As the retiring age for officers of the American navy is 62, it is evident that, in spite of the efforts of the administration in Washington to put young men in charge of the armorclads, none of them will have much chance to put his experience to good account. Most of them will be advanced to the grade of rear admiral within a couple of years. The officers of this grade who will be attached to the fleet are on the verge of retirement. Rear Admiral, Robley D. Evans, commander-in-chief, will retire in August of next year, and within a year thereafter will be followed to retirement by all his squadron and division commanders, with one exception, Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree. The latter will remain in active service until February, 1910, two years and two months hence. The American flag officers, therefore, are 60 years of age. British flag officers attain the rank which carries squadron command at 45; Japanese at 44. The average number of years the former have in active service is eight, the latter eleven.

I have dwelt upon this situation because it is serious, startlingly so. Who is to blame for it? Congress claims the Navy Department has not enforced the laws properly; the navy charges that inadequate legislation is responsible. The question of responsibility is not, however, concerning the authorities at this juncture. They are making the best of the tools they have. The President, Secretary Metcalf, Rear Admiral Brownson, and the General Board, of which Admiral Dewey is president, are working in unison to start the fleet on its long cruise to the Pacific in such shape that it will be able to uphold American honor and dignity whatever the trial it may experience. "It is a thoroughly trained, efficient force," declared Admiral Dewey. "The American people may have every confidence in it, no matter what it may be called upon to do." Captain Pillsbury, who was Rear Admiral Evans' chief of staff for two years, asserts that every ship is well officered, well manned and well trained. The vessels have been taught to co-operate. Tactics are to a fleet what sparring is to a pugilist. Both try at the beginning of a fight to gain the advantage of position. Togo easily destroyed the Russian fleet in the battle of the Tsushima Straits, because he so disposed his ships that they were able to concentrate practically all their fire on one after the other of the enemy's vessels. In the open sea, the commanders of opposing fleets will seek to place their commands in such positions that they will not be bothered either by the wind or sun. Separation of the enemy's craft will be attempted. It will be a duel of wits, and the advantage will lie with that commander and his subordinates who have had the most practice. I saw the Russians steaming through the British Channel on their way to destruction in the far East. They were proceeding in column. Their line was ragged. It was apparent they had had no experience in operating as a fleet. Nor had they the opportunity on that long, dismal voyage to practice other manoeuvres than those of column or double column. Togo's command, on the other hand, not only practiced every conceivable manoeuvre before the war, but had the untold advantage of war experience. "Before the war with Russia," said a high Japanese naval officer, "the instructions of the commander-in-chief required tactical operations to meet any and every possibility. It was this training that

BATTLESHIPS GEORGIA, CONNECTICUT AND KANSAS

gave us victory. Since the war, we have continued the work."

The American Fleet has been in existence less than four months. Prior to its organization there were squadron drills, but until sixteen battleships were collected it was impossible to engage in fleet maneouvres. In brief, the fleet today does not constitute that unit which is essential for victory against an equal force trained, as, say, the Japanese are. The defects of fire control, so important in the handling of the gun-fire of a ship in action, lack of torpedoes, etc., have been partially overcome, and, ship for ship, every one of Rear Admiral Evans' command is the equal of anything afloat. A different proposition exists, however, with respect to the fleet. Some practice has been held, but it is not sufficient. Nor, unfortunately, will it be possible to have that practice during the voyage to the Pacific. No unnecessary time is to be lost in getting the ships around to the theater of possible complications. They are to go direct to the West Indies; thence to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Punta Arenas, at the southern extremity of South America; Callao, Peru, and Magdalena Bay, Mexico. It is possible they may stop at other points, but during the entire time, the fleet will keep in communication with Washington. Rear Admiral Evans will be advised as to the international situation. He will hold himself in readiness to return to the Atlantic, to proceed to San Francisco, or to hasten to the far East. He will keep in mind the imperative necessity of delivering his fleet in apple-pie order at the place where Ameri- interests require defence.

"There's wise guys on the beach," said the gunner's mate of the Illinois, "who'll tell you we're an undrilled bunch of galoots, an' then they'll fatigue the hind legs of a mule by sayin': 'But Americans can be depended on to keep them Stars and Stripes aloft!' That's fine dope. Now, I've been afloat two years an' six months. I've found out the navy ain't no place to loaf and tell funny stories. There was a time when men got pie-eyed. Now there's nothin' doin' in that line. If you get soused, it's you for the mast, and perhaps the pen. No, it's work with us, all right. We has drills in the mornin', drills in the afternoon, an' drills at night. We're evolutin' when at sea and drillin' in port. Oh, the navy's fine business, an' that's no lie, but it ain't no place for hang-arounds."

What situation is there which warrants the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific Slope, which requires the straining of every nerve to put vessels in war uniform, which justifies the expenditure of almost two million dollars for coal? Ask an official of the administration, either at the White House or the Navy Department, and the answer is: "The Pacific is as much American home waters as the Atlantic. We have the same right to send our fleet to the Pacific as we have to keep ships in the Atlantic. The cruise is needed to train our officers and men. It will be of incalculable advantage, educationally. Morover, it will be a great moral demonstration which the world cannot overlook." Such is the official explanation. The underlying facts are these:

The administration became alarmed last winter over the attitude adopted by the Japanese. The latter observed a pin-prick policy and manifested a disposition to hasten a quarrel. Questions of no importance were magnified into international complications. At the same time reports came from the American naval attaché in Tokio, describing great activity in preparing the Japanese navy for conflict. The work on all ships under construction was being rushed. Other nations displayed concern over the preparations of the Japanese. Two powers instructed their representatives, diplomatic and military, in Tokio, to report upon the purposes of the Japanese. They coincided in the opinion that the conquerors of the Russians were preparing to attack the United States. At that time the force of the United States in the Pacific consisted of four armored cruisers, two monitors, and some smaller vessels which were in Chinese or Philippine waters, two armored cruisers in commission, and three battleships and two armored cruisers under construction or repair on the Pacific slope. This small and divided command was charged with the protection of the Pacific coast, Alaska Hawaii, Samoan Islands, Guam and the Philippines; a trade valued at $125,000,000, and which should be worth $1,000,000,000; and above all the right of the American people to an equal opportunity in the exploitation of the illimitable resources of the far East. At the outset of the Russo-Japanese War, Admiral Togo enjoyed the great initial ad-

THE 8-INCH GUN CREW ON THE LOUISIANA

Photo by Waldon Fawcett

vantage of encountering a divided fleet. The Russian Admiral had distributed his vessels between Vladivostock, Chemulpo, Korea and Port Arthur. The general board of the navy in Washington did not propose to permit the United States to be put in such an awkward and dangerous predicament. The armored cruisers were ordered to San Francisco. Orders were given to equip Olongapo, in the Island of Luzon, the naval base in the Philippines, for a long defence. Rear Admiral Joseph N. Hemphill, the commander of the vessels, two monitors, torpedo boat destroyers and small craft, was directed to mobilize his command at Olongapo, in case of danger. Then the recommendation was made that all the battleships proceed to the Pacific. It was pointed out that the European situation permitted the dispatch of the ships. Germany, the single European power, which the war authorities have been watching, has displayed a most friendly disposition for some years. Moreover, she has been isolated by the ententes Great Britain has arranged with France and Russia. If Great Britain, as the ally of Japan, should attack the United States, Germany, unquestionably, would take advantage of the opportunity to attempt to carry out her long-cherished plan to invade England. In a word, the European situation was nicely balanced so far as this country was concerned. The fleet could be transferred to the Pacific, where its presence would be a strong deterrent to hostile operations. The recommendation of the general board was laid before the President. He approved it. The news leaked out. Since then, the tone of Tokio has been materially different. Not thoroughly understanding the reasons behind the President's action, he has been subjected to a great deal of criticism. "No matter what may be said, no matter how strong the pressure that may be brought to recall the fleet," the President said to a friend, "I am determined it shall go."

The natural question which arises in connection with this move is: "Why does Japan dream of going to war with the United States? Isn't she content with her victory over Russia and the fruits gained therefrom? The Japanese people hold this country responsible for depriving them of an indemnity. Had not President Roosevelt intervened, Russia, they believe, would have paid Japan $500,000,000, perhaps $1,000,000,000. Japan insists she does not want the Philippines." "When I was minister for Foreign Affairs," said Baron Komura, now Japanese Ambassador in London, "Mr. Griscom, the American Minister, came to me one day. 'What would Japan give for the Philippines?' he asked. 'I cannot answer that question officially,' was my answer, 'until I have consulted the remainder of the Cabinet. Speaking for myself, however, I can say to you that Japan will take the Philippines if the United States will pay her the same sum she gave to Spain—$20,000,000."

In spite of this disclaimer, however, there is not a man who has studied the strategic situation of the Philippines that does not appreciate their enormous military and commercial advantages. Admiral Dewey has pointed out that if Japan should acquire possession of the archipelago, she would have control of all the entrances and exits to the Asiatic coast. Her domination would extend from the frozen Arctic to tropical Borneo. If she willed, she could prevent a foreign nation from sending its ships to China, and prevent China from sending its goods abroad. She would realize the idea of the "Trade Militant" which Baron Kaneko has expressed, and possess the geographical advantage to enforce it. Time witnesses the transfer of power from land to land, from sea to sea. The Mediterranean was the battle ground of the nations of antiquity. Roman greatness was coincident with Roman naval supremacy. With Rome's decline, the rise and fall of Mediterranean powers depended upon their control of the sea. With the development of civilization in barbarian lands, Spain, France, the Netherlands, and what is now modern Germany and England, the struggle for supremacy was transferred to the Atlantic. The discovery and settlement of America, and the traffic between the Old and the New World has made the Atlantic the seat of empire. The expansion of the American people to the Pacific, their acquisition of dependencies in the greatest of all oceans, the fact that 900,000,000 people surround this body of water; the irresistible temptation which the exploitation of the vast majority of this people offers, the awakening of Japan—all these destine the Pacific to be the greatest Empire the world has ever known, and the nation which controls it the most powerful, the most opulent

BATTLESHIPS KENTUCKY, ALABAMA AND NEW JERSEY

and the most cultivated. President Roosevelt believes America's geographical situation is such as to insure peaceful domination of its waters in the future, if we only grasp, with sufficient resolution, the advantages of that position. But peaceful domination is impossible with an aggressive Japan, with an awakened China, and with the great military powers of the world entrenched in excellent, strategic positions. Rome gained control of the Mediterranean by fighting for it. England's naval supremacy in the Atlantic was the result of a succession of conflicts. The power that dominates the Pacific will do so by virtue of its might.

"Course," observed the gunner's mate of the Illinois, when I had expounded these views to him, "I ain't no history sharp, but I can tell you, an' it ain't no secret at that, that we ain't goin' to get anything unless we're on hand an' able to blow rings around the other fellows. All the countries are like a bunch of sharks lungin' for a piece of meat. The strongest an' quickest 'll get it. I read all about that there Peace Congress at The Hague. It's a bloomin' farce. They was fightin' between theirselves, an' the little marks had to give under to the big guys. It's the old game, and we knows it. If we've got the ships an' can fight 'em, there ain't goin' to be no trouble, and we gets the goods. That's sense, that is, and you can put it in your pipe and smoke it."

Let us look at the means at the disposal of the United States to gain and maintain Pacific control. The American navy ranks as the the third in the world. It is preceded by Great Britain with 1,637,662 tons, and France with 603,995 tons. It has 570,772 tons. Germany is fourth with 468,572, tons and Japan fifth with 360,497 tons. As a result of alliance with Japan, the British Admiralty withdrew all its armor-clads from the Pacific and concentrated them in home waters. This move was necessary to offset a possible European combination. Since the destruction of the Russian navy, Japan is the only power that has maintained a battle fleet in the Pacific. To make a comparison, while it has its entire Navy in the western ocean, the United States has only eleven vessels to rely upon in case of war. When the battleships, armored cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers are assembled at Magdalena Bay, the naval strength of the United States at that single point in the Pacific will aggregate 300,000 tons. This force does not take into account coast defense ships, auxiliaries, etc., but represents the actual fighting capacity which can proceed to any point for the protection of American interests. It will comprise eighteen modern first-class battleships, eleven first-class armored cruisers, and six fast torpedo boat destroyers. Japan could put against it eleven battleships, some modern and others reconstructed, ten splendid armored cruisers, and fifty-four torpedo boat destroyers. If the American ships should find it necessary to attack the Japanese in their home waters, as would be probable, then the entire navy of the Mikado would be employed against it. The advantage of getting the fleet into the Pacific before the outbreak of war is obvious. For instance, Japan's response to the announcement of the dispatch of the fleet, was the organization of an armored cruiser squadron at Hong Kong. This British port is only 600 miles from Manila. It was here that Dewey assembled his force and made ready for his descent upon the Philippines in 1898. Within forty-eight hours, the Japanese vessels would have Manila and Olongapo blockaded, would have an army on the way to capture Olongapo and destroy the naval base there. "That wouldn't make any difference," the average American would say. "Olongapo is thousands of miles away from home." But it would make a difference, a very important difference. It would mean the destruction of the single dock we have in the far East, and its loss would prevent the repair of any of the battleships crippled during a fight in that part of the world. On the Pacific Slope, there is but one dock capable of accommodating ships of fourteen thousand tons, and it is located at Puget Sound. That is to say, if the United States were to retain its fleet in the Atlantic, and war were to be begun by Japan, at least two months would be occupied in reaching the Pacific Slope, another month would be employed in refitting, and still another month would be necessasry to cross the Pacific and come in contact with the enemy's fleet. That is to say, the Japanese would have four months in which to destroy Olongapo and seriously cripple American resources, and also to inflict a sharp blow upon American prestige. They would have all the advantage of first blood, the confidence which service under

LOADING AMMUNITION ON BOARD A UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP FOR THE PACIFIC CRUISE

fire begets, and probably would be able to gain financial aid from Europe.

Of course, when the fleet came in contact with the enemy, a change would be wrought in this situation. Not that the defeat of the Japanese would be an easy matter. The Russians made the mistake of despising their enemies. Experience taught them the wisdom of initial respect. Almost every member of the Japanese Navy is a veteran. He has heard shells screeching over his head. He has felt his ship quiver when a shot struck home, and has smelt the pungent gases emanating from the explosive. He has passed safely through the stage of gun-shyness under the dangerous conditions of action. In battle with a superior fleet, he has seen his ships make sixty per cent. of hits. He has leaders who have led him to victory.

He has tasted the joy of seeing his enemy destroyed. He has been uplifted by the enthusiasm of his people. Not one of the American battleships or armored cruisers has been engaged in conflict. Comparatively few veterans of the war with Spain are now in service. When Cervera's fleet was destroyed, off Santiago de Cuba, only an average of three out of every hundred shots struck their target! Fortunately, that was nine years ago. As a result of the energetic insistence of President Roosevelt, a marvelous improvement has occurred in American gunnery. In peace practice, the ships are still below the war record of the Japanese; their average is 59.293 per cent of hits. But as an off-set to Japanese experience, there is American coolness; to Japanese fanaticism, American courage; to Japanese intelligence American intelligence. In the days of John Paul Jones, the determining factors in battle were the weather guage and the weight of battery. Then, ships usually fought yard arm to yard arm, their guns blowing huge holes in each others' sides; each crew seeking to board and overwhelm his enemy. Now, the weather guage is relatively unimportant.

Photo by Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

GUNS AND GUNNERS OF THE BATTLESHIP CONNECTICUT, ADMIRAL EVANS' FLAGSHIP

TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS LAWRENCE, WHIPPLE AND HULL

Boarding is unthought of. Opposing fleets have become duelists who fight miles apart. To each other they appear like small pictures in a kinetoscope, and from their sides issue yellow flashes, which resemble heat-lightning on a dark night; and these flashes are followed by horrid noises as the shells strike their tar-

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CAPTAIN T. DEWITT VEEDER OF THE BATTLESHIP ALABAMA

gets, and rend and twist huge iron girders, and smother men by the suffocating gases arising from thier explosion. It is to fit the men to serve the guns almost perfectly that there is constant practice; and to prevent the expenditure of enormous sums of money, firing with full charges is permitted only occasionally, sub-calibre practice being the method of training adopted. Sub calibre practice means that a small .22 calibre rifle is inserted in a great gun and secured in such manner that the gun-pointer, upon looking through the telescope, can train his weapon on the bulls-eye of a miniature target dangling before the muzzle. Exercise with this device has produced the improvement in American gunnery. It is intended to continue sub-calibre work throughout the forthcoming cruise, and when the fleet arrives at Magdalena Bay, a spacious harbor of the Peninsula of Lower California, practice will be held with full charges. As every record practice has shown a greater number of hits than the one preceding, confidence is expressed that the percentage at Magdalena Bay will be higher than ever made before.

"After the fleet does get to the Pacific," observed my loquacious gunner's mate, "an' there ain't no war, the knockers 'll roast us for fair, an' say us guys is a bunch of four flushers and didn't do what the Oregon done. The Oregon done the trick in a month, and them pickers took four. But if we do get up against the Japs an' lick 'em, then we'll be the candy kids. Oh, it's me for the American people every time! When it's war, they dope us up with hot air, an' when its peace they hand us a lemon. But I ain't got no

WATCHING THE MEN AT TARGET PRACTICE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

fault to find. It's the navy for mine, and you've got to show me you can beat it. So it's good day to you, sir."

With a final pat of the big gun, the sailor lad turned to go below. As he marched away, I heard him humming:

An' when we reach the Western Sea,
An' meet the Japanese,
We'll make them look almighty like
A hunk of Schweizer cheese.

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CAPTAIN THOMAS B. HOWARD
OF THE BATTLESHIP TENNESSEE

CAPTAIN AUSTIN M. KNIGHT
OF THE BATTLESHIP WASHINGTON

CAPTAIN W. H. H. SOUTHERLAND
OF THE BATTLESHIP NEW JERSEY

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. BARTLETT
OF THE BATTLESHIP OHIO

The Battle Fleet Ordered to the Pacific

REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, Commander-in-Chief
CAPTAIN ROYAL R. INGERSOLL, Chief-of-Staff

FIRST SQUADRON

FIRST DIVISION

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED (knots)	GUNS 4 in. AND OVER
Connecticut	Capt. Hugo Osterhaus	16,000	18.	24
Louisiana	Capt. Richard Wainwright	16,000	18.8	24
Kansas	Capt. C. E. Vreeland	16,000	18.3	24
Vermont	Capt. W. P. Potter	16,000	18.1	24

SECOND DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. EMORY, COMMANDER

Georgia	Capt. Henry McCrea	15,000	19.2	24
Virginia	Capt. Seaton Schroder	15,000	19.	24
New Jersey	Capt. W. H. H. Southerland	15,000	19.2	24
Rhode Island	Capt. Joseph B. Murdock	15,000	19.	24

SECOND SQUADRON

THIRD DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES M. THOMAS, COMMANDER

Minnesota	Capt. John Hubbard	16,000	18.8	24
Ohio	Capt. Charles W. Bartlett	12,500	17.8	20
Maine	Capt. Giles B. Harber	12,500	18.	20
Missouri	Capt. G. A. Merriam	12,500	18.1	20

FOURTH DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES S. SPERRY, COMMANDER

Alabama	Capt. T. E. D. W. Veeder	11,552	17.	18
Illinois	Capt. Bradley A. Fiske	11,552	17.4	18
Kearsarge	Capt. Hamilton Hutchins	11,520	16.8	22
Kentucky	Capt. Walter C. Cowles	11,520	16.9	22

TORPEDO DESTROYER FLOTILLA

LIEUT. H. I. CONE, COMMANDER

				TORPEDOES
Hopkins	Lieut. A. G. Howe	408	29.	2
Hull	Lieut. Edward Woods	408	28.	2
Stewart	Lieut. Frederick Hellweg	420	29.7	2
Whipple	Lieut. H. I. Cone	433	28.2	2
Lawrence	Lieut. John V. Babcock	400	28.4	2
Worden	Lieut. V. S. Houston	433	29.8	2

Armored Cruiser Fleet in the Pacific

REAR ADMIRAL JAMES H. DAYTON, Commander

FIRST SQUADRON

FIRST DIVISION

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED (knots)	GUNS 4 in. AND OVER
West Virginia	Capt. John B. Milton	13,680	22.15	18
Colorado	Capt. S. A. Staunton	13,680	22.24	18
Maryland	Capt. Chauncey Thomas	13,680	22.41	18
Pennsylvania	Capt. Aaron Ward	13,680	22.44	18

SECOND DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SWINBURNE, COMMANDER

Washington	Capt. A. M. Knight	14,500	22.27	20
Tennessee	Capt. T. B. Howard	14,500	22.16	20
California	Capt. V. L. Cottman	13,680	22.	18
South Dakota	Capt Charles E. Fox	13,680	22.	18

THIRD DIVISION

REAR ADMIRAL URIEL SEBREE, COMMANDER

Charleston	Comdr. Frank E. Beatty	9,700	22.04	14
St. Louis	Comdr. N. R. Usher	9,700	22.13	14
Milwaukee	Comdr. C. A. Gove	9,700	22.22	14

TORPEDO FLOTILLA

LIEUT. EDWARD B. LATIMER, COMMANDER

				TORPEDOES
Paul Jones		420	28.9	2
Preble		420	28.03	2

Battleships in the Pacific

NAME	COMMANDER	DISPLACEMENT	SPEED (knots)	GUNS 4 in. AND OVER
Nebraska	Capt. Reginald F. Nicholson	15,000	19	24
Wisconsin	Not yet selected	11,565	17	18

Small Arms Practice on Board a Man-o'-war.

Cheering Their Boat in a Cutter Race.

IN THE SERVICE *of* UNCLE SAM

By H. C. Gauss

A GOVERNMENT telegram was handed to him in the country lawyer's office, where he was working for ten dollars a week. It offered him a clerkship in a department in Washington at nine hundred dollars a year, seventy-five dollars a month, eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents a week. He figured it down to his accustomed weekly basis rapidly, and called the result munificent.

Months before he had taken a civil service examination. Because the eligibles who were above him on the list had been exhausted, because some other state's quota had been filled, or because of one or several chances which might or might not be expected to develop favorably, his turn had come! and his name was one of three certified to the appointment clerk in the department in which the vacancy existed.

The appointment clerk, with another patient and tired attempt at clairvoyance, had picked his name from the list as being probably that of the least undesirable, and had wired to him to report. They turned him over to a glib-tongued official, who rolled off stereotyped phrases as if they were single words, and the new clerk began to doubt the possibilities of shorthand. He put business forms into official letters and addressed a high and mighty official as "Dear Sir.' They corrected him patiently, and other clerks told him things. In a week he found that it was just a new and easily learned language, a sort of official slang, and he began to look about him.

First he found that there was no particular sense in getting up early in the morning. He made his appearance at eight o'clock, and the scrub women stared at him. At half-past eight the messengers came in and asked him if he had been there all night. It was a long hour until nine, and he ascertained definitely that if he were on hand to put his initials on the time slip one minute before or after nine, he would accomplish the ultimate in the way of saving the country or of advancing his own interests.

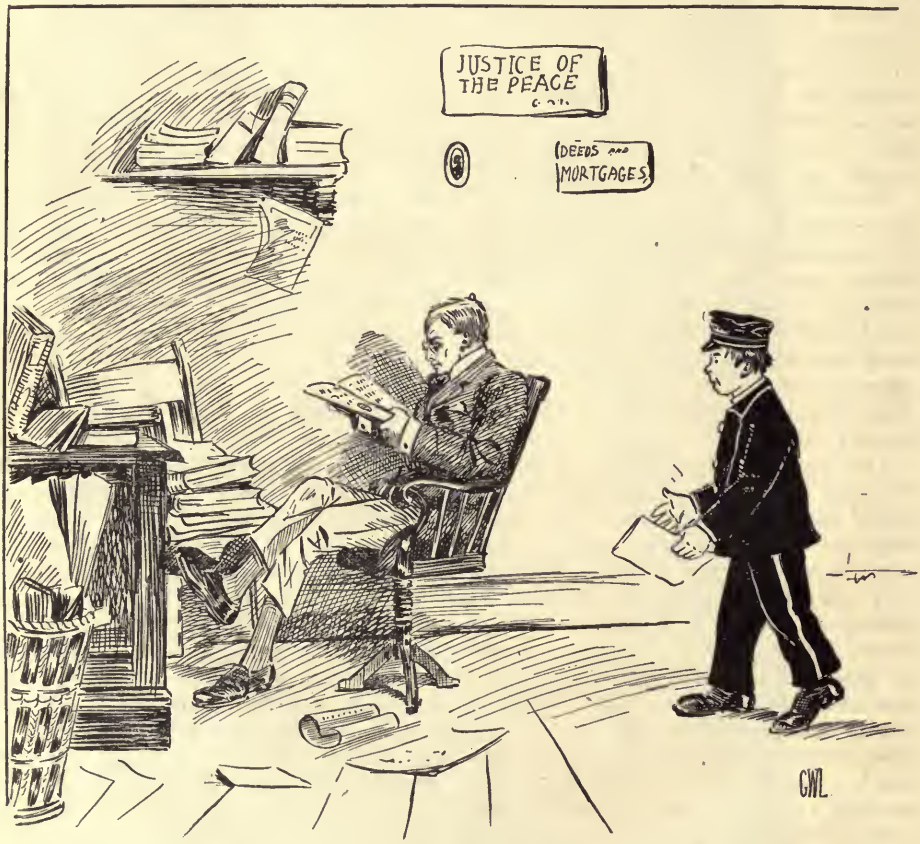
He found also that there was a space of ten minutes or so after nine o'clock in which the morning paper could be consulted, before the mail was distributed. After that there was a crescendo movement of industry, broken by the half-hour lunch period, until the moment of a ceremony known as "calling the mail." This occurred after the longer lunch period of the superior officers, at between two and three o'clock. Industry then began to flag, so that there was no reason why he should not have his hat and coat on and be off promptly at half-past four o'clock.

His work consisted largely in taking dictation from a clerk who wrote many letters stating definitely, and sometimes curtly, that things could not be done. The things that could be done were treated with slips of paper as long as the width of a sheet of letter paper and as wide as one-third its length. He found that most of these divided into classes, each with a crystalized form of expression, for which he came to have an abbreviated stenographic formula which made dictation and transcribing easy. These slips were called endorsements, and certain derelicts of correspondence came round at intervals encrusted with them, until they looked like ships that had been long at sea. To dictate the various formulæ which belonged to the different classes was called "original work." Occasionally the clerk who did the original work would have an opportunity to "throw himself" by calling the attention of some other division or bureau to an error, misstatement or misconception. This was done with an icy politeness, with many "fail-to-understands" and "beg-to-invite-attentions." The certainty that an endorsement would make the recipient dig around for even more exasperating expression was a matter of openly-expressed glee on the part of the clerk doing original work.

The new clerk found that his monthly salary was paid in two installments. He might draw up to one-half on the fifteenth, and as much more before the thirtieth as he

could cajole the disbursing clerk to let him have. On the last-named date he received the balance. He found that the rock-bottom price for existence was thirty dollars a month for board and room. Less than that was something like slow starvation, and he could pay as much more as he chose without securing startling results. This was for two meals a day. Lunch cost him approximately five dollars a month more. Car fare was three dollars a month and laundry, minor repairs to clothes, and lesser expenses he could not keep track of, but he was surprised to find himself looking forward to pay day after the second month with eager anticipation. After six months he congratulated himself if pay day dawned and found him with cash on hand. Under these circumstances it was not hard to convince himself that he was entitled to, and ought to have, a raise.

In the interim he had familiarized himself with the clerical organization of the department. Not counting the messengers, who were in a separate class, not in line of promotion except through passing another civil service examination, he was in the lowest strata. With him were others who were undergoing the six months' probation. Immediately above were clerks doing the same class of work, but who had been employed longer and received a thousand dollars. Next came the clerks in charge of files, stationery and supplies, and details of the routine at twelve and fourteen hundred dollars. The upper crust consisted of sixteen and eighteen hundred dollar clerks in charge of correspondence, "original work" and so on. These were topped by the chief clerk of division; he by the chief clerk of the bureau, and that distant functionary by a misty and



"A government telegram was handed to him in the country lawyer's office."

awful personage, the chief clerk of the department. And these are the generations of the civil service.

At this time the new clerk became interested in his efficiency record. He learned that his daily work was estimated and noted; that these reports would determine whether he should be promoted when a vacancy occurred. He began to compare his work with that of others, and naturally rated his own too high. When the semi-annual report was made he was not the lowest in the room—that place was permanently occupied by a clerk who expected nothing better—but the new clerk was decorously toward the rear, and he was distinctly disappointed. Then he began to work for a record. The clerks under whom he worked complimented him, and he was certain that he was doing better work than anyone else in his grade. But, somehow or other, his efficiency report did not call attention to him as a valuable and painstaking employe whose services should be

"He made his appearance at eight o'clock, and the scrub woman stared at him."

recognized by immediate promotion. Somebody else was in line ahead. The margin was not wide, but it was enough.

The nine hundred dollar clerk foregathered with an older clerk and talked it over.

"X got the promotion," said the older clerk, "because he has been here longer than you have, and because he is a kicker. I know he skins out of all the work he can, and loafs on the rest of us; but it's pretty hard to mark efficiency on this kind of work, and he kicked hard because he didn't get the last promotion. You'll get yours next time."

And so it happened; but when it became necessary once more that pay days should

"Taking dictation from a clerk who wrote many letters stating . . . . that things could not be done."

occur promptly on the fifteenth and thirtieth, the clerk looked round again. It seemed to him, for he was fanciful, that there was something Dantesque in the thousand dollar grade. It was the circle of the gathering of the mass of all sorts. There were those who swam round in their little pool without prospect of getting higher. There were those who had come down from higher grades, and who tried to persuade themselves that they were on bottom. Yet all those who had reasonable expectations, those who had reached their limit and those who had yet a step lower to go; were, each and every one, certain that but for rank injustice, the next promotion should be theirs. Reduced clerks seldom or never lose the hope of getting their old ratings back. Clerks hopelessly in a grade that represents the limits of their possibilities can never understand why younger men are promoted over their heads. It is years since political influence has been able to do anything for clerks in the classified ser-

vice, except perhaps to get them another chance after they run the risk of dismissal; but "pull" is cherished and nursed, hinted at and bragged about to a ridiculous degree.

At intervals there was a stirring of the waters. A vacancy in the upper grades was canvassed, discussed, hoped for until the selection for the position was made and those who could have no possible chance of selection were as disappointed as those who stood next to the door. About fifty per cent. of the left-behinds in a given case will protest that they intend to get a transfer to another department without delay, and the rest will blame the efficiency markings.

". . . . Thirty dollars a month. Less than that was something like slow starvation."

The clerk under consideration did not linger long in the thousand dollar grade. A twelve hundred dollar clerk under whom he was working resigned, and our clerk got the benefit of the extra application he thought had been wasted in the nine hundred dollar grade. He knew more about the work than any other clerk available, and was given the position.

It was in this grade that he found that efficiency markings are taken in a Pickwickian sense; that efficiency is a subtle something made up of arbitrary markings modified by considerations based on information, so that in the ultimate the cards come to have an esoteric meaning that is wholly understood only by that patient personage, the appointment clerk, who reads them through a pair of spectacles entirely his own, and who is, in the main, correct in his translation of the symbols. He also learned that chiefs of subdivisions of a department are anxious to secure all the higher ratings allotted to that department, each for his own subdivision, and that, if all the recommendations for promotion were carried out, the clerks would fare very well indeed. He also found that the modest man, the man who hides his light under a bushel, was generally left in undisturbed appreciation of its effulgence, and that, up to a certain point, the protestant, the "kicker," got the thing he was after. But he also found that there was a point where kicking ceased to attract attention, and that thereafter the kicker joined the meek in oblivion.

During his incumbency of the twelve hundred dollar clerkship several instructive matters were presented for his contemplation. The phenomenon that chiefly interested him was that so far as he could see there was no outlet which led upward. He had arrived at the end of a clerical cul-de-sac. All the positions that he could see in advance were filled by men too old to lightly change their employment and too young to think of retirement by many years. It was true that he was living comfortably and found much of interest and enjoyment in Washington. He heard of good positions to be had in other departments; but on inquiry found that there was certainly a time of probation at a lower salary, which was not balanced by a certainty of getting the higher salaried position. He had an uncomfortable feeling that matrimony was assuming a formidable aspect under the circumstances.

Also, he saw a chief clerk reduced to a subordinate clerkship, and that is not a nice thing to have happen in one's intimate official circle. Outside of sympathetic feeling, there is a *memento mori* to it that makes the remembrance stick.

Thirdly, he was surprised and a little shocked to find that he was idle a good deal during the day. It was only by comparing his day's occupations with those of a previous year that he appreciated the difference, but he found that, instead of practicing shorthand and typewriting, reading or writing as formerly in the odd moments of the day, he talked a good deal about nothing, walked about, or simply sat idly waiting for the next installment of work.

It was soon after this realization came to him that he began to take a course in a law school. He was fortunate on graduation in being able to make a connection with the lawyer who had first employed him. The way was made comparatively easy for him to leave the government employment, and the regular salary, and this clerk has entered on the practice of law under auspices that promise at least moderate success. He has made some reflections on the subject of the civil service which are as follows:

"I have been fortunate in my connection with the government service, as it has given me the opportunity of preparing for a profession in a manner superior to what I could otherwise have obtained. At the same time, I remember the hundreds who have studied for a profession, but have been so circumstanced that they were unable to leave government employment and strike out for themselves.

"There are not many good positions in government employment accessible from the classified service.

"There are also many bright young men constantly striving for these places, and the large side of the ratio is on that of the strivers.

"The best positions in life attainable through the classified service are those in outside employment, preparation for which is made possible by the conditions of government work.

"Talked a good deal about nothing."

"Securing employment in the classified service is largely a matter of chance, as between a given number of persons of probably similar qualifications; but the chance offers the opportunity of hitting upon individuals well adapted for the work. Any rigid system would fill the departments with clerks who would conform to the pattern of the system, which in turn would reflect its creator so that the clerks would be very much of one kind.

"Very much of the new material is impressionable, and is quickly modified and molded. In most cases it improves appreciably with even a short residence in Washington.

"In promotion, the personal equation has its influence. The academic system of marking for efficiency is absurd as a proposition by itself. As modified by those who have to deal with its results, it works with a reasonable amount of justice, though with inevitable cases of individual hardship. Here again rigidity and adherence to any given system would probably give inferior results.

"The pathos of the government service lies in the absence of the expectation of a

". . . . Foregathered with an older clerk and talked it over."

satisfactory outcome. While there is continuous employment at good pay during the productive years, the intangible surplus of friends and associations does not accumulate as in outside life. The clerk's world is the room of the department; outside of it he becomes almost a stranger. When he feels the competition of younger men, he has to meet it alone.

"The problem of the disposition of the old and disabled clerks in the government service cannot be settled by proclaiming opposition to a civil pension list. It is a fact now. It could be administered at less expense if it were given its proper name.

"Comparative efficiency cannot be ascertained until a standard of efficiency has been established. No one knows whether the government work is being efficiently done. The most one can say is that it is being done."

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Charles T. White

SHE turned the handle of the door noiselessly, glancing behind her with a kind of hasty, shamefaced movement, as though she expected to find a reproving or mocking face at her elbow. Sweeping and dusting upstairs had been a part of Margaret's laborious day ever since she came into service with the Davidson's, four years before, and no room needed these applications of brush and broom and tidying fingers more sorely, for three months in the twelve at least, than the one which Malcolm Davidson occupied while he was home from college. A writing-table strewn with unscholarly-looking newspapers confronted Margaret, as she closed the door behind her with the same regard to caution which she had observed in opening it. Two or three cigar stumps and a sprinkling of tobacco ashes completed the disarray of the table, and extended to the rug underneath. A much smaller table, with wide-spreading legs, was drawn close to the tumbled bed, and the hand-lamp upon it had an unsightly splotch of smoke upon the chimney, as though the lamp might have burned out. A book was lying on the floor underneath, face downward, with several leaves crumpled up. It was a cheap-looking book, with blue paper covers, but Margaret, stopping to look at the page as she picked it up, noticed that the words were unfamiliar. It must be one of the learned books which were a part of Malcom's work in college, Margaret mused, heaving the faintest little sigh, though why a book representing scholarship should be so slimsily bound rather perplexed her simple mind. In the humble Scotch home of her childhood, the family Bible had been dignified with a cover of paneled morocco, and the few volumes of religion and divinity which completed the family library were in dingy brown leather. The title, "*La Comtesse de Charny*," on the brittle blue paper did not enlighten Margaret, but the general appearance of the book, possibly—if she had admitted it—the general Bohemianese disorder of the room, struck her sober fancy with a chilling sense of inappropriateness. Malcolm was to be a minister, and Margaret had inherited strict, if not very clear, ideas as to the peculiar atmosphere of sanctity which surrounded the holy calling. She would have expected a young man with that goal in view to be rather serious, not given to laughter or gay conversation, much occupied with books of weighty matter, and more likely to be surprised upon his knees than upon the lounging limit of his backbone, with a cigar between his teeth. Not that Margaret ever put these comparisons into words, or even into consecutive thoughts. To her, they were mere fragmentary observations, never critical, convincing her rather that her own notions were too strict than that Malcolm failed to come up to a required standard. That a simple girl like her should appreciate a fine young gentleman like Malcolm never entered her mind. Indeed, the tingling sense of disappointment which she felt at times was always referred to her own failure to appreciate what lay so far beyond her capacity and mental reach.

Margaret put Malcolm's room to rights with more care than she gave to the others. Malcolm was always losing something, dashing down into the living-room at all hours to make inquiries; and it was a matter of conscience with Margaret to restore the most scrupulous order and neatness, without disturbing the general arrangement of details. It was a moment of triumph for her when she could follow him up the long stairs and put her hand on the missing article without effort. At such times Malcolm would laugh in his gay, good-natured fashion and say, as he bustled off, "You're worth all the rest in the house to find things, Margaret." He never looked back to note how the warm color mounted to Margaret's cheeks with the scant praise, and how a pleased light gleamed in her soft brown eyes. Indeed, though servants were as good as sons, socially, in the democratic household of the Davidsons, it

is much to be doubted whether Malcolm had ever observed the delicate rose-pink of Margaret's complexion, or could have told you whether her eyes were melting brown or steely gray.

Malcolm had gone away on a fishing trip that morning, before the house was astir. Margaret had heard the clumping of his heavy boots on the stairs in the gray dawn, and had dressed hastily to give him a cup of coffee and a lunch, but he was off and away, whistling gaily, across the misty meadows, before she reached the kitchen. She was reminded of this now, as she washed her hands and face at the sink in the pantry; for the selfsame merry whistle sounded somewhere at the rear of the house. It surprised her a little, for Malcolm's fishing excursions were generally all-day affairs, but she was gratified, too. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson had gone to Melford with a huge basket of eggs, and plans to buy a new parlor carpet, and Margaret was no lover of solitude. She would have said, if questioned, that the appearance of one of the Barr twins or Lucinda Waters at the front gate would have given her precisely the same pleasurable sensation, but this would have been notoriously untrue.

"Folks gone?" Malcolm strode across the kitchen, and flung himself into a chair wearily. "It's what you might call hot." The question and the observation were addressed to the open door of the pantry and Margaret's back bent over the sink.

"They started just after eight," she replied, not looking up. "Your mother will have one of her headaches, riding in this hot sun. It seems to me warmer than yesterday."

Margaret dried her face on the roller-towel, and came out looking very fresh and sweet after her dip in the cool water. Malcolm's eye followed her deft movements carelessly, as she kindled a fire in the range and put on the kettle of potatoes for dinner. He got up presently, and laid the briar-wood pipe he had been smoking on the mantel, drawing a small box form the pocket of his blouse coat with the other hand.

"Margaret!"

There was some unusual emphasis in the way he pronounced the name, and Margaret turned her eyes full upon him, stopping in her work, and blushing a little in spite of herself.

"I only wanted to show you something," he said, laughing in an uneasy, constrained manner as he undid the wrappings of the package. "Girls have ideas about such things, I suppose, whether—" He broke off abruptly. "You won't mention this to a living soul, will you, Margaret? It's a state secret. I raided the express office at daylight, for fear the governor'd pounce down upon it, thinking it was the spraying machine he sent for. *There!*"

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" Margaret's exclamation met the glitter of the gold bracelet as Malcolm held it up in the sunshine which flooded the south window.

"You think so?" His frank, boyish pleasure overflowed at her appreciation. I didn't know myself. It's solid, and that's a diamond, though it isn't very large. I had to—well—cut it a little to fit my pocket-book, but a sham wouldn't do—not for *this*." He had plainly gone beyond his depth, and began rolling the bracelet up awkwardly in its wrappings of tissue paper. "I just wanted to know how it would look to a *girl's* eyes, don't you know?" he added a little lamely. "I guess you could put this on smoother, Margaret, if you don't mind."

Margaret unfolded the paper, and replaced it carefully, fitting the bracelet into its bed of purple silk, and closing the case with a snap. In some vague way, Malcolm's confidence had oppressed her, but she was not quick at drawing shrewd conjectures from uncertain statements. He put the case in his pocket again, and sat down by the window, his eye roving idly over the stretches of meadow and woodland basking in the sunshine. She went about the preparations for dinner, not seeming to give him any further notice.

"I wish you'd sit down a minute, Margaret," he said after a long silence, speaking hesitantly, as though not quite sure that he should have spoken at all. "I have something to tell you—that is, I've got to tell somebody. You're almost like a sister, living here so long, and you're *young* and—and might understand." He pulled a chair opposite his with a sweeping, awkward swing of his big boot. "Your bobbing around so makes me nervous."

Margaret sat down obediently, wiping her hands on her gingham apron, and pushing back the masses of her brown hair, exactly

as she would have done had a rap at the kitchen door summoned her from her morning work to meet the eyes of a stranger. She was a good deal mystified, but her heart beat a little faster than usual as responsive to Malcolm's unwonted friendliness.

"You see, there's a girl—a young lady—in the city, that I've met a few times." Malcolm plunged into the heart of the disclosure, reddening to the roots of his short-cropped blonde hair. "She isn't the common sort—sings in a theater, though she doesn't *have* to—not for the *money* there is in it. She's an artist, and everybody's wild over her—house packed to the doors, press notices, and all that. It wouldn't be any use trying to tell you about her singing—or *her*. There's a picture, but it doesn't do her justice—by a good deal." He took a frayed photograph out of an inside pocket, and put it into Margaret's unresisting hand. "You wouldn't get much of an idea from *that*." Margaret had an indistinct impression of a pretty, babyish face above bare, white shoulders, with a frilling of filmy lace at the neck. She tried to make some suitable comment, but her dry lips moved without sound. Malcolm only glanced at her, going on eagerly. "I mean to marry that girl the minute she'll say the word. I've hinted as much to her, and she—well—she didn't turn me down. She doesn't lack for admirers—flowers, presents, and that sort of thing. How could she? That bracelet I showed you—it's to to be just a little reminder that I'm on the earth. I'm going to follow it down to the seashore next week and have it out. It's a small place, and I fancy I'll have her more to myself. That's why I wanted *somebody* to know beforehand. There'll be a row here at home, of course, and they'd be prejudiced against a girl like—like that, if they had a chance to think she wheedled me into it. She's two or three years older, I guess, but I wanted you—*somebody*—to know that I went into it deliberately—wasn't hoodwinked into throwing away all my brilliant prospects." He laughed mirthlessly. "It's absurd, to be sure, but it would make it easier for her—afterwards."

Margaret sat motionless, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes hidden under the droop of their dark lashes, and her thin lips colorless. Margaret's nature was deep and earnest rather than emotional and passionate. A fresh wound at the heart would not gush out a red stream at once, but drip for days and weeks, unobserved, until the last drop left it lifeless.

"And you wouldn't go on studying—for the ministry?" She put the question in low-spoken, even syllables, not trusting herself to look in to his faec.

"Minister!" He flung out the word with a spiteful intonation, muttering an imprecation under his breath, which made Margaret start. "I *hate* it—hate the *thought* of it, Margaret. There's *life* in this world, girl, life that I never dreamed of till this year past. It's like wine in a man's veins, when one's tasted it. It's the fire of the gods, burning up old fogy notions like tinder. To think one might live his lifetime in an out-of-the-way place like this, and never know"—

Margaret had risen to her feet with a slow, deliberate movement. The quiet dignity of her manner arrested Malcolm's attention, and he broke off his unfinished sentence, staring at her, with a surprised drooping of the chin, which gave his face a stupid expression. There was a stern light of reproof glowing in her dark eyes as they met his wondering ones.

"You'd throw over the service of God and kirk for a *play-house* dancer?" The inherited instincts of generations of God-fearing, kirk-loving ancestors spoke out in the scathing reproach. If the woman in her struggled through the words in the frantic throes of self-defence, she was not conscious of it. "*Wine!*" She repeated his own figure with a cast of scorn. "That's what it is, sure enough, Malcolm Davidson. You're drunk with it, and have need to come to your sober senses before worse happens. If she was a woman to bless a man's life, think you, you'd be casting God's call behind your back, and planning deceit to your own flesh and blood, to follow her to the world's end? No. Good can't come of evil, Malcolm. She'll deceive you just as you're deceiving them—depend on that."

Margaret's voice dropped into tenderer tones at the last, and broke a little, her breast heaving with unuttered speech. Malcolm was still looking at her with surprised attentness, but a glowing red spot on either cheek bespoke his rising anger.

"And you'll split on me to the governor, no doubt, out of your high-and-mighty sense of duty," he retorted, hotly. "Serve me right, too, for being such a fool as to let it out. I thought"—

"*Malcolm!*"

There was appeal in the word, almost the cry of a hurt creature under cruel blows. Malcolm dropped his eyes, laughing sheepishly.

"By Jove! Margaret, you'd make your fortune on the stage with those airs of yours," he said, his sudden flash of anger vanishing with the tacit assurance that his secret was safe from betrayal. "I'd never realized before that you could be so deucedly pretty. What a color you've got, and how your eyes sparkle. It's worth thinking up mean things to say just to see the fire fly."

Malcolm's tone was half banter, but Margaret's appearance really provoked his admiration for the first time. He came up to her, and put a hand upon her shoulder familiarly, but she turned quickly to lift a sizzling kettle, and left him standing alone. What he had said passed his lips lightly. He offered it as an easy atonement for his rude outburst, speaking out frankly what he felt at the moment, but more concerned to play upon a woman's instinctive love of flattery. Masie St. John would have simpered with a pretty, coquettish drop of her bewitching eyes, or tapped him with her fan, begging him not to say such foolish things. Margaret had heard his compliments without thanks or protest, if, indeed, she heard them at all. Malcolm's first feeling was a mortifying sense of awkwardness in not making himself understood. From this he sought relief in the conclusion that Margaret was unlike other girls, and that the result was what might have been expected. It was desirable, however, to keep on terms of good fellowship with Margaret, first, because she was the sharer of his secret: not less, because the conviction was growing upon him that she would be a dependable person in an emergency. For these reasons Malcolm kept up a running fire of comment on indifferent topics during the dinner hour, to which Margaret replied mostly in monosyllables. From this Malcolm inferred, naturally enough, that she was deeply offended, either at his anger or his flattery, and apologized for both so humbly, that Margaret fell to laughing in her usual blithe, light-hearted fashion, and the former friendly relations seemed to be fully restored. As a matter of fact, Margaret's aloofness grew out of a self-consciousness, which Malcolm's bold expressions of admiration had awakened. She had never analyzed her feelings toward Malcolm, nor, beyond the fact that they were agreeable to herself, had she ever attached to them the slightest importance. Her humble estimate of herself had served to set Malcolm—the grave scholar, the to-be preacher and head of a kirk—in a world apart, with which she could have no possible concern. The confidential episode of the morning had been an illuminating revelation. Her heart had been forced to declare itself to itself, and the combative in her woman's nature had risen up in its defense. Malcolm had spoken as a passionate man might speak of a woman—a woman unworthy of him, by Margaret's strict rules of propriety. She had seized upon this as an excuse to speak out boldly. Who might not do as much with right and duty on their side? It was Malcolm's words to her—simple and careless as they were—something in the glint of his eyes resting on her flushed face, the manner of his approach, the mere touch of his hand upon her shoulder, which dragged the personal equation into the controversy, and set a seal of silence upon her lips. For himself and his prospects, for the claims of God and kirk and disappointed parents, Margaret might have wearied Malcolm's ears for days with pleadings and protests against this reckless plunge into outer darkness; but every instinct of her sensitive womanhood shrank from urging a plea, which could be counted by any construction a personal one.

Four days after this, Malcolm flashed a delicately tinted envelope past Margaret's eyes, as he rushed into his room in high spirits, slamming the door behind him. The note left a trailing scent of violets behind it, and Margaret shrewdly conjectured that the "play-house dancer" had received Malcolm's gift, and acknowledged it gratefully. She had a certain vague satisfaction in being a partner to Malcolm's secret, even though she counted it a guilty one, but there was a dull pain at her heart, which kept her awake that night, though she was

generally a sound sleeper. She attributed it to the heat, and sat a long time by the open window, fanning herself, and looking out dreamily upon the moon-lighted fields. There was a slight stir somewhere in the house, presently. It was not the sound, itself, which attracted Margaret's attention, but its continuance. It went on intermittently, never loud above the noise of one moving about stealthily. Malcolm's room was at the opposite end of the hall. Margaret peeped through the keyhole. A dim light showed underneath his door, and she stole back with a shy sense of espionage. She dressed hastily, without having any particular comprehension of the situation, or giving herself any reason beyond a resolution which she had made an hour before, to get up, if she did not soon fall asleep. In a general way, she associated Malcolm's stealthy movements with the affair of the "play-house dancer," and, more directly, with the scented note, but beyond this she did not go in her conjectures. She drew off her shoes, which emitted a tell-tale squeak when she attempted to cross the room, and lighted a bit of candle on a baize-covered stand, which stood in an alcove.

Malcolm's door opened and shut. Margaret heard it distinctly, and listened for the muffled footfalls upon the stairs. A board creaked somewhere outside, then a slip of white paper crackled softly as it was thrust into the bar of white moonlight that lay against her door. She waited to hear the feet stealing away before she snatched it up eagerly, and ran to the flickering candle. Two or three lines were scrawled across the sheet in lead pencil.

"It's now instead of next week—that's all. I can't invent excuses to get off, and the crash might as well come one time as well as another.

For one uncertain moment, Margaret's heart throbbed with the tumult of a great joy. The note in her fingers stood for a secret, which shattered all her hopes, but she forced herself to ignore it in the glad consciousness, tingling to her finger tips, that Malcolm had trusted her, that his last and only word was for her, that her fluttering, palpitating bosom held his secret, unknown to all the world outside. No. She had carried the boast too far, and the bitter truth came up to stab her unreasoning happiness. Malcolm had gone—fled in the dead hours of the night, under the lure of another woman's open arms. For an instant, the naked fact was like the snap of a brittle artery in Margaret's brain, whelming all her senses in hopeless bewilderment. A mist swam before her eyes, and she seemed breathing in a closed vault, shut in from air and light. Then, the mist cleared as suddenly as it came, and her eyes glowed in the half-darkness like stars.

She opened the door of her room, and crept along the hallway, then sped down the back stairs, her stockinged feet moving swiftly without sound. The horror of this thing which threatened Malcolm grew upon her, as she stepped into the cool, shade-checkered garden. It was fast shaping itself into an abstract problem of right and wrong, with which she had no selfish concern. A breath of new-mown hay from the lowland meadows drifted up on the breeze, which stirred Margaret's brown hair. It reminded her of the perfumed note, and she seemed to see again the sense of mastery showing in the buoyant poise of Malcolm's lithe limbs. An owl hooted from some faraway leafy covert, the single harsh note mellowed by distance under the silent stars. What a small thing she had been in her simple, unpretending girlhood, as he brushed past her that afternoon with the tinted envelope in his hand. But he had trusted her. He had left his last word for her—his *only* word.

Her eye swept the long stretch of gray road, coming back to nearer objects reluctantly. She remembered that moment of utter bewilderment in the room up stairs. It might have been an hour for aught she knew. She pictured Malcolm far on his journey already, and a torrent of protesting speech rushed up to her lips, offering itself for a bootless service. Then she gave a little stifled cry, as something moved in the shadow of the grape arbor, and Malcolm was beside her, looking down into her white, startled face.

"I thought"—she began in a hoarse, choking whisper, but the words dropped into a murmur of inarticulate sounds. All the strength of her resolve went out of her, as the frank, boyish eyes seemed to read her woman's love as upon an open scroll. She yielded limply, when he drew her close

to him. A partner she was with Malcolm, but a silent partner she must be to the last.

"It's all over, Margaret—that other," he said, softly, and he kissed her lips, which looked like the sealed lips of the dead in the pallid moonbeams. "I've kept it up till this minute, driving myself on with whip and spur, but it's no use. Your words that day—your face—*something!*" He gulped in an awkward fashion for a hero of romance. "I've been a fool. It's—it's *you* I want, Margaret, not Maz—not the other."

One slender arm crept timidly around his broad shoulders, and she drew his head down to whisper, "We'll be *partners*, Malcolm."

CORM BRADLY'S AWAKENING

By Vingie E. Roe

SHO, now, Rose-Emmy, ye don't mean hit; do ye?" teased the man, lounging his lank length of brown jeans against the mellow timbers of the slanting, half-fallen rail fence that in its youth had enclosed the cabin of Jake Lukes. The girl tossed her pretty head and picked at the gray splinters.

"I shore do hate a man what hain't got no sperit," she said plaintively; "jest looks like he don' keer rightly 'bout hisself or anyone else,—lessen he's a born fool an' cayn't help it," she added hastily, a faint blush stealing up to her soft brown hair.

Corm Bradly looked at her lazily, with slow admiration in his brown eyes. His easy smile of habitual good-nature wrinkled the corners of his wide-lipped mouth. He slid his big hand along the rail and patted her round wrist. "Ye air shore purty, Rose-Emmy," he said irrelevantly.

Rose-Emmy pulled her arm away with more abruptness than was natural to her gentle ways. His easy-going acceptance of every day, with no thought of aught beyond, was the cloud on the girl's horizon. Her heart sank dismally and for a moment fierce resentment against the man flared up; but one look into his face melted her into her overpowering worship of him. Just then another girl, a little older edition of Rose-Emmy, fresh-cheeked, brown-haired, with the straight young form of the mountain-bred girl, appeared in the wide opening between the two rooms of the cabin.

"Rose-Emmy, honey," she called.

The girl turned.

"Comin', Sis Sue," she answered, and then to Corm, "Ye'd best stay an' eat." There was a wistfulness in her voice which reached the young woman on the stoop, but missed the man.

Cormoran Bradly was too well satisfied with life to catch the undertone of longing in that of another. He settled his old hat over his smiling eyes, called a good-bye to the two girls, and sauntered down the mountain-path.

Sue Lukes looked after him and there was a flash of something in her clear gray eyes which turned to softness as Rose-Emmy came under the great gourd vine that covered the whole front of the cabin. "Hongry, chile?" she asked, but Rose-Emmy shook her head. Sue laid her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder. Rose-Emmy had been the pride of the Lukes household all the years of her short life, ever since the mother died and left the "baby-chile" to the care of the older sister, Jake and the boys. She was gentle and retiring, and the comparison of the country was "purty as Rose-Emmy Lukes."

Ever since she had put on her first long dress, which was early as with all mountain maids, she had belonged as by unquestioned right to Corm Bradly,—Corm Bradly, easy, gentle as herself, procrastinating, a dreamer; content with the joy of every day; putting off from year to year the spoken word which would take her to live in the tiny cabin farther down the mountain. And the heart of

Rose-Emmy was sick with the shame of waiting. Already she was twenty-one, and three or four years past the time when most hill girls were married. And that which made it all the more bitter was the fact that Sue, older than Rose-Emmy by two whole years; sweet, capable Sue who had waited for a different man than what the mountains afforded, was to be married in the fall to George Dennin, storekeeper down at Powell's Corners.

"Ye're pinin', honey-chile," said Sis Sue tenderly, yet with a shade of bitterness in her voice, as they went in together.

"Ef he jest had sperit," wailed the girl, for the first time giving voice to her hurt; "ef Corm jest had sperit!"

Late that night the voice of the older woman carried up to Rose-Emmy tossing restlessly in the "loft," as she sat with her lover beneath the gourd-vine on the rough stoop. And George Dennin, with his arm around her was full of content, for he knew that he had found a splendid helpmate there among the mountains; a woman at once tender and wise and full of resources. And in the cabin down among the pines Corm Bradly, whistling softly, whittled at the fourth leg of the table he had been a year of odd intervals in fashioning by hand, against the time when "Rose-Emmy'll stan' thar beside hit a-mixin' hoe-cakes, an' I'll come in a-bringin' her a squrr'l."

The light from the wide fireplace shone on a dozen things the man had fashioned with loving care—the man who dreamed and pottered, "a-fixin' things fer Rose-Emmy"—on a range of shelves which had taken him months to smooth from adzed-out plank, a little stool with rough-carved seat, a great bed and a wonderful settee. These things had filled the last two winters when Corm had worked with his shining knife, sitting back on his heels time after time to note the beauty of his work, lost in his visions of the future that was "a-comin' some time," the fire-light glinting on his hark dair and the forgotten knife in his hand. Then he would fall-to again, with slow, careful smoothing of the virgin wood. "She air shore purty, Rose-Emmy air," he would murmur dreamily, comparing whimsically the relative beauties of the picture of the girl standing by the shining table with its ring-carved legs, or bending above the hearth, the light reddening the edges of her brown hair, or curled softly in the dusk in the corner of the straight settee. But always she was beautiful; so beautiful that Corm was obliged to stop his work and go up the trail to see her and listen to her soft voice. And so the seasons dragged past, and the time "that was a-comin'" had not arrived.

It was warm summer among the hills. A thousand birds called from the heavy-leaved trees and the scent of flowers drifted across every breath of air. The Sunday following Corm's talk with Rose-Emmy across the fence came golden, roseate across the lowlands and up the shelving side of old Bald Knob. Bradly, who loved the dim ways of the woods, called his hounds to heel and struck down the mountain. "Hit air sure fine," he said more than once, worshipping unconsciously the beauty around. For two happy hours he trailed aimlessly, sighting a squirrel in a pine, a chipmunk in a hollow log, laying up for further use the knowledge of a young persimmon tree that would bear first in the coming fall. Then he came out upon the beaten path that led down to the winding road.

As he swung along, the sound of hoofs came beating down to him, and presently, around a sudden turn, he came face to face with Rose-Emmy—his girl—seated upon a black mule, and riding its mate a length behind was George Dennin. Rose-Emmy was clad in all her best,—a little dress of cheap, flowered lawn, a straw hat with a ribbon, and over the dress, to protect it from the man's saddle, was an old brown skirt lying unfastened about the waist, as was the fashion of the mountain women when riding. Clear as day was the fact that the two were bound for "meetin'" down at Powell's Corners. For a moment Corm stood squarely in the path, a vast amazement written upon his features. Then, as Dennin gave him a "Howdy," he stepped aside in silence and they went by. Rose-Emmy had not raised her eyes after the first startled glance, and her face was as white as her dress.

For a long half-hour Bradly stood where he was, trying to arrange his thoughts. Then he struck up to the Lukes cabin. Behind the gourd vine on the stoop sat Sue. Every line of her body drooped against a post. A strange thrill of terror shot through the man. Her attitude seemed to clinch his own vague

fear. When he thrust his face around the leaves it was tense with a pregnant question.

"Sue," he said sharply, "whut do ye hyar with yer feller off—off with—with—Rose-Emmy?" The words cost him an effort.

Sue lifted her eyes. "Whut fer air you a-standin' thar?" she demanded, "Same reason, I reckon."

Silently Corm Bradly turned away and went down among the pines. The world was a changed place; chaos reigned, and he was lost in a whirl of vague anguish that dazed him. Rose-Emmy—Rose-Emmy had gone to meeting with George Dennin, and on the mountain that was the beginning of "keeping company." His slow mind refused to adjust itself at once. It needed time and slow, laborious thought.

He sat in the door of his cabin when he reached it and stared out across the dropping landscape. The sun circled round to the west before he remembered himself. The hounds slept and roused and slept again, and still he was groping helplessly for denial of the thing he saw looming dimly in the future. At last when the splendid day had burned itself low in the glowing sky, the man rose with a long sigh and entered the cabin. The soft cool of late afternoon shadowed it. The owner stood, tall and lank and aimless, in the center of the room.

"Steady thar, steady, Corm, old feller," he said at length. "Hit's all right; hit's boun' ter be—Rose-Emmy—she—" but the words trailed off.

From that day at the meeting the news traveled fast around the mountain that George Dennin had jilted, "cast-off," Sue Lukes for the younger beauty of Rose-Emmy. At the church at the Corners they two sat together each Sabbath, the girl pale and silent, Dennin non-committal, and it was the subject of all comment. Sue never came out, and the pity of the women went to her. As for Corm Bradly, he kept, like a wounded beast, to the mountain ways.

The weeks went slowly by, and the warm summer days began to give place to the haze of autumn, and it was nearing the time when Sue and Dennin were to have been married. Comment and conjecture were rife. Neighbors dropped in to the Lukes cabin and talked weather and religion, but no one was the wiser. Rose-Emmy was drooping like a wilting flower, and they said with dark foreboding that it was "a punishment fer a-robbin' her own blood an' kin." Sue went about her work, quiet, contained, strong. A woman hinted one day at the state of things, and Rose-Emmy's looks. Instantly Sue whirled on her with fire in her gray eyes. "Don't ye speak ill of our baby-chile, Corilly Marks," she warned, and thereafter no one spoke of the affair to her.

Corm Bradly came no more to the Lukes home. Sue hoped in her heart for what was going forward in his soul, and talked anxiously with George Dennin beneath the gourd vine at night. And then Rose-Emmy, alone upon the hill, met Corm with dogs and gun. It was a glorious day of early fall, and the soft blue haze added its touch of sadness to everything. The man stopped dead still, with no word upon his lips, but the girl, after one look into his worn face where all these days and nights of silent giving up, of acceptance of his anguish, had left their traces, gave one gasp and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Corm," she said desperately, "Oh, Corm!" and held out her hands. Slowly he took a step toward her, for he was not quick of grasping, but in that moment she turned and fled. And after that day the tangled threads of his trouble were more bewildering than ever.

The first Sunday in October one of the Lukes boys rode over the mountain, bidding the neighbors to a wedding. The whole countryside was tense with excitement. And in the early morinng Sue herself appeared at Bradly's door. "Corm," she said, quietly, "ye're bidden." That was all, but her voice, leaden and dull as with pain, shot through the man like a bolt from the sky. He straightened to his full height and threw back his head like a stag struck to the heart.

When Sue had gone, he strode across the tiny room and laid his hand on the shining table. The feel of it cut him like a knife.

"Lord o' heaven!" he groaned, "hit's hard!"

He sank down on the stool, carved with its elaborate design for the pleasure of Rose-Emmy, and buried his face in his arms. All around, on every side, were evidences of his slow toil for her. All his life he had been getting ready for her; for the time that "was a-comin'," and while he waited and dreamed another had stolen his treasure.

The day went its round of golden hours, how he did not know. At times he paced the narrow space, but everywhere the "fix-in's fer Rose-Emmy" smote him. As dusk began to creep upon the mountain the agony in his heart swelled until his hands trembled. Within an hour the wedding would take place. Rose-Emmy was before him,—now her face smiling, again with the tears and outstretched hands, and suddenly he heard her soft drawl across the fence: "I shore do hate a man what hain't got no sperit!" Corm Bradly stopped in the dusk of the room. His great hands shut with a jerk. Spirit! What had he ever had of spirit? He who had idled and dreamed? Without one further thought, he stepped out, bareheaded, into the early dark.

At the Lukes cabin the lights already glowed brightly. At the fence sorry mules stood, and from the house came the hum of many voices. Then a silence fell. The ceremony was early, that the dance might follow. The preacher from the Corners had stepped to place; a circle of wondering faces lined the wall as bride and groom came in from the dark entry, and hushed comments of surprise ebbed back and forth. The minister had just opened his book when there was a stir at the entrance, a voice, strident and stern, cried "Stop!" and Corm Bradly, bare of head, clad for no festive time, strode in among the crowd. His face was set and hard, a light of battle, of resolve, of resistless force, shone in his eyes. His right hand was uplifted as if to strike. For a moment he towered like some menacing power, terrible, calm, determined. Then as he swept the scene his rigid jaw dropped, his arm came slowly down, the terrible light in his eyes changed to blank wonder. Sue Lukes in bridal array stood beside Dennin on the floor. Then did Corm Bradly heave with a great breath.

"Rose-Emmy!" he called, without volition. "Rose-Emmy!" The bidden guests parted before him as he strode blindly to where she stood, trembling, with her hand against the log wall for support. Corm gathered her into his arms, before them all.

"Come," he said, suddenly masterful, and led her close to Sue and Dennin. "Parson," he said quietly, still white of face, "we'll make hit double!"

It was late in the night when Bradly led his bride across the threshold of the cabin among the pines. He was still in his common clothes, had danced in them for hours. He lighted the lamp on the shelves. Eagerly, lovingly, proudly the girl surveyed the things he had made for her; in his care for her pleasure. Then she turned her face, hard-held against his shoulder. "Corm," she whispered, "hit were fine in ye ter make all these here, these purties; but, oh, Corm, ye was never so fine in all yer life as when ye thought hit were me a-gittin' spliced! I shore do love a man with sperit!" And she sighed happily.

Sue Dennin, on her way to the Corners, smiled in the dark. "Hit worked," she said, and added softly, "an' our baby-chile is happy!"

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FOREST CHAPEL

By Stanislaus Bruhs

I AM the sacristan of the parish church of Drobycze, in Galicia, and there, last year, I had an adventure I am never likely to forget. A couple of miles from the village there is a small chapel in the woods, erected in the seventeenth century by a Polish Countess. "The Forest Chapel," as it is called, is in the midst of a very dense growth of trees on the summit of a low mound. Local tradition has it that when the Countess was a young girl she was attacked by robbers in the wood, and despaired of her life. In her mortal fear she vowed that if she escaped she would build a little votive chapel in honor of the Virgin, and this resolution was all the more fervent after her rescue by a couple of stalwart peasants.

On July 17, which is the supposed anniversary of this romantic episode, as well on the birth and death day of the foundress of the chapel, it is the duty of our parish priest at Drobycze to say mass in the chapel for the repose of the lady's soul. Thus, in summer the pretty little chapel is much visited, and is greatly venerated by the peasantry.

But in winter, when all the roads and paths in the forest are deep in snow, the door is always kept locked, save only at Christmas. The woods are given over to a solitude broken only by the howl of wolves which come across the Russian border. Their numbers do not seem to decrease in spite of traps, pits and poison. In Galicia the dense forests of the Carpathians are very dangerous by reason of the packs of wolves that roam the country for miles, especially by night. In spring and summer they go hunting in pairs, but the late autumn and winter sees them banded together into formidable packs.

In thickly-settled spots the brutes seldom show themselves before dark, but where the the forests are dense and impenetrable cover is at once available, these blood-thirsty beasts quit their haunts in open daylight, boldly approach villages, and even enter small towns, attacking cattle in the open, and killing school children on their way to school.

Thus it is no wonder that the dense forest around the little chapel should be deserted by all human beings in the depth of winter. But at midnight on Christmas eve, our parish priest sings the first Christmas mass, and then, indeed, the little building is not large enough to hold the devout peasantry who, in spite of deep snow drifts, come from far and near to perform their devotions as did their forefathers for generations back.

Immediately after dinner last Christmas eve, I started for the Forest Chapel to put it in order for the midnight mass. It had been snowing for nearly a week, so I took with me a shovel besides what I needed in the chapel in the way of oil, candles, and utensils. It was arranged that my brother Karl should come with me, but he caught cold, and so my retriever was my only companion.

The weather was really bad. It was not only intensely cold—we in the Carpathians do not mind that, for our December and January temperatures will remain for a week at a time thirty-five degrees below zero—but there was a high and piercing wind which almost took one's breath away, and whirled the snow in stinging, blinding clouds. Even my dog objected to this, and fond as she was of going out with me at other times, I plainly saw she was regretting her favorite corner near the warm stove at home. I leaned against the wind, and waded through the deep snow.

Both Diana and I were glad to reach the cover of the forest, which in some degree protected us from the storm's fury. My dog cheered up perceptibly, and when a hare sprang up before us she could not resist the impulse to chase. I thought she would soon return, but she did not. Five or ten minutes later I called and whistled but there was no sign of Diana, so I went on alone. Finding herself alone she thought it a good oppor-

tunity to run back home to the stove instead of following me.

My first task on reaching the little chapel, was to clear away the snow which had half-buried the door, and the little space in front. Presently I entered and decided to leave the door ajar, feeling sure that Diana would return to me. I then began my work, of which there was a good deal, and it was my intention to get home again before dark. Within a couple of hours I had swept the floor, dusted the interior, and prepared the altar. There now remained nothing save the filling of the chandeliers with candles and the lamps with oil.

I put the lamps on the stone-pavement, between the altar steps and the first pew, trimmed the wicks, and poured out the oil from the big bottle I had taken with me. To do this more conveniently I knelt down on the floor, and was just filling the last lamp, holding it in my left hand, and the oil bottle in my right, when I suddenly felt something pulling and scratching at my right foot and heard the panting of an animal behind me.

"And so," thought I, "the chase is over, and Diana wants to coax me into forgiving her."

"Ah, you rascal," I said aloud, without looking round, "you follow your master again, just when it suits you." To my amazement I had no sooner finished the sentence than I felt two powerful jaws bite me clean through my high boot. With a cry of pain I leaped up and turned, thinking my dog had gone mad. Judge of my feelings when I beheld not my faithful retriever, but a monstrous shaggy wolf standing before me with burning, hungry eyes and bared fangs ready to spring at my throat.

For a moment I was fairly paralyzed. Then stepping back, I hurled the bottle of oil at the horrid looking brute. It broke, but, of course, had no effect. With one spring I leaped upon the altar, and almost simultaneously the furious creature leaped after me. I struck out with a violent kick, which took effect on the wolf's muzzle, and howling with pain the creature retired a few paces towards the door, just outside of which, to my terror, I saw two more large and powerful wolves just about to enter. The one inside, however, seemed the most hungry of the three; certainly it was the boldest and most bloodthirsty, for in a few moments it again advanced to the attack, while the other two were for the moment, merely passive onlookers.

Meanwhile, I had drawn and opened my pocketknife—the only weapon I possessed, and as the brute, not to be denied, sprang at me again I slashed at its head. Its determination was terrifying, for although cut and bleeding, it had its forepaws on the altar cloth a second later and was biting savagely at my legs, which were fortunately protected by my stout Wellington boots.

This time I stooped from the altar and thrust my knife into the beast with all my force. Instantly it withdrew, its howls of pain echoing strangely through the lonely chapel. I have often wondered whether any sacred edifice in the world ever witnessed so weird a scene. As it retired from me, howling, the big wolf shook itself like a dog coming from the water and joined its companions. I began to hope the horrible creatures would now leave the chapel, but these hopes were destined to disappointment. After a short pause all three came slowly up the aisle, and as they advanced I changed my posittion on the altar by putting one foot on the tabernacle and the other on the large candelabrum, hoping that this higher position would protect me still better from the new attack, which I felt would be more savage than ever.

Unfortunately, the frame of the altar piece was so narrow as to leave me very little space on which to stand, and I was in no small danger of tumbling down among the savage beasts that were literally thirsting for my blood.

It is of little use to ask what thoughts occupy a man in such a desperate plight. There is but one idea uppermost, and that is the saving of one's life. Suddenly, all three wolves turned and rushed out at the door—why, I do not know. Most eagerly did I listen for the result or cause of this unlooked-for flight. The moments passed and I thought I might venture to leave my exceedingly uncomfortable position on the tabernacle. Could I, I wondered, get down from the altar altogether? My one desire was to get to the door and close it, for I knew that if I could contrive this I might wait without fear in the chapel until the crowds of peasants came to midnight mass.

But no sooner had I taken half a dozen paces from the altar steps, than the biggest

and most savage of the brutes reappeared in the doorway, his hideous, red-gleaming eyes fastened upon me. Instinctively I leaped back onto the altar, and had barely reached my former position, when all three wolves were again at my feet panting and biting, and clawing at the altar cloth. I racked my brain to find some means of evading these devilish things, and wondered whether I could make my way to the vestry door, which was only a few paces to the left. If I could get in there safely, I knew the door was strong enough to resist the monsters.

There was no time to be lost; the upward spring of the wolves was growing more and more furious. Slowly and carefully I moved from the middle to the end of the altar, keeping my eyes ever fixed upon those of the wolves. Soon the moment came when, with one leap for life, I must spring from the altar, and next instant be inside the vestry with the door closed, or else feel the fangs of the wolves at my throat.

The success of my plan depended on taking my enemies by surprise. Just then, one of them had ventured daringly near, and I kicked him so violently on the head that he rolled down the altar steps. The other two hesitated, cowed. The moment seemed favorable. "Now or never," I murmured, leaping for the vestry door, seizing the handle with headlong energy, and picturing myself in safety."

The door was locked!

True, the key was in my jacket pocket, but what time was there to take out, insert in the lock and turn it. A fearful glance behind showed me the cowardly but determined brutes at my heels. I rushed back to the altar, but in my headlong flight for comparative safety, I slipped on a spot where I had spilt some oil, and fell at full length on the stone pavement. I thought my last moment had come. I even fancied I could feel the hot breath of the horrible brutes on my cheek, and the thought made the cold sweat run down my face.

A curious accident saved me from being torn to pieces then and there. In falling, I had knocked down the bell which the altar boys sound at the most sacred parts of the service, and this, striking on the stone floor, gave forth a series of ringing sounds, which which for a moment or two, startled the cowardly wolves, and barely gave me time to get on my legs and leap for the altar once more.

Again the beasts were upon me, recovered from their fright, with open jaws, hair bristling, and eyes full of fire. For the first time they made a united and determined attack, and strove to pull me down. I kicked out in all directions, but to my dismay, found I had dropped my knife in my fall. I now began to ask myself how much longer I should be able to defend myself against attacks, which were every moment becoming more determined and daring, epecially as I no longer had even a small weapon of defence. One's mind works quickly in such an emergency, and as my eye fell upon the heavy candlesticks on the altar, I clutched one instinctively, and with almost automatic movemen, whirled it round and dealt the nearest wolf such a smashing blow on the head that it resounded through the chapel.

With this excellent weapon I resolved that, if I could not save my life, I would, at least, put up a good fight. One of my enemies left the combat with a bleeding head, and hope revived in me once more. With still greater energy I struck out at the two remaining wolves. One might have thought that a blow from one of these weighty candlesticks, dealt by a man fighting for his life, would have been enough to mash the skull of any animal, yet every time the wolves came on again to the attack after the shortest of pauses, and with, it seemed to me, more savage energy than ever.

I felt my arms growing feebler, and during the various struggles I had been bitten several times. On one occasion I had great difficulty to drag my leg from the jaws of one of the wolves, and when I was free, gathering all my strength together, I swung the heavy candlestick high above my head and brought it down with terrific force upon the nearest wolf, which dropped instantly, either dead or stunned.

The other two at once drew back from the fight, and sniffed at their fallen companion from every side, pausing now and then to glance upwards at me. I should explain that the fallen brute lay upon the top step of the altar, and its prowling comrades were quite close to me, but kept carefully out of my reach. I thought once or twice, with horror, that they were about to

tear to pieces the prostrate body, and could not help thinking to myself, that in a short while the horrible creatures would be doing the same to me.

A little later one of them did venture closer, and I was able to strike him a heavy blow on the head, staggering him. He ran out of the chapel howling and growling, followed by the second wolf, who evidently did not care to be left alone with the enemy. Once again I hoped I was already the victor in this strange struggle. Unfortunately, the two wolves came creeping back between the pews, evidently bent upon some strategem, or perhaps eager to satify their hunger on their fallen companion.

Meanwhile, to add to the terror of the situation, it was growing dark in the chapel, so that I could no longer see the two wolves in the nave. Their glistening eyes, however, were fixed upon me and shone through the dimness, luminous as coals of fire. In half an hour more, I thought to myself, it will be quite dark, and then?

Minute after minute passed; the darkness increased, and my heart beat so loudly as to be perfectly audible. I was asking myself feebly, was there really no escape, and could I not, somehow, get into the vestry. Of one thing I felt sure—I could not endure the suspense much longer. The fiery eyes in the dusk seemed to fascinate me; the uncertainty, the unrelenting tension was terrible. I thought of swinging down from the altar and fighting the wolves hand to hand, when, like a flash, it occurred to me that wild beasts are terrified by fire. Could I not make at least some sort of a torch? And why had I not thought of this before? With some kind of a flame in my hand I might succeed in getting to the door or frightening the wolves out of the chapel.

I began preparations with all the energy left me. In my coat pocket I had the rag with which I cleaned the lamps; it was saturated with oil and would burn splendidly. But, I argued, it will burn only a moment or two; I must have something more. Cautiously I took off my coat and wound it round and round one of the big altar candlesticks, making it fast with my cravat. Next, I took off the lace-trimmed altar cloth and twisted it over the coat, and lastly tied on the lamp rag.

With great care I held the huge torch behind my back and set fire to it with a match. As long as the flame was small I tried to hide it from these horrible persistent creatures below me, but as soon as the flames began to leap upward, smoking, I suddenly swung round, and with a scream leaped from the altar, brandishing my blazing torch before the eyes of the startled wolves, and shouting and yelling with might and main.

In my right hand I held a second massive candlestick, seized at the moment I leaped down. For a moment or two the wolves stood at bay as if dazed, but next instant turned and fled from the chapel as fast as their legs could carry them, so that when I reached the door nothing was to be seen or heard of my enemies.

Trembling with excitement and in a pitiful condition of weakness, I closed, locked and and bolted the front door, and then hurried back to the altar where the third wolf still lay motionless. There could be no doubt that he was dead, yet I did not dare to touch him prefering to beat in his skull at long range. When I was satisfied I had nothing more to fear from the beast, I threw myself before the altar and with ineffable fervency thanked God for giving me strength to overcome the wolves in my terrible fight.

Next, I looked to my wounds, and found the bites in my legs had been very severe and now that the excitement had passed away they gave me great pain. Moreover, I had cut my hand badly when I fell with the open knife in it. However, I bound up my wounds as best I could and prepared for a long wait until the worshippers should come to midnight service. Clearly I could not go out alone into the forest at night, where I might well have encountered more wolves with even less chance of escape than I had in the chapel.

My solitude ended sooner than I expected. About an hour after the end of the fight I heard voices outside the chapel, and the barking of my dog Diana. It seems that when she got home alone my brother-in-law grew anxious and when hour after hour passed without my returning he and a couple of friends set out to find me, supposing that some accident had happened, but of course, entirely ignorant of my terrible fight with wolves on the very altar of the church—an episode which will be a kind of nightmare to me for all time.

A LOST IDENTITY

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "The Great Intangible," "The Whip Hand," etc.

IT was late in the morning when an insistent hammering on my bed-room door apprised me of one of two things—either breakfast was ready or the house was on fire; but my man Simmons was always demonstrative, so I yawned, emitted a feeble "y-e-s," turned over and snuggled down into a supplemental nap. I had only begun to enjoy this when an insinuating voice from the keyhole further disturbed me.

"Mr. 'Olland, sir, cawn't I fetch hup a pot of coffee and a bit of taeost, sir?"

I almost wished that I had left Simmons to smother his solicitude along with his accent in London fogs. On the other hand, the coffee might do me no harm just now.

"Bring the coffee," I compromised, and thereupon I might have dozed off again had I not seen something which suddenly fixed my gaze in wonder. Paradoxical as the fact may seem, a hand, my own yet not my own, rested upon the bed-covers. The fact was unmistakable. I accepted it calmly, remembering that I might last night have been the victim of my own hospitality. In this admissive state of mind I made a close inspection of my other hand. It was a perfect mate to the first, and both were indubitably those of *a woman!* Suppressing a cry of alarm, I sprang out of bed. The elasticity of youth, it seemed, had returned to my limbs, and a strange exhilaration was rioting in my erstwhile sluggish blood. In a trice, I was before a full-length mirror, which revealed to me a truth incontrovertible and yet more amazing, more petrifying than the most fantastic vision of the impossible. Every trace of my former self was gone! My identity was as completely lost as though it had never existed. *From head to heel I saw myself, Doctor Clement Holland, a woman!* My first impulse was to alarm the household. I rushed to the door in the hall beyond which I heard even now the soft footfalls of the returning Simmons. Irresolute, in the grip of a sudden new terror, I paused with my hand upon the knob. Would the stoical, hard-headed English servant give the slightest credence to my preposterous story? I knew ere I asked myself the question that he would not. At the sight of a woman in his master's bed-room, he would retreat as if pursued by a phantom army of Napoleon, and summon the police. My response to his apologetic knock must have shocked Simmons as much as my changed voice mystified him.

"Take the coffee away, Simmons, and don't come back till I ring for you."

"N-no coffee, sir, did you say?"

"No coffee—and keep away from here; do you hear?"

"Pardon, sir—do Hi 'ear?—Ho, yes sir, perfectly."

A murmur of incredulity softened the sound of receding footsteps without. Had my voice trembled? Could a voice tremble whose every note was a tone of enchantment? So, in the twentieth century had recurred the day of miracles! And I, prosaic Doctor Clement Holland, was to all appearances an early "subject." For once the compliment of priority held a grave significance. In letters grimly plain this metamorphosis for me spelled ruin. I should be dispossessed by law of my every worldly belonging, and ejected from my own house as an impostor, if not indicted for the abduction or murder of the real Clement Holland. I, whose fame as a wizard of chemistry and medicine had been heralded over one-half a continent; I, Clement Holland, in the very bloom of life, had been mysteriously swallowed up in oblivion. Yet my reasoning power was still that of my same old self. It was as if my brain had been transferred to the head of this strange new-woman whom I felt myself to be in every particular save mentality. And what a marvelous combination was the result! I wasted no time. Again I was before the long mirror, where I at once stood dumbfounded with a new discovery. I was beautiful—nay, the most surpassing creature that

Clement Holland had ever beheld. There was a feminine grace and imperiousness in my every motion that was truly fascinating, and the more so seen, as it were, from my masculine point of view. Besides, the face reflected in the mirror was that of the One Woman whom I now knew I had lived only to find and win! And this mockery, this cruel mockery of my love-dreams, was maddening. However, I realized that as I had once ruled by power, I must now rule by art. I smiled tentatively. Ye gods! My influence among men was not yet at an end. In that smile I recognized a power more subtle than the most potent decoction Clement Holland had ever invented. I knew that, transformed as I was, I could hope to save myself by no other means than strategy. I began pacing up and down—my favorite way of inducing thought in a dilemma. For some days past I had been carrying on an important experiment in the more secure privacy of this bed-room, and it was in connection with this experiment that I now made a most horrifying discovery. If I may use the expression as my discovery first suggested it, somebody had drunk my experiment! By means of very small doses of this marvelous medicine I had already produced in several animals a remarkable form of hallucination of "mental perversion." For example, a dog on which I had experimented gave every outward sign that he believed himself to be a cat. When startled he would arch his back in an unmistakably feline way, and I had twice seen him make a ludicrous failure of climbing a tree. The decoction had caused a loquacious parrot in the house to divulge the most shocking things relative to the household, and as if conclusively to prove its power-action, the wonderful mixture had caused a dignified cock to relinquish all claims on the strut and clamor of his proud sex and to squat for days, hen-fashion, over a hatching of eggs. These amazing results had been brought about by minute doses; and now some person, obviously, had drunk the entire stock on hand! And could I ever produce that magic compound again—ingredients in the correct proportion, details of mixing and all? Why had I not written out the formula as I went? I cursed myself for a blank fool, and then suddenly catching a glimpse of my new self in the mirror, a thought superinduced by the reflection therein, struck me with much the force of a solid shot. Champagne had flown too freely last night. The fact was evidenced by two glasses and as many bottles on my compounding table. The glasses were precisely alike and one of them had contained the "experiment." The truth came upon me like a flash. I had taken a dose of my own medicine, and a mighty potent one at that! Strangely enough my composure returned with this revelation, and I forthwith busied my dainty, tapering fingers with mixing a reactionary dose with which I had long experimented, but which had only recently given desired results. Heretofore I had produced it only in small quantities, as the need demanded, not dreaming of the crisis in its manufacture with which the near future would confront me. After two hours of precisive measuring and mixing, I suddenly paused with a ladleful of ingredients held bubbling over an oil flame. In the consecutive and proper order of quantities for the admixture, as they passed through my brain, a sun-spot had all at once clouded the crystal of my hitherto faultless memory. One of the ingredients for the compound which promised me restoration had, at the eleventh hour, escaped me. Palsied with vague misgiving, I stood staring at the rows of labeled jars and bottles, but nothing I saw there suggested to me the pinch of powder or globule of liquid that held my fate in the balance. I was doomed. And to augment my terror, the voice of Bertha, the old chamber-maid, suddenly came from the door, accompanied by a knock so emphatic that I rightly guessed it to be a third or fourth attempt to bring me out of my state of coma. Strong emotion often terminates in a sort of doggedness. It accorded with this natural law that I should lay down my work with a sigh, survey once more in the mirror my fascinating person, glide unhesitatingly to the door and admit old Bertha, the maid.

"Good morning, sir," she said in her infallibly good-humored way, glancing at me and, to my utter astonishment, evincing no slightest sign of surprise at my changed appearance. After all, was I still drunk, or, worse yet, had I become a raving maniac from the effect of the sex-changing drug in an over-dose? It even occurred to me that Bertha might be hoodwinking me with affected calmness until she could bring the police without arousing my suspicions. The thought

of such treachery on the part of an old and trusted servant exasperated and determined me. I would come to the point.

"Bertha," I caroled sweetly, "how do you like my make-up—my disguise?"

A puzzled look came over her face as she paused at her work to inspect me.

"I don't quite understand," she said slowly, and waited for me to explain.

"Don't you observe anything unusual in my appearance, Bertha?"

"Nothing, sir, except that your eyes have a peculiar expression; or, upon closer examination, I might venture to say, sir, that your face seems to be a trifle swollen."

"I thought so," said I, convinced now that I was a female only in the way that the dog had been a cat—mentally.

I now went about with more freedom. I donned my male attire — a sober black suit —and in every way *felt* myself to be Doctor Clement Holland, the man; but the mirror again wrought havoc with my every hope—it showed me the One Woman, the fairest creature among all the daughters of Eve. And here was I, standing, as it were, aloof, a witness to the torture of the mental man by the physical woman.

* * *

At a grand ball, a week after the accident which had deprived me of my identity, I was fortunate enough to meet the woman of my heart, Laura Ladd. A year before she had rejected my love and gone to Europe to forget the somewhat dramatic result of her discrimination. She had returned from her long sojourn just in time to be present on the *fete* night when my identity so mysteriously disappeared.

Tonight she was as bright and vivacious as ever, though I suspected that her cheery good-humor was superficial; and I was aware somehow, that my presence actually depressed her. We sat long in an alcove, where I openly charged her with low spirits. She was ingenious enough to admit the truth, after which we both lapsed into an awkward silence. When volatile Laura was morose, you knew that something of a serious nature was the cause. I half divined the character of her thoughts, yet guessed nothing of the alarming truth. I finally succeeded in drawing from her that which caused me to recoil in consternation, dismayed as I might have been at the revelation of some weazened witch. Laura knew! The terrible secret of my metamorphosis was no longer my own. At first I laughed, thinking surely that her direct allusion must be a bare coincidence. How could I think of one so young and fair in the same breath with diabolical insight and occultism? But the nerve-racking fact remained, and how strange that Laura, my rose unattainable, should share with me a secret so bizarre and yet so vital! I was glad to listen to her review of an incident by me long forgotten.

"Go back to an evening in summer—the summer we spent so pleasurably with the Galloways at that quaint little resort in Ontario," Laura was saying reminiscently. "You will recall a fallen tree which lay half-buried on the cliff at Sackett's. On that tree-trunk you enthroned yourself after the manner of some barbarian king and uttered a prophecy. I laughed at the seeming absurdity of your words then, yet I somehow remembered them, and in the light of recent events I have come to know that you were aught but a false prophet; and since—"

"But the prophesy; I have forgotten what it was."

"Well, your words were downright mysterious. You said in connection with chemical research that genius was no inheritance, but a child of concentrated thought fostered by insistent mental power and made into a marvelous machine of the mind; that you were not the genius that popular opinion declared you, but that your professional achievements were only the rewards of logical research and unflagging persistency. You claimed no credit for the marvels you had wrought in the world of science, but you asseverated that you would shake the earth within a year if the effort cost your own soul. And as a result of the recent successful tests of your experiment I knew what its effect on a person must be. When I came to a knowledge that you had unknowingly taken the magic potion yourself, my misgivings were many. I perceived the skeleton of a ghastly truth in what you had half-smilingly foretold. I feared to call on you in person, but I managed to learn through my maid's intercourse with your *fille de chambre* that you were unwell, and that your manner had lately undergone an unaccountable and mysterious change. The news I thus secretly ob-

tained tallied precisely with what I had expected to hear, knowing as I did of your having inadvertently drunk—"

"But—but no living soul knew of my accident with the experiment! And unless you are reading my thoughts, your statement, if yet kindly solicitous, must be based upon the barest theories."

Laura gave a little impatient gesture, and tilted her pretty head sidewise.

"Verily, my dizzy dreamer," she purled, "'there are more things in heaven and earth than we wot of;'—however, I can offer you but melancholy congratulations on the proven success of your experiment."

"You understand, then, that I have attained success through myself falling a victim?"

Laura nodded affirmatively.

"And the only foundation for your belief is something in my appearance, is it not?"

"It is not, though I should have guessed by the unnatural lustre and stare of your eyes and by the waxy pallor of your face that you were in the clutches of some powerful opiate. Your conversation, too, is noticeably unlike that of Clement Holland, and your manner, to a student of observation, is positively effeminate."

At this disclosure by one so highly intellectual, well-meaning and dear to me, my heart sank in despair at my obvious inability to keep the secret of my disgrace. I found myself trembling as one set upon by a mild form of ague.

"You fear then?"

I could not deny the charge, no more could I look my fair accuser in the eye.

"You whom the world credits with kingly power in medicine, and who know the secret of assembling the drugs necessary to produce a counter effect—with this soul-saving knowledge you are yet a vacillant coward!"

I was sensible that my most salient quality, one, and I fear the only one, which Laura had actually admired, was fast forsaking me. It was courage; and I knew that the lack of it was equivalent to being despised by one of the noblest girls under heaven. I screwed up my nerve and made an heroic stand by my last gun.

"If I fear, I do so not without reason. I am no longer master of the formula which alone can restore my faculties to their normal state. I trusted my memory; it tricked me, and as a consequence I am doomed to the tortures of a mental monstrosity."

At this juncture two men, evidently in great haste, appeared in front of the alcove. They were old friends of mine, Williston and Cheever of the army.

"Ah! here's anarchy!" exclaimed Williston, "a plot against the janitor, I take it, inasmuch as everyone else has gone home."

Laura gave a start of surprise, and I sprang up to verify the truth of what I heard. The ball-room was as bare of occupants as the plain of Sahara.

Months wore away.

In the wildest flights of my fancy I had never imagined that any element of the unchosen personality which I still possessed might become an agent of propitiation with the woman whom I had so long loved. Yet it did. Like all women since Eve, and not unlike many subsequent Adams, Laura, paragon though I esteemed her, was not incapable of jealousy.

The love awakened in me by my mirror-woman still endured. At every appearance she delighted me with added charms, fascinated me with a strange, compelling interest. Her beauty lured me in a way impossible to even Laura during my earlier infatuation. To Laura I confessed my deep admiration for the picture-woman, almost estranging from me the former by a full and glowing description of the latter. But my burst of confidence marked the turning of a mighty tide, decidedly favorable to a vagrant ship which I had long had at sea; and thenceforward I noticed that Laura's attitude toward me was somehow different. She was a trifle more tolerant of my not infrequent blunders, and appreciably more generous in giving credit for an iota of tact, a jot of discretion, or a chance act of wisdom. Yet my obtuse brain was long in deciphering the handwriting on the wall; nor did I once suspect the medium through which I had gotten back into a semblance of favor with Laura.

Meantime a new phase of phenomena presented itself, arousing in me much speculation as to its manner of termination. My mirror-idol was undergoing a gradual change. Again I rubbed my eyes and again they told me the same incredible story. With every return of the woman in the glass I saw the presence of the One Woman fading as inevitably as the hues of the rainbow. By

this I do not mean that the apparition was losing aught of its marvelous beauty, or that it was less clear of outline, but that the *presence* was merely changing its form. The process was slow and admitted of so much time in which to ponder the outcome that the whole thing finally got on my nerves and threatened me with a physical breakdown.

One thing impressed me above all others. Day by day, as the mirror-woman slowly changed form, I was conscious that my affection accordingly was being transferred to the resulting new woman. The very thought outraged my every principle of constancy and exasperated me beyond endurance. It argued fatuity and fickleness of character and hinted at powerlessness to govern my own choice.

I now spent nearly one-half my time before the mirror in the hope of thus hastening the end. After a long time I was rewarded by discerning in the New Woman something familiar, a faint resemblance, seemingly to someone I had known. Surely there was no mistaking the similiarity of features and contour. As time went on I became more staunch in the belief that the woman gradually growing into my life was no stranger to me; and through it all I was ever in the throes of a vague uneasiness, an indefinable dread.

One day while intently studying the mirror-woman, I suddenly leaped back from the image, quivering from head to foot. A hundred volts of electricity could have given me no greater shock than did my amazing discovery. No wonder the New Woman had seemed familiar to me; no wonder that her beauty had cast a spell over me. I understood now how it had been possible of the New Woman to supplant her bewitching predecessor in my love. In the New Woman, as heaven is my witness, I recognized—Laura! The likeness was so perfect that I found myself wondering at not having remarked it before. With this discovery the long-smoldering fire of my devotion for Laura flared up once more in my callous heart. Laura, my lone spirit-flower of inspiration in life, my will-o'-the-wisp treasure that led me in dream and fancy always to a cruel awakening. Laura, present in my own mirrored person!—mocking my entreaties no more in the old way, yet haunting my vision with forebodings whose portent I dared not even ponder

Salvation came to me in a dream. And when I rose in the morning and found myself in possession of that which meant life and restoration to me, you may be sure that there was in my heart such a carnival of exultation and rejoicing as very few mortals here below have ever experienced.

There was not a single hitch. Every ingredient for the reactionary decoction had come back to me causelessly, and quite as mysteriously as some of them had previously escaped me. So I took the dose and waited, almost jubilant, for the result. For some time there was no preceptible change in the New Woman, and incipent alarm began once more to throb in my bosom. My fears, as I soon came to know, however, were without foundation, for the New Woman was at last beginning to fade; and although I had conceived an almost overmastering love for the apparition, no regret came to me with the knowledge of its going. I felt that my love was too strong to perish through the medium of an influence wielded by anything in the abstract. Moreover, I was in some way conscious that my affection was only leaving the intangible for the real, flesh-and-blood original of the fading picture—Laura!

I was never happier in my life. The mischievous little god that presides over the destinies of starving lovers seemed to be particularly favorable to me. He kindly saw to it that I was an element in Laura's company every time he could invent a reasonable excuse for it, and (confidentially) I suspect that he even went so far as to whisper in her ear flattering things about the doctor, for she now accepted the unpalatable medicine of his uninteresting presence with appreciably more grace than of yore.

And now that the future held something of promise, I lost some of my respect for economy and gave a grand reception in commemoration of an event which only two people knew anything about—the Restoration of Clement Holland; and all of this prematurely and in spite of the fact that the New Woman had by no means disappeared from the mirror.

On the evening of the reception, long after dinner, I sat with Williston and Cheever in the library, whither we had retreated from the throng to await the coming of Laura, who had promised to humiliate us all at chess.

The better to protect myself, the host,

against the conventional intrusion of divers froms of flattery, I had gotten between me and the door a very large mirror which promised to screen me from molestation. Sitting directly before this mirror, I was, of course, in the presence of the New Woman reflected therein. The strange companionship perturbed me not a little tonight. The apparition was not dimming so fast as I had hoped it would, and inasmuch as my own identity was returning no faster than that of the New Woman's faded, I was intensely anxious.

As we three sat waiting around the table, we exhausted our stock of anything to say, and, perhaps without any of us noticing it, a deep silence fell in the room, broken only at intervals by an echoing billow of merriment from some distant part of the house. In this calm atmosphere, engrossed in a study of Laura's wonderful likeness in the looking-glass, my mind became so absorbed with the strangeness and unreality of the picture that I must have either fallen under its hypnotic spell or dropped off to sleep from weariness.

Presently a peculiar, phonographic voice somewhere was trilling: "If I don't tell you, dear old stupid, you will always link me with occultism and witchcraft. It was *so* simple, had you only thought. Mr. Cheever and I were exploring for you, and I glanced into your bed-room laboratory from the hall and was horrified to see you drinking from a champagne glass some of that horrid greenish stuff with which you had so long experimented!"

The queer voice was still. I seemed suddenly to drop from the clouds to a realization of my surroundings. How strange! But for the woman in the mirror, I was alone, and—Great Scott!—*the reflection was smiling!* I started back nonplussed, as though confronted by a ghost. The reflection only smiled the more, as though amused at my dumbfoundment.

"Who in heaven's name are you?" I gasped, trepidation chilling my heart.

"I am one whom it seems you have again pledged in poison mistaken for champagne."

The familiar sound of Laura's voice brought me relief. It was indeed she who had come into the room and sat down between me and the mirror. But what had become of the New Woman? My gaze traveled swiftly beyond Laura to the glass, my pulse galloping wildly. In the perfect reflex of the heavy plate I saw only Laura and *my former self*, Clement Holland! The mirror-woman had vanished forever.

THE OLD, OLD WORLD

THIS old, old world is a dreary place
For the man whose pass is a frowning face:
Who looks for the shadows instead of the light:
For the sordid and dull instead of the bright;
Who sees but the worry and labor and strife
Instead of the glory and sunshine of life.

This old, old world is a sad abode
For the man who travels along life's road
With never a laugh and never a song
To lighten the toil as he goes along;
With never a smile or a word of cheer
To shorten the way for his fellows here.

But for him who possesses the saving grace
Of a laughing heart and a smiling face,
Who sings at his work and laughs at defeat,
And looks for the good and the bright and the sweet;
Who cheers on his fellows by word and by deed,
This world is a pleasant place indeed.

Emil Carl Aurin.

A SEARCH FOR GOLD

Harriet Sinclair Kerr

THE little mother loved her children as much as any mother could, but when the twins came through the house like small whirlwinds, for the third time, carrying upon their feet astonishing quantities of mud, which they distributed with great impartiality, she felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and that door-mats must be regarded with more attention. Hence the culprits were duly reprimanded and tied to the sewing-machine in her room, to meditate for a half-hour upon the error of their combined ways.

That is, the clock registered but half an hour, but it was an eternity to the little prisoners whose waists were encircled by the rope which allowed them to go only part way across the room.

There were full five minutes during which Jack and Jill wept copiously. (To be sure their real names were Theodore and Marietta, but no one ever seemed to think of that.) Then, they counseled together, and decided that their cruel mother did not love them, or why this wholly undeserved and bitter punishment? Once more the tears flowed freely, but finally were dried as a great plan evolved. They would run away frow their unloving mother that very day! They would follow the creek that led to the big cemetery, and would seek for gold as they went. Had they not heard grandmother tell how gold had been found in the creeks of California, and could not rich people do many things impossible otherwise? To have gold meant to be rich—already they knew that.

"Then," remarked Jill, "when we have heaps and heaps of gold we will come back, and our mother will be sorry she punished us so we had to run away."

"We won't come though, for years and years, maybe," supplemented Jack; "but when we do we will give her and father lots of nice things, if they'll just behave themselves."

A minute was spent in deep reflection, and then Jack spoke again.

"We must take some knives," he said, "for the gold is underneath the dirt, and we will have to dig it out. I'll get some old garden knives in the cellar, and you get into the pantry when Mary isn't around, and put a lot of cookies into a bag. We might starve before we found the gold, you know. Then we'll steal out through the back yard, and follow the creek to the cemetery, where nobody will think of looking for us. You see, we won't want to come home for a long time after we find the gold, and we musn't let anyone know where we are."

Very shortly their mother entered, and the

culprits were released with the charge to go and sin no more. By five o'clock their respective raids upon cellar and pantry were completed, and they had started upon their perilous journey. So small were they, that the tall grass through which they hurried, often hid them from view, but they had much trouble in suppressing Trix, the dog, who insisted upon barking delightedly at their heels.

When they reached the big creek, Jill was anxious to begin the search at once, but Jack wisely counseled getting a greater distance from home, first. They would eat a cookie apiece now, however, he conceded, that they might feet better able to work when they *did* reach a more convenient spot.

When they had gone nearly a mile from home, the distance to their young eyes seemed very great.

"Well, little folks, where are you going?" called the village doctor, as he drove leisurely past.

"We're taking a walk," declared Jack, brazenly, while Jill blushed, guiltily.

" Oh, Jack ! " she whispered, when the doctor had passed, "how could you tell such a lie?"

"It wasn't a lie," maintained Jack, stoutly. "I guess we *are* taking a walk, and it's none of Dr. Spencer's business, either." Then he added, in a bitter tone, "Girls are so silly always, anyhow. I wish I'd come alone."

"Don't say that, Jack," begged Jill, the tears filling her eyes. "It hurts me inside when you talk like that."

"Well, don't you call me a liar, then," he commanded, sternly. "I guess I ought to know better than you when I lie."

Not far from the old cemetery the stream made a little turn, and here it was decided to begin the search for gold. The cookies were safely wrapped in Jack's coat and placed where Trix could not confiscate them, while armed with their knives, the twins began their attacks upon Mother Earth, but she stubbornly refused to yield them gold, as she has refused many another seeker before and since. They worked on perseveringly, however, despite the fact that Jack once slipped, and was thoroughly drenched in the creek, while Jill got wet and muddy in helping him out. The August air soon dried both tears and wet clothing, though, and there was a breathless moment when Jill thought she had found a diamond like the one which sparkled in her mother's ring. But it proved to be only a bit of glass, which cut her finger so cruelly that her lamentations were very audible.

Finally, very tired and discouraged, the gold seekers decided to give up the search for that day, and, followed by the hungry and ever-faithful Trix, they made their way into the cemetery. They had never learned to fear death, and entered without a tremor.

"Let's go and sit by our baby brother's grave," said Jill. "There's lots of pansies there."

They established themselves comfortably, and with Trix's assistance, soon made way with the rest of the provisions. They sighed a little, however, when the limited meal was was over, and a vision of the bountiful table at home, rose before them.

"They were going to have custard pie tonight," said Jill, gently,

"Let's not talk about it," answered Jack, blinking back the tears. He felt the need of changing the tone of the conversation. They were both very tired, and the recollection of two empty white beds gave them a feeling of homesickness.

"Isn't it funny," asked Jack, with assumed cheerfulness, "that we can't see the souls inside of us? But they're there just the same," he added, piously.

"Yes," replied Jill. "And mother says that sometimes God comes along and calls to the soul part, and it slips out and flies to heaven with Him. Only of course it can't go or fly, or anything, till He comes for it," she explained further.

"It would be fine to fly everywhere we wanted to go," said Jack, with some show of enthusiasm. "We could go back and see whether father and mother felt bad because they were so mean to us; and they couldn't see us at all."

"What fun!" cried Jill. "And Mary says the streets in heaven are made of gold, so we might bring 'em back a big lot to make up for not finding any today." Her voice broke at this point in spite of her first joy at the thought.

"I can see heaven now," cried Jack, looking toward the west where the sun had just set. "Where that line is, 'way 'way off there is the end of the world, and just above it, where the gold shows, is heaven, but nobody knows how to get across untill God tells 'em."

There was a little pause before Jill said: "I wonder if God don't come long here every night. Maybe if we went to sleep here, He would see us and know we want to be called. We can't go home," she added, brokenly, "because our mother doesn't love us, and our father always feels just like mother about *us*. We haven't got anything more to eat, and we didn't find a spec of gold to sell and get rich; but if God took us over to the gold country it would fix everything all right, and maybe He'd let us come back real often to see 'em."

"Let's go to sleep, then," acquiesced Jack. "I'm awfully tired working so hard. First, look down my throat, though, and see if you can see my soul. I've been shutting one eye and trying to see in my mouth, but it's no good."

He opened his mouth and threw back his head. The little maid peered carefully into the aperture.

"I can't see anything but your tongue wabbling around, Jack!" she said at length.

He sighed resignedly.

"Well, let me look for yours, then," he said, as he tipped back her head.

"I see it!" he cried, excitedly, after a moment's inspection. Jill closed her mouth suddenly, and jumped up in a fright. "It was just peeping up, but when it saw me it ducked down again."

"Let's not talk about it," pleaded Jill, with a shudder.

"Why, you goose," commented her brother, "you carry your soul around with you all the time; so why are you scared of it now?"

Jill could find no argument which would seem to justify her sudden feeling of responsibility in regard to her soul, so proposed that because of their weariness they at once go to sleep. They pillowed their heads on the little grave, and with Trix at their feet, soon slumbered peacefully.

The twilight deepened over the garden of sleep, and then the stars came out, but the tired little fugitives did not know it. At last, however, they were aroused by the frantic barking of Trix, as he bounded over them and went flying down the road. With great fear and trembling they sat up and looked about them. Gradually they recalled what had happened, and drew closer to each other.

"That must be God coming along the road with a lantern," whispered Jill. "Trix will give us away, anyhow, so we might as well show Him where we are."

"Children! Children!" came a deep voice.

"Here we are, God!" they cried, trembling with excitement, as they scrambled to their feet and started in the direction of the light. A second lantern came flying down the road now, and Trix bounded to meet it also, barking excitedly, his delight.

"My children, where have you been?"

The words came more in sorrow than in anger, as both little forms were caught up in a pair of strong arms.

"Why, it's father!" cried two surprised little voices.

"We thought you were God," Jack added, by way of explanation.

"And here's mother, too!" cried Jill, as the second light came nearer

"Oh, Jack! Oh, Jill!" The mother's tones were reproachfully and tearfully tender. "*Why* did you run off in this way?"

"Because you tied us up, mother, and didn't love us any more, we thought," said Jack, bravely. "We've been looking for gold, and we were going to bring you some—only—only we haven't found it yet," he added, apologetically.

"And I cut my finger—and oh, mother, did you really love us all the time?" cried Jill, bursting into tears.

"All the time," replied the little mother, as she drew both children to her and kissed them. And somehow, in that moment, the little seekers unconsciously realized that the object of their search had been attained.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

STUFFED PRUNES

Mrs. Stephen T. Sackett, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Cook prunes until soft, take out stones and stuff with chopped walnuts. Serve with whipped cream.

A NEW TOASTER

By Mrs. J. M. Dobson, Washington, D. C.

This may not be original or new, but it is so *useful* that I give it.

No one likes burnt toast, yet those who use gas, gasolene or blue-flame oil ranges know that it is very difficult to toast bread over the flame of either without scorching the slices to a coal. I took wire mosquito netting, a piece 10 inches wide and 30 inches long, and doubled both ends under, so as to have three thicknesses 10 inches square, pounding down the edges to make the folds lie close. I then put it over the gas stove burner, burned all the paint off, and had a perfect toaster.

To use it, light the gas and *lay the toaster on the blaze.* The flame does not come through, but spreads out and makes the toaster red-hot, like glowing coals. It will last a long time.

Bread is best toasted if dried a little on each side before holding it over the hot wire.

—

BUG PROOF HEN'S NESTS

By Geo. S. Rowley, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Make hens' nests out of pine needles or, in fact, the foliage of pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar or any coniferous tree, picked fresh and green, and no lice, fleas, gnats or bugs of any kind will trouble the hens. If fresh foliage cannot be had, dried foliage will do, but is not so good. If neither is procurable, then use more or less pine, spruce, hemlock, or cedar sawdust, which is nearly as good.

—

PILLOW-CASE PROTECTION

By Mrs. A. F. Cox, Ogden, Illinois

To wash sheer white waists, infants' dresses, Battenburg centerpieces, etc., place in a pillow-case (one piece in each case) and tie a cord around the mouth of the case; wash in the washing machine with the weekly washing. It need not be removed until the article is ready to be rinsed and blued. Articles washed in this manner last much longer, and one need have no fear of their being torn in the process.

—

FOR A DRAWER THAT STICKS

By E. B. Dodge, Springfield, Mass.

Use spermicetti *or any hand soap* which will never become rancid or foul-smelling; for a tight-fitting drawer, sliding screens in windows or for lubricating wood-runs nothing equals this method. Have proven this.

—

AN EGG TEST

By Mrs. Charles M. Morton, Lansing, Mich.

To test the freshness of eggs, put them in a bowl of water. New-laid eggs will remain at the bottom; less fresh eggs will float a little way from it, and bad eggs will lie on top of the water. The higher the water the staler the egg is the rule in this test.

SOAPY FINGER-TIPS

If you are about to engage in dirty work, say gardening, rub the finger-tips along a cake of soap, getting it well under each nail. This will prevent unpleasant material from lodging there.

—

FROSTY WINDOWS

By Mrs. Caroline Evans, Ottumwa, Iowa

To keep windows free from frost, rub the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol.

MENDING KNIT GOODS

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill, Sergeantsville, N. J.

When repairing knit goods or darning stockings, do the work on the bias on the wrong side—a weaver's advice—it gives with the strain and will not break around the darn as quickly as if done on the straight of the goods. Thin places can be darned one way or "run" with rather a long stitch on the wrong side, as old-fashioned people used to run the heels of home-knit stockings. When it breaks between the stitches it can be crossed, taking up the threads, making a neat darn much easier than if left until it becomes a large hole. Frequently a great hole if examined closely will prove a straight tear, and if queen stitched together and darned across the join it will be quickly done and look neat. To queen stitch, take up first one edge and then the other from the under side; if properly done, the edges will come together perfectly.

—

HOME-MADE LINOLEUM

By Molly Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To make a good home-made substitute for linoleum for the kitchen floor, take any old carpet that is whole but too shabby to use, clean it thoroughly and tack it down smoothly on the floor. Then make a good thick boiled starch of flour and water. Rub a coat of this starch into the carpet with a whitewash brush, and in about twenty-four hours or when the starch is thoroughly dry, give it a coat of paint—any color desired. When the paint is dry give a second coat, and you will have a cheap and durable floor-covering equal to linoleum at about one-fourth the cost. By giving it a coat of paint once a year it will last for years.

—

CANNED CORN

By Ella Tuthill, Flushing, Mich.

Cut and scrape from cob fourteen cups of nice sweet corn. Add one cup of salt and two cups of boiling water; cook well three-fourths of an hour, stirring often to prevent burning. Put up in glass jars, just as you would fruit, and store in cool, dark place.

When needed for use, turn the can into an earthen dish and cover well with boiling water, let stand one hour; then turn off the salt water and cover again. Turn off again and season with milk and butter; add one tablespoonful of sugar, let come to a boil and serve.

—

FOR WASHING HEAVY OVERALLS

By Mrs. E. D. Stoner, La Land, N. M.

For the benefit of women who have men's heavy overalls and shirts to wash:—Instead of rubbing on the washboard, the usual way, spread them on the board and brush with a scrub-brush and plenty of soap. It will save the wear of both hands and garment.

—

SNOW-BLIND EYES

By H. H. Hawkins, Cimarron, N. M.

Bind on scraped potato and renew often until relieved.

FROZEN HANDS AND FEET

Hold in kerosene (coal oil) until blood circulates.

—

FOR TIRED EYES

By Clair M. Wightman, Farmington, N. M.

Bathe your tired eyes in salt water and you will be astonished at the strength it gives them.

BREAD-MAKING

By Mrs. C. A. Duncan, Wellston, Okla.

Make yeast as follows:—One teacupful of flour wet with water, and whipped well to a foam; set aside for two hours, then add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, one-half teacupful good yeast of any kind well dissolved. Stir well and set aside until next night, and it is ready for use.

For baking and adding yeast, take three pints luke-warm water and stir into it enough flour to make a stiff sponge; then add the above yeast. Let this raise real light, and when light put one teacupful in glass jar and cover with sugar for next baking. Salt and mix the rest into stiff bread, the same as for any other light bread. Use yeast in glass jar for next baking, and save out each time for the next baking, but do not add any other yeast. More water may be added to sponge if a longer baking is desired. This can be used for years and never fails to make nice bread.

—

SALT—THE "OLD RELIABLE"

By Mrs. E. Cora Reed, Moorheadville, Penn.

Before closing my house for the summer season I sprinkle table salt over my rugs and carpets, carefully and lightly sweeping over them with a broom. I am never troubled by the moths having eaten them during my absence, and the salt brightens the colors besides. When in the woods we all use salt water for our toilets and find we are never bitten by the mosquitoes after having done so. Insects hate the taste of salt, and it is a simple and harmless remedy which I would like all to try.

—

CREAMING BUTTER AND SUGAR

By Samuel L. Williams, Lead, So. Da.

When creaming butter and sugar for a cake, use a common wire potato masher; it saves time and is better than the old way.

SUGARING DOUGHNUTS

When sugaring doughnuts, instead of rolling each one in sugar try putting the sugar in a sifter and shaking it over them It saves quite a little time.

—

WHILE WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

By R. E. Tilden, Tonapah, Nev.

Pneumonia often comes with a cold and the patient has violent pains. When pains first commence get a box of mustard and mix a poultice of it with milk and white of an egg. Make on cheese cloth and apply direct to parts that have the pains; renew poultices till pains disappear, and use other medicines as customary to give persons having severe colds. If taken in time, pneumonia can generally be checked by the mustard plaster.

—

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS

By Hattie E. Plopper, Pierport, Mich.

Wash enough turnips to fill a kettle, boil an hour or more, pour off the water and use as foot-bath as hot as can be borne; in two or three days repeat if necessary.

—

TO SEPARATE CAKE FROM BAKING-TIN

By Miss E. Bowen, East Aurora, N. Y.

If a dampened cloth is put under a cake-tin as soon as the cake is removed from oven, the steam will loosen cake from tin.

MOVABLE SHELVES

By A. L. Ensworth, Wellsboro, Penn.

For walls—back of kitchen stove, say, or anywhere in any room—screw into wall at such place as one may choose, two screw hooks, at proper distance apart. Take shelf of desired width and length, with brackets attached, and into the edge drive two small staples so spaced as to match the hooks—*and hook on.*

As extension to window-sill, to accommodate flower-pots, etc., take a shelf, as before, and into edge screw two small square screw-hooks; into edge of sill drive two small staples, and attach shelf.

The shelf can be put in place or removed as readily as one would take up or lay down a book. Have used the devices for years, and find them a great convenience.

—

CLEANING WHITE CANVAS SHOES

By Maude Mair, Waukesha, Wis.

With a clean cloth dipped in alcohol, remove the grass stains. Then, after the shoes are dry, rub magnesia thoroughly into the muddy spots and soiled places, leaving it on for an hour or so; then brush it all out and *all* of the dirt will come with it. Magnesia can also be used very effectively to clean the hem of white skirts that do not show any signs of dirt except soiled bottom.

A BRILLIANT POLISH

A brilliant polish and one which lasts well for constant use on a cook-stove or range, is made by mixing the black-lead with coffee or ammonia, to form a liquid. Either is excellent; whichever is nearest at hand may be used.

—

BIRCH BARK SOLES

By Harriet E. Brackett, Limington, Me.

People who are troubled with cold feet or chilblains should try birch bark innersoles. This advice came from an old hunter and trapper.

CLEANING BEANPOTS

If a beanpot is hard to clean, put a little ashes in the bottom, fill with water, set in the oven, and in a few hours the pot will wash easily.

A NEW USE FOR RAW POTATO

Raw potatoes put through the meat grinder and sprinkled over the floor before sweeping will prevent the dust from rising and will not injure either hard wood floor or carpet.

—

MATCH-SCRATCHER

By Freda Agatz, Helena, Mont.

Fasten a bristol board nail-file to the wall where matches are apt to be scratched, and you will have no further trouble with marred walls.

—

FOR DAINTY FINGERS

By Edwin H. Trautman, Columbus, O.

To remove ink stains from the fingers, rub the brimstone of a match over the soiled parts.

—

NEW USE FOR CAYENNE PEPPER

By E. F. McBride, Salesville, Ohio

To drive flies from a room, try the following: Close the room tightly, smolder some cayenne pepper on a hot coal, open door quickly and the flies may be driven out easily.

THE HAPPY HABIT.

LET me tell you a secret. I choose the gloomiest day that comes along—and it is usually a Monday morning—to write to Happy Habiters. I have been down to the office and taken a look at the "trouble corner," and have come back ready to dash to the desk and grab my notes and write. Horrors! the notes are gone. The room has been "swept and garnished." Then, suddenly I remember that, in order to have those papers handy—I left them on the floor, —under the desk on Saturday night. "They have been swept out and burned," I bewail.

Lo! Now the gracious lady of the household comes to the rescue and bravely pulls the notes from the furnace—autumn fires burn slowly—and I proceed joyfully with the charred remains to my study. 'Twas only a phantom trouble after all.

Without is autumn gloom but as I sit down—all the beautiful memories of the recent reunion of National readers come thronging back. Those rows and rows of bright faces that I saw at the Jamestown Exposition that day are recalled; can you imagine that for one minute I could be aught else than serene?

* * * * *

On this gloomy day, beginning with a troublous morning, a spirit of content grows upon me. Perhaps it is because I rescued those half burned notes, but somehow it comes to me with renewed force that two of the great things in life are real work—that is worth the doing—and love. To this add optimism, a reasonable and eager hope, and you have certainly the ingredients for happiness. There is a spirit of worship in work, recognized by the monks long ago in their proverb "Work is prayer." The same spirit exists in true love, that impels us to high ideals, and calls out the best, the truest, the noblest sentiments we possess,

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Real joy and happiness often exist in the weariness of toil, and in striving to live up to an ideal and be worthy of love. There is no great mystery in this, for real troubles have their part to play in life, after all, a great many of them are mere phantoms, that vanish as the sunlight dispels the gloom.

* * * *

Have you ever let memory play on the scenes of long ago—that picture gallery that needs no massive gilt frames or castle hall to show it to advantage—a quiet hour of reverie reveals many a lovely picture.

Now I am reminded of a Christmas years ago when the cool, crisp December air had hardened the snowy roads into miniature ravines, over which the sleigh runners bumped, now up, now down. There had been a keen frost, and in the air was the odor of garnered hay, oats and corn and withered vines. The horses could be heard champing in the stable at early morning, as though glad that the fall work was completed. The "surviving" turkeys came from roost in triumph, as though proud to have escaped the "feast."

Father always started early in the morning to get the plum pudding ready. The huge boiler was the only one in the house considered large enough for his purpose, and after it had been duly scoured he proceeded to fill with water and set it on the fire ready to boil the plum pudding, in remembrance of the old days in Walton, on the banks of the Thames, in England.

Once inside the kitchen—oh, those aromas, the turkey—the pickles, the cranberry, the mince pie, and a dozen other dainties! it makes me hungry to "think o' it."

Slices of father's pudding were sent to the four quarters of the globe, in order to carry out the tradition that for each plum pudding tasted, a happy month in the year is insured. In those days our arithmetic was a little weak and we youngsters used to gorge ourselves in order to have fourteen happy months instead of twelve. Talk about mince pies as dream producers—a piece of that cold pudding just before retiring—how good it tasted—would make the wild imagination of Edgar A. Poe "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in comparison.

There were always plenty of raisins and we all played little Jack Horner, and—instead of eating in the correct manner "pulled out a plum," when mother was not looking. We wondered then, and to this day the mystery has never been solved, why raisins are called "plums" in a pudding.

That day we went to church, but mother remained at home to see that everything was ready, because the minister was coming. We heard the old hymns, "Come, let us adore Him." "Hark, the herald angels sing!" and the reading and the prayers. A terrible gnawing in youthful stomachs, an unappeasable longing to get home for dinner, mingled with the sermon and in the background were the thoughts that later there might be skating on the pond, and there was "no school". We liked Christmas better than Thanksgiving because it sometimes came on a Friday, so that we had three whole days without lessons.

How the blessing of the good old elder on the Christmas feast stands out in memory. It was the longest blessing ever heard, but finally the turkey was brought in state. How brown and crisp it was! How its legs and arms were raised to heaven, defiant even in death. Then there was that dressing—the odor of that thyme and sage! a flavor that might have inspired even an anchorite. The small boys must await their "turn" until the very last. It seemed an age before the great plates of the best dinner set came our way—and then—*and then*. Great sighs of regret were heaved, as we realized that we had completed our storage before the mince pie was handed around.

There never was such a short afternoon as the one that followed that Christmas dinner. Even when we went down to "T. A. Kellett's & Wife's" to have our pictures taken, right after dinner, it seemed as though the sunlight had passed away with the eating of the turkey and the pudding. While the photograph was being taken we had another sermon from the good, little man with the long whiskers, who in addition to being the village photographer had the distinction of being a "local preacher," and, incidentally, the inventor of an oil stove which could be utilized on any ordinary kerosene lamp and bring "millions"—

* * * *

There was that party in the evening—one of those real, old-fashioned "surprise" parties. The old wagon box was fixed with seats along the sides, plenty of blankets were put in and over the rough roads we joggled—a sovereign cure for indigestion—if we had known of such a thing in those days. We were to give a "real s'prise" to the popular young girl, but we found the to-be-surprised one attired in her best, with "bangs" correctly laid upon her forehead, and "not a hair astray" either in her raiment or the house. Everything was suspiciously right. Of course we did not whisper that she knew anything about it, but it did look as though she *might* have had an inkling—but she acted well the part as we entered and "laid off our things." A few of us awkward fellows backed off along the wall, looking for a quiet corner wherein to decide "where to put our hands," while we keenly envied "Chevalier George," the only boy in the village possessed of a real gold ring, and who had an unfailing supply of jokes at command. He was at every gathering,—and we sighed to be just like him. Guy was with us, too. He suffered from a chronic sore throat and always wore a red flannel around his throat, a cravat of distinction betokening that his health had to be considered and his feet kept dry.

It did not take long for the first strange shyness to wear off, and in a little while we were making candy in the kitchen and popping corn with a steady fire, like small artillery. After that of course we had games. Those rare old games! I laugh now when I think of them. There was "post office." Better not tell anything about that. There was "Spat 'em out," when I came in with knees all a-tremble, and stood looking about the room to catch, perchance, some telltale gleam in the eye of those whom I thought might choose me. The faces were like masks and I wandered around the circle amazedly. Finally, methought I saw a gleam of intelligence

in the eye of a little miss with floating curls, who sat demurely in one corner. I advanced; she did not frown but shyly looked at me; I shyly looked at her, sidewise. She did not seem unkind. She even smiled. I sat me down upon the extreme edge of the chair, but—how changed one moment later. No actor on the boards, facing a great audience, could be more appalled than I at the sibillant hiss that arose, as my friends and companions "spat me out." What aggravated me most was the smirking complacence of the three or four who had been better guessers than myself, and who were serenely enthroned beside the chosen ladies, while Miss Curls giggled.

Then there were the fines to pay. No twenty million dollars Standard Oil for us—"fine" and "superfine" were good enough, and in our opinion a "double shovel plough" was a mighty good thing. If Rockefeller felt as we did about fines, he would have had them come along as often as possible. We liked to have our fines furious and speedy.

The delight of going back to those old days, and then to consider the things that we call "pleasure" now—the things that money and ease can offer. These are what are supposed to make happiness for us today, but true joy was in that farm house that night, with its mottoes, "God Bless our Home," "What is Home without a Mother?" and other wise and simple sayings sewn laboriously with wool on canvas, and then framed, mementoes of the leisure hours of the women of the house when they were school girls. The old chromos on the walls, the rough rag carpet, with its streaks of color; the whatnot and the sea shells, the hair cloth furniture of the type that impressed Charles Dickens so unfavorably—and no wonder—the marble top table, the brillant flowers of surprising colors that adorned the wall paper; the pungent smell of the crackling wood in the stove.

How we looked at the old clock on the shelf, and were exasperated at the way the hands kept pushing their way toward midnight.

"It can't be so late as that," was the chorus of remonstrance.

Strictly at twelve we knew that Papa Hatch's rule would be enforced, but when the room was darkened for a charade, "Wildy" bore down on the clock and shoved the hands back. How funny it was to see Papa Hatch come in and look over his spectacles with an air of surprise to see how slowly time went that night, and how far off was the holy midnight hour. At last the boys went after the lanterns to "hitch up," and don, out in the entry, the knitted mufflers that, given as Christmas presents, were treasured from one year to another, proud mementoes of someone's loving care. There was no lull in the cherry laughter on the homeward way when jokes, and stories and moments of quietude—told of happy mortals.

We sang all our old songs, from "Bonny lies over the Ocean" to "Good bye, my lover Good-bye," and the impromtu verses of our village poet were a little halting in meter but strong on the rhyme.

The village watchman blinked at us as we passed the corner by the drug store. He flashed his dark lantern as a signal to be more quiet because the folks were trying to sleep.

We distributed passengers one by one at their homes. A happy Christmas day had passed.

* * * *

It is so gratifying to find, in many of the letters that come to my desk, some allusion to old days. Sometimes it is a friend from whom I have not heard for years; or it may be a new friend who tells me of *his* old times. Every reader discovers romance and beauty in his or her own life history. There is nothing in the world so interesting as personality, and no mortal but has a treasure trove of pleasant memories, those simple happenings that come thronging to the mind as we look back and feel the glow of content that comes from happiness safely garnered and work well done, making us strong today to toil and love. Happiness is not an accident of birth or environment—it lies within the human being. A hundred simple pleasures are ready that may be enjoyed at will when we cease to waste time nursing wrongs, slights and grievances in general.

We make up our minds to be Happy Habiters, recognizing the obligation to make happiness for ourselves and others—on Christmas and every other day.

Sr Mitchell Chapple

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"A vessel larger than our little fishing sloop could not have threaded its way among the icebergs."—See "The Smoky God," page 380.

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THERE is something of the family matinee spirit in the theater *nationale*. The initial session of the Sixtieth Congress, representing a run of two year stands—three-score years, attests the growing popularity of the legislative branch of the nation.

In the morning a swarm of callers came to pay their respects in a brief manner to the President and various departments. Senators and congressmen found their way to the various committee rooms at the Capitol at an early hour. Later in the day the corridors and halls were filled with visitors, and an express wagon caravan brought floral offerings for members and senators. The rules of Congress now prohibit any decorations on the floor. Heretofore on opening days the Senate and House were a perfect bower of flowers, suggesting a wedding. Now that no flowers are permitted, the messengers ceremoniously receive the bouquets with gracious thanks for those to whom they are addressed. The flowers are taken to the hospitals while they are fresh and fragrant with the sweet odors of June-time. The perfume of many blossoms lingered in the corridors on that opening day, and everyone looked goodnatured.

Even the Supreme Court participated in the opening rush. There was a line in the corridor extending around the rotunda, waiting for the pulling of the cord that would admit them to the Supreme Court room, that they might step into that quiet place where the judges in somber array, beneath the light falling on them from the ceiling, listen to arguments before the highest tribunal of the land, from which there is no appeal.

Congressmen were as busy as if on the committee of arrangements at a Sunday school picnic. Around the telegraph office there were many messengers coming and going with telegrams of congratulation. Thirteen new senators and many new congressmen launched public careers on that day.

* * *

The center of the day's rush was on the floor of the House of Representatives. Here there was a buzz of conversation and hearty greetings among members. New-coined jokes were ready for the cloak room groups. The spirit of goodwill apparent presaged little partisan conflict for the coming session—Republicans were on the Democratic side, and Democrats mingled freely amid the Republicans, and everyone as social as an elevator boy before Christmas. It was "How are you?" here, and "Glad to see you again" there, with all the hearty earnestness of spontaneous greeting that could be witnessed in no legislative assembly except the United States Congress. Everybody was on the floor at that time—not only senators and congressmen alone; I was there myself with other friends of congressmen, to see that the ship of the Sixtieth Congress was duly launched.

In the room back of the speaker's desk, I came across William J. Bryan, holding a conference with a number of friends. His overcoat was thrown across a chair and he

was looking the very pink of good health—a little stouter, a little less hair, perhaps, but "the peerless one" in every way to old friends and admirers.

The galleries were filled to overflowing. When the figure of Bryan appeared in the doorway, there was a rapping of desks and a quick burst of applause from the galleries as he marched up to the desk which he formerly occupied as a member of Congress fourteen years ago. A hearty handshake and greeting for him on all sides emphasized the popularity of the "silver tongued orator" who has twice been a candidate for the presidency.

In conversations, he gave out suggestions in reference to the various currency measures handed him to look over. The suggestions which he offered fourteen years ago, guaranteeing the deposits in the national banks, placing them under federal supervision, and thereby securing the absolute and unqualified confidence of the people in the national banks, was resurrected. Many of the Democratic members brought their bills to him to inspect, for here was the prelude of the presidential campaign of 1908 already on the boards. While holding no public office, Mr. Bryan was evidently regarded as the leader of national democracy, and he remained on the floor on the opening day of Congress at the full dress rehearsal.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER

At the noon hour the floor was cleared of all visitors, and the Sixtieth Congress was a fact. As I passed out through the corridor, I dropped into the speaker's room, and there was "Uncle Joe" sitting at his desk with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, leaning back in his chair while he smoked his cigar and commented on affairs with direct, homely philosophy. Secretary Busby was alone with him and was trying his best to keep the cigar ashes off the clothing of the speaker, that he might make a trim appearance in the grand march. The climax of the opening exercises was when "Uncle Joe" marched down the aisle on the arm of John Sharp Williams, leader of the opposition, who introduced the speaker amid hearty applause. After the speaker took the oath of office by raising his left hand, he administered the same to new members collectively, delegations from five or ten states standing in the opening near the speaker's desk. When the name of Oklahoma was called there were hearty cheers for the new star in the flag.

* * *

THE campaign for parcel post is being vigorously pushed. Members of Congress from the western districts, where there has been a sad misunderstanding in reference to the plans of the department, now sympathize with the movement. It has been said that parcel post would largely favor the mail order houses, but this statement is not borne out by the fact that mail order houses are vigorously opposing the introduction of the parcel post, as planned by Postmaster General von L. Meyer, who wishes, as a matter of common justice to American citizens, to reduce the postage on parcels from sixteen to twelve cents, this being the rate now obtaining in foreign countries.

The one point that appears to be overlooked in the discussion is that the local country merchants are protected up to eleven pounds weight by a rate of two cents a pound on all parcels sent out from points where there are free delivery routes. Instead of interfering with the local trade, this plan would greatly enhance it for the reason that farmers could order by mail or telephone from merchants near at hand.

The rapid growth of the rural free delivery routes shows that something must be done to utilize this machinery more completely than is now being done, for at the present time it is comparatively lying waste, but the time is coming when the small bag and mail pouch of the carrier will develop into a parcel route, giving all local dealers a just and equitable advantage.

In Oklahoma alone there are 734 rural free delivery routes, and the total number throughout the country at the present time is 38,200, and constantly increasing.

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POSTMASTER GENERAL VON L. MEYER

With all these routes in good working order, it is positively profligate that the machinery should not be used in the manner which was originally intended in developing them. If the people will simply look into the matter and make insistent demand for that which is inherently their right, and not be blinded by unreasonable prejudice, they will have at their command, conducted on a fair and satisfactory basis, a postal service that will not be a revolution, but merely an evolution of the present system.

Postmaster General von L. Meyer is continually giving the people comprehensive information on this subject, making it quite clear that parcel post will be something more than a mere name; it will be the forerunner of a widespread movement toward making the question of good roads a great, living reality. When the "dirt" highways of the

country are cared for in a manner creditable to a great nation, the people will have proved their capacity to properly administer the more extensive business of the metal roads, and consideration of the ownership of the railroads will then be in order. With so glaring a disgrace as our public roads and by-ways staring us in the face, the development of parcel post making a demand for more frequent travel and better roads, will solve some vexatious phases of the "good roads" phantom, and make the agitation something of a pertinent reality.

HANNIS TAYLOR, EX-MINISTER TO SPAIN, TAKEN IN EDINBURG ROBES (LL.D.)

* * *

AMONG the interesting incidents that have just come to light concerning the October panic in New York City, is one of an old lady who pushed her way through the lines of depositors who cordoned the building. That was the day when the newsboys were admonished not to yell the tale of failures too loudly in calling "wextra!"

The policemen were insisting that the old lady could not step out of the place in line which rightfully belonged to a late-comer, but she glanced at the keepers of the peace with disdain, that was increased seven-fold when she turned to survey the line of people anxiously waiting to withdraw their deposits.

"Do you suppose that I am one of *these?*"

"Who else can you be, madam? You really must take your place in line."

"I shall never take my place in *that* line," she responded positively. "I am not a withdrawer; I have here a thousand dollars of my savings which I intend to place in this bank today, just to show these people that I have every confidence in our public institutions and in our government."

* * *

The public, like a flock of sheep, follows each new movement, and there seemed to be a general impulsion into the streets, which had to be cleared of the curious; it might be said that at least for once in its existence Wall Street was under "martial law," for it seemed that if private fortune and public enterprise were hanging in the balance, every citizen in New York was determined to be "in at the death." It was doubtless a surprise to many when Wall Street weathered the storm, but the strain of those few days will long be remembered by the chiefs of the financial world.

People hardly knew when the cloud began to lift—rumors of cash payments began to be afloat. It was the old story that "the way to resume is to resume," but the recent flurry has taught one lesson—the positive necessity of co-operation and the absolute interdependence of all human operations. It has been remarked that at no time in the history of the country have the wage-earners and financers so clearly realized the perils of a bank failure, or how closely allied to their own are the financial interests. When banking, business and industrial institutions understand that their interests are identical, they will form an invincible force against disaster. They will be like a big family of brothers and sisters, who have little "spats" among themselves, but let an outsider attack one of the members, and all the rest rally to his or

her aid. The flurry on Wall Street will not have been in vain if it has welded the financial and working interests into one magnificent phalanx of American progress.

* * *

THE present quartermaster-general of the army, James B. Aleshire, won his spurs originally as an Indian fighter on the plains of the Northwest. He was a member of the class of 1880, to which Lieutenant George W. Goethals also belonged. General Aleshire's appointment was met with general approval in army circles.

He was quartermaster of the volunteer service in 1898, and served under General Shafter in Cuba. Later he saw service in the Philippines, having charge of the entire transport service between Manila and the United States.

The general is a man of keen business understanding and instincts, and Uncle Sam

GOVERNOR AMOS I. CUMMINS OF IOWA

is certainly to be congratulated on his selection. His suggestion that it may be necessary to enforce a draft to secure the requisite number of the right kind of recruits for the regular army aroused a storm of discussion, but it further proves that he means business.

THE reiteration of President Roosevelt's positive declaration that he will not accept or be a candidate for nomination for a second elective term has clarified the presidential situation. It has brought hope to the friends of other candidates, but it has in no wise changed the earnest and uncompromising purpose of his friends for the reelection of President Roosevelt for his second elective term, to insure a continuation

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.
SCOTT C. BONE, EDITOR OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD

of those policies which have gained for him the admiration and confidence of his countrymen.

As Senator Jonathan Bourne, Junior, has remarked: "The President's resurrection of his 1904 declaration does not affect the political situation. No intelligent person can honestly question his sincerity. Roosevelt, as the individual, undoubtedly wishes, at the end of this term, to be relieved of the burden of public duty, but Roosevelt, the public servant and ideal American citizen, must obey the commands of the people if issued, and I, for one, believe the people will command him to serve his country for another four years."

The readers of the National who have the

conviction that President Roosevelt should serve another term, will keep right on sending in manuscripts recording their opinions until the closing date of the offer, February 15.

The judges selected are Governor Amos L. Cummins of Iowa, Honorable Hannis A. Taylor, ex-minister to Spain, and Mr. Scott T. Bone, editor of the Washington Herald. With the matter left in the hands of these judges, our readers may well feel sure of a just decision as to the best article submitted as to why Theodore Roosevelt should succeed himself; these articles are sent in competition for Senator Bourne's offer of a thousand dollar prize for the best article on this subject made through the National Magazine.

The decision will be reached on March 15. In the meantime the presidential cauldron continues to boil.

The return of Secretary Taft will give an impetus to his candidacy, but the friends of Fairbanks, Cortelyou, Cannon, Hughes, Knox, Foraker and others are making sail to land delegates at the Chicago wharf for the Republican National Convention in June.

The resolution offered in the house by Congressman Clayton of Alabama, forbidding even a third term service as president, may have had an effect in bringing matters to a focus, but the President feels now that his friends must take him at his word.

DRAWING ROOM OF GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

AT Concord, New Hampshire, are the scenes so interestingly described in a recent story by Winston Churchill. The old State House especially seems to me almost haunted by the characters that walk through the book.

For years I have made a practice, whenever I pass within visiting distance, of calling on every senator and congressman at his home, and when in New Hampshire recently I called on the senior senator of "the old Granite State". It is especially pleasant to see these public men in private life, because then one obtains a new light upon their

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL J. B. ALESHIRE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

characters, and can better understand the work in which each is interested for his own constituents, or the country at large.

Senator Gallinger has passed the high-water mark of three score years and ten, but he is as bright and lively at heart as a young

CONGRESSMAN C. R. DAVIS OF MINNESOTA

man of twenty. I found him located not far from the State House, and at home, just the same genial, hard-working man that he is in Washington. A reward has been offered to anyone who will find the senator not "doing something."

One subject to which Senator Gallinger is especially devoted is our merchant marine. Washington was recently visited by a delegation from the Argentine Republic; they came from the south temperate zone during the winter simply to look after the interests of the ship subsidy bill. By the way, that word "subsidy" has an odious sound, and has done much to retard passage of the bill. This measure if passed, will be the means of building up a flourishing trade between the United States and South America.

Mr. Harvey S. Wentworth, formerly of St. Louis, a member of this party, states that "the future of South America hinges on the completion of the Panama Canal, and that this country will then furnish the greatest market for the exploitation of American products on the schedule at the present time."

This trade would be truly reciprocal, for while the United States now consumes about ninety-seven per cent. of the products of Argentina, a very large proportion of their imports are from Europe.

The Sixtieth Congress it is believed will enact a shipping bill which will benefit the manufacturing interests of this country and make it possible for them to find an ample market for our manufactures in South America. In the development of foreign trade, Senator Gallinger and that veteran

CONGRESSMAN OSCAR W. GILLESPIE OF TEXAS

of merchant marine interests, Senator William D. Frye of Maine, will ever feel that their work in the Senate is incomplete until they have secured the passage of a merchant marine bill which will give American shipping interests a larger proportion of the tens of millions paid annually to foreign shipowners for transporting American products.

STIRRING, dramatic scenes are often recalled when I meet a chance acquaintance of some celebrated statesman who has passed away. In the lobby of the New Willard I found an elderly gentleman who had been a friend of Roscoe Conkling. He said:

"It does not seem like Washington to me without Roscoe Conkling. I miss that imperious form stalking about the avenues. Never," he continued, "can I forget the day that Roscoe Conkling resigned. There was great excitement over President Garfield's appointment of the New York collector of the port, and that was the last straw that decided Conkling to act. His feud with Blaine was then at its height, and as Roscoe Conkling sat that morning in his accustomed place, it was noticed that his face was paler than usual as he pointed out a newspaper paragraph.

"'I can bear it all until it comes to that,'

CHAS. D. CARTER, INDIAN CONGRESSMAN FROM OKLAHOMA

he said. 'When they attack my home and my wife, that is the end of public life for me. When the sacredness of my family life is trailed in the dust, that is too much—I am going home, never to return here.'"

"Tears glistened in his eyes as he pushed back the hair from his forehead.

"Conkling," said my friend, "was far from well-to-do on the salary of a senator. He said to me that last day, 'Now I am going home to earn money in my profession, and pay the debts that have accumulated while I have been trying to help friends.'

"He retired from public life, and it was a great satisfaction to him that he paid $40,000 of accumulated debts within one year; no lawyer at that time could command a higher

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LLEWELYN POWERS, CONGRESSMAN FROM MAINE

fee than Roscoe Conkling. His later career was in sharp contrast to the time when I first knew him as a young attorney, in Utica, when he won his first case in the court there."

After I had left my old friend, I began to wonder whether the historians of his time ever gave Conkling the credit due to that brilliant statesman.

* * *

THE stock market fluctuations of October, 1907, which set in during the President's Louisiana hunting trip, suggested to many, who say values in stocks and bonds evaporate over night, that possibly the President had been gunning among the Wall Street bulls, rather than among the bears of the Louisiana cane-brakes. The Southern bears did not have all the excite-

ment, for there were "bears" on Wall Street just dancing with glee as they saw erstwhile valuable stock shrivel and shrink—which indeed meant profit to them, but heavy loss to others. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!" says the ancient proverb.

One man says, "It is simply a matter of Wall Street being unable to sustain values, and failing to buy in the usual way to support the market; for the reason that the actual supply of currency and funds has for the time been exhausted." The usual flow of currency was, for the moment, stopped and unavailable.

Few people understand that, despite the odium heaped upon Wall Street, heroic

REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA.

deeds are performed daily to support values in that maelstrom of business and speculation; nor do these movements primarily serve merely selfish ends, for the farmer, the laboring man and the merchant are all more or less dependent on the rise or fall of Wall Street interests and values.

Private fortunes have been often imperilled in such emergencies as that of October, 1907, in rendering services to the public which have in them all the elements of the heroic sacrifice exemplified by the soldier on the field.

The recent flurry suggests a revolution in conditions heretofore considered fundamental. The monetary interests that are forecasting the future political developments of the presidential year, 1908, may prophesy truly, for opinion crystalizes into action in Wall Street, and it is only a question of time when decisions there made will strongly affect the country at large The financial conditions must always be considered, for the timidity that sweeps over the country when there is news of a "slump" in values is something that must be reckoned with—public confidence, revived and increased is the only thing which can insure prosperous times.

Innocent investors, small and large, suffered more during the recent panic than was at first thought. We may wrap our comfortable mantles about us and say, "Well, let Wall Street catch it. We don't care; we have our food, our clothing and our products back of us," but it will soon be discovered that if there is no market for these products—then we begin to feel less assured of our own prosperity.

This great disturbance of the values of leading corporate interests was largely caused by the inevitable reaction in cases where otherwise valuable properties have been outrageously over-capitalized, and have now encountered and are facing the inevitable day of reckoning. With the Sixtieth Congress in session, the American people will, no doubt, strongly realize that the current and sarcastic claims that Congress is causing needless disturbance is wholly uncalled for. Congress will simply clothe the demands of the people with legislative power, and its action will assuredly restore public confidence in all honest and deserving corporate securities.

While those who pose as authorities on finance are prone to blame some particular person or circumstance, it was "the inevitable logic of events"—that called a halt on the "high finance," that like unhappy Icarus flew too high and too near the blazing sun. The day of final settlement may be delayed, but must surely come at last, and after this temporary disturbance is over, more conservative and honest dealings will result in that enduring confidence, which could not be inspired by the worldly speculative tactics of the last decade.

More than all, it must not be forgotten that a great bulwark of valuable production

America.

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, - thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song,
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break. -
The sound, profond.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light, -
Protect us by Thy might.
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith

Written in 1832,
This autograph 1894

December, 1905.

H.v.D
Avalon.
Princeton, N.J.

America: Additional Stanzas.

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy mines' mighty sweeps,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains:
Thy silver Eastern strands;
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair;
Thy sweet and crystal air;
O land beyond compare,
Thee I love best.

Henry van Dyke

AUTOGRAPH COPY OF "AMERICA" WITH ADDITIONAL VERSES BY DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

and immense exports to favorable foreign markets, stands between the American people, and such a general panic as prostrated business in 1893. Then we had good crops; but India, Australasia, the Argentine Republic, Russia, and even Egypt and Continential Europe in many staples, deluged our best markets with competing cereals, animal food, and staples and dairy products. Horses on the ranges went down in price to from three to ten dollars per head, with few takers. Cattle and sheep could not be profitably exported in competition with the flood of imports from Australian and Argentine ranges. Wheat fell in some Northern localities to forty-six sents per bushel, and even India sent in her millions of bushels to the Mark Lane brokers

Closely on the heels of that era of panic, came a series of disasters that destroyed this competition, and gave the farmers and herdsmen of America their Golden Age of unrivaled prosperity. India has since known little else but pestilence, famine and at best insufficient harvests. Australia, swept by years of increasing, persistent drought, lost millions of sheep and cattle, and had, at times, to become an importer of cereals. Argentine also suffered greatly from drought and locusts, and Russia has never since raised a surplus of food for her own people. The Boer War, our own Spanish embroglio, and the Russo-Japanese war, with the development of our own new settlements, have almost swept our markets bare of horses and mules, at high prices. These are the things that have made possible a prosperity, which even financial extravagance and dishonesty frantically revealed, could but deprive of its legitimate benefits, but not wholly destroy. The needs of the world and our ability to supply them will soon calm this temporary storm of financial disturbance.

DINING ROOM OF SENATOR KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA

* * *

ONE of the most ardent admirers of the President tells of the time he first met him. It was at a dinner given by a certain senator at his home, and before Mr. Roosevelt had gained any special distinction be-

Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

yond that of being police commisioner and member of the legislature. It happened that he was about the only one of the galaxy of celebrities whom my friend did not know.

"I did not think enough of the young man to even seek an introduction," said my friend. "He occupied the end of the table, and did most of the talking, coming out with positive opinions about everything under the sun, often emphasized by a smashing blow on the table. The conversation turned on foot-ball,

Snapshot by Clinedist, Washington, D. C.
SENATOR WM. P. FRYE CONTEMPLATING THE FATE OF THE MERCHANT MARINE BILL

and the discussion grew red-hot, the young man insisting 'that the fact of a player having been killed in the game was no argument against its real virtues.'"

It seems that, so energetic was the defence of football by Mr. Roosevelt, that the opinion of President Eliot of Harvard was swept aside.

"I thought to myself," he said, "that if there ever was a fresh young guy who needed a good lesson, it was this young man from 'Noo Yo'k.' You can imagine my surprise when, a few days later, I saw that he had been appointed assistant secretary of the navy, and later he went South and organized the Rough Riders. Since then his career is too well known to need comment, but I have long ago decided that the opinionated young man knew exactly what he was talking about; for, in the parlance of the times, 'he has made good.'"

The early prejudices of this man have long since crystalized into profound admiration for the President, which is shared not only by the people of this country but those of other nations who admire a forceful character

* * *

NOW comes Thomas Edison with plans for building a house inside of twelve hours, at a cost which will make it possible for everybody to own a home, bought or built at a reasonable price. Next spring he is going to build a house from a model which he has constructed, cast or modeled in cement composed of five parts sand and five parts of a mixture in which crushed stone figures prominently. A house twenty-five feet wide by forty-five feet deep and three stories high, capable of housing three families, can be built for $3,000. The cement is to be poured into molds from the top, until the mixture has filled the entire mold, and thus the edifice could be built in twelve hours, and be completed ready for use in six days; but best of all, it would be a dwelling absolutely fireproof and needing no fire insurance, and very little in the way of repairs.

As usual, the "Wizard of Menlo Park" has been working out the utilities of life. The molds for this work are of cast iron and provide all necessary supports or passages for the heating pipes, staircase, floors and roofs; and even the wash and bath tubs can be made in cement if desired. The owners of such a mansion are not likely to be called upon for heavy bills for repairs, when even the window sashes are of cement.

A mold, properly made, will be durable enough to construct 30,000 houses; for these molds, when the house is finished, are carried off to any other locality where another edifice is to be built. When I visit Mr. Edison again on his birthday, I fully expect to be greeted in a concrete mansion made to order.

* * *

ON the President's return to Washington it was announced that he would see the newspaper men in the afternoon of a given day. Promptly on time they gathered before the door of the executive office, and held a genial, social conclave together, waiting for

CHARLES MAGOON, REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES IN CUBA

presidential visitors to leave. They finally filed into the cabinet room and stood around the table, hats in hands, ready for a greeting, drumming a tattoo on the Derbys with nervous fingers itching for a good "story."

There was nothing stately or formal in the meeting with the President. With his hands on the back of his chair, he stood at the head of the cabinet table, responding to the various queries, speaking as quickly and readily as though on the witness stand. Many subjects were touched upon, from the contract for government coal to the speed of submarine and torpedo boats, and the constitution of Oklahoma, which the President had approved, but added, parenthetically, that he did not care to give his personal opinion of the constitution, but inasmuch as the majority had concluded

that they wanted it, he was perfectly willing to be guided by their wishes.

Quips were flying; there were quizzical questions from quizzical fellows, and there was high glee when the President told of the experience of the morning with little Quentin, who had entered the office on roller skates and was in a corner of the waiting-room when he was observed by stately Colonel Pete Hepburn, who was astonished, when the boy took off his coat, to see snakes in the sleeve, and still more surprised to find that they were real, live reptiles, brought from the Long Island home. Evidently the Roosevelt boys don't admire toys when they can have the "real thing."

One of the newspaper men asked, very meekly, if the snakes were poisonous, and was told that they were "king snakes." His confreres laughed at him as another recruit for the nature fakirs, who would be able to inform him that king snakes are not poisonous.

The President is never too busy to have a frolic with his boys, or to enjoy such incidents as Quentin's episode with the snakes.

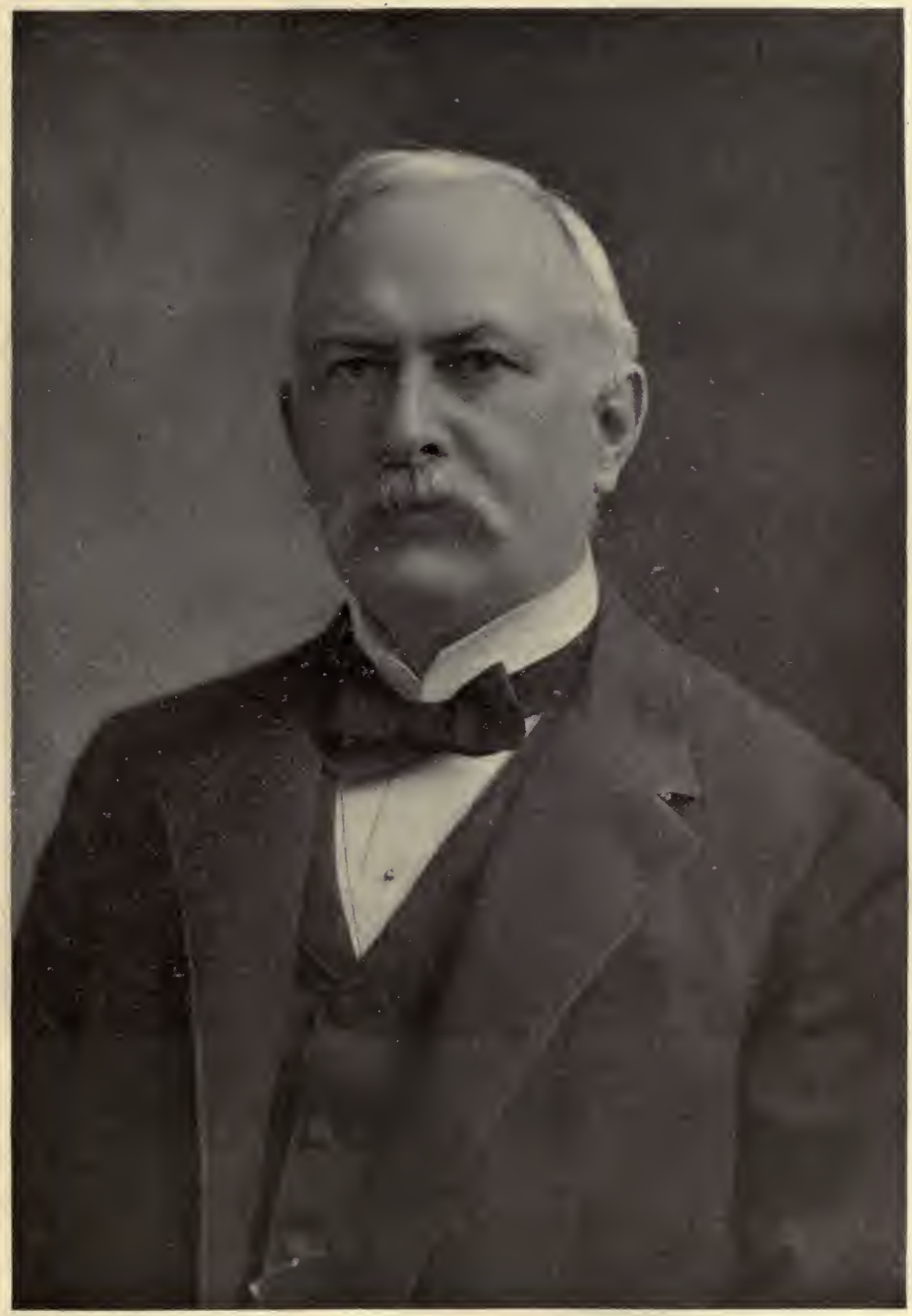
After telling the story of little Quentin and the snakes, the President answered sundry questions concerning international complications, and naively told the story of old Bill Jones, the Missouri sheriff, who insisted, once upon a time, on making an arrest of a certain bad man. After some time he cornered the bad man and had the "drop" on him; when he was asked if he thought the bandit would "come along."

Old Bill replied: "Well, we'll bring him back alive or we will have to prop him up."

The President remarked that the fleet would sail for the Pacific or we should "prop 'em up."

Simmered down into a nutshell, the answer to the query as to why the fleet is to go to the Pacific—it goes in response to the President's policy of speaking direct. When the fleet is sent, if Japan wants to fight, well and good. If she does not want to fight, better still, but there is no contradicting the fact that the fleet is going to the Pacific, as a plain spoken warning to Japan, which she cannot fail to understand.

DRAWING ROOM IN SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME



SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER OF OHIO, WHO HAS BECOME THE STRONG DEBATER AND CONSERVATIVE LEADER IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE. HE BATTLES FOR CONVICTIONS IN THE TEETH OF POPULAR CLAMOR AND REFUSES TO BE "ELIMINATED."

IT is not often that statistics grow eloquent, but when I heard a friend reading facts from a census bulletin in reference to the crops produced in 1907, I thought that never were rounded periods or the rotund rhetoric culled from the pages of Daniel Webster's orations more eloquent in declaiming the greatness of our country.

His Majesty King Corn added to the wealth of the republic in products $2,553,000,000, at an average of twenty-six bushels to the acre; a record surpassing that for the ten years previous, wherein the average of 25.7 was produced. On the corn list, Illinois stands at the head with 342,000,000 bushels; next the Hawkeye state, with 291,000,000 bushels. The smallest production recorded in the entire list is Louisiana's, set at only 28,000,000 bushels—a small pittance indeed. Minnesota, the state which it will be recalled a few years ago was placed entirely outside the corn belt, with Arizona, produced nearly forty million bushels last year, an average of twenty-seven bushels to the acre.

Good old buckwheat—what should we do without buckwheat cakes?—comes to the front with an average of 7.19 bushels; hardly up to the average attained last year.

Then there are potatoes, with an average of ninety-five bushels to the acre; so you can think of how many potatoes you have raised on your own land, and then test your estimate by what has been done, as recorded in this report. The farmers of Aroostook county, Maine, have reduced potato-raising to a science, and produce magnificent crops, chiefly relying on commercial fertilizers, which the modern farmer prefers because they do not plant weeds among his crops.

STAIRWAY IN SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

The crop of tobacco, 858 pounds to the acre on an average, shows a slight increase over former years, and the total production amounts to 645,000,000 pounds.

The flax fields of the great Northwest averaged nine bushels to the acre, and those who are interested will be glad to know that over 25,000,000 bushels are estimated for the present year.

NEW UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D.C.
OPENED BY BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
OCTOBER 27. 1907.

Rice is one of the wonderful developments in agricultural products. Over thirty-three bushels to the acre have been grown, with a total production of 21,000,000 bushels as compared with 2,000,000 bushels ten years ago, showing the greatest increase exhibited in any product. This amphibious crop, that resembles oats and grows in marshes, brings value to wastes hitherto considered worthless.

CONGRESSMAN BATES OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE parting words of Admiral Bob Evans when, bent on making the closing cruise of his illustrious career memorable in the annals of history, he embarked with all the enthusiasm of a young middy, assured the people that they would not be disappointed in his men crossing the Pacific, whether it were "feasting or fighting." "I do not fear the afternoon calls, the theaters or the flowers. Navy life has a singular glamor for the young and impressible, and yet seems to lend itself to terse, concise expression such as "Don't give up the ship!" "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!" "Gridley, when you are ready, fire!" and "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" Few characters in public service today come closer to the hearts of the people than Admiral Dewey, that great tender-hearted sailor, and "Fighting Bob" Evans, whose very names awaken a thrill of enthusiasm and a suggestion of brisk sea-breezes.

* * *

THE question of immigration has been one of the most important that have come up for consideration in the Southern states, and Senator Latimer of South Carolina made a trip to Europe this year to study the conditions. In many of the foreign countries visited he found that the arrangements were almost as strict as those on Ellis Island on this side of the water. All European countries, except Italy, discourage emigration, and it is amazing how well informed the people of Europe are concerning the United States.

Senator Latimer went abroad as a member of the special Immigration Commission, and

GEORGE H. HAM, THE POPULAR RAILROAD MAN OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC AND FRIEND OF EVERYBODY

states that every courtesy was shown him, although some suspicion as to the object of the visit was at first evinced in Germany. There the senator visited many immigrant's homes, and learned the motives for their leaving their native soil, and later saw those same immigrants ready to sail, with bands playing and every token of rejoicing at the prospect of a new home across the sea.

The senator suggests the appointment of

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

Our next President (?)

a special immigration commissioner in every state, to study out a feasible and practical plan for locating immigrants and home-seekers in environments that are best suited to their customs and needs.

* * *

OFF for a cruise to the mid-Pacific, where the island of Guam lies 3,000 miles west of Honolulu, and 2,500 miles east of Manila, Lieutenant Commander Frank H. Schofield will command the station-ship "Supply," on board of which he will reside with his family, who will accompany him. He will not be wholly confined to the Guam Station, as he will probably make voyages to Manila, Che-foo, Hong Kong, Yokohama, or perhaps Honolulu.

Compared with the duties of many of his brother officers, who are going to sea on a two to three year's cruise, on foreign service, Lieutenant-Commander Schofield has a most desirable assignment, as he "takes his home with him," and his life on board ship will be much less monotonous, than if he had to serve as ordnance or executive officer, far away from friends and home.

Lieutenant-Commander Schofield does not anticipate any trouble with the people of Guam, who are very peaceable and little inclined to be resentful of American authority. He will see much beautiful scenery and many foreign naval officers, besides American military and civil officials, not forgetting civilian tourists, merchants, traders, "beach-combers" and other "queer white men."

PARLOR IN SECRETARY TAFT'S WASHINGTON HOME

* * *

THE return of Wu Ting Fang to Washington as Chinese ambassador will enliven the diplomatic corps. A call on Mr. Wu is always interesting; he has a store of information and he delights in telling American jokes. It does not matter whether he loses the point or not if he only succeeds in clothing it in American verbiage—but if any-

MEMBERS OF NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, AT THEIR DECEMBER MEETING

one thinks that Wu Ting Fang is at all lacking in nervous, forceful intelligence, there is likely to be a sudden awakening some day. Few Oriental ambassadors have so completely caught the spirit of American ideas

SENATOR DOLLIVER OF IOWA

as Mr. Wu, and his active service in this country inspired dangerous suspicions of over-activity on his part, when things "were doing" in China; but he has come back with a clean slate, and is decidedly *persona grata.*

* * *

WASHINGTON always has a full schedule of social events during the month of January, for after the New Year's reception at the White House there is scarcely an afternoon or evening that is not the date of some social function.

Among the notable weddings of the social season, one in which executive official Washington participated was that of Miss Edith Root, daughter of the Secretary of State, who married Lieutenant Ulysses Grant 3d. It was what is called by the society editors "a small home wedding," and was characteristic of the quiet domestic life of Secretary and Mrs. Root.

The bride is one of a number of daughters of the Cabinet who have been married during the present administration. She is a young lady of charming presence and is much interested in domestic and home life, and in literary work. Lieutenant Grant has served several seasons at the White House as aide-de-camp with Lieutenant Lee; these two grandsons of the two great commanders who ended a great war in enduring peace at Appomatox have joined hands in many a cotillion at the White House during the Roosevelt administration.

* * *

EVER since those early years spent in Dakota on the prairies, I have almost a human affection for trees, and no wonder! I like to keep in touch with the work undertaken at the American Forestry Association, and was setting forth in quest of information when, in a little park near Washington, I

SENATOR BURKETT OF NEBRASKA

came upon a number of small boys who were vigorously playing. In one corner of the lot was a young man planting trees in the form of sticks and laths, anything that would hold up and "pretend" it was a tree. It was interesting to see how he had adorned that

sand-pile with his creations. I wondered what his idea was.

"My boy, what are you going to be when you grow up?" I asked.

"I'm going to work on a big farm with trees on it," said the little fellow, as he continued to dig vigorously, the while he glanced at the little maid who sat near-by with her doll. Another little chap piped out, "I'm going to work for the big companies, and get a big salary."

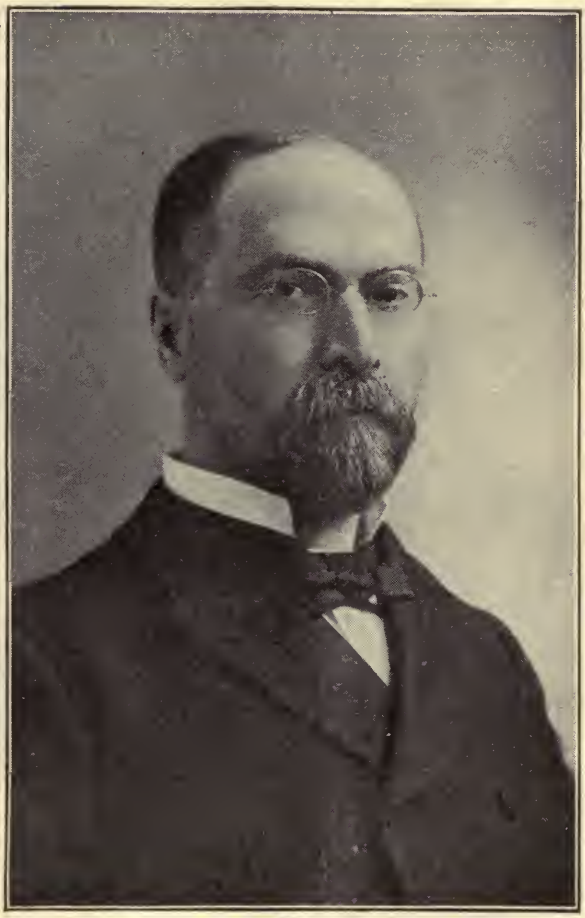
I stopped to talk a few minutes with them; they set me to thinking, and I came to the conclusion that there is a disposition among the boys of today to work for corporations rather than to create business in a smaller way for themselves. They would rather have a big slice of the mighty corporation loaf than a little loaf all their own. It is a curious indication of the trend of thought of the present time—dine in a cafè; dwell in an apartment house; work for a corporation.

* * *

When I reached the Government Bureau of Forestry, and began to look into facts and figures concerning trees, I came to the conclusion that the nation might learn a lesson from the little fellow planting his pieces of stick. Each individual who cuts down a tree has his duty to perform in the planting of another to take its place. If all the trees which they have set out and preserved grow to maturity, the Pennsylvania Railroad will have timber enough to furnish their own railroad ties for all time to come.

The frightful slaughter of trees that has been characteristic of the early days of the pioneer is at an end. No expert investigation is required to prove that something must be done toward the preservation of the forest and the renewal of much timber already sacrificed, or this country will become as barren as the red, arid shores of Greece. It is expected that congressional measures will be taken for the introduction of an efficient system of re-foresting.

The acres of charred stumps show the devastation caused by forest fires, many of them set by flying sparks from locomotives, which are a menace to the welfare of the country. The mountains of the West will be as richly clothed as the slopes and precipices of Switzerland, with mankind checked from wantonly destroying his birthright of trees.



EX-CONGRESSMAN McCLEARY OF MINNESOTA, SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL

Hopeful signs are abroad—at the Irrigation Congress in San Francisco, one of the first resolutions presented was from women, pleading that the Congress would create and pro-

tect forests in the Appalachian and White Mountains, and it is hoped that the government will at least protect what woodland remains in the country.

* * *

COMING up from the old pier in New York on a Sunday morning, I passed through Wall Street and the financial district. Scarcely a person was stirring on the street; the ash-barrels occupied a prominent place on the pavements, standing in solemn loneliness where on week days it is scarcely possible to pass through the crowd. The signs of brokers and bankers were suggestive reminders of the battle that had just been fought. The change which recent years has brought to this portion of the city was indicated in the triangular building bearing the name "Delmonico," which years ago was a place much sought out, but now it stood in silent gloom. The frescoes on the frieze of the Stock Exchange seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, as though glad to take a Sabbath rest. There was little to indicate that here but a few weeks ago had raged a veritable pandemonium, for beneath the towering cliffs of the twenty-story buildings, the pavements were deserted, and all the financial machinery was at rest. On this beautiful Sunday morning I could but stop and meditate upon this narrow street, whence the quivering arteries of finance convey the life blood of the nation to all parts of the world. Here are great foreign houses reaching every market, whether it be South America, Australia, Europe, Africa or Asia, with all their varied complexion of race government and trade, and of all these there was hardly a world-market but felt some thrill of that October battle in Wall Street.

BALLROOM OF SENATOR FORAKER'S WASHINGTON HOME

Carrying my grip was a pert telegraph boy, whose eyes, deep-set and wise beyond his years, peered out from underneath a shock of dark hair. He remarked that "Things were slow now—not much doing,"—a sharp contrast to a few months ago, when it was impossible to secure help at any price. Even with a silence in the streets that reminded me of a deserted battle-field, there was something that spoke of the unimpaired energy and vitality of the nation; the spring flowers

will bloom again even on the trampled ground where a mighty conflict has taken place. There is a promise of prompt action, that, carried into fulfillment, will prevent suffering during the coming winter; for the interests of all the people come first in any currency reform and commercial awakening.

* * *

WHEN you see a hawk swooping down upon the barnyard, looking for chickens, there is a feeling that it would be a good thing to take a gun and shoot him. The hawk has become a byword for rapacity and evil, but it seems that he does not deserve his reputation.

Now come the investigators at the Agricultural Department, who have facts to prove that the hawk and owl perform night-and-day services of inestimable value. The hawk does police duty by day, pouncing on mice and other small depredators who would ruin the crops, while the owl with his eyes adapted to seeing in the dark, takes the night shift. It has been discovered that the wicked hawk that swoops down upon the chickens, and is popularly supposed to decimate the coops of their little fluffy denizens, actually kills more mice and rats than the average tabby ever dreams of doing, though she is kept especially for that purpose. In fact, the Agricultural Department present the hawk as a useful bird, who does not covet the life of the chicks except when his lawful prey cannot be found. They state that it is comparatively rare for a hawk to pounce on a chicken, so it seems a time-honored belief has been largely erroneous. On the other hand, the vole or meadow mouse is known to be the most destructive animal to agriculture of all kinds; it tunnels under the crops, eats the roots of grass and other growths, and has even been known to destroy fruit trees.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

In Southern Scotland, not ten years ago, large areas were completely overrun with the vole plague. These injurious rodents were left there without an enemy to control them, and they increased at an astonishing rate, but along came a troop of hawks and it was soon observed that the mice were at once held in check so that their damage was comparatively eliminated.

The marsh hawk is accounted the most valuable species in the United States, because of its habits; and if it were not for its propensity to pounce upon small birds, it

would be cherished as the greatest mouser extant. Snakes and other reptiles that preyed on the grasshopper and other pests have been almost exterminated, and naturalists have agreed that the hawk is now the greatest enemy of the injurious rodents which infest the West and torment the farmer; so, despite the fact that the hawk arouses the cold shivers of poor biddy, as she hastily collects her flock beneath her wings, he is nevertheless to be regarded as a benefactor rather than an enemy to be destroyed without mercy.

EZRA MEEKER

ONE of the distinguished visitors at Washington recently was Governor Duncan Fraser of Nova Scotia. He had just returned from a visit to the Jamestown Exposition, and paid his personal respects at the White House. He talked very freely of the matter of reciprocity treaties, insisting that Canada will not, under any circumstances, make further overtures to the United States, and that this government would have to make the first move if anything of the kind should be contemplated in the future.

He called attention to the fact that the trade of Nova Scotia with England had increased enormously during the past ten years, and also noted the fact that the value per capita of exports and imports is just twice as much in the Dominion as in this country.

He insisted, too, that Canadian banking laws are equal to meeting situations like that in New York recently, because the banks are required to deposit certain amounts of money in the treasury of the Dominion, and this fund is used to meet any emergency. The government, in return, allows the banks as much as three per cent. on money so deposited, and, in this manner, it is felt that the government and the people are in every instance safeguarded.

* * *

SINCE the first circular on "heads of families" was issued by the Census Department, its research has developed many interesting facts, and much genealogical information. The first census was taken in 1790, and included Vermont, Delaware, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and South Carolina. This mass of information was filed in the State Department, but these interesting annals were destroyed when the British burned the Capitol in the War of 1812.

The first census reveals to us the framers of the Constitution, whose names appear on the minutes of the first Senate—those level-headed men who, in war or peace, have made the future of the nation possible.

In 1790 there were 333,533 families, and each averaged six persons, so that there were approximately slightly more than a half-million families in the United States at the time when the Constitution was adopted. A complete transcript of the names of the heads of families then existing would furnish grateful information to many genealogical enthusiasts. The list of the old names of the people who came over on the Mayflower has long been exhausted. We cannot all be Van Rensalaers, Aldens, Standishes or Lees, but this new schedule of family names will widen the scope of those who are seeking to climb the uncertain branches of their genealogical tree. Patriotic societies will now find something by which to trace the limbs, roots and branches of the family trees.

The work done by this first census was authorized by a special act of Congress, though objections were made to it as liable to "encourage a false pride in family names."

Photo by Leet Bros., Washington, D. C.

EZRA MEEKER, THE OREGON PIONEER. WITH HIS PRAIRIE SCHOONER AND OXEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE. MR. MEEKER MADE THE TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN THIS WAGON AND RECEIVED THE HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS OF THE PRESIDENT

President Washington signed the first census act, and the methods and details of this census were somewhat similar to the exact modes that prevail in the copy-books and records of the Father of His Country. Preserved in the Census Office are twenty-six bound volumes constituting a complete schedule of the family names of the United States from the time of the first census down to the present day. Rhode Island was the last of the original thirteen states to be admitted into the Union, and was not, therefore included in the first census.

Amusing incidents are related in connection with the procuring of these first records, when the census takers were looked upon with distrust—the wiseacres regarding it as a scheme to increase taxation, while the deeply religious were disposed to regard it somewhat in the light of David's sacreligious numbering of the Israelites.

* * *

THE drawing of the seats by "lots" is a regular ceremony each season in the House of Representatives. Then the members go in search of their preferred seats, which they keep in mind in much the same way that a waiting Christmas tree is surveyed. The courtesy of the new members in yielding favorable seats to older congressmen is one of the little gracious acts common in the House of Representatives. The officers of the House who were all re-elected were also sworn in, including the veteran clerk, McDowell, Sergeant-at-Arms Henry Casson, Postmaster Sangun and the door-keeper Frank Lyon, as well as the blind chaplain, Rev. Milburn.

* * *

ON the Senate side, the Sixtieth Congress opened with the usual air of genteel good cheer and dignity. Thirteen new senators were sworn in—and none seemed to balk at the unlucky number. Colleagues from the same state—bitter enemies in factional contests—walk down the aisle arm in arm, indicating that political friction has elasticity, and often leaves no real rancour behind except that of conflicting ambitions. It was an impressive moment when the senators held up the right hand and swore to support the Constitution of the United States. Senator Lodge was there, with his usual "point of order," which was passed upon in the regular way by the vice president, insisting that a roll-call ought not to be made until after the members were all sworn in. It is one of those senatorial stands for form and precedent which look no more different than tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum to laymen outside, though they may agitate forensic debate for hours on the floor of the Senate.

In the vice president's room there was a gracious dignity about the greeting of the senators and the welcoming of new members. The first thing that a new senator learns is to play the game "according to the rules." It is a singular fact that many of the men who seem most erratic in general public utterances are the most persistent sticklers for precedent in procedure in the Senate.

* * *

IN the committee room of the late Senator Platt of Connecticut, I found Senator Henry E. Burnham of New Hampshire deeply engrossed in the work of the session on the opening day. Few men have a quieter or more effective manner of doing legislative business than this senator from the Granite State. In this room is a large library, collected by the late Senator Platt and containing unlimited information as to the Cuban relations. It was Senator Platt who had so much to do in formulating the situation in Cuba, which is now held so well in hand by Governor Magoon.

Senator Burnham entered upon his second term last March, and his long years of experience as a lawyer are being brought into play in handling the intricate problems coming up in relation to this important question. He is chairman of the Cuban Relations Committee. The work on the committee of claims is, perhaps, the most onerous of any of the Senate committees; it demands careful work, close application to the matter and investigation, for in handling government claims the opposite course to that pursued in ordinary business is needed. For instance, old claims are regarded with suspicion and are deferred for further consideration, rather than settled at once. Senator Burnham is a man of genial personality and delightful courteousness. Even in his busy moments he never fails to keep in mind every wish and interest of his hard-headed constituents from the Granite State.

AMONG the prominent young representatives of the Latin republics is Doctor Luis Felipe Corea, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Nicaragua at Washington. Dr. Corea has distinguished himself as a member of the bar both in Guatemala and in his native country, Nicaragua. After filling the chair of history, philosophy and international law in the principal institution of Guatemala he entered the diplomatic service as a secretary of legation of the Republic of Central America in Washington, being appointed later charge d'affaires, from which rank he has risen to the mission he now has. Dr. Corea has represented his country in different capacities, notably as a delegate to the Second Pan-American Conference, the First Pan-American Customs Congress and the Third Pan-American Conference.

At the New Year's reception the splendor of the diplomatic corps begins to shine upon social functions. This is the one occasion when all official Washington begins to get acquainted. The representatives of the South American republics are becoming more and more conspicuous in Washington life. There is a grace in the Latin wearer of gold and lace that counts.

SENOR DON LUIS F. COREA
MINISTER OF NICARAGUA TO THE UNITED STATES

THE second assistant postmaster general, James T. McCleary, has just returned from Europe, where he has effected arrangements for the continuance of the steamship postal service on the leading lines of steamships plying between the United States and Germany, and has also pending arrangements with the French lines.

Trained in early life as a school teacher, General McCleary has a clear way of expressing a proposition. When I heard him relate a story to illustrate a point about choosing efficient men for appointments, it seemed especially apropos.

A man had a barn, and was trying to rout out a rat. During the process of "routing" the barn took fire and burned to the ground. To assist in clearing up the confusion incident to the fire, he desired to hire a boy. There were three applicants, who stood with varying expressions and surveyed the smouldering ruins. The farmer determined to decide on the merit of their comments.

The first boy inquired, "What was the loss; what did the barn cost?"

The second boy asked, "Were there any horses in the barn?"

The third little fellow, with bright eyes peering out beneath his tousled locks, pertinently inquired, "And *did you get the rat?*"

The farmer soon decided that the last one was the boy for him. He was after the one who kept results in mind.

* * *

ONE of the picturesque members of the House is Governor Llewellyn Powers of the State of Maine. He comes from "'way down East." He has had a very active public career. The owner of a large tract of timber, Governor Powers has been identified directly with that locality where the lumber interests of this country had their birth. There is always a pleasure in having a chat with him, for although he was in Congress many years ago, he returns to the work with all the zest and enthusiasm of early days.

Congressman Powers was born in Holton, Maine, where he began his legislative career as a member of the Maine legislature. He served for six terms, and was speaker of the House. He served two terms as governor of the Pine Tree State, was first elected to the Forty-Fifth Congress, and returned to the Fifty-Seventh Congress, and he is now serving in the Sixtieth Congress.

THE fact is generally conceded that one of the strong leaders in the Senate today is Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio. As a debater his self-reliance and independence have been admired by everyone. His courageous protest on the railroad rate legislation and his predictions concerning the issue of that legislation his friends feel have been fully verified. He foresaw the shrinking of securities and values, and the general distress at this time, when, a year ago, he stood almost alone working on a rate law — for one he believed to be a reasonable and constitutional measure—against a solid popular sentiment. When he appeared in Ohio, shortly after his vote in the spring, he met with a chill reception, in sharp contrast to the enthusiastic awakening which has come about since the campaign for his "elimination" has been announced. It is said that Senator Foraker thought to retire gracefully from the Senate, with the consciousness of having done his duty, according to his convictions, but when the attempt was made to harmonize discordant elements in Ohio, his pacific intentions were disregarded. Now Senator Foraker is not one of the men to be easily "eliminated;" he is one of the strong men in public life today, and under that scowl of thought may be found a personality that wins for him strong and faithful supporters. Once a Foraker man, always a Foraker man. His following is always enthusiastic—no "Laodiceans" there.

A recent visit to the state has emphasized the fact that a man's popularity is often enhanced rather than diminished by talk against him. Senator Foraker when governor of Ohio appointed Secretary Taft as judge on the bench, and even now speaks of the secretary in the kindest terms. The senator's friends insist that there will be "something doing" before he can be uprooted, or eliminated.

A prodigious worker night and day, Senator Foraker at his own home toils at all hours on the questions before him, which he settles in his masterly way. In his early days he was known as a most untiring worker and as a speaker of unusual force, and he still retains all that youthful virility as a conservative Senate leader. Whether he is a presidential candidate or not, friends and followers of the senator are satisfied that he will remain a power in national affairs.

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"*By what miracle we escaped being dashed to destruction, I do not know.*— See page 382.

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"It could hardly be said to resemble the sun except in its circular shape." — See page 384.

THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

Illustrations by John A. Williams

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

Synopsis of preceding section at end of this installment.

PART II

I NEVER ceased to assert my sanity, and to protest against the injustice of my confinement. Finally, on the seventeenth of October, 1862, I was released. My uncle was dead, and the friends of my youth were now strangers. Indeed, a man over fifty years old, whose only known record is that of a madman, has no friends.

I was at a loss to know what to do for a living, but instinctively turned toward the harbor where fishing boats in great numbers were anchored, and within a week I had shipped with a fisherman by the name of Yon Hansen, who was starting on a long fishing cruise to the Lofoden Islands.

Here my earlier years of training proved of the very greatest advantage, especially in enabling me to make myself useful. This was but the beginning of other trips, and by frugal economy I was, in a few years, able to own a fishing-brig of my own.

For twenty-seven years thereafter I followed the sea as a fisherman, five years working for others, and the last twenty-two for myself.

During all these years I was a most diligent student of books, as well as a hard worker at my business, but I took great care not to mention to anyone the story concerning the discoveries made by my father and myself. Even at this late day I would be fearful of having any one see or know the things I am writing, and the records and maps I have in my keeping. When my days on earth are finished, I shall leave maps and records that will enlighten and, I hope, benefit mankind.

The memory of my long confinement with maniacs, and all the horrible anguish and sufferings are too vivid to warrant my taking further chances.

In 1889 I sold out my fishing boats, and found I had accumulated a fortune quite sufficient to keep me the remainder of my life. I then came to America.

For a dozen years my home was in Illinois, near Batavia, where I gathered most of the books in my present library, though I brought many choice volumes from Stockholm. Later, I came to Los Angeles, arriving here March 4, 1901. The date I well remember, as it was President McKinley's second inauguration day. I bought this humble home and determined, here in the privacy of my own abode, sheltered by my own vine and fig-tree, and with my books about me, to make maps and drawings of the new lands we had discovered, and also to write the story in detail from the time my father and I left Stockholm until the tragic event that parted us in the Antarctic Ocean.

I well remember that we left Stockholm in our fishing-sloop on the third day of April, 1829, and sailed to the southward, leaving Gothland Island to the left and Oeland Island to the right. A few days later we succeeded in doubling Sandhommar Point, and made our way through the sound which separates Denmark from the Scandinavian coast. In due time we put in at the town of Christiansand, where we rested two days, and then started around the Scandinavian coast to the westward, bound for the Lofoden Islands.

My father was in high spirit, because of the excellent and gratifying returns he had received from our last catch by marketing at Stockholm, instead of selling at one of the seafaring towns along the Scandinavian coast. He was especially pleased with the sale of some ivory tusks that he had found on the west coast of Franz Joseph Land during one of his northern cruises the previous year, and he expressed the hope that this time we might again be fortunate enough to

load our little fishing-sloop with ivory, instead of cod, herring, mackerel and salmon.

We put in at Hammerfest, latitude seventy-one degrees and forty minutes, for a few days' rest. Here we remained one week, laying in an extra supply of provisions and several casks of drinking-water, and then sailed toward Spitzbergen.

For the first few days we had an open sea and a favoring wind, and then we encountered much ice and many icebergs. A vessel larger than our little fishing-sloop could not possibly have threaded its way among the labyrinth of icebergs or squeezed through the barely open channels. These monster bergs presented an endless succession of crystal palaces, of massive cathedrals and fantastic mountain ranges, grim and sentinel-like, immovable as some towering cliff of solid rock, standing silent as a sphynx, resisting the restless waves of a fretful sea.

After many narrow escapes, we arrived at Spitzbergen on the 23d of June, and anchored at Wijade Bay for a short time, where we were quite successful in our catches. We then lifted anchor and sailed through the Hinlopen Strait, and coasted along the North-East-Land.

(NOTE:—*It will be remembered that Andree started on his fatal balloon voyage from the northwest coast of Spitzbergen.*)

A strong wind came up from the southwest, and my father said that we had better take advantage of it and try to reach Franz Josef Land, where, the year before he had, by accident, found the ivory tusks that had brought him such a good price at Stockholm.

Never, before or since, have I seen so many sea-fowl; they were so numerous that they hid the rocks on the coast line and darkened the sky.

For several days we sailed along the rocky coast of Franz Josef Land. Finally, a favoring wind came up that enabled us to make the West Coast, and, after sailing twenty-four hours, we came to a beautiful inlet.

One could hardly believe it was the far Northland. The place was green with growing vegetation, and while the area did not comprise more than one or two acres, yet the air was warm and tranquil. It seemed to be at that point where the Gulf Stream's influence is most keenly felt.

(NOTE:—*Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S., in his work entitled "Voyages of Discovery and Research Within the Arctic Regions," says on page 57: "Mr. Beechey says what has frequently been found and noticed—the mildness of the temperature on the western coast of Spitzbergen, there being little or no sensation of cold, though the thermometer might be only a few degrees above the freezing-point. The brilliant and lively effect of a clear day, when the sun shines forth with a pure sky, whose azure hue is so intense as to find no parallel even in the boasted Italian sky."*)

On the east coast there were numerous icebergs, yet here we were in open water. Far to the west of us, however, were icepacks, and still farther to the westward the ice appeared like ranges of low hills. In front of us, and directly to the north, lay an open sea.

(NOTE:—*Captain Kane, on page 299, quoting from Morton's Journal on Monday, the 26th of December, says: "As far as I could see, the open passages were fifteen miles or more wide, with sometimes mashed ice separating them. But it is all small ice, and I think it either drives out to the open space to the north or rots and sinks, as I could see none ahead to the north."*)

My father was an ardent believer in Odin and Thor, and had frequently told me they were gods who came from far beyond the "North Wind."

There was a tradition, my father explained, that still farther northward was a land more beautiful than any that mortal man had ever known, and that it was inhabited by the "Chosen."

My youthful imagination was fired by the ardor, zeal and religious fervor of my good father, and I exclaimed: "Why not sail to this goodly land? The sky is fair, the wind favorable and the sea open."

Even now I can see the expression of pleasurable surprise on his countenance as he turned toward me and asked: "My son, are you willing to go with me and explore —to go far beyond where man has ever ventured?" I answered affirmatively. "Very well," he replied. "May the god Odin protect us!" and, quickly adjusting the sails, he glanced at our compass, turned the prow in due northerly direction through an open channel, and our voyage had begun.

(NOTE:—*Hall writes, on page 288: "On the 23rd of January the two Esquimaux, accompanied by two of the seamen, went to Cape Lupton. They reported a sea of open water extending as far as the eye could reach."*)

The sun was low in the horizon, as it was still the early summer. Indeed, we had almost four months of day ahead of us before the frozen night could come on again.

Our little fishing-sloop sprang forward as if eager as ourselves for adventure. Within thirty-six hours we were out of sight of the highest point on the coast line of Franz Josef Land. We seemed to be in a strong current running north by northeast. Far to the right and to the left of us were icebergs, but our little sloop bore down on the narrows and passed through channels and out into open seas—channels so narrow in places that, had our craft been other than small, we never could have gotten through.

On the third day we came to an island. Its shores were washed by an open sea. My father determined to land and explore for a day. This new land was destitute of timber, but we found a large accumulation of drift-wood on the northern shore. Some of the trunks of the trees were forty feet long and two feet in diameter.

(NOTE:—*Greely tells us in vol.* 1, *page* 100, *that: "Privates Connell and Frederick found a large coniferous tree on the beach, just above the extreme high-water mark. It was nearly thirty inches in circumference, some thirty feet long, and had apparently been carried to that point by a current within a couple of years. A portion of it was cut up for fire-wood, and for the first time in that valley, a bright, cheery camp-fire gave comfort to man."*)

After one day's exploration of the coast line of this island, we lifted anchor and turned our prow to the north in an open sea.

(NOTE:—*Dr. Kane says, on page* 379 *of his works: "I cannot imagine what becomes of the ice. A strong current sets in constantly to the north; but, from altitudes of more than five hundred feet, I saw only narrow strips of ice, with great spaces of open water, from ten to fifteen miles in breadth, between them. It must, therefore, either go to an open space in the north, or dissolve."*)

I remember that neither my father nor myself had tasted food for almost thirty hours. Perhaps this was because of the tension of excitement about our strange voyage in waters farther north, my father said, than anyone had ever before been. Active mentality had dulled the demands of the physical needs.

Instead of the cold being intense as we had anticipated, it was really warmer and more pleasant than it had been while in Hammerfest on the north coast of Norway, some six weeks before.

(NOTE:—*Captain Peary's second voyage relates another circumstance which may serve to confirm a conjecture which has long been maintained by some, that an open sea, free of ice, exists at or near the Pole. "On the second of November," says Peary, "the wind freshened up to a gale from north by west, lowered the thermometer before midnight to* 5 *degrees, whereas, a rise of wind at Melville Island was generally accompanied by a simultaneous rise in the thermometer at low temperatures. May not this," he asks, "be occasioned by the wind blowing over an open sea in the quarter from which the wind blows? And tend to confirm the opinion that at or near the Pole an open sea exists?"*)

We both frankly admitted that we were very hungry, and forthwith I prepared a substantial meal from our well-stored larder. When we had partaken heartily of the repast, I told my father I believed I would sleep, as I was beginning to feel quite drowsy. "Very well," he replied, "I will keep the watch."

I have no way to determine how long I slept; I only know that I was rudely awakened by a terrible commotion of the sloop. To my surprise, I found my father sleeping soundly. I cried out lustily to him, and, starting up, he sprang quickly to his feet. Indeed, had he not instantly clutched the rail, he would certainly have been thrown into the seething waves.

A fierce snow-storm was raging. The wind was directly astern, driving our sloop at a terrific speed, and was threatening every moment to capsize us. There was no time to lose; the sails had to be lowered immediately. Our boat was writhing in convulsions. A few icebergs we knew were on either side of us, but fortunately the channel was open directly to the north. But would it remain so? In front of us, girding the horizon from left to right, was a vaporish fog or mist, black as Egyptian night at the water's edge, and white like a steam-cloud toward the top, which was finally lost to view as it blended with the great white flakes of falling snow. Whether it covered a treacherous iceberg, or some other hidden obstacle against which our lit-

tle sloop would dash and send us to a watery grave, or was merely the phenomena of an Arctic fog, there was no way to determine.

(NOTE:—*On page 284 of his works, Hall writes: "From the top of Providence Berg, a dark fog was seen to the north, indicating water. At 10 a m. three of the men, (Kruger, Nindemann and Hobby) went to Cape Lupton to ascertain if possible the extent of the open water. On their return they reported several open spaces and much young ice—not more than a day old, so thin that it was easily broken by throwing pieces of ice upon it.*")

By what miracle we escaped being dashed to utter destruction, I do not know. I remember our little craft creaked and groaned, as if its joints were breaking. It rocked and staggered to and fro as if clutched by some fierce undertow of whirlpool or maelstrom.

Fortunately our compass had been fastened with long screws to a cross-beam. Most of our provisions, however, were tumbled out and swept away from the deck of the cuddy, and had we not taken the precaution at the very beginning to strap ourselves firmly to the masts of the sloop, we should have been swept into the lashing sea.

Above the deafening tumult of the raging waves, I heard my father's voice. "Be courageous, my son," he shouted, "Odin is the god of the waters, the companion of the brave, and he is with us. Fear not."

To me it seemed there was no possibility of our escaping a horrible death. The little sloop was shipping water, the snow was falling so fast as to be blinding, and the waves were tumbling over our counters in reckless white-sprayed fury. There was no telling what instant we should be dashed against some drifting ice-pack. The tremendous swells would heave us up to the very peaks of mountainous waves, then plunge us down into the depths of the sea's trough as if our fishing-sloop were a fragile shell. Gigantic white-capped waves, like veritable walls, fenced us in, fore and aft.

This terrible nerve-racking ordeal, with its nameless horrors of suspense and agony of fear indescribable, continued for more than three hours, and all the time we were being driven forward at fierce speed. Then suddenly, as if growing weary of its frantic exertions, the wind began to lessen its fury and by degrees to die down.

At last we were in a perfect calm. The fog mist had also disappeared, and before us lay an iceless channel perhaps ten or fifteen miles wide, with a few icebergs far away to our right, and an intermittent archipelago of smaller ones to the left.

I watched my father closely, determined to remain silent until he spoke. Presently he untied the rope from his waist and, without saying a word, began working the pumps, which fortunately were not damaged, relieving the sloop of the water it had shipped in the madness of the storm.

He put up the sloop's sails as calmly as if casting a fishing-net, and then remarked that we were ready for a favoring wind when it came. His courage and persistence were truly remarkable.

On investigation we found less than one-third of our provisions remaining, while to our utter dismay, we discovered that our water-casks had been swept overboard during the violent plungings of our boat.

Two of our water-casks were in the main hold, but both were empty. We had a fair supply of food, but no fresh water. I realized at once the awfulness of our position. Presently I was seized with a consuming thirst. "It is indeed bad," remarked my father. "However, let us dry our bedraggled clothing, for we are soaked to the skin. Trust to the god Odin, my son. Do not give up hope."

The sun was beating down slantingly, as if we were in a southern latitude, instead of in the far Northland. It was swinging around, its orbit ever visible and rising higher and higher each day, frequently mist-covered, yet always peering through the lacework of clouds like some fretful eye of fate, guarding the mysterious Northland and jealously watching the pranks of man. Far to our right the rays decking the prisms of icebergs were gorgeous. Their reflections emitted flashes of garnet, of diamond, of sapphire. A pyrotechnic panorama of countless colors and shapes, while below could be seen the green-tinted sea, and above the purple sky.

I tried to forget my thirst by busying myself with bringing up some food and an empty vessel from the hold. Reaching over the side-rail, I filled the vessel with water for the purpose of laving my hands and face. To my astonishment, when the water

came in contact with my lips, I could taste no salt. I was startled by the discovery. "Father!" I fairly gasped, "the water, the water; it is fresh!" "What, Olaf?" exclaimed my father, glancing hastily around. "Surely you are mistaken. There is no land. You are going mad." "But taste it!" I cried.

And thus we made the discovery that the water was indeed fresh, absolutely so, without the least briny taste or even the suspicion of a salty flavor.

We forthwith filled our two remaining water-casks, and my father declared it was a heavenly dispensation of mercy from the gods Odin and Thor.

We were almost beside ourselves with joy, but hunger bade us end our enforced fast. Now that we had found fresh water in the open sea, what might we not expect in this strange latitude where ship had never before sailed and the splash of an oar had never been heard?

(NOTE:—*In vol.* 1, *page* 196, *Nansen writes: "It is a peculiar phenomenon,— this dead water. We had at present a better opportunity of studying it than we desired. It occurs where a surface layer of fresh water rests upon the salt water of the sea, and this fresh water is carried along with the ship gliding on the heavier sea beneath it as if on a fixed foundation. The difference between the two strata was in this case so great that while we had drinking water on the surface, the water we got from the bottom cock of the engine-room was far too salt to be used for the boiler.*")

We had scarcely appeased our hunger when a breeze began filling the idle sails, and, glancing at the compass, we found the northern point pressing hard against the glass.

"I have heard of this before," said my father. "It is what they call the dipping of the needle."

We loosened the compass and turned it at right angles with the surface of the sea before its point would free itself from the glass and point according to unmolested attraction. It shifted uneasily, and seemed as unsteady as a drunken man, but finally pointed a course.

Before this we thought the wind was carrying us north by northwest, but, with the needle free, we discovered, if it could be relied upon, that we were sailing slightly north by northeast. Our course, however, was ever tending northward.

(NOTE:—*In volume II, pages* 18 *and* 19, *Nansen writes about the inclination of the needle. Speaking of Johnson, his aide: "One day—it was November 24th—he came in to supper a little after six o'clock, quite alarmed, and said: 'There has just been a singular inclination of the needle in twenty-four degrees. And remarkably enough, its northern extremity pointed to the east.'"*)

(NOTE:—*We again find in Peary's first voyage—page* 67,—*the following: "It had been observed that from the moment they had entered Lancaster Sound, the motion of the compass needle was very sluggish, and both this and its deviation increased as they progressed to the westward, and continued to do so in descending this inlet. Having reached latitude* 73 *degrees, they witnessed for the first time the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the needle becoming so weak as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship, so that the needle might now be said to point to the north pole of the ship.*")

The sea was serenely smooth, with hardly a choppy wave, and the wind brisk and exhilarating. The sun's rays, while striking us aslant, furnished tranquil warmth. And thus time wore on day after day, until we found from the record in our log-book, we had been sailing eleven days since the storm in the open sea.

By strictest economy, our food was holding out fairly well, but beginning to run low. In the meantime, one of our casks of water had been exhausted, and my father said: "We will fill it again." But, to our dismay, we found the water was now as salt as in the region of the Lofoden Islands off the coast of Norway. This necessitated our being extremely careful of the remaining cask.

I found myself wanting to sleep much of the time; whether it was the effect of the exciting experience of sailing in unknown waters, or the relaxation from the awful excitement incident to our adventure in a storm at sea, or due to want of food, I could not say.

I frequently lay down on the bunker of our little sloop, and looked far up into the blue dome of the sky; and, notwithstanding the sun was shining far away in the east,

I always saw a single star overhead. For several days, when I looked for this star, it was always there directly above us.

It was now, according to our reckoning, about the first of August. The sun was high in the heavens, and was so bright that I could no longer see the one lone star that had attracted my attention a few days earlier.

One day about this time, my father startled me by calling my attention to a novel sight far in front of us, almost at the horizon. "It is a mock sun," exclaimed my father. "I have read of them; it is called a reflection or mirage. It will soon pass away."

But this dull-red, false sun, as we supposed it to be, did not pass away for several hours; and while we were unconscious of its emitting any rays of light, still there was no time thereafter when we could not sweep the horizon in front and locate the illumination of the so-called false sun, during a period of at least twelve hours out of every twenty-four.

Clouds and mists would at times almost, but never entirely, hide its location. Gradually it seemed to climb higher in the horizon of the uncertain purply sky as we advanced.

It could hardly be said to resemble the sun, except in its circular shape, and when not obscured by clouds or the ocean mists, it had a hazy-red, bronzed appearance, which would change to a white light like a luminous cloud, as if reflecting some greater light beyond.

We finally agreed in our discussion of this smoky furnace-colored sun that, whatever the cause of the phenomenon, it was not a reflection of our sun, but a planet of some sort—a reality.

(NOTE:—*Nansen, on page 394, says: "To-day another noteworthy thing happened, which was that about mid-day we saw the sun, or to be more correct, an image of the sun, for it was only a mirage. A peculiar impression was produced by the sight of that glowing fire lit just above the outermost edge of the ice. According to the enthusiastic descriptions given by many Arctic travelers of the first appearance of this god of life after the long winter night, the impression ought to be one of jubilant excitement; but it was not so in my case. We had not expected to see it for some days yet, so that my feeling was rather one of pain, of disappointment, that we must have drifted farther south than we thought. So it was with pleasure I soon discovered that it could not be the sun itself. The mirage was at first a flattened-out, glowing red streak of fire on the horizon; later there were two streaks, the one above the other, with a dark space between; and from the maintop I could see four, or even five, such horizontal lines directly over one another, all of equal length, as if one could only imagine a square, dull-red sun with horizontal dark streaks across it."*)

One day soon after this, I felt exceedingly drowsy, and fell into a sound sleep. But it seemed that I was almost immediately aroused by my father vigorously shaking me by the shoulder and saying: "Olaf, awaken; there is land in sight!"

(*To be continued*)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In his Foreword, published in the December number of the National, the author comments upon the undying interest which men have ever evinced regarding the hidden secrets of the frozen Northland. He recounts many of the well-known, and advances some new and interesting arguments, founded on material proofs, leading to the inevitable conclusion that there is still another and a grander continent somewhere "beyond the North Wind."

At two o'clock, one morning he was summoned to the bedside of Olaf Jansen, an aged Norseman who, some years before, had established his home in an outlying section of Los Angeles, California. The old Norseman was about to die, but before the end came he told the author of this narrative of his marvelous voyage to the "Inner World," made by his father and himself many years before.

A detailed story of the voyage, written by the old Norseman himself, with data, drawings and crude maps, were given to the author of this narrative, with the understanding that they should be offered to the world after the old Norseman's death, that the mystery of the frozen Northland might be forever cleared away. In the old Norseman's story it is set forth that during the wonderful voyage which he so graphically describes, his father was drowned, and the son, on telling the captain of the whaling vessel which rescued him in the Antarctic Ocean, of his mysterious adventures, was believed to be a madman. Later he was permitted to return to Stockholm from whence he had started, and there told his story in detail to his uncle who had him confined in a madhouse, where he remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering!

THE MAISIE SYMPHONY

By Ada Mixon

I. ALLEGRO VIVACE

IT happened on a glorious day of a golden year, while the pulse of May was throbbing and the air was joyous with the hum of myriad life, and above all the spring chorus rose the voice of a thousand songs. My heart was attuned to Nature's spring song, and, heedless as a child, I bounded after butterflies as I hummed a little chant of my own whose words were intended to fit the elusive solo of the merry mocking bird. It proved a futile task; for what mortal bard can change his measure ten times in as many minutes without a repetition of metre or of melody? I stood rapt in wonder as I watched him on the topmost bough of a sassafras tree, his tiny throat swelling with its notes of ecstasy. How could it contain such a volume of sound? His head pointed skyward, and ever and anon he soared aloft for several feet, his gray and white wings fluttering, then downward, pell-mell, turning somersaults back to his perch. He was reaching into the blue-vaulted ether for the source of his inspiration; and not in vain, for each time he fell he brought new melody, new notes, new joy. How he sang! If I could have caught one note, one strain with its tuneful quality, one happy flash of its coloratura, I could have charmed the whole world with my song.

As I stood entranced, the girls found me and brought me back to earth again. We were schoolgirls out for a holiday in the May woods.

"Maisie, here's your chance," cried Neenie, my chum, approaching softly, finger on lip; "you remember what you said this morning."

I reddened in confusion as I recalled my silly speech of the morning. Quaking inwardly, I had held the sealed envelope containing my fate—the result of the spring examinations—and watched the faces of the other girls as they read what their envelopes contained. At last mine was the only one unopened, and all the girls gathered around me. I was warbling in a manner as unconcerned as I could assume, without even knowing what it was I sang. It happened to be a silly little song called "What's in a Kiss?" Everybody stopped to listen, for my friends all think that I can sing.

I am not a great musician, but I come from a musical race, and all my life I have been under the spell of some harmonious flow of sound. I have gone for weeks in a half-dazed rapture with the music of some new rhapsody in my ears. Everything I have ever done or thought, or spoken has been under the influence of some sweet strain. Perhaps this is why I am a creature of impulses and of moods, and often say and do the most reckless and unusual things. Always my ears are filled with music.

"What's in the envelope, Maisie?"

"Joy and bliss," I warbled, unconsciously.

"Where's the man?" cried one, more mischievous than the rest, and then the fun began, at my expense. I was teased unmercifully until finally, catching their rollicking spirit, in reckless abandon I held the envelope aloft and made the foolish "declaration of intention."

"If I have passed this time," I cried, "I'm going to kiss the very first man I see."

In breathless suspense they watched me open the envelope. Bravo! I had passed, and all the merriment broke out anew. Of course I had no intention of keeping my word, and no one believed that I had, but all day I was the subject of many jests. On the way to the woods in the school 'bus, I had resolutely closed my eyes every time a man was sighted.

"Strange," said one, "I thought we would have dozens of beaux after Maisie's proclamation."

"Perhaps that's what keeps them away," suggested another. I had long ago grown tired of the joke and sought the seclusion of the woods where Neenie found me.

"It's only your brother Bob," she whispered. "Come on—it will be such a joke. None of the girls have ever seen Bob."

"Come, before the victim wakes up and runs away," cried the girls.

And thus I was led into the snare which fate had set.

"I'll take the dare," I cried, "I won't even wake him."

Forward we crept to the edge of an old orchard, whose boughs were heavy with unripe fruit which the girls were eating surreptitiously. I saw a young man asleep in a mass of daisies under a tree. His face was turned slightly away, but I recognized the profile and reddish brown hair as certainly those of my brother Bob. I did not stop to consider the probability of his being in that particular spot at that time. I did not stop and I did not consider, but moved by an incontrollable impulse, I hurried on while my schoolmates watched me in consternation. My only thought was to turn the joke on those teasing girls.

A flutter of gray and white wings preceded me, and in the old apple tree above the young man's head, perched and sang the bird of a thousand songs. I shall always believe that the whole thing was brought about by enchantment, and that the chief wizard in the affair was this saucy mocking bird. His note had changed, and he now taunted me with cat calls. He also was daring me to do it, and I did it.

I did not waken him, it was the girls. When they saw me actually bend over and press my lips to the young man's forehead, it was too much. They were horrified, and broke into little shrieks and cries of expostulation. Of course he opend his eyes in astonishment, and then I received the greatest surprise of my life, for it wasn't Bob at all, but a total stranger.

The pace at which we flew through the old orchard was like the Chariot Race, and the tune was the Witches' Dance.

In my dreams, that night, I was haunted by a pair of astonished dark eyes, but strangely enough the song that soothed my slumbers, was, "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming."

II. ALLEGRETTO.

A young man strolled aimlessly down the path leading to the old orchard, and as he went he plucked the wild flowers by the way. The call of the robin had aroused him that morning from dreams of love, and aglow with the fever of spring, he had followed the sound until it led him far into the wild wood. And now another songster led him on, whose voice was the embodiment of rapturous ecstasy that exceeded the bounds of tame discipline, and awoke the unstirred depths of emotion. It was the voice of a thousand songs and the world seemed scarcely large enough to contain his joy. And the heart of the man answered back with a sweeter and more powerful melody still, for he was young, it was May, and youth must love.

To his eyes there appeared absolutely nothing to mar the prospect before him, the undulating strip of woodland, the green hills in the distance, and the blue sky holding all within its charmed circle; not a discordant note jarred upon the music of his soul. All the world was beautiful and in it there was nothing but love. Though the earth was large, it was too small to contain his ecstasy, which filled the universe and reached out toward the infinite.

To conquer the world like Alexander, to found empires like Caesar, or to overturn them like Napoleon, seemed paltry things to do. To suffer unknown for her sake, to die with only her voice to soothe his ears! He caught his breath and his eyes grew moist at the thought. A primitive impulse led him to seek the companionship of the birds, to be alone with the joy of young life, alone with the rapture of young love. He longed for the voice of a De Reske that he might pour out his passion in melting, lyric melody; the brush of a Greuze that he might immortalize the fair, sweet face already impressed upon the canvass of his memory. He wished for the skilled hand of Donatello, that he might carve in marble the genius of love so real that it could speak to her for him; the hand of an Orpheus that could move mountains by its magic music.

Aglow with the ardor of May, he tried to set himself to the task of diverting his overflow of ecstasy into the channels of rhyme; the pen of all the poets that ever lived would be inadequate for such an exalted purpose. His mind was like the deep recesses of the forest through which the warm rays of love were stealing, lighting up and glorifying it. But while many were the blossoms of the woods, in his heart there bloomed no flower of poesy. His was a poetic nature, whose emotions were so deeply felt that full expression is denied them; but no one could love more faithfully,

regret more sincerely, or suffer more heroically.

Seated upon a mossy bank, he abandoned himself to day-dreams, the day-dreams of youth attuned to the merry, maddening, morning songs of May. The blue of heaven was like her eyes, her smile was brighter than the sunshine, her breath was the perfume of the morning woods. Ah, he was young, it was May, and youth must love!

At last he leaned back and closed his eyes, his head crushing the daisy stalks. Presently, it seemed that the mocking bird drew nearer, and his song was no longer without words, and the words were the sweetest he had ever heard. As they came pouring forth into the balmy air, each word took wings and, flocking round him, took up the burden of a thousand songs until he was surrounded by a mighty sylvan chorus, whose refrain was love, love, always love. And as the symphony rose and fell, dainty footsteps approached him, and hushed voices spoke above him. Then, all at once, he saw her face near his own, her lips touched his forehead and he opend his eyes. Brushing away the dust of dreams, he rose and watched the fleeting, fairy vision. The orchestra had suddenly ceased and only the mocking bird remained, and now his words were clear and loud: "Life is young, it is May, and youth must love!"

"It was she," said the young man, still half dreaming, "her name is Maisie. Shall I ever see her again?"

III. ANDANTE.

I shall never forget my first sea voyage. Always music-mad, my being responded to the moods of old ocean in Wagner motives, in anthems of the deep, in all the sea tunes I had ever heard, and when my repertoire of nautical strains was exhausted, it sang to me in one great, overwhelming, enveloping, mysterious melody of its own. Sometimes it was glad and wild, and free; sometimes it sobbed and wailed its thernody of fathomless sorrow, and always it was strange,—the broad waste of crooning waters, the murmuring winds, the vault of heaven like a huge trombone resounding, and the howling tempest furnishing its part in the flowing orchestra.

We speak of Mother Earth, but she is the mother of our physical being only, our earthly desires. The sea is our universal mother, the source of our dreams, our soul fancies, our poetry. Ah me! I cannot say that I am either poet, musician or artist, but I seem to have within me the essence of them all, and respond to this mysterious power. I have the sentiment without the creative capacity, the temperament without the ability.

I was going abroad to perfect my voice. Nothing would ever have induced me to go so far away from home, had I not been in hourly dread of meeting the young man of the old orchard. The bare possibility of ever seeing him again, exasperated me so much that I was glad to put miles of ocean between us. Not until we were far from my native shore did I breathe a sigh of relief.

For several days I enjoyed my apparent freedom, until the night of the concert. My name was on the program for a song, and I selected the "Bird Song" from the "Pearl of Brazil." I had surrendered myself so completely to my musical moods, all in unison with Mother Ocean, that my arias came forth with less effort than usual, and I felt that I was singing as I had never sung before. The song was much applauded by the little audience gathered in the cabin, who insisted upon an encore. As I bowed my appreciation, I looked into a far corner, and there beheld the young man of the daisy bed in the old orchard. He still resembled my brother Bob, his hair was the same reddish-brown. His eyes met mine and I turned away. The clamor increased and I was not allowed to escape without another song. I yielded, and some irresistible impulse led me to sing, "Ah, Love thou art a Wilful Wild Bird," but I looked straight ahead and never saw him again. I kept to my stateroom after that, 'til the end of the voyage.

I say I never saw him again with a mental reservation, for sleeping or waking, I can always see his face as it looked that night, a wistful droop of the mouth, a sad longing in the eyes. In spite of my aversion the sight of him thrilled me strangely, and it was long before the song, "Love Thou art a Wilful Wild Bird," ceased to haunt me.

IV. ALLEGRO.

I received a royal welcome on my return to America. I was feted and wined and dined in more cities than one, and I sang myself hoarse. Of all the festivities of that eventful winter, one alone stands out from all the rest. It was a carnival ball not far from my southern home.

The mansion, where the ball took place, was surrounded by beautiful grounds with rare trees and plants, and ornamented with statuary in marble and bronze. The house was furnished with the most exquisite taste, no glaring colors, no clashing tints. Everything displayed the mot excellent judgment and skill. The ball room in Gobelin blue, had the same effect wrought out in all the minor details. Even the decorations for the evening were in keeping with the permanent arrangement. The other rooms connecting with this, all harmonized with its color scheme in such a way that the eye was not wearied by one monotonous tone. There was nothing bizarre, nothing gorgeous. It was like some old Florentine palace restored to its Renaissance glory.

Neenie was a lovely Undine, and her fair hair and delicate color were set off to perfection by the pale green gown she wore. It was decorated with pendants that resembled drops of water. These, also, shone in her hair so that many exclaimed on seeing her: "It looks like rain."

I wore a classic Greek costume representing Galatea, and over that a mask and domino which I intended to remove after an hour's sport. I did this in order to deceive some friends who had discovered what character I was to represent.

Soon after we entered the ball-room I was invited to dance by a very prepossessing cavalier. The music was a Strauss waltz, and my partner danced delightfully. Afterwards, we promenaded, and I learned from him that that we had met before.

"I don't seem to remember it," I said, "where could it have been?"

"I saw you once on a steamer bound for Europe, when you sang the Bird Song."

I began to hasten my footsteps in order to join my friends. The Valkyrie chorus was sounding an alarm in my brain.

"But that was not our first meeting. Would you remember that, I wonder?"

Remember him? Of course I did; he was the image of my brother Bob, now that my eyes were opened. How should I escape him? Moving more slowly, I looked around for a seat.

"I—I feel faint," I said, and I spoke the truth. "Will you kindly bring me some water?"

With all courtesy possible, he sought and found a window seat and placed me in it carefully, and then went away for a glass of water. I watched him until his plume vanished in the crowd, and then I slipped away in search of my friends, but they were nowhere to be seen. No matter, I preferred the isolation of a crowd of strangers to the mortification of again meeting the eyes that had witnessed my folly. I sought a remote corner where I thought I would be unobserved, but before long I was invited to dance by a cardinal. I refused, whereupon a Punchinello asked me, and my refusal was the signal for a chorus of expostulation from his companions. Soon I was the center of a group of noisy merry-makers, in queer freakish costumes, and I was wondering how I might escape when I saw the tall form of my cavalier approaching to my rescue. I looked about and saw a door behind the curtains to my rear. Furtively, I tried the knob and the door opened. Lifting the tapestry behind me, I was soon through the door, shutting it quickly after me. It led to a veranda, and from it I rushed down the steps and through the grounds, my pursuers after me, pell mell. I could hear their merry shouts, and I ran all the faster. At last, exhausted, I sank upon a stone ledge in the shadows and listened. The voices were fainter, as though they were going back, but I still heard footsteps. Peering out, I saw two forms approaching, and one of them wore the waving plume of my cavalier. The music of a soft, slow, sobbing, pleading waltz came wafted from the windows on waves of moonlight.

I looked about me. The ledge where I reclined was part of an arcade within whose alternate arches reposed a marble statue. Where I sat I saw engraved the name of Juno. A sudden idea seized me. I had already removed my mask; I now took off my domino and concealed it beneath a nearby palm. Then I climbed upon the ledge and stood in, what I meant to be a statuesque pose. In my classic gown of white, with my hair powdered, I would be taken in the uncertain light for one of the many statues ornamenting the grounds. As I stood there gazing off into the moonlight, the beauty of the evening thrilled me with new life, the hushed voices of the night sent a rush of delicious ecstasy through my soul, and I watched the pale twinkling of the stars, unbidden the music of the Moonlight Sonata came floating through my brain.

I heard them searching through the grounds

behind me, softly calling with assurances of protection and good intention. As they passed me a strange voice was saying:

"Your Atalanta is as fleet of foot as her namesake."

When they came into my range of vision, I saw my cavalier accompanied by a friend in the costume of Charles II.

"Never despair," went on the King, "there are just as good girls in the ball-room as ever ran out of it,—unless, of course"—

"Yes," sighed the cavalier.

"Tell me the story."

"My friend, I fear you have never loved, and therefore, have no right to hear this sacred history of mine; but if you will give me a light"—

And I had to stand there and listen to his side of the story, and inhale their cigar smoke as they sat upon the ledge at my feet. The orchestra in the house had ceased playing for the moment, but the orchestra in my brain began to play "The Spanish Cavalier."

"Have you ever wandered among sylvan splendors with your heart overflowing with a delicious, maddening ecstasy that is beyond your power to control, to express? Then, my friend, you have never loved. Have you ever been spell-bound by your own heart's obligato, entranced with a rapturous sweetness that exhausted you, and you sank upon a mossy bank to dream? That, my friend, was what happened to me. Have you ever dreamed, and waking, found the heavenly vision a reality? That is what happened to me."

"What was her name?"

"I had seen her but once and I did not know. I had heard her singing "Love Thou art a Wilful Wild Bird," as I passed a house in the city one summer night. I stood upon the pavement and watched her; herself a living sonata."

"And the dream?"

"Never mind the dream. I was awakened by the song of a bird, and I looked up into what seemed to be a reflection of the face that was pictured in my heart. Another moment and she was gone, flying merrily across the sward, followed by a score of nymphs as fleet of foot as she. It was like a mad chase of Diana and her merry maidens. As I looked after them, the bird above me sang a strange new song *with words*."

"There are more things in heaven and earth."

"Of course you are skeptical, and think the whole thing must have been a dream, but I have proof that she was there," and he drew forth a paper. It was my school report!

"Have you ever endured the anguish of misprized love, the love that lives in spite of all you can do to quench its fires, that seems to thrive upon its very hopelessness? That is what happened to me. For a long time I lived upon the hope that some day I would win her smile, but had given that up until tonight. Did you ever wish so much to please that your very existence hung upon the result? Did you ever feel the death that lurks in a woman's frown? Then, my friend, you have never loved. Did you ever strive to please and find that your very anxiety to succeed made success impossible? That is what happened to me tonight."

From the leafy boughs above us there came, just then, the voice of a thousand songs. It sang with a new inflection, an intensity of feeling that gave the song a pleading significance. The old ecstasy was there still, but it was subdued as though some rare, new chords had been sounded in the gamut of life, and their vibrations were to be carefully tried and gently tested before caroling them forth in the broad light of day. Both King and Cavalier paused to listen. It was the moonlight itself melting into lyric music. The subtle poetry of the southern night cast its glamour over the two at my feet, and under its spell they were silent.

Presently a servant approached and inquired if they had seen a lady in a mask and domino in that part of the grounds. My friends had evidently missed me. As he paused for a moment before me, a light breeze caused my white drapery to flutter. Seeing it, the servant gave a slight exclamation as he stared past the two men. Recovering himself, he made the sign of the cross and passed on. The Cavalier did not notice this incident, but the King was more observant, and turning, must have seen my fluttering robe. He turned 'round again and went on puffing at his cigar as though nothing had happened. Soon he arose as though to go, and standing before me, remarked:

"If beautiful statuary is frozen music, we have here a sonata of silence. Nature herself could not surpass those curves of throat and shoulder, or their symmetry of outline. The Greeks never equaled that dignity and repose, or coldness. You remember the story of Galatea? Did you ever fall in love with a statue? That is what has happened to me."

The Cavalier rose and stood beside the King. I felt my knees quake.

"Suppose we look around again for the lady," suggested the mischievous King, "I believe you're to see her again tonight."

"I'd just as soon expect this statue to come to life," said the other, sadly. As he spoke he put forth his hand and stroked my arm. It is hard to describe what followed. I know I screamed, and after the excitement had subsided somewhat, I found myself standing on the ground with my Cavalier bowing low before me, plumed bonnet in hand, making profuse apologies. King Charles II had discreetly vanished.

"Hail, Juno, Queen of Heaven," said the Cavalier, in a rather tremulous voice, but with his grand manner. His hair was not so red after all.

"But I'm only Galatea," I managed to say.

"And like her you come to life at the touch of"—

"Pygmalion was not a cavalier," I interrupted. "He belonged to another age."

"But love levels all distinctions," he said, softly.

"It is too early to speak of love."

"On the contrary it is growing cold and I have suffered in silence a long time."

"Methinks the manner of your love making is somewhat precipitate even for a cavalier. Where is the sonnet, the ditty, the moonlight serenade, the drawn blade?"

"Fair lady," he made answer, earnestly, "trust not too well the fine speeches and flowing rhymes of a Cyrano de Bergerac. The halting speech, believe me, the hesitation that results from excess of feeling hath more of depth within it than all the love lyrics of all the poets in the world. I beseech thee, think on my words and I will have patience; I will give you time."

Against my will, my wall of reserve began to crumble. After all, he had done nothing. As we strolled together back toward the ball room through the mellow moonlight, our shadows blended into one across the grass and the mocking bird's song followed us in common time but, most uncommon ecstasy.

There was a magic in the sound that, to my confused brain, made his notes fall in unison with a certain familiar march of Mendelssohn's. And my heart was singing a thousand songs.

UNDER THE WINTER STARS

STARS above and souls below,—
Which the greater? Souls, I trow.
Shall we ever know?

Years that come, and years that go,—
Whither go they? Ah—even so,—
Shall we ever know?

Stars are steady; souls who go
First beyond them love us so—
Draw us heavenward,—Ah, I trow,
We shall all things know.

Steady stars, and souls that love;
(Stars below, and souls above;)
Years that come and years that go,—
Years beyond them we shall know
All,—because we love!

Alice Spicer

THE WHITE MOHAMMEDAN

By Arthur S. Flowers

IT is over fifteen years since the following incidents occurred, and the only reason I have not published these records before, is because one of the parties was living up to six months ago. I make no effort to explain the story, but simply give the facts as they occurred, leaving my readers to indulge whatever theories they may feel best suits their views.

At the time the affair took place, I was a practising physician in the hill station of Simla, situated, as all know, in the Himalaya mountains, famous throughout India as a summer resort, and government headquarters during that season of the year. My time was well taken up, not only with the sick of the Anglo-Indians, but with natives, trying for the most part to instill into the latter the rudimentary ideas of hygiene.

I was called in one evening to attend Lucile McNaughton, daughter of one of my best friends, Colonel William McNaughton, V. C. I expected to find an ordinary case of hill fever, or one of the lighter ailments the Anglo-Indian is subject to in that climate. I was terribly shocked to find Lucile in a condition of suspended animation, and was at a loss to account for this state. At first, I believed her to be dead, as it was impossible to detect life by feeling her pulse. The method was too uncertain in this peculiar case. The general appearance showed life, though animation was absent. Her extreme fairness was accentuated, and her good looks possessed an added charm impossible of description. The skin, alone, seemed to have life. By placing a piece of glass over her lips, I noticed, after several minutes had elapsed, that it was dimmed very faintly by respiration, almost impossible to detect except by the closest scrutiny. This fact, of course, convinced me she was living. The case was absolutely beyond my medical experience, and no remedy that I applied brought any sign of animation to the patient. The distress of the mother and father was terrible, and was naturally increased with my inability to do anything for their child. They kept on asking if she were dead, or was going to die then. To the former question, I was able to be reassuring to a certain degree, and tried to relieve them with the old platitude that "where there is life there is hope," which sounded cruelly weak to my ears, though it did, apparently, help the distressed father. The mother's face showed absolute hopelessness and undoubtedly fear.

I left the patient in the care of the *avah*, and asked to see her parents in some place where we could be free from interruption. We all retired to the Colonel's private den, and in spite of the heat, closed all the doors to avoid disturbance during the interview. I immediately asked the parents if they had the slightest idea of any mental trouble their daughter could have been suffering from, recently.

The old Colonel was emphatic in his denial of such being possible, and told me that only that afternoon she seemed to be enjoying the best of spirits, and was planning to go to a ball in the evening with her fiancee, Jack Barratt, more generally known throughout the station as the Simla Bachelor, because he was a universal favorite with the young girls, and mothers, too, and no one seemed to believe he would ever settle down to wedded life.

After asking many questions, all of which were answered by the father, I decided to go home and think over the peculiar case. I noticed that throughout the entire interview Mrs. McNaughton was silent and terribly nervous. I was convinced she had a theory of her own, but for some reason would not, or dared not mention it before her husband. This seemed particularly strange to me, as he was notoriously the greatest slave to her every whim. He idolized his wife, and there did not seem to be the slightest reason for such reserve in his presence. I have never been able to decide whether

he noticed it, but do know, that after the events recorded, to the day of his death, he always watched his wife when in her presence, with a puzzled look akin to horror, which would always change to one of love. I determined to interview Mrs. McNaughton by herself, at the first possible opportunity, which occurred the next morning.

The case fascinated me, and seemed to cast a hypnotic influence over all my thoughts. Returning to my bungalow, choosing a comfortable chair, I took a seat and tried to reason out some explanation for Lucile's peculiar condition. She had always seemed free from all mental worries, and certainly had everything to make her contented. A sweet, pretty girl of extreme delicate fairness, popular with men and girls, in love with and beloved by the finest young fellow in the Station. It seemed there could be no reason for this peculiar mental state, as I was convinced it was an hypnotic trance, but who or what caused it I had not the slightest idea; but was convinced it would result fatally if it lasted long. Still occupied with my thoughts, I heard a trap approaching, evidently being driven furiously, and in a couple of minutes Jack Barratt pulled up in front of the veranda, jumped down, threw the reins to his syce, and, walking on to the veranda, dropped into a chair beside me. It needed no second glance to see that he knew everything that we knew, and was almost distracted with the knowledge. I called for a whisky and soda, which he drank before saying a word to me.

"Doctor," he broke out, "for God's sake tell me what is the matter with Lucile, and what can be done for her.

"Jack," I replied, "you know as much as I do, and on the other hand, I am going to ask you a few questions.

"Have you noticed anything about Lucile, lately, to make you think she was suffering in any way?

"Not at all, except early this morning when we were out riding, a little incident occurred that seemed to upset her. But that was nothing, Doctor, too foolish to speak about."

"Nevertheless Jack, if I am to help you, you must be willing to tell me that incident."

"All right, but it seems to me to be adding the ridiculous to a tragedy. Here goes, though. We rode out of the station this morning, about five miles, which is a long ride to what we usually take, generally confining our exercise to the roads in and around Simla. Just as we had decided to return, Lucile noticed a native temple situated on a slight rise about one hundred yards from the road. She was so anxious to see it at close range, I agreed to go and inspect it with her, although seriously opposed to such close curiosity in this country. You never know whether their religious feelings will be offended or not, and how far their revenge for such unintentional insults will reach. I am not superstitious, or particularly troubled with sensitive feelings along that line, but I do know we none of us appreciate the depth of their fanaticism. In fact, they are beyond our understanding, and the best way, therefore, is to avoid any possible chance of offending their religious principles. We reached the temple—and now comes the most foolish part of the whole incident—we saw a priest sitting before the door, and from his attitude, evidently ready to guard the entrance against our approach. Just as we got there, we both saw a woman dressed in the regular cupia of the native, dash through the door into the temple and disappear from sight into the inky darkness within. She had been kneeling and bowing to the priest as we came up, but on seeing us, ran, as I have described. She turned her face towards us as she ran, and we both saw, or,—of course only thought we saw—that it was an English woman and exactly like Mrs. McNaughton. I'll acknowledge we were both startled beyond expression. I noticed Lucile's face, which you know is extremely fair, turn a chalky white and I thought she would collapse. She quickly recovered, and looking at me, asked if I had seen. It was impossible to lie, and I told her. Yes, her horror was terrible. I decided then, whether it offended the old priest or not, and whatever the results might be, I would find the person inside that temple. Dismounting, I walked up to the priest and told him I was going in. His manner changed, becoming extremely obliging, though he insisted on my conforming to their custom and go in barefooted. I searched the entire place with him, and only discovered a lone woman, whose features did not bear the slightest resemblance to Mrs. McNaughton. On coming out, I told Lucile the results, and we laughed all the way home about the

matter, she threatening to tell everyone about my barefooted search in a native place of worship. The only other thing I noticed on our departure was, that the old priest looked directly into Lucile's eyes, and said in Hindustani. "Pride of thy Father, thou wilt follow the religion of thy mother, and all the strength of thy people cannot prevent it. Allah wills it." Lucile did not understand a word, though she recoiled as if struck, and a look of intense fear came into her eyes. As you probably know, her mother has refused to let her learn the language, and she has shown no special desire to. On the other hand, strange to say, the thought of attempting the study of it, seems abhorrent to her. Of course the old priest was talking nonsense," said Jack.

I did not know Lucile was ignorant of the language, and thought it strange, but said nothing to Jack. After his first remarks about the peculiarities of the native in his religious life, it struck me forcibly that he was very inconsistent in his last remark, and it seemed peculiar he did not give the matter any serious thought.

"Now Doctor, you will agree with me, there was nothing in the affair at all. I have told you all I know. Tell me, do you think she will recover all right?"

I answered evasively, and Jack soon left me to return to his bungalow, and spend the rest of the night as best he could.

I determined to see the Colonel's wife next morning, and have a private talk with her. It is true, on reaching my destination I had no idea what course to pursue. In my own mind, I was convinced she was in a position to offer a good reason for her daughter's condition, and was sure that through her alone could something be accomplished to restore her child to her normal health. I was immediately taken to the bedside of the patient, whom I found in the same comatose state as on the evening before. The Colonel was at regimental headquarters, which gave me the desired opportunity of a heart-to-heart talk with the mother. Ordering the *ayah* to retire, closing the doors, I turned directly on Mrs. McNaughton and bluntly asked her what she was doing in a temple five miles from Simla, bowing and kneeling to a Mohammedan priest. The effect of the question on her was electrical. She threw herself at my feet and begged me to promise never to say anything about the matter. Her confession to the above charge nearly robbed me of my mental faculties. Recovering, I told her it would depend entirely on how she answered my questions.

I asked Mrs. McNaughton for a complete history of all events leading to her presence at the temple the previous morning. At first I thought she would refuse to answer. She looked at me with an expression of extreme fear that threatened to give way to mental collapse. I could not decide whether it was fear of my apparent knowledge of many incidents yet unexplained, or the fear of probable revenge should she divulge her secret. She seemed to be anxious to give the information requested, but at the same time was trying to overcome some ulterior power that was in opposition to my command to relate all she knew. Concentrating my thoughts on a determination to learn the truth, looking her straight in the eyes, I demanded her story. She rallied, and partially overcoming her fears, related the following remarkable history. It was with difficulty, however, that I obtained all the facts, as she seemed continually to be on the point of slipping into subjection to a will stronger than mine. I won, though it left me for several hours in a weakened state.

"Doctor," she began, "I was born five years before the mutiny, at a station near the city of Allahabad. My father was a captain in a Sepoy regiment, and just before the outbreak of the mutiny, decided to send my mother and myself back to the Old Country. About the time we were to start, the mutiny broke out, and it was impossible to reach a coast port in safety. We were with my father in the little fort during the prolonged siege, which ended in annihilation for its gallant defenders. With but a few men left, it was decided one evening, that it would be impossible to hold out during the next day, and all were determined to charge the enemy and die fighting in the open. There were several English women in the fort, the wives and daughters of officers and civilians, and each without speaking, knew what was in the other's thoughts. They were braver, if possible, than the men. Next day the pitiful story was ended. The women died the heroines that they were, and the balance of the men left, dashed out of the fort and

died fighting to the last. The slaughter was awful. It even looked, at one time, as if they would cut their way through. I was the only one left. My father had failed to find me, and consequently I escaped the fate of my mother. It was better to fall by the hands of our friends, than fall into the hands of our enemies. My ayah, who was passionately fond of me, and true to the English to her dying day, saved my life. By disguising me as her child, she passed through the enemy's lines with the intention of carrying me to the British lines and safety. It was not a difficult task, as the language was more natural to me than English. All went well until we reached Allahabad. One evening I escaped from the ayah, and out of curiosity, wandered in and out of every corner of the native bazaar. I should add here, that my ayah had told me my mother and father were in safety, and were waiting for me. In the course of my wanderings I came across a native temple, and in childish curiosity entered. It was only my lack of knowledge of their religious customs that gave me away to the priest who discovered me. He recognized at once I was one of the hated Feringhees. It was the priestly caste that did so much toward stirring up the troubles of that period. What would have happened but for the arrival of my ayah, I do not know. She claimed her child. He laughed at her, and asked how she became the mother of a young mem-sahib. She realized that no words of hers could convince him that I was a native child. Throwing herself at his feet, she begged for my life, offering all she had, and promising to work her whole life for him. The outcome was, that I vowed to adopt the Mohammedan faith, and she practically became his slave. We reached the British lines in safety, as the priest did not object to letting me be returned to my own people, and in fact, seemed to desire it. I was turned over to an uncle, who sent me to school in England. I had not been there long before an Indian servant was engaged for some work around the school. It was thought a great joke for me to carry on conversations in his own language, and interpret for the benefit of the other girls. I soon found him exercising a peculiar influence over me, and in spite of all my desires to the contrary would take walks by myself to most solitary spots, always to find Trewulli awaiting my arrival. He always greeted me with the same remark. "Thy oath; it will be fulfilled." He always followed the remark with instructions in the religious customs of his people. This subtle influence has always been maintained. After leaving school, my uncle wrote and asked me if I would like to join him in India. I wrote a refusal in the hope of breaking this dominating power. This letter was no sooner posted than I wrote another, accepting. The latter was against my will, yet I could not help writing it. Soon afterwards I joined my uncle. In spite of the fact, that I am presumed to belong to the Church of England, I have all these years, so far as possible, secretly practised their faith, under the instruction of the priest you spoke of when you first came here this morning. When I married, he told me my child must follow me in my religious faith. I refused, and even prevented her from learning the language at all, and having as little to do with these people as possible. As you know, in spite of my husband's wishes, I kept her in England until he positively insisted on having her with us. The old priest told me that nothing I might do would be of avail. It was not until yesterday morning that she met him, and he has evidently made her subject to his influence. I received instructions from him last night, written in Sanskrit, which I understand, directing me to give Lucile a certain kind of nourishment so that she would continue to live for years, until I agreed to her subjection to the religious customs of these people, and threatened death to our entire family unless his commands were obeyed. I have refused so far; but Doctor," she wearily continued, "can it be so much worse than the present conditions?"

I told her emphatically it would be better that Lucile should die, than suffer as her mother had done. Excepting Jack Barratt, I told her the story would be safe with me, and Jack would certainly be silent. I left her to return to my bungalow to think out a plan to break this malign influence that was being exercised over two white women by a native priest. The task certainly appeared hopeless. That evening Jack Barratt again called for news.

"Doctor," he asked, "is there nothing that can be done?"

As gently as possible, I told him the story related by Mrs. McNaughton. He became terribly excited, and wanted to proceed immediately to the temple, kill the priest and in this way break the hidden power.

It took me a long time to explain that such an action would be regarded as murder by the government, beside causing all kinds of unforeseen trouble with the natives. It would make scandal, and above all, in my opinion would certainly not bring about the desired result. This occult power, I was convinced, could only be broken in life by the priest, and not after his death. We continued discussing possible, though mostly impossible, schemes to gain our ends, when a native appeared in front of the bungalow, barely within range of the veranda lamp and it needed no second glance to see that it was an extremely old, withered man, with keen, piercing eyes that glowed in the lamplight with a reptilian look. His whole appearance was repulsive, and I must confess gave me a chill feeling down my spinal column as if malaria had struck me. I looked at Jack, and saw him steadily gazing at the man, who was of the priest caste. He was evidently in the priest's power. I had sense enough to realize that it was to be a mental fight for supremacy. Jack was unquestionably beaten. The priest ordered Jack to follow him, and he would have done so, but I interrupted with a sharp command to the priest to go. He turned to me with a like command to follow him. I felt a tingling sensation as if shocked with an electric current. Recovering myself with a tremendous effort, I concentrated my gaze on the priest and a mental battle followed. My feelings are impossible of description, except that I recall that the impulse to submit was almost beyond my endurance at times. The conflict continued for at least ten minutes, when with a plaintive cry of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" the priest fell to the earth and lay rigid at full length. At identically the same moment, Jack leaped to his feet and joyfully exclaimed: "Doctor, she lives. She is awake and waiting for me," and dashed off to the McNaughton bungalow. I rose and taking the table lamp with me, walked over to the prostrate priest, and instantly realized he was dead. His hand grasped a cobra that had struck its fangs into the man's chin. What he was doing with the reptile, and whether its poison or some organic disease caused his death, I am unable to say. Death would of course, have ensued from the snake bite, but I do not believe it was the direct cause. He must have been over ninety. I soon found out that Jack's remarkable statements were correct, and Lucile had recovered her normal condition. Strange to relate, neither seemed to have the slightest recollection of their part in the affair. Mrs. McNaughton, however, was always dominated by some ulterior influence to the day of her death, and gained the reputation of being an unbearable cynic upon everything that pertained to the Christian religion.

The outcome was satisfactory, as far as the two young people were concerned, and no evil after effects disturbed either of them. The story is strange; but, remember it occurred in India.

Ayah: Native nurse.
Feringhee: English man or woman.
Syce: Grass-cutter or coachman.
Cupia: Native dress, loose, sheet-like covering from the head to the ankles.

SANCTA VITAE

By Maurice Smiley

WHAT is a husband? 'Tis not one who goes
At dawn to toil, returning to be fed
At eve; who doles his daily wage for bread
And fire and raiment; one who only knows
Contentment when his treadmill balance shows
His bins are full, a roof above his head.
But one who in two tender eyes hath read
The rest that is Life's only true repose:
Who in a gentler spirit finds the founts
Of inspiration's stronger life, and mounts
On weaker wings to all ascending's crest.
'Tis he who in one voice belov'd shall hear
Each day a call for all his high and best
To stand erect, full-vigored, strong and clear.

What is a home? 'Tis not four roofed walls,
Where daily board is laid and trunks belong,
And children go to school at sound of gong;
Where shall be lived the well-groomed life of stalls
And heard from day to day no higher calls
Than nature's needs.—But where Love's nesting song
Sounds o'er the din of toiling, sweet and strong;
Where two shall drain Love's cup that never palls,
Where shall be heard at eve Love's vesper chime,
And heard at dawn the matin aftermath
Of dreams. Where two a fair ordained path
Shall walk with equal tread, and it shall seem
That each doth grow, with Love's fine perfect rhyme,
Into the likeness of the other's dream.

What is a wife? A keeper of the keys,
A mender of the daily rents, the one
Who chaffers o'er the morrow's meal? Ah none!
Not laundress, cook nor seamstress—all of these
Are not a wife. They can be hired to please
The palate, and to toil till set of sun.
Ah, vaster that dear labor, never done,
A *wife* performs. The treasure of the seas
Cannot requite nor wealth of all the land's
Golcondas.—One rapt vision seen by both;
To breathe one air; life welded unto life;
The comradeship of soul that understands;
One radiant, tender dream of holy troth;—
THIS is to be a HUSBAND and a WIFE!

THE LAND OF FORGETTING

By Vingie E. Roe

HE came up from the south, did Antoine Lefever, and settled in the heart of the forest. A long lake curled itself along to the west, and the unending snows drew down from all points of the compass, encircling him and his rude winter shack in miles of gray silence. It was a good shack, strong and tight against the winds that sometimes tore down from the fastnesses to the north, and it had been built with a huge fireplace at one end. The fireplace had entered Antoine's soul with a thrust of approval on that first day, when he had opened the heavy door and dropped his pack from his weary shoulders. His first act had been to send a great fire roaring up its gaping, ravenous throat, and since then it had never died on the hearth. On such nights as the wind howled down from the north, Antoine sat before it with his massive limbs stretched out to its friendly warmth, the fleeting shadows and tongues of flame playing over his dark-browed face where the scowl never left his sombre eyes, and looked into its baleful heart. There were many things that he saw there; things that deepened the scowl and narrowed his black eyes to slits.

The glowing hearts of the red logs took on many shapes of familiar things. But the thing that lived always, no matter what came or went beside, was a woman's face. That was the thing he had run away from; had buried in the peopled land to the south. Here, he had told himself, he would escape the laughing eyes, the tender mouth, the alluring form of Ninette Bruille; here where there was only the cold and the snow and the forest. Here he would set his traps and pile the wealth of his furs against such time as he had completed the forgetting. If he had stayed at Por Et Soule, not only would he have eaten his heart out, but he would, so surely as the Virgin pities the sinner, have carried on his great hands the stain of blood. So he had come to the great woods for the healing of their silence; and of the aid they gave him he was yet to learn.

The winter was long, reaching from the end of September to the first of May, and there was never the chance of a human face in the wilderness. So Antoine Lefever settled himself down to his log fire and his dreams of shattered hopes: to the face of Ninette Bruille and the one that stood ever at her shoulder leering in insolent triumph —that dog of an outcast, Francois Villiers. There was another occupant of the shack, a young wildcat which had but three legs, the fourth having yielded to the stern grip of one of Antoine's traps. It had grown very tame, curling up in Antoine's lap like a house kitten, and he was wont to address it for want of another. For the most part, he did very well; but as the slow months drew by he swore softly that the forgetting was so slow. He saw the girl daily, as plainly as in the flesh, and as he could never separate her from Francois, he grew to hate him with more fervor. Sometimes the desire to take that smiling face in his hands and twist it off the body grew on him until the blood beat hot in his eyes, and he rose and paced back and forth in the tiny room like a caged beast. But Antoine was of a strong, clean blood, and it was this he had come so far to escape. But, see you, how the Fates play with a man and the things of life.

On a night when the big trees of the forest cried to the elements for mercy, and the wind tore at the drifted snow, there came at the door of the shack a stroke as of a hand fallen against it with the last of its strength. Antoine threw it open, and on the threshold, white as the falling curtain behind him, stood Francois Villiers. For a moment the two men stood gazing into each other's face. the one half-unconscious, the other in a maze, Then the blood surged into that of Antoine, and he reached out and drew the other within, closing the door. Then he turned, thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at the visitor, of all others, so strangely brought to him. He licked his lips very like the cat when he dangled out of its reach a dead bird.

The man stood where he had stopped, swaying from side to side, his eyes fastened on the leaping fire. His hands hung at his sides, inert, frozen. The spirits of the woods and storm had all but had their will of him. He recked not of, or cared for aught since he beheld the fire. Antoine, watching, felt the blood go hot in his eyes again, and his hands clenched in his pockets. Just beyond the sodden face of Francois Villiers he pictured the dark eyes of the woman whom Francois had taken from him. In one moment the strength that had driven him to the solitudes deserted him. The old fury came back upon him. Here was the man delivered into his hands. Here was satisfaction; the satisfaction of revenge that had tugged at his heart for months. The wildness of the storm whipped his blood into chaos. He made one step, as one intoxicated, and caught his enemy by the shoulder. It was an easy thing to circle his fingers around the throat of a man who neither resisted nor did aught else than close his eyes and go down beneath him. Things in the firelit room went black before Antoine, and he felt all the fury of worlds burn in his hands, rioting in the lust of murder.

* * *

When Antoine next came to himself, he was on his knees on the floor, and things were swimming back to their rightful places. Beside him lay Francois Villiers. There was no sound save of the wind crying at the chimney. For a long time he sat so, staring at the still heap on the floor. Then he rose stiffly, like a dreamer, and sat in a chair before the fire. It roared and ate its heart up, and he put more logs upon it. He sat dully, like one who has feasted to surfeit. The night dragged by. The cat humped across the floor, sniffed at the silent form, and crawled into his lap. Antoine did not think.

At the fourth hour there was a sudden sound, a low moan. The man in the chair turned sharply and met the living eyes of the man he thought he had killed. He sprang up, bending over him. But the reaction was too great. He could not do it over. Yet, give up now? Be cheated again? He longed to finish his revenge, but could not; nature rebelled. Yet there was a way! With difficulty he raised the helpless man and put him in his own bed. There was time to wait. By the morrow he would be himself, ready to take his pay for the woman he had lost. And he wanted his enemy to have the full of his wits about him, that the satisfaction might be complete.

When the first gray dawn crept into the cabin, Antoine peered eagerly into the bed. The eyes of Francois looked out at him, bright as stars, and the face of the man was flushed with a raging fever. Antoine frowned and stood watching him a long time. Then he went out into the white world of snow. He would give him time to come to himself. He tramped to the lake on his snowshoes, and all the time his heart was throbbing with strange passions. The flood of anger and wounded love and fury drove him back again. Again he bent over the bed to finish his work, and again he straightened with a frown. He must wait longer. He sat in the chair, fed the fire, and once and again got up and paced the rough floor.

At noon the man in the bed moved and moaned. "Water," he whispered. Antoine sat still, the scowl heavier in his black eyes. His fists rested on the arms of the chair, tight closed. There was no sound. The man in the bed was still, not repeating his request. Presently, Antoine got up, filled a tin cup at the bucket of melted snow, and went, as if against his own volition, toward the bed. He held out the cup but Francois made no move to drink. It was as if he did not see it. Then Antoine, conquering his loathing, put it to his lips.

"It is that I prolong his dog's life to my own ends," he said to himself in palliation. But the day, short and dull, drew itself away and the night settled in, and the man in the bed was no nearer his right mind. For another day he lay silent, looking out at Antoine, who watched him now and then in a strange nervousness, with vacant eyes.

Then he began to talk, and the first thing he said was "Ninette." At that Antoine strode toward him with twitching fingers. But at the bedside he stopped. He could not touch a thing that looked past him and babbled. Instead, he put a big iron pot on the fire with snow and the quarters of a rabbit. He frowned and kicked the cat, which came savagely clawing for its accustomed share. The savory stew filled the room with tempting odor, for Antoine could cook, and when it was finished he stood hesitating, then sat down and ate. But at

the last he filled the cup, and there was anger in his face, and disgust, and took it to the bed. He forced Francois to drink, the while he swore, softly. That was the beginning. The storm that had descended on the forest that night held unbroken sway, piling the snow in banked drifts, stilling the heaving bosom of the lake and crying through the solitudes. Inside the shack one man watched and tended his mortal enemy, sorely against his will, and one tossed in the great illness, calling ever for the woman they both loved, and sometimes boasting in his delirium of his victory in the winning of her. At such times he was nearer death than on the first night when he had drifted with the wind to the cabin. But Antoine Lefever always tore open the door and rushed out into the saving cold. And it was through his raving that Antoine learned how he came to be alone in the far woods,—how he had been with a trapping party to the North Lakes, and how he had become separated from them and had wandered, lost and without food. Even Antoine, who was hardened and used to many things, shuddered at the revelation of those days and nights before he had stumbled to his door. And as he listened, day after day, alone with the droning voice, a vague shame grew in his heart for that night. At first he hated himself for the weakness and turned his back on Francois. But ever he turned back, for there was none to tend but him. And at last, from much iteration, he ceased to burn with hell-fire at the calling for Ninette. He even came to take it as a matter of course. He grew to wonder at himself, for as the days went by the passion went out of his heart as the snows go down from the hills in spring, imperceptibly but surely, and he found that the face of Ninette no longer lived in the heart of the fire.

And from much desiring the death of the man who had beaten him at love, he came to strive strongly for his life. There were a few herbs in the roof of the cabin, and Antoine brewed and gave them him. He watched at night, and at last grew to fear in the silence that the sick man had died. And when the murmuring ceased and Francois rested from the fever, he fed the cat a double portion and kept very still. There was a new feeling in his heart, of peace, of strength, a strange feeling that circled through his soul like a cleansing wind, and he held up his head in the tiny cabin, tended Francois, and wondered. And when at last, Francois opened his eyes with reason, he spoke heartily, as man to man, and commanded obedience that he might the sooner walk. The unending snows stretched, a solid sheet, a firm highway to the settlements, and Antoine set about making, in the days of recovery, a strong sled with bent-birch runners. He laughed much and talked lightly, and Francois watched him in wonder. And when it was finished and Francois able to travel, Antoine, one sparkling morning, packed a few belongings, settled Francois among many blankets on the sled, gave him the three-legged cat in a sack, strapped on his snowshoes, and looked farewell to the shack. Then he took the straps on his shoulders and swung out between the silent trees.

And Francois, sitting behind, was stirred with the mystery of it all.

"Ninette?" he queried, "how is it to be, Antoine Lefever?" And Antoine, squaring his great shoulders with a fling, stopped, suddenly. "Ninette?" he answered, "Ninette is the wife of you, Francois Villiers, and nothing to me. I," he threw up his head and took in a full, deep breath of the biting air, heavy with the scent of the pine and spruce, "I have found the cure. I journey, light-heart, out into the world again from the Land of Forgetting. You know not where it lies, M'sieu."

A SONG OF HOPE

By Etta Pomeroy Miller

MRS. Norton locked the cottage door, and slowly walked down the path, drawing on the long silk gloves and looking about absent-mindedly. Some weighty matter evidenty pressed upon her mind, otherwise the roses would not have nodded in vain from hedge and trellis, nor the gorgeous geraniums gone without their morning greeting. Heliotrope and mignonette sent appealing messages, begging for some slight notice.

The mistress of all this bloom and perfume being so absorbed, had no attention to bestow, and thus passed through the white picket gate and on slowly toward the town. She held a roll of music in her hand and music was vibrating through her senses; yet music is not always joyous, and thoughts may run in minor tones. Her errand, though of doubtful result, was pressing her on insistently. It was at best but a venture, and, if unsuccessful, no one but herself would suffer.

This was why Mrs. Norton was able to smile gently when ushered into the presence of Florence Arlington, star lady in a New York company playing a week's engagement at the local theater. She had sung and laughed and danced her way into the hearts of all; but then, to laugh, sing and dance are often purely business propositions, and not in evidence when off the stage. In answer to the card of the lady visitor, she came hastily into the reception room carrying a twinkling mass of drapery over her arm.

"Please state your business briefly, madam, for I am on my way to rehearsal," was certainly not a cordial greeting, especially when proceeding from a frowning and fretful face, no matter how beautiful. In her earnestness, Mrs. Norton rose and came near the impatient idol, and, opening her sheet of music, glanced up into the unsympathetic eyes.

"My dear girl, I have written and had published a song which I brought with me, hoping you would look it over and perhaps find it suitable to sing. It has not sold, and I did so hope to realize a few hundred dollars from it. I thought perhaps if you were to sing it—"

"Dear me, madam, I have so many songs brought to me in this way; but I cannot look at them; it is absolutely impossible. I should be swamped with music of no merit."

Her quick eye took in the neat little figure, the gray hair and sweetly placid face, and a feeling which she could hardly define prompted her to say:

"What is the name of your song?"

"I have called it, 'Will That Sweet Dream Come True.'"

"It's a catchy title, but you must pardon my refusal. All my songs come to me through well-established channels, and I can consider nothing else. Excuse me, please, if I leave you. I am due now at the theater," and she hurried away, throwing back a hasty smile wherein lurked a hint of the well-beloved footlight favorite.

Mrs. Norton passed quietly down the stairway and out into the street. The pang that clutched her heart sent the tears into her eyes, but they did not fall. It was such an old, familiar sensation. She had merely tried to add a trifle to an income so slender as to make living on from day to day almost a tragedy. Yet, perhaps, it was all for the best. The girl was certainly lovely, and did not mean to be unkind. How could one so young appreciate the long-continued strain of genteel poverty? She would go back to the little white cottage with rose-covered trellises, and try to forget her disappointment. Her dream had been a sweet one, but had not come true.

The following morning the garden favorites were all astir with excitement. The beloved mistress was abroad with hoe and watering-pot. She picked withered leaves from the geraniums and passed her hand lovingly over the great scarlet masses of bloom. The shy catbird fancied himself hidden in the bushes, but she saw his keen eyes peering at her through the foliage, half-inclined to come out and proclaim his friend-

ship. She understood his coy ways, and scattered crumbs as usual. It was the month of roses and they bloomed everywhere. The lady coming down the street stopped at the fence. The roses were within her reach, and she lifted a spray and inhaled their fragrance. Mrs. Norton had been searching a stray weed behind the hedge, but rose at the sound of a footstep and beheld the lovely girl of the footlights. She saw she was not recognized, and thought it just as well.

"Good morning," said the dainty figure in white. "Would you mind if I picked one of these roses? They reach over the fence in a very tempting manner.

"Oh, no, pick as many as you please; but, better still, come in and let me cut some for you. They are like all roses—the thorns will tear your hands."

Florence Arlington opened the picket gate and, stepping into the garden, looked about her with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, how beautiful and cool and fragrant it is in here! May I sit on your veranda a moment and rest? I am Florence Arlington, and I came out for an early walk, hoping to drive away a headache and a depression of mind that makes me wretched. I fear I am not at all well." She sank dejectedly into the porch rocker. The beautiful face was pale and traces of tears lingered around the violet eyes.

"I think, dear, you had better come into the sitting-room and rest awhile. I will make you a cup of tea, and I am sure you will feel much better."

"You are kind; very kind. I think I will accept the invitation. I hardly see why you are so kind to me."

"I live much alone, and, although my hair is gray, I am always at home with young people." She bustled out to prepare the tea, and Florence lay back in the big chair and inspected the little interior so neat and prim. There were a few good pictures, and the bookcases gave a comfortable, home-like atmosphere to the room.

One effect of tea-drinking certainly is to inspire confidence, and Florence wondered at herself when she found to what an extent she had revealed the cause of her unhappiness.

"You see, Mrs. Norton, I had no idea I should tell you all this, but I have been so wretched. Fred was in despair when I gave him up to go on the stage. I did not then appreciate him. I was possessed with the idea of a professional life. Fred was so different. He wanted a little home like this," and her eyes swept over the interior and out into the garden ablaze with bloom. "He would have loved a place like this. I have come to believe in these five years that he was right, and I have been so cruelly unkind to the faithful boy; but he has his pride; he cannot forget all my cruel, heartless words. I should not respect him if he did. I must go on in the way I have chosen, but I realize now what I have lost." She sighed as she set the cup on the tray and rose to go.

"You have been so good to me. Would you like to have me sing something before I go?" She sat down to the piano. A sheet of music lay on the rack. She opened it and read, "Will That Sweet Dream Come True?" Turning around on the stool, she gazed at her hostess in startled amazement.

"Why, why, you are the lady who called on me yesterday! I see it all now; and how awfully I treated you!" She sat down on the couch beside her hostess and threw her arms around her. "What can I say, after all your kindness to me? I was so wretched yesterday, I hardly knew what I was about. I ought to have looked at your song; and you never said a word. Let me sing it for you now. It ought to be pretty, if the name is any index to the contents."

She laid the music on the rack and sang to a sweet, pathetic melody:

"I dreamed I met a maiden fair,
With eyes of liquid blue,
She passed me with a jaunty air
Her smile might angels woo.
Time sped away on pinions fleet,
We met, her heart was mine;
Life ne'er will bring us joy so sweet
As that lost summer time.
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the long hours through,
Oh tell me, lonely waiting heart,
Will that sweet dream come true?

"I saw a cot where peace and rest
Were ours from that glad day,—
Toil ne'er before had been so blest
Since love had come to stay.
But now my dream has fled afar,
I wake in chill despair;
Beloved vision, hope's bright star,
Where art thou, tell me where.
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the long hours through;
Oh tell me, lonely waiting heart,
Will that sweet dream come true?"

The strain was too great. Days of unhappiness and regret seemed to focus around the song, and in a tempest of grief she sobbed out, "It is his song—Fred's song—my song.

Oh, how could you know? It is Fred sitting there so lonely; it is his voice calling me. I will sing it; I will sing it as I never sang before, and I will draw him back to me; he will understand. Oh, Mrs. Norton, you have brought me a great hope, a great joy. I feel that Fred will understand, and he will come, I am sure of it, for I shall put my very heart into the song."

She was pinning on her hat with hands that trembled. "Let me have this copy, Mrs. Norton, will you? I must hasten back and give it to the orchestra. We will bring it on tonight; not a day shall be lost. Good-bye, you dear little woman. Come tonight and hear our song. How fortunate for both of us that I took this walk. I cannot tell how it happened that I came this way, but I seemed to be led along irresistibly by invisible hands. I shall write you and tell you all about it. Good-bye, good-bye," and she fluttered away like a joyous white bird.

A month later the postman delivered two letters at the white cottage. The first one Mrs. Norton opened read as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Norton:—We went today and selected the cottage. We are going to paint it white and plant rose bushes. The most beautiful one next summer is to be called 'Lady Norton.' Fred says 'Keep on writing songs, for it is a grand mission.' Give the catbird greeting, and don't forget Your own

"FLORENCE."

Mrs. Norton sighed contentedly and then opened the next letter. It was from her music publisher

"Dear Madam:—We enclose a check for two hundred and sixteen dollars, your royalty to date. Florence Arlington has taken up your song and given it a great run. We feel confident that our reports for future months may be even better than this. Respectfully yours,

"THE S. H. MUSIC CO."

Weeping endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Her song had united two loving hearts and brought a flood of hope into her own life.

WINTER SUNSHINE

THERE'S something in this peaceful winter scene,
The dazzling earth aglow with golden haze,
That makes me think of long-forgotten days—
Sweet days whose ghosts walk ever by unseen.

A far-off shaft of sunlight turns to gold
The window of a far-off house; I see
The long, wide porch, the graceful willow tree,
And boyish dreams come trooping back to me.

Just so the winter sunshine used to fall
On afternoons upon the porch at home—
Like unspent echoes of spent sounds they come
Because a sunbeam lies upon the wall.

For though it shines just as it used to do,
All else is changed; a few bright joys I've won,
But with each darkening of the blazing sun,
The light of some sweet hope has darkened too.

Still I have found some blessedness in this—
Sunbeams unprized in boyhood's happy days,
Have lent to manhood all their cheering rays—
Today I find the light which then I missed.

Roy Winchester

ENDICOTT'S LADY BOUNTIFUL

By Florence Miriam Chapin

THE man closed the door of the library cautiously, and gave a sigh of relief. Then, glancing about the room, his eyes fell upon a woman's figure half hidden by the draperies of the window, and he frowned.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I supposed the room was empty."

Seeing his discomforture, the woman smiled and came forward. "Else you would not have ventured?"

Her full, clear voice with its note of impersonal kindness charmed him, but he answered tersely enough. "Precisely."

"It really does not matter;" she assured him, with the same graciousness. "I was going away," and she crossed to the door.

"Going!" he exclaimed, incredulously. "From the heavenly quiet of this room back into that crush?"

The woman turned: "Oh!" breaking into a laugh. "How perfectly delicious—a fellow sufferer!" Then she added. "No, I fell into the trap by my own carelessness—I forgot that this was one of Jean's at-homes—but I fled up here, and wild horses couldn't drag me down again."

He laughed, catching her spirit. "But you said—just now?"

"I know. Jean promised to come to me here, but it will be hours before she can get away, and I really ought to go."

Opening the door, she paused, looking back at the man for a moment, then said: "You are Bruce Endicott, aren't you?"

His face lighted, and he stepped forward.

"You certainly have the advantage," he smiled.

"I am Miss Marlow."

"Not Miss Marlow the writer?"

She shrugged her shoulders, deprecatingly.

"Would a negative disappoint you very much?"

"Why no! Truly, I think that I am rather glad on the whole."

Miss Marlow's gaze became quizzical, and she lifted her voice questioningly. "You mean?"—

"Only that I'm not in fighting trim, and most willing to postpone the advent of the celebrity."

"Forgive my stupidity, I don't quite see your point."

"Perhaps I haven't made it very clear. The fact is, the authoress is riding right over some of my pet theories, and I'm rather sore about it. She puts me on the defensive."

The woman rested her elbows on the piano, and brushed her face lightly with her muff. A little laugh broke from her, but Endicott failed to catch its note.

"What's wrong with her books?" she asked, her eyes dark above the soft gray fur.

"I'm not so sure that I can define it," he answered, "but there is always a note that doesn't ring true: she seems to speak from text-books rather than from the heart."

"You are scathing, Sir Critic!" The woman's voice had changed; a new note of mingled badinage and resentment crept in.

"Not intentionally. Her books interest me immensely, but from what Jean has told me of the writer, I do not think she can be true to herself. She is young to have absorbed so much of life's bitterness."

"Ah! the jarring note is in the minor, then!" She flashed a reassuring smile at him. "We have gained one point, at least." Then, suddenly she crossed the room and bent over the open fire.

"Perhaps," she went on, now quite serious; "sadness has been the key-note in her life."

"Why, yes, perhaps"; he acquiesced; "but life doesn't teach us those things in a day."

Miss Marlow shook her head. "There, I disagree with you. Character, and environment more than all else, govern that: today you are a child—the world is a bauble all opalescence; then, next, through some act of yours or that of one near you, the crystal is shattered, Eldorado is no more; you have become a man and put away childish things."

"But there have been years of preparation."

"Why yes, but the awakening is the work of a single day."

"Then you believe that this author's knowledge of life, in all its phases, came to her in a day, the fruit of personal experience?"

"No. I believe that some sorrow proved the touch of nature. No one of us can endure all vicissitudes, but we can gain an understanding of them. One can be so near an object as to lose all perspective. Once I thought that to be ideal in art one must be absolutely real, but now that idealism is gone beyond recall. You must have truth and one thing else."

"You are well armed, Miss Marlow."

"I can always defend what I believe to be true," was her quick answer.

He moved a chair toward her, and she accepted it with a quiet nod. Throwing back her scarf of fur, she loosened the violets at her belt and drew out one of the fragrant blossoms.

"I don't suppose," she mused, drawing the flower through her white-gloved finger, "that you really accept any part of my theory.

"Why?"

She looked up, a challenge in her eyes. "You believe so implicity in your own."

He laughed, but before he could answer, a woman's voice called; "Venetia, where are you?"

Miss Marlow turned. "Here I am, Jean."

Mrs. Lorimer entered, breathlessly. "Oh! you were a dear to wait," she began, then, seeing Endicott's tall figure, she paused, bewildered. "How on earth,"—she shook her pretty head, deprecatingly. "You two together, and no harm done! It is beyond me."

Slipping her arm about Venetia, she faced Endicott with a smile of triumph. "Well, Bruce, is she so very dreadful?" she demanded, with a little proud air of assurance.

She was a small dark woman with a warm olive skin, and in her trailing chiffons she was a marked contrast to Venetia in her dark dress and rich furs, with her fair coloring and auburn hair.

Endicott's face showed amazement and a growing understanding.

"I'm afraid I've made a sad mess of things, Jean," he said, coming forward with heightened color. "Miss Marlow can you forgive me?"

She laughed. "For the mistaken identity? It was my fault,—and really you were delightful!" Then she added, with charming frankness. "I don't think I ever received a more sincere criticism."

"You deepen my chagrin. I admit that my harangue was unwarranted," he put in hastily.

"Please don't take it back and spoil the effect," she said, her eyes dancing. "Really, I don't expect to turn everyone to my way of thinking."

"Jove! I believe you could!" declared Endicott, fired by her spirit.

"So! there was a skirmish after all?" broke in Jean. "But now that the worst is over, you are going to be good friends, aren't you?"

"I've lost whatever chance I may have had, but I throw myself upon Miss Marlow's charity."

"Indeed, no; I am already in your debt for a most enjoyable half hour." Laughter still lurked in the depths of her blue eyes, but she gave him her hand, graciously:

"Friends?"

"With all my heart," he returned.

"Bruce, have you asked her to sing for you, yet?" Mrs. Lorimer's voice was tantalizing in its sweetness, but Endicott held up his hands with a gesture of appeal.

"All right, Bruce. I suppose I can wait; it is a pity, and you don't deserve such consideration at my hands. It is a tremendously good story, Venetia, but I'm afraid you must await his pleasure."

Venetia forgot the incident, and it was not referred to again until several months later. They were in her library one snowy night in mid-winter, and Endicott was helping Mrs. Lorimer into her wraps.

"Oh! do stay, Jean," begged Venetia.

"Can't, my dear. Unfortunately, I have a husband, and I must get back. In this storm no one will disturb us, and I have promised myself a long evening with him." Turning at the door, a light of irrepressible merriment in her eyes, she called over her shoulder: "By the by, Bruce, is Venetia to have the story of your nightingale?" Not waiting for an answer, she disappeared, taking Venetia with her.

When Venetia returned to the room, Endicott stood by the mantle, gazing abstractedly into the grate. She watched him for a

moment and a quick smile crossed her face.

"Well, am I to have the the story?"

She drew a chair to the table and began cutting the leaves of a magazine.

"I think—yes, I know I should have told you tonight, but for a chance remark of Jean's."

"So I'm not to know after all! What was it Jean said?"

He came over to her now, and stood watching her slender fingers as she worked.

"She seems to think that my story would make good copy. I'm not sure that I like that idea."

"When I become so poor in imagination that I have to fall back on personal confidences, I shan't write any more, Bruce." She was almost angry with him. "You must have been stupid indeed, to have taken Jean seriously. Though perhaps she thinks to laugh you out of your fancy."

"More likely to tease the story from me. There's a world of harmless curiosity in her small person."

Venetia raised her eyebrows but she did not look up. "Curiosity—but I thought Jean knew!"

"Only that I'm searching for a voice; the story I have never told to anyone."

"I'm almost grateful to Jean;" laughed Venetia. "Think of the awful responsibility of sharing such a secret."

"But I'm going to tell you now, if only to pay you back for being angry with me."

There was a little amused line about her mouth but she did not betray her interest. She only bent her head. "Go on," she said, "I've learned not to struggle against the inevitable."

"It all came about by my wandering aimlessly over Beacon Hill, one night last summer. I was thinking principally of the pleasure to be gotten from a good cigar, and of the beauty of the fading sunset above the Charles; when suddenly, from an open window, I caught the strains of a harp,—and then, a woman's voice—the sweetest voice I ever heard. It was not strong, perhaps, as voices go, but the pure cadences rang out in sweetest melody. I stood rooted to the pavement; to have gone on, I believe, would have been impossible, so strong was my infatuation. When the song ended I waited breathlessly, but she did not sing again. Hour after hour went by as I paced sentry-like before her door. When at length, some idea of outward things penetrated my dazed senses, the Arlington chimes were ringing the mid-night watch, and I went stealthily away feeling like some guilty thing. But that same night began a pilgrimage for me:. I vowed to find and win that woman, though the devil and the deep sea stood between.

"For weeks I haunted the place, though I never heard the voice again; and just when I had decided to throw all caution to the wind, the house was vacated and I was left more mystified than ever. Venetia, think what she must be, this woman, whose very voice can so move one!"

She did not answer him at once. The magazine still lay in her lap, but the paper knife had slipped unheeded to the floor. Her eyes, dark and shadowed, were fixed upon the man's eager, intent face.

"It is a very pretty story," she said, after a little; "but I'm afraid it is too much out of date for the present work-a-day world."

"But to quote a line from one of your own books—'Love is of all ages.'"

A little sigh broke from her. "Oh!" she cried; "You are bewildering! Who could believe the calm, debonair Bruce Endicott to be an ardent Romeo in disguise! And when you have found Miladi—what then?"

"I told you that I should win her."

Still smiling, she shook her head. "Ah, no, Bruce! Keep the memory of that night as an inspiration; don't try to find the woman and forfeit your ideal."

The man bent toward her. "You,—an image-breaker?"

"Oh! if I could make you understand what it is that I would save you from." She grew restless now, and crossed the room, drawing the curtains apart to look out at the snowy night. "Once," she continued, her face turned from him, "I knew what it was to have an ideal destroyed: and even to this day, I would give much if some one could have helped to lessen my suffering."

"Because you did not hear her you do not understand, Venetia. She can not disappoint; in her all things are best and purest."

Venetia laughed. "She is indeed a nonpareil—Miladi Bountiful. Then, since you will not give her up, strengthen your love to bear with her frailty; for remember, Bruce, however much you may exalt her, there is no perfect woman."

As time went on, Venetia grew to envy this fair unknown, and to rebel at the sacrifice of Endicott's splendid manhood to an idle dream. All about him was the substance; and he chose to search for the shadow.

That summer Venetia spent in Europe, and she returned to find Endicott, as his father's lieutenant, deeply involved in a struggle against the trust. That he had actually become an entity in the world of large affairs delighted her. And her delight would have been still keener, could she have guessed that his enthusiasm was due, far more to her influence, than to that of his dream lady.

It was characteristic of the man to give all or nothing; and that winter Endicott made up for his years of idleness.

Venetia watched, with an artist's eye, what she termed the refining process, and as she saw the gleam of the true metal, she rejoiced for the Lady Bountiful.

Endicott was with Venetia much during this time. She let him ramble on about his dream-lady and no longer tried to dissuade him. But, sometimes he was too tired and troubled even to talk of her, and it was then that Venetia would lead him to her own quiet sanctuary,—her study among her books and flowers. Here, it was, that all her writing was done; and, leaving him to his reveries, she would go quietly on with her work.

After his father's death, she always received him here, in response to an unspoken wish. It was the the truest sympathy she could offer, for she gave him of herself.

But she gave more than she realized, or Endicott dreamed of; and when, at length, the revelation came, Venetia grew bewildered with the sudden joy that filled her heart.

At first, she wished no greater boon than just to love him, asking, desiring nothing in return. But as the spring advanced, March drifting into April, she found the alloy in her happiness. The man's indifference hurt her, and his blindness stung her to rebellion. Her life had been a strangely lonely one, and now, all the woman in her cried out in longing for her share of the world's happiness. Left early in the care of an aged grandmother, she was thus shut out from the younger life around her. Naturally sensitive and highly imaginative, this isolation had but tended to make her more so. Then, an unfortunate love-affair in her girlhood, proved a sad tragedy, and Venetia still bore the stamp of that suffering, though she alone realized it. Thinking of this, a sudden panic seized her, lest the same anguish bear fruit again. A feeling of resentment swept over her at the injustice of it all, and with revolt at the thought of renewed suffering, came a desire to flee.

"I'm tired," she told Endicott, later. "So is Jean, though I never supposed she would admit it. She has, however, and we are going away together this year; and—very, very soon, too. "Oh! I'm glad, so glad!" she cried, with a quick outward sweep of her arms. "I can't wait to be up among the hills again."

As she stood poised before him, the sunlight in her glowing hair, he wondered at the light on her face, and a line of Goethe's flashed across his mind,—"On every height there lies repose."

The room was a blaze of golden light. "It's the spirit of springtime, and we're celebrating, the flowers and I," Venetia said, as she watched him.

Jonquils and tulips were blossoming in the deep recesses of every window, and great bowls of the yellow lilies were everywhere. And then, there was Venetia, like some tall flower, in her golden dress with the daffodils in her hair.

Bruce thought he had never seen her half so beautiful, and he found himself wondering what life would be like without the haven of this quiet room and the presence of its gracious mistress. Musing thus, he fell silent until she began to play in a soft, dreamy way; then he lookd up.

"Play this, Venetia." He handed her a sheet of music. "It is something I've been trying to get hold of for a long time."

"What is it?" she took it, curiously. "A song of Robert Herrick's! Why, I have this, Bruce. Where did you hear it?"

"It is Miladi's song."

The brightness died out of Venetia's face, and her hands dropped listlessly to her side. Would he never let her forget? Then she remembered the last time she had sung this very piece—Miladi's song, indeed! She seemed to see a darkened room, the dim faces of her listeners, the gleam of a harp, and—stop! what was that last thought, bringing with it such a strong tumult of feeling? She felt a tightening at her throat, and caught at the chain she wore as though even that hurt

her. She remembered her friend's house—the same street, a summer evening, the old song, the harp—then hers was the voice—she was Miladi!

A cry rose to her lips but she fought it back. Turning again to the instrument she played the music for him, not daring to face his eyes.

When he had left her, wondering at the sudden change in her, she sat quite still trying to force some conscious thought through her dazed senses. He loved her—she was his dream-lady! She could get no further; over and over those words rang in her ears. Then—after a little—came the reaction: it was not she that he loved, but a creature of imagination in whom she had no part. There must have been some strange witchery in her voice that summer night, though never since. For nearly two years, now, she had been of his world, yet not once had she stirred him from his dreams. She had failed. Vaguely she wondered if there might not be some destiny in her loneliness.

But in her quiet life among the hills, Venetia soon became her normal self again. She could not bring herself to write to Endicott, though through the papers she followed him closely, for his war against the trust was now of a national interest.

Lorimer saw him on his occasional trips to the city, and Venetia always waited anxiously for his reports. Once, he expressed a fear that Endicott might not be able to stand the strain, and the thought haunted her. Finally, in the last week of July, she acknowledged to herself that she must see him. Making a visit to her publishers an excuse for the journey, she came back to town.

Her business was soon done, then she sent a brief note to Endicott:

"Dear Bruce:

"I'm staying at the Peyson's over night—back to the mountains in the morning. Come to me here this evening if you can. Venetia."

To him the letter was like a breath from her own hills, and because of it the heat seemed less intolerable, his work less hard that day. Though when evening came not even the thought of Venetia could rouse him from his weariness. He went to her, not because of any great desire, but because some volition, other than his own, drew him.

Venetia was standing by the window when Endicott entered but she turned, and crossing the room swiftly, gave him both her hands.

"Ah! it is good to see you again, Bruce."

He was silent, his eyes intent upon her eager, up-turned face, until at last she grew restive and drew her hands away.

"Have you no word of greeting for me?" A little flush had mounted to her face, and her voice filled with an elusive sweetness.

"'Silence is the perfect heraldry of Joy'," he quoted, lifting his head and smiling back at her.

"You were always happy in your quotations, Bruce. Come over here in the window; it is cooler, and I want to get a good look at you."

In reality she was startled by the change in him. He had grown older, and the deep lines on his forehead, a certain set look about the mouth, and a deep weariness in his eyes, showed the strain of his long battle.

Venetia drew her lips together tightly, to stifle an exclamation of dismay. The man was completely fagged, ill beyond a doubt; but his manner plainly repulsed acknowledgment of his weakness. He dropped into a wicker chair near the window, and Venetia, leaning forward, clasped her hands and watched him furtively.

"Now, then, be good and tell me all about yourself and how things are going."

"Indeed, no, " he answered. "I am tired to death of one Bruce Endicott. Tell me of yourself, Venetia."

She nodded. "All in good time, but I asked first. Tell me of Miladi."

"The Lady Bountiful hath been foresworn."

"Foresworn?"

He smiled at her bewilderment. "Even the strongest dream of romance would die upon the Exchange, Venetia."

She feigned her voice to sadness while her eyes danced. "The lover merged into the merchant. Our poor blind boy is dead!"

"Well, one can't be a dreamer of dreams and a soldier of fortune, too," he returned, as if resenting her sweet irony.

"I bow to the inevitable—for the present, Bruce," she said. "Now tell me all about the battle."

"Everything is about over now, Venetia. The struggle virtually ended today. In another week I shall be a man of leisure again."

There was no weariness in his voice, as of a man bereft of hope; he spoke as one giving merely a quiet statement of fact.

"Oh! Bruce, is it as bad as all that? The papers said you were putting up such a splendid fight; I hoped"—

"All that now remains is to surrender with what grace I may, and the game is over."

"And there is no hope left?"

"Hope? There hasn't been any. I never expected to win out."

The girl gave a quick gasp and bent forward.

"Bruce Endicott, do you mean to sit there and calmly tell me, in spite of the tremendous effort you have put into this struggle, that you never expected anything but failure from the beginning?"

"Just that. I knew it was absolutely impossible for me to succeed."

His quiet, listless voice filled her with a vague uneasiness; and after a silence she spoke again, slowly, distinctly, almost plaintively, as though she sought to call him from a great distance.

"Bruce, do you realize that you are making your superb struggle seem ridiculous?"

The man made no perceptible effort to throw off his stoicism. A sigh of indifference escaped him.

"All things are if viewed in a certain light," he returned, in answer to her challenge.

A woman doesn't always know why she does a thing—more often she feels rather than sees. It was so with Venetia, now: almost sub-consciously she understood that she must serve this man.

She rose and leaned against the window-frame, looking down at him. Weakness where only strength has been is the more pitiable because so unexpected, and Venetia stood, hesitant before Endicott's blinded sensibilities.

When she spoke again, she placed her hand lightly on his shoulder and called his name: "Bruce!"

He, sensitive to the touch, and the sweet imperiousness in her voice, looked up, more his accustomed self than she had seen him that night.

"Well, Venetia?"

"If you saw no possible ending but failure, why have you wasted so much of time, and energy, and wealth?"

"The money was only mine in trust; the time and energy were little enough to give in vindication."

"Vindication?"

"To my father, Venetia. It was his last wish, and my last promise to him, that every cent of the Endicott fortune be pitted against the trust."

"But the vindication, Bruce?"

"When I first knew you, my father was trying to get me to give up my do-nothing existence and work into the business with him. On my refusal, he took Frank Meadon into the firm; but later, stung by your openly-expressed contempt for a man of leisure, I went in with the Pater. By that time, things were beginning to go to pieces, and when I finally discovered Meadon to be the traitor, it was too late. The Pater was too much a man to cry what might have been, but the truth was all the clearer for his silence."

"But tell me, Bruce, surely your father believed there was some hope?"

He always believed in the fighting chance, and he had too much faith in me."

"And now—what are you going to do, now?"

He laughed, a low, mocking laugh. "What would you suggest, a spectacular march to the guillotine?"

Venetia flinched at his nonchalance, and grew impatient. "You know I did not mean that."

The room was now in partial shadow, and Venetia crossed to the electric switch and turned on the lights, blinding them both for a moment.

"What would you, then?" he asked listlessly, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Drop the old false note of cynicism first," she answered. "Now, then, don't things look better away from that brooding light?"

"The very dainty lady before me certainly shows to better advantage," he pa: 'ed.

"Bruce, I'm serious!"

"So am I."

She stood looking thoughtfully at him for full a minute. "So Miladi is no more," she mused.

Endicott tossed back the damp hair from his forehead, and sent her an amused look. "Tacking, eh, Venetia?"

She colored, but made no answer.

"Well," he continued. "You told me once that such romance was out of date, and I have come to think so, too."

"But you, too, are out of your century, Bruce. Your present victory has shown me that."

"What victory?" His voice was almost harsh as he questioned her.

As he spoke she came toward him, her face, with its perfect coloring, showing like a cameo above the whiteness of her gown, and there was something in her eyes that held him, even when he would have turned away.

"Haven't you won?" she asked softly, as she stood before him.

His eyes fell before her own brilliantly proud ones. "You are making a great deal of nothing."

"Am I," she laughed, gently. "Perhaps. It was like you to say so, anyway. But I'm waiting for you, Bruce."

"For me?"

"M'hem!" she nodded, the strange look still in her eyes. "I want to hear all about your plans."

"Plans—when I told you the game was over, that the last hand had been played?"

"And you're not going to ask for a new deal?"

There was silence in the room after Venetia spoke, but it was a silence pregnant of many things. There was an eager, expectant look on the woman's face, even while she seemed to fight back some tumult of fear.

Endicott sprang up after a while, and strode across the room with a quick, nervous gesture, followed by Venetia's searching glance. He went the length of the room several times and no word was spoken. Finally, a change seemed to come over him, his shoulders squared, and he threw his head back with a gesture almost defiant.

"Venetia, I've been a brute tonight. Forgive me, if you can. I knew I had no right to come—like this—only I could not stay away. Say that you forgive me!"

A deep sigh escaped her. "Ah!" she caught her breath. "I knew, I knew," she whispered, her face aquiver.

"What is it that you knew?" he asked.

But she only smiled, happily. "There is no need of forgiveness between you and me, Bruce."

Sinking into a chair, she crossed her arms on the table before her. Now, that the crucial moment was passed she seemed strangely languid. Once, a shade of weariness crossed her face and her eyes closed.

Endicott sprang forward. "Venetia, you are ill!"

She laughed, though her voice broke. "Oh! no, it is only the heat. She drew a bowl toward her, filled with pond lilies. "I brought them down for you, but they are wilting already." She buried her hot face in the fragrant, drooping flowers. "They were heavy with dew when I gathered them this morning." Suddenly she raised her head. "Come back with me, Bruce! A few weeks up there in the hills will do more for you than a year of grind here."

"And the new deal?" He was quite himself now, and the glance he bent on her was one of half quizzical amusement.

"I was thinking of that, too; wouldn't it be just the preparation you need?"

"Say, rather, what I most desire."

"But once in a while, Bruce, we want just what we need most."

There was a world of sweetness in her voice, and a characteristic note of high imperiousness, but he stood unmoved.

"You argue well, but I don't want to be convinced. There must be no primrose path upon my march."

"I like you better for saying so; and yet, after all, I'm not sure that discretion isn't the better part of valor. You're ill, Bruce."

"P'shaw! I'm tired out, that is all—a couple of days will put me straight."

But she did not feel very sure of him when he said good-by at the train the next day. His face seemed grayer in the morning light, and he could not chase the weariness from his eyes.

Two weeks later Venetia and Jean were startled when Lorimer wrote from the city, to say that he was bringing Endicott back with him. There isn't much left of the fellow," the letter ran, "it looks like a fight ahead."

When Endicott came, and Venetia saw the havoc that had been wrought in so short a time, she made no outcry, though her face paled and a steely look came into her eyes. But as she watched him she seemed to gather courage: the dormant spirit she had roused in him still burned; it would only be a battle for strength after all.

Endicott protested at what he called their useless fuss, and went off to bed, only after many entreaties, declaring that they merely wanted to get rid of his tiresome company.

The fever that at first seemed inevitable, was warded off, but it was September before Endicott left his room; and the harvests were nearly ended, and the foliage turning on the hill-sides when, at last, he began to feel himself again.

One morning when the mountains were veiled in a purple mist, and the valley faintly blushing with its first promises of coming splendor, Bruce lay idly dreaming on his swinging cot beneath the pines. Venetia and Jean sat near him with their books and embroidery, and Lorimer, with brush and palette, stood a little way off, making painful attempts at the scenery before him, and parrying, from time to time, the good natured gibes of his companions.

"Bruce, you lazy fellow," suddenly exclaimed Jean, putting aside her work and going over to him. "Now you have so much time on your hands, why not try to persuade Venetia to sing to you? She never has, you know!"

Venetia looked up from her book and laughed. "Not I. Just think what would be expected of me!"

Endicott had never spoken of his Lady Bountiful since the night in the city, and Venetia had begun to think that he had really given up his dream. Gradually, all his old interests had been taken up again, together with many new ones, including a partnership with Lorimer, but the old infatuation seemed gone. A great happiness filled her that this was so: with the shadow gone might he not find the substance? Sometimes the humor of the situation seized her. She was jealous of what she herself had created, of a rival that was herself.

One afternoon in October, Venetia, her arms filled with late goldenrod, stood on the top-most step of the veranda gazing at the panorama before her. "Oh! how beautiful it all is," she breathed, softly.

The sun, just slipping away behind the hills, bathed the valley in a flood of golden light that caught the rich tones of the autumn foliage, and kindled them into a living flame of color. Bruce stood near her sorting great clusters of leaves, the trophies of their afternoon tramp.

Suddenly, Venetia turned to him, her eyes like stars. "Look!" she cried, throwing her arms out with a great sweep toward the distant mountains. "They have given you back your life, Bruce."

The gay branches slipped to the floor as Endicott moved to where she stood. "Yes, Venetia, they and one thing else—the presence of a gracious woman."

Her starry eyes fell before the light in his as she asked, softly: "And the Lady Bountiful?"

"She was a dream of which you, Venetia, are the realization."

For an instant he caught the radiance of her face as she slipped from him, and crossed, through the gathering dusk, to an open French window and disappeared within. Wonderingly he followed, and watched her silently as she seated herself at the piano.

A low fire burned on the hearth, throwing fitful lights over Venetia's bright hair as she bent above the keys.

Softly, she broke the stillness with a low melody of minors, then, suddenly, she lifted her head and broke into the old song of Herrick's. The sweet voice, with its glad notes of triumph, filled the room.

Endicott bent forward slightly, as the wonder of it all surged through him, but he did not go to her until the last sweet notes died away. Then he crossed the room swiftly, as she rose to meet him.

"Venetia, dear Miladi! I might have known—I might have known. It was always you,—it could not have been otherwise,—and yet how blind I was!"

The room was darkened, but across the polished floor lay a bar of light from the harvest moon. From somewhere on the hill-side came the tinkle of a cow-bell, and then the voices of Lorimer and Jean returning from the village.

WHEN WE TROUNCED KOREA

By Joanna Nicholls Kyle

ADMIRAL SCHLEY once laughingly remarked that he had been known in the navy as "a storm petrel" (the sailor's bird of ill omen), because his assignment to duty on any particular station seemed to be a sure signal for the outbreak of trouble in that part of the globe. This reputation was amply justified by the instance of our misunderstanding with Korea soon after Schley's appointment to the post of navigating officer on board the "Bernicia," one of the ships under Admiral Rodgers' command sent to the Asiatic station in the fall of 1869. Three years prior to this date, the "General Sherman," a Yankee vessel loaded with small articles of commerce, had stopped at a Korean port, where her crew had been mercilessly butchered by the barbarous inhabitants of that peninsula.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY

A quaint little magazine, entitled the Korean Repository, published at Seoul, gives in its July issue of 1895 a retrospective description of this outrage, with such small extenuation as could be pleaded for its commission. It states, substantially, that in the seventh moon of pyeng-in-year (which being translated into English, means 1866), a dark-colored foreign ship, with many ropes hanging from its masts, was sighted on Ta Tong River, and that the governor of the adjacent provinces sent messengers to inquire into the object of its presence in Korean waters. The crew, nineteen in number, returned answer that they came from the land of Mi (the United States), and that they wished to trade. As they had several Orientals on board, who acted as interpreters, they distinctly understood the purport of the governor's announcement when his messengers came back again and stated that it was contrary to Korean customs and regulations to deal with foreigners, but that they might have something to eat.

Nevertheless, the strangers proceeded up the river to within twelve li of Pyeng Yang. Above this point Crow Rapids cut off further progress, but during the night, heavy rains fell, causing such high tides as to lift the boat sufficiently to cross the rapids. The American visitors, not aware that this was a very unusual rise of water, made their boat fast above Yang Jak Island. Thither the indignant governor sent his adjutant to declare: "You have come right up to the walls of our city when asked to remain outside, and insisted on trade, which is contrary to our law; matters have come to such a pass now that we must hear from his majesty the king before we decide." The narrator of this story then explains that the king was at that time lord high execu-

tioner for Korea, and that he, believing the foreign vessel meant a new invasion of Roman Catholicism, delivered the laconic degree: "If they do not go at once, have them killed."

The day preceding the arrival of this imperial edict, the swollen river had subsided to its normal limits, and the boat was already hopelessly fast in the mud. The luckless Americans were not slow to perceive their predicament, also the threatening attitude toward them on shore, where, in obedience to Korea's sovereign, bows and arrows and crude firearms were being distributed. They, therefore, seized Adjutant Yi, who happened to be on board for a final conference. "Never mind the adjutant," was the order of the determined governor, "fire on them."

A GROUP OF KOREANS

The fight lasted four days, the surrounding hillsides being filled with spectators; but the merchantmen kept the foe bravely at bay, while "her huge guns went off and shot ball ten li, and roared like thunder that could be heard a day's journey away." This wonderful artillery produced a profound impression. The bits of broken metal scattered through the crowd carried a superstitious terror, those who were struck and slightly wounded expecting to die forthwith. Finally, both archers and soldiers refused to go within range of the ship so an expedient was resorted to. Several scows were tied together and piled with brushwood; sulphur and saltpeter were sprinkled upon this mass, and, long ropes having been fastened on either side by which to navigate it, the whole thing was set on fire and let down the stream toward the doomed ship. Three times was the operation repeated before the "General Sherman" blazed up, driving her crew from their shelter into the water, where they were attacked and brutally hacked to pieces by a furious mob. To quote from the writer's own words: "One or two who reached the shore carried a white flag, which they waved while they bowed repeatedly. But no quarter was given; they were pinioned and cut to pieces." The ship's cannon were removed to the armory of Pyeng Yang, where they still remain, while her chains may be seen hanging between the pillars of the East Gate tower. Such was the fate of the "General Sherman." But the details of this cold-blooded crime were not known in the United States for a long time after it was committed, and then only rumors came through Chinese authorities.

Forty years ago very little indeed was known about Korea, except that it was a narrow peninsula situated between Japan and China, that it was tributary to the latter empire, and that the policy of its government was strictly exclusive. "Outside barbarians" who dared to intrude, even if cast by shipwreck on the coast, were promptly killed, and no Korean was allowed to leave his native land without permission, the penalty for such license being death upon his return home. The position of this little kingdom directly across the routes of trade rendered it indispensable that her malevolent attitude toward all foreign nations should be changed; her self-isolating propensity renounced. It is not surprising that an atmosphere of mystery hung over this region never visited except surreptitiously by white man, or that there were legends representing its population as giants possessed of wealth equal to that of East Indian moguls, who defended their property with preternatural ferocity. Five years after the barbarous destruction of the "General Sherman," our Navy Department directed Admiral Rodgers to assemble his fleet at Nagasaki, Japan, in the month of May, 1871, where, shortly after, it was joined by Honorable Fred. F. Low, minister to China, with his secretary of legation. This functionary had been instructed

to co-operate with the admiral in the negotiation of a treaty with the Korean government for humane treatment of merchants shipwrecked on their coast. As there predominated at the time a strong anti-foreign sentiment in the Far East, as demonstrated by frequent riots and the murder of Christian missionaries at several Chinese ports, it was very questionable whether or not such a treaty could be amicably effected. In the event of a refusal, force was to be adopted to secure the safety of American citizens; but such perfect secrecy as to the intentions of our government was maintained that it was not until after the fleet sailed that it became definitely known on board that they were actually going to Korea. The enthusiasm of our men may be imagined when they learned that this was the consummation of their recent constant orders for battalion and artillery drill.

THE HARBOR AT CHEMULPO

RAILWAY STATION AT SEOUL

On nearing the peninsula the progress of the expedition was seriously and unavoidably impeded. Caution had to be observed for lack of accurate charts. Superficial surveys of the coast had been made by the French several years before, but it was found necessary to test their reliability, so Commander Schley and other navigating officers were sent in small launches to run new soundings, in advance of the squadron.

On the morning of the first day of June, 1871, a formidable armada lay at anchor at the mouth of the Salee River, the entrance to the capital city, Seoul, while from every hilltop in the vicinity beacon fires proclaimed the astonishment and consternation of the Korean inhabitants. To our progressive American spectators, the stream of time seemed to have rolled back several centuries, revealing a vista of olden days when some startling intelligence was being flashed throughout the land. From a village in close proximity to the fleet whole families could be discerned fleeing in haste, and carrying all portable property with them, while even fishing junks, which, as a rule, examine foreign craft with friendly curiosity, seemed to share the prevalent alarm, and fled in suspicious haste whenever our sailors tried to hail them. As no postal facilities are permitted to aliens, it now became extremely perplexing how to initiate diplomatic communication. In this emergency Admiral Rodgers adopted a scheme which resulted satisfactorily. An official letter was written, stating the peaceful errand upon which he came; this was carried on shore and attached to a pole stuck conspicuously in the ground. All day the missive remained untouched, but under cover of darkness the natives gathered courage sufficient to remove it. In the same abnormal fashion our government received an answer from that of Korea. But for the gravity of the situation, these Oriental dispatches, thus uniquely delivered, would have afforded subject for merriment. The first letter found fastened to the pole, for the admiral's perusal, was lofty in style as became an absolute monarchy, yet evasive and deprecatory. It stated that food would be given to the fleet if it was hungry, but they must very shortly depart from the waters of Korea. All the answer that was vouchsafed to the proposal of an international treaty was the announcement that if the Americans came to make innovations, they would find it next to impossible to do so, as the Koreans had lived under their own laws and institutions for four thousand

years and would suffer no alterations. The admiral might ask the French what had been the resuls of a similar attempt on their part to molest the Koreans, in 1865. Another epistle suggested that an American named Febriger had come to their shores, and had gone away again; why did not the fleet follow this example? Why should the admiral travel so many miles, when his own country lay furtherest west, while theirs was the furtherest east; why should he come to trouble a people which did not invade any nation? At length, conscience-stricken, as it were, one missive asked if the squadron came to seek the lost ship "General Sherman."

All this correspondence was very tedious, and consumed a vast amount of time; the typhoon season was approaching, and the present anchorage of the fleet was in a rather exposed locality. Admiral Rodgers asked permission of the governor to proceed a little further up the river to a more secure position. This was granted, and several Korean officials visited our gun boats. The naivete with which they examined our ordnance and talked about their own military and civil affairs, their king and other domestic matters, was almost touching. Their ignorance concerning the outside world was profound; yet upon the subject of geography they were singularly well informed. It was now believed that a friendly initiative had been reached, and Rodgers sent the surveying party in advance, as before, up the river. The gunboats "Palos" and "Monocacy" followed with instructions to display no belligerency unless attacked. The tidal current of the Salee was found to be very strong and rapid, while the river bed abounded in treacherous rocks and shallows. The channel itself narrowed to about three hundred yards, while the guns both upon the mainland and the opposite island of Kang Hoa, although of an antiquated type, were so concentrated as to present a very formidable appearance. Towering above the lower fortifications was a citadel, mounted upon a great bluff, and strongly defended by a stone wall at the base fairly studded with guns, with a deep trench like a moat on the inner side. In the rear a vast ravine extended across the peninsula and lent its aid to so isolating the citadel as to render it a place of refuge for the army of defence in case of defeat. Korea's great yellow banner, emblazoned with black mystic characters, floated conspicuously from this eminence, the forts below were all manned; but very little apprehension was felt by the surveying party as it approached. Much amicable courtesy had been exchanged; nevertheless, bearing in mind the inherent cunning and treachery of most barbarous people, also from motives of habitual precaution, the order was given to "clear ship for action." Suddenly, without further warning than a signal gun, a furious volley of shot and shell was poured upon the inoffensive ships. It did little damage, however, for the guns were stationary and could not be trained to meet the exigencies of the case, the water being then at high tide. Our boats immediately opened fire in return, and then proceeded rapidly past the forts, silencing their guns during the transit. Turning swiftly in the open space above the bluff, they returned down the narrow outlet, with a more destructive cannonade, the echoes of which reached the remainder of the squadron at its anchorage below, and created quite a sensation. The crowds of natives collected on the hilltops to witness the battle had an object lesson awful in character,—the fastness they had deemed impregnable treated with contempt

MOUNTAINS IN KOREA

by veterans who had studied the art of war under such captains as Farragut, the mutter of Korea's guns fairly drowned by the roar of Uncle Sam's superior batteries. Our vessels had sustained no injury except a hole in the keel of the "Monocacy," from running on a rock during the latter part of the engagement.

When the expedition returned to report the unprovoked assault they had sustained, Admiral Rodgers was inclined to land the squadron battalion at once, and avenge the insult to our flag; but, upon calmer reflection, he deemed it possible that the authorities had not countenanced this overt act, and if due reparation was offered the affair might yet be adjusted by diplomatic measures. Moreover, time was needed to repair the injured gun boat. Aggressive action was postponed, in vain, however, as it proved. Resort had once more been had to the pole system of postal delivery, on account of the strained relations unfortunately existing. The admiral's demand for an apology from the Korean government was duly removed by night, and within ten days a haughty response was found fastened to the pole. It again recited the Korean's desire to abide under their own prejudiced habits and laws opproved of forty centuries; it inquired anew whence the squadron came, and it virtually endorsed the hostile action of the forts by stating that it was a national custom to fire upon any vessel attempting to pass the gates of their empire—the commander only performed his duty in so doing. Strangely at variance with this high and mighty fiat was the arrival, pending negotiations, of a junk, bringing a load of cattle, eggs and vegetables as a present to the fleet, who were no doubt in need of food after so long a journey. Admiral Rodgers courteously refused this gift, saying that he was supplied with sufficient to last many moons.

SEOUL, THE KOREAN CAPITAL

GATE TO THE KING'S PALACE, KOREA

* * *

Korea had challenged us to the conflict, and Admiral Rodgers responded. Orders were issued for the morning of June 10, to land the squadron's forces, a battalion of infantry and seven pieces of cannon, aggregating in all 618 officers and men,—at that date the largest expedition ever landed on a foreign soil from our ships.

Captain A. L. Kimberly was placed in command, with Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Schley as his adjutant-general, and the whole heavy armament was towed slowly up the river against an ebb tide. After a two hours' bombardment by the "Monocacy," to dislodge the enemy from the lower fort, a long row of boats made a dash for the shore.

Captain Kimberly landed and took possession of the evacuated stronghold. Some delay was experienced in extricating the artillery from mud knee-deep; so that the day became too far advanced to enter an unknown country where no map of roads could be procured. After some reconnoitering, an elevated plateau back of the fort was seized, and here the battalion bivouacked for the night, having placed its artillery in position to guard the only approach from the rear,—a narrow causeway leading across deep morasses,—the empty fort in front being watched over by our gun boats. Those who shared that vigil will never forget the weirdness of the situation, or how they were startled from uneasy slumbers by uncouth shouts and the beating of tomtoms. Our men signified that they were on the alert, and prepared for any amount of aggressive treachery, by sending a few shells in the direction of the picket line. The demonstration hushed simultaneously, and silence once more descended upon the eastern scene, under cover of which Captain Kimberly called his officers into a midnight council of war.

KOREAN WOMEN IN A STREET FIGHT

At daybreak the American forces were formed in a column of four abreast, the artillery being distributed in advance, in the center, and in the rear, and in this order it set out upon its memorable march,—celerity of action being chiefly depended upon to demoralize the deliberate Oriental, while it was determined that no rest in his pursuit was to be granted. Pioneers, sent ahead, cut a pathway through the wild, uncleared country, and over this rough, newly-made made route the column advanced slowly and painfully. By half-past six, a second fort was reached, taken possession of without a struggle, and christened "Monocacy," in honor of the gun boat that had forced its subjugation. The "Palos" having sprung aleak on the rough river-bed, did not participate in the action. After throwing the guns into the river, and setting fire to the buildings where the garrison's untasted breakfast was still boiling in the stew pots our column set forth once more upon its conquering way. A burning tropical sun was blazing in the sky, the road led through dense undergrowth, across morasses and up steep hillsides; but afar in the distance lay the principal fortress, Fort Du Coude, and entrenched upon a commanding hill the enemy, apparently awaiting attack. A strong skirmish line under command of Lieutenant-Commander Casey was thrown forward toward the foe, who as usual with the Korean soldiery in the open field, gave way before the first onslaught, and after a few ineffectual rallies, fled, leaving their strong position to be seized and utilized to cut off any reinforcement of the garrison at the citadel. Captain Kimberly was not slow to take advantage of the enemy's blunder. It had allowed its army to be cut in half without any serious resistance, its lack of strategy giving the utmost encouragement to the American forces. Three companies were detailed, supported by three pieces of artillery, all under the command of Lieutenant-Commander W. K. Wheeler, with instructions to hold this position at all hazards, while Schley was placed in command of the assaulting column.

How often has the peaceful stillness of a Sabbath day been broken by the rude din of battle! It was Sunday, and about mid-day, when the citadel, swarming with savage spearmen, was sighted. On the dense sultry air came the dirge-like notes of a battle chant the besieged were singing, solemn yet discordant, and emphasized at intervals by the bursting of shells. Captain McCrea of the "Monocacy" maintained a merciless

bombardment of the forts, while the battalion advanced. Amid a thick hail of bullets they swept on to the ridge of the ravine separating them from the citadel, the enemy abandoning their rifle pits and scattering like sheep before them. Here they rested for a short breathing space ere the final charge. Everything was propitious, the rear was held stubbornly by Commander Wheeler, and the only possible retreat for the foe across the open country was guarded by a small detachment under Lieutenant-Commander Cassel. Signal was made to McCrea to stop firing. Then, like an avalanche, came the impetuous rush of Schley's marines, cool, courageous, overpowering. Lieutenant McKee was the first to mount the rampart, closely followed by Schley himself, so close, indeed, that the young man fell against his commander as he reeled, mortally wounded, and fell inside the fort. Seth Allen, the third man to climb the parapet, fell dead, and for an instant Schley stood alone upon the wall an instant fraught with an eternity of emotions; then he leaped within the fort to assist McKee, who lay on his back, helpless before the attempts of two spearmen to despatch him. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The native soldier succeeded in running his spear through the sleeve of Schley's right arm, pinning it to his coat; but although so handicapped as to be unable to draw his sword, the dauntless leader grasped the spear in one hand, while he managed to extricate his pistol with the other, and discharged it full in the face of his savage assailant.

"Charge bayonets; double quick!" The battalion had burst into the fort from all sides, and the order was obeyed with terrible bloodshed. For fully half an hour the carnage lasted, the garrison fighting with bulldog pertinacity, but the deadly rapid fire of breech-loading muskets was more than a match for the bravest, illy-provided as they were with superannuated firearms, though many times superior to our men in numbers. It was not until after repeated bayonet charges and their barracks had been set on fire that the stampede for life commenced. How many met their death on that fearful day will never be definitely known. Two hundred and forty-three bodies were counted in the fort alone, but there is no estimate of the numbers that were mowed down by Cassel's battery while they were attempting

NAN DAIMON RAILROAD STATION AT SEOUL

to escape across the hills, or of those who jumped from the cliffs into the river a hundred feet below. Such fugitives as were overtaken turned at bay and fought like tigers until killed; other wretches rushed back into the burning barracks, choosing rather to perish in the flames than be made prisoners by a foreign foe whom ignorance had taught them to regard with superstitious dread. When the battle began the Koreans were more than two thousand strong; at its close this vast multitude had disappeared; the American loss being but three killed and ten wounded.

Captain Kimberly established himself in the citadel, to spend the night, after taking all due precaution to guard against a nocturnal surprise. Soon after, the Stars and Stripes usurped the place of the yellow ensign on Korea's citadel, and announced to the fleet that the victory was won. Perfect quiet reigned throughout the night, and on the morrow Captain Kimberly re-embarked, deeming that sufficient retribution had been inflicted for the massacre of the "General Sherman's" crew, while the insult to our flag had been amply avenged.

SHIPPING IN THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO

But the demolition of Fort Du Coude was fraught with greater consequences than could have then been anticipated. It meant the emancipation of an Eastern empire from self-inflicted stultification and seclusive animosity. As Admiral Schley had poetically described it: "Henceforth Korea, the hermit, emerged to join the fellowship of nations." Only a decade passed, and she entered into a treaty with the United States, the first ever made by her with a Western people. Seized with a sudden desire for self-improvement, she sought to cast off the yoke of China and ally herself with the more progressive Japanese. But her soil was destined to be drenched in blood, her state torn by political factions, before her independence was achieved and the two powerful empires on either hand entered into a mutual agreement to keep their avaricious paws off.

The gallant part which Commander Schley bore personally in the engagement along the Salee River was noted by Captain Kimberly in his report, and may be read in the official records of the Navy Department as follows:

"The citadel was captured, but dearly so, as the gallant and brave McKee, the first to enter over the parapet, fell mortally wounded with two wounds. Lieutenant-Commander Schley was the next officer in the fort, and killed the Korean who wounded McKee. * * * To Lieutenant-Commander Schley belongs the credit of organizing the expedition and carrying out the several details which went far to prevent confusion and induce success. His arrangement of the boats, his superintendence of various labors on shore in destroying the guns and forts, encouraging the men and setting them a brave example in being the second in the fort at its storming, and being in readiness at all times to render assistance where needed, render praise unnecessary. The facts of his labors and actions, judgment and system speak for themselves. I commend him to your notice."

Photo by Enrique Miller

BOXING ON THE BATTLESHIP FLORIDA

"FUN" IN THE NAVY

By Harriet Gillespie

IN the progress of our naval fleet to the waters of the Pacific, under the command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, the 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 people of the United States are experiencing an epoch in history that may have a grave bearing on the future. At any rate, it is presenting to the world one of the most dramatic spectacles ever witnessed, that of a combined sea power as vested in sixteen of the most modern and heavily-armored fighting ships in the world, bound upon an apparently peaceful errand.

At least its alleged mission is peace, but it may mean war. Whatever the outcome, though, according to Admiral Evans, neither our friends or possible opponents will be disappointed. For at a dinner given to "Fighting Bob" by the Lotos Club of New York, just previous to his departure, he remarked with his usual dry humor, "I don't think anyone wants to stop us going to the Pacific, but I think they would have a good time if they did. I know my officers and I know my men, and I can tell you that you won't be disappointed, whether it's peace or a frolic and a fight."

It may at least have one result, that of waking up the nation to the fact that if the 3,000 miles of coastline on the Pacific Slope is to be protected, then it is high time for Congress to donate appropriations sufficient to bring our navy not only up to but beyond that of our possible enemy, Japan, in point of numbers, whose complement of fighting strength is vested in 3,000 officers and 30,000 men against 2,000 officers and 40,000

men, which now constitutes our naval establishment.

To be sure, great reliance is placed upon the materiel that mans our ships. It is conceded that the men of our navy hold the championship of the world for markmanship; for, again quoting Admiral Evans: "At our last target practice, since I took command of the Massachusetts, I believe that we excelled any nation on earth.

"We put out two targets thirty feet by thirty, and steamed past at a distance of about five and a quarter miles. We picked up the range as if in battle, and opened fire. Taking the case of the Connecticut, that battleship got the target on her third shot at 8,600 yards, and in two minutes she had blown the target screens completely off the target.

"When we picked them up, we found that in a thirty-foot screen the Connecticul had planted four twelve-inch and seventeen 7-inch projectiles. This means that had it been another battleship, it would have been cut in two within two minutes and fifteen seconds.

"In our night practice, each battleship had to stand off a combined attack of three torpedo boats coming at high speed. There wasn't a single ship that didn't, according to the rules, hit all three torpedo boats enough times to have blown them to pieces. So you see what our boys are capable of doing."

It is one of the splendid characteristics of "our boys" that they concentrate themselves absolutely upon the affair in hand, whether it is work or play. In their leisure hours they devote themselves quite as strenuously to fun, and it is by this means that their personality is best studied.

So important a part of the sailor's training is athletics considered, that each ship now has its specially appointed officers of athletics, who make a business of superintending the sports, arranging the dates for the regattas which always occur when the fleet is together. Then the crew races, and baseball, football and gymkana games are held.

It is not always possible to plan a definite schedule for the games to be pulled off, though at Guantanamo, Newport, Boston and Bar Harbor, where the fleet gets together spring and fall, specific dates may be arranged with little fear of having them cancelled.

These meets are events of considerable importance, being always attended by the officers and their friends ashore, and the occasions clothed with as great dignity and importance as any college gathering of a similar sort. Great competition is aroused between the boats, and the friendly rivalry created is deemed by the officers as not the least asset of the sport.

In all probability, the best form of sport in the navy are the crew races which occur when the fleet is together. Regulation twelve-oared cutters, the service boats of the men-of-war constitute the racing paraphernalia of the crews, unless, as it sometimes happens, the men of an individual ship contribute money to secure a trimmer craft, as did the men of the Kearsarge. In that event, the sailors jauntily dub it a "tailor-made" boat because of its superior finish.

In the last crew races held at Guantanamo, the Indiana came out victorious, winning about $5,000 in purses. In the first race, the Indiana won from the Maine in a three-mile special race, the pool being $2,800, the time twenty-six minutes. The difference in speed was forty-two strokes. Following that, the marines on the Indiana won the Dutch challenge cup against all ships in the fleet, bagging another purse for $3,000. Still two more victories were won by the Indiana in winning the challenge cup from the United States Club of Havana, the purse being $800 and a baseball game which netted $200 more.

In competition for the crew races, four prize cups have been given. Prince Louis of Battenberg presented one to the men of the Kearsarge upon his recent visit to this country. Then there is the Belmont, presented by August Belmont, now held by the Illinois; the Pensacola, also in the possession of the Illinois, and another the gift of Mr. Drexel of Philadelphia, held by the Alabama. A cup must be won three successive times by one boat to own it permanently.

Jack has a great propensity for gambling, and the crew races afford him an admirable opportunity. Betting amounts to a passion with him. He wagers his salary on everything, from the possible winner of the races to his chance of getting shore leave.

At the naval regatta at Guantanamo, $10,000 changed hands among the men. But Jack doesn't stop betting with the crew races. He bets on where the ship is going, whether he will have salt or fresh water to wash his hammock, and heaven knows what not.

As to the hammock question, Jack's aerial bed is supposed to be taken on deck once a fortnight and thoroughly scrubbed, and if, as sometimes happens, the vaporizers that turn salt water into fresh, refuse to work, then he must use the salt water for the operation. And as soap and salt water have about as much affinity for each other as oil and water, the process is a tedious one,

The only things that the sailor doesn't bet on are the weather and his mess. The first he takes for granted, and as for the second, he argues, "if you can't have what you want, you must want what you get."

An exceedingly popular sport in the navy is football, and an eleven composed of Uncle Sam's jack tars is a thing to be proud of; no college team in the country is superior. Take, for instance, the team on the Indiana. More superb specimens of physical development it would be hard to find, and while in a measure you might say they were picked men, yet it is of just such stuff that our navy is made.

An instance of our blue-jacket's skill and aptitude for sports is related by an officer formerly on Admiral Coghlan's staff. It occurred when the Baltimore was on the China station, at Hong Kong. An effort was being made by some of our sailors to bring about a football game between the British sailors and our own. The Britishers finally agreed to play "socker," then unfamiliar to Yankee sailors.

The men of the Baltimore, however, replied, "Very well. You teach us socker, and we'll play with you." This was accordingly done, and the Yankees beat the Britishers at their own game after a most exciting contest.

Photo by Enrique Miller

SAILOR BOYS' SPORT, ON THE BATTLESHIP MAINE

Baseball, fencing, wrestling and boxing are favorite forms of sport and amusement, while histrionic ability is by no means lacking among the sailors. Minstrelsy flourishes like a green bay tree, and the Jackies love it. "We give them a lot of rapid-fire stuff," explained one of the participants," and they like that. The boys know a good thing when they see it, and you may take my word

for it, one of the most critical audiences you'll find is a bunch of blue-jackets."

One way of killing time on a cruise is by spinning yarns. Jack is by nature a reconteur; he loves to tell stories and exaggerates most outrageously. It sometimes happens that by constant recital of extravagant facts, the stories begin to take on the appearance of truth in Jack's mind, and he ends by believing them himself. But this only adds a glamour to the tale.

Jack is frugal—in spots. He will hoard and save aboard ship in a most miserly

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. VREELAND, COMMANDING THE BATTLESHIP KANSAS

fashion, but once the opportunity offers, he indulges in the most wasteful extravagance. Ashore, the sailor is much like the proverbial boy out of school, but, as one officer remarked, "more is needed to land him than a boat." It all depends upon his character. If he's not down in the ship's black book, he can go every second or fourth day, but if his name is on the offence list, then his liberty is curtailed accordingly.

From reveille, when the bugle's sad refrain, "I can't get 'em up" sounds over the boat, to taps, the sailor's life is a busy one. That is except when the "smoking lamp is lit," then he is generally privileged to smoke and enjoy himself in his own fashion. Exceptions to this rule are the Saturday "field day," as the men call it, when the ship is cleaned or when coaling. Then he may enjoy his pipe in conjunction. "Lighting the smoking-lamp" is a quaint custom, one of the few left, that has been handed down from the old navy, and is one that especially endears itself to the hearts of the sailors. The "smoking-lamp" is an ordinary copper affair brought up from below decks at certain prescribed hours of the day, and duly lighted,—the signal for work to cease and for the men to enjoy themselves as they see fit.

After reveille at five-thirty, Jack turns out of his hammock and is ordered to "turn to," wash down decks, clean paint and slick up things generally. At seven-fifteen is "mess gear," that is, putting down the tables and preparing for breakfast. "Pipe down" for this meal comes next, the bo'sun's mate blowing his whistle, a long-drawn-out call lasting one-half minute. It is the signal for mess.

As a rule, breakfast lasts not more than half an hour, then comes the call for colors, quarters, prayer, drill, and on Sundays "rig church," that is, prepare the deck for service. Mess gear follows at eleven-forty-five, then "pipe down" for dinner.

At ten minutes past one comes the bo'sun's call, "stand by, scrub and wash clothes," which occupation occupies a brief period, then comes drill until four-thirty, when "pipe down clothes if dry," is the word. After quarters at five the smoking-lamp is lit for another short while, setting up exercises are gone through with until five-forty, when mess gear is sounded. Supper follows at six, and at half-after comes "turn to" with its consequent duties, such as sweeping the decks, scrub clothes and so on. Hammocks are unlashed at seven-thirty, when, after evening exercises, taps is sounded and Jack tumbles into his bed to sleep dreamlessly until the bugle calls him for another day.

Wednesday afternoon is quaintly termed "rope yarn Sunday" when the bugle "make and mend clothes" calls the Jackies to the task of putting their wardrobe to rights. In a few moments, squatting all over the deck, will be seen bunches of tars sewing away for dear life, running small hand sewing machines like mad.

On Thursday afternoon sorting the "lucky bag" takes place. Tidiness is rigidly en-

forced in the navy, but Jack isn't always the most orderly person in the world, and he frequently leaves his possessions lying about. When discovered, they are uncermoniously dumped into the "lucky bag," though this title is decidedly a misnomer. It is by no means a lucky thing for the owner to find his wardrobe represented there, for a penalty is attached and sometimes a severe one. First the owner is admonished, then possibly fined, but if the offence is again repeated, he will very likely find himself doing penance in the "brig" for his carelessness.

Not infrequently a sailor has a hobby or a trade that brings him in a comfortable addition to his income. Take the ship's barber, for instance. He has credentials warranting his ability to shave his customers in the heaviest kind of a sea without inflicting a scratch.

Nearly all the ships own mascots of one sort or another, and the boats would be overrun with them, so say the officers, if the sailors had their way. At present there are two bears, a baby goat, and two fighting-cocks, to say nothing of cats and dogs for mascots on the boats of the North Atlantic Squadron.

Apropos of the cat which acts in this capacity on the Indiana, an interesting little yarn is told. This particular feline which is greatly beloved by the sailors of that boat, is endowed with eyes of a different color, one green and one yellow.

Now at night, according to the jackies, the yellow optic turns green and the green one, which is the left, red. One night, so the story goes, a superior officer of the ship was returning from a late, or early, celebration ashore. As he made his way uncertainly aboard, the first thing to catch his eye was the sight of the port and starboard lights which somehow had gotten mixed, the red on the starboard and the green on the port. With an exclamation that would not look well in print, he roared out, "Hey, there, mate, what in the dickens is the matter? You've got your running lights mixed."

It was pussy sitting at the head of the gangplank awaiting her master.

Photo by Enrique Miller
UNCLE SAM'S SAILOR BOYS MAKING THEIR OWN CLOTHES, ON BOARD THE CLEVELAND

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE BOY AND THE MAN"

ONE of the most delightful and inspiring biographies of the year is "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan, chief editorial writer of the Boston Globe. The boys won't have to be coaxed to read this book; and its presentation of current ideals is, to my mind, one of the best things recently accomplished in the literary line.

As I laid aside the handsome red-covered volume, which I had been reading on one of the Potomas River boats I realized that everything else had been forgotten, even the birthplace of Washington and all the scenes of historic events which line the banks of that memorable waterway. No stronger tribute to the attractiveness of the book can be paid.

For one who knows Theodore Roosevelt as boy and man, personally, the book has a stronger fascination than even the charm of the easy-flowing narrative, which has in it none of that straining after the sociological, the psychological and the argumentative often met with in modern biography. It is not a dissection of a human character, but a dashing, interesting story, presenting a picture standing out in strong lights and shadows, but leaving the reader to draw therefrom his own conclusions. Comprehensive even to those who are intimately associated with Theodore Roosevelt, it presents in perspective the career of a public man, and is truly a work of genius.

From the "crow's nest" of daily newspaper life, the author has enjoyed a personal observation of the events of which he writes. Something in every page stands out alive with all the glowing interest of the personal narrative of a skilled raconteur. If you have a boy who wants to know about Theodore Roosevelt, just suggest this book, and when he knows what it is, if you don't buy it for him you will find that he has invested his own spare cash to own a copy of "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man."

It is especially attractive as a happy medium between the discursive and monotonous rambling of the ordinary descriptive writer and the minute, wearisome analysis of the scientific student. Beginning with the day of his birth, October 27, 1858, it is pointed out that, unlike Abraham Lincoln and other presidents, Mr. Roosevelt was not born of poor parents in a log cabin, but in the luxurious home of one of the oldest families in New York City The book shows ,however, that while the log cabin did not enter into his early life, yet he came into the same close touch with nature—in his fight for health—that gave to Lincoln and many another great man that directness and love of the beautiful that made them what they were, for President Roosevelt early learned to "rough it," and get close to Nature in her sternest mood.

After reading the book, one is tempted to quote profusely; to tell of Roosevelt's stay in Germany and of those months in Algeria, full of the mysterious charm of Northern Africa; or how, while his father was commissioner to Vienna, the young American mingled with the cream of the social and political life of aristocratic Europe, and learned to describe in forceful language everything that he saw.

He graduated from Harvard College at twenty-one, and the portrait taken at that time, before he wore glasses, foreshadows the vigorous face that is so familiar to all the nations. He early plunged into political warfare, wherein his Fifth Avenue friends insisted that he could meet no society save grooms and saloonkeepers. They were met promptly with the reply, "If that is so, they are the governing class in this city—they rule you. They must be better men than you are."

Then came his legislative career, and candidacy for speaker, and the splendid success he won as a delegate to the Republican National Convention, in 1884; a forecast of the impulsive nature of the man, and his stern insistence at all times upon justice.

That same year opened a new chapter in his life, when he heard again the "call of the wilderness" and started out upon a buffalo hunt on the plains. He was in the wild West in its golden age, before the advance of the hard-headed business-man caused its romance to wither and die. In a short time

young Roosevelt was himself a picturesque ranger of the great cattle country. He fell in love with Western life, and purchased a ranch, drawing a check for $10,000 for the first payment, the price being $45,000. That check was drawn on the Chimney Butte Ranch.

In this year, too, his home was left desolate by the death of his wife, the bride whom he had married immediately after leaving Harvard. This may have been the real reason why his steps were turned westward.

Bill Sewall, the old guide from Maine, who had been with the boy in his early search for health in the depths of the Maine woods, was now called west to Medora, to consult with the new owner of the ranch. He met Roosevelt on the veranda of the log house, beneath the cottonwood trees that border the Little Missouri, which because of the finding of the huge interlocking antlers of two elks, that had fought until both were helplessly fettered and perished, he had named Elk Horn Ranch.

Theodore's insatiate love of nature, early developed in the congenial surroundings of his summer home at Sagamore Hill, Long Island, found full development in his ranching days, where thousands of cattle bore the "R" brand with the Maltese Cross. Mr. Morgan quotes Theodore Roosevelt's description of those days to show that, while every hour of sunshine was given to activity in the saddle, "The Boss" was never without his book, which went into his knapsack as regularly as his lunch of hardtack.

"The guttral booming and clucking of the prairie fowl and the great sage fowl in spring, the honking of gangs of wild geese, as they fly in rapid wedges; the bark of an eagle, wheeling in the shadow of storm-scarred cliffs, which cross and recross at an incredible altitude. Wilder yet and stranger are the cries of the great four-footed beasts; the rhythmic pealing of a bull elk's challenge, and that most sinister and mournful sound, ever fraught with foreboding of murder and rapine, the long-drawn baying of the gray wolf."

In '86 he married Edith Carrow, his playmate in early childhood, now Mrs. Roosevelt of the White House.

Later, on the police board in New York City, Mr. Roosevelt at once demonstrated that he was no perfunctory desk official. His sturdy pluck in meeting the impressive parade of the protesting Germans is memorable. They asked, "*Wo ist der Roosevelt?*" and were promptly confronted by the irrepressible police commissioner, who readily answered their salute in faultless German, with: "*Hier bin ich. Was willst du, Kamrad?*"

The astonished Germans were almost speechless with surprise, and when two carriages had passed bearing the signs "Roosevelt's Razzle Dazzle Racket," and "Send the police czar to Russia," he sent in a bland request that these legends be given him as

JAMES MORGAN, AUTHOR OF "THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE BOY AND THE MAN"

souvenirs of the occasion. Hearty cheers quickly succeeded their jeers, and were followed by cries of "Bully for Teddy!" "Good Boy!"

His protection of the Jew-baiter with Jewish policemen showed his remarkable faculty for handling and meeting the many peculiar emergencies which arise among thirteen thousand saloons in New York.

Made assistant secretary of the navy, in 1897, he came promptly to the front with his famous telegram sent to Dewey on February 25, 1898: "Secret and confidential. Keep full of coal." This was sent ten days after the sinking of the Maine, and the word "unpreparedness" was then coined by Theo-

dore Roosevelt. After Admiral Dewey had fought at Manila, Roosevelt determined to go to the front. Failing to secure a position on the staff of General Fitz-Hugh Lee, or as an officer in the Seventy-First New York, he recruited a regiment among the men of his own wild West. The peculiar recruiting methods of this regiment brought together club-men from the East, gamblers, hunters, cowboys, Indians and Mexicans from the West, and they bore the picturesque title, borrowed from Colonel William F. Cody's show, "The Rough Riders." Every recruit for this regiment had to be a man in development, courage and ability to rough it. It was generally agreed that Mr. Roosevelt should take the command, though he requested that Leonard Wood be made colonel, fearing that his own service in the New York militia was not sufficient to fit him for immediate command in the field.

Mr. Morgan gives his record with the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War in a most graphic manner, yet never drifts off from the simple narrative and main scope of the book.

Returning as one of the heroes of the war, Theodore Roosevelt now appears as governor and reformer, and the spectacular features of his political campaign at this time are compelling. He declared:

"Under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination of the vice presidency," but, nevertheless, he was nominated and elected in 1900. His succession to the presidency at the tragical death of President McKinley forcefully reveals the splendid reserve force of American institutions under the stress of great and exciting events. Mr. Roosevelt's relations with Senator Hanna are next touched upon, and that last letter which the senator wrote showed the intimate friendship existing between President Roosevelt and Uncle Mark, with whom he used to breakfast on corn beef hash and griddle cakes.

Mr. Roosevelt is the youngest president of the United States, having taken the oath of office at the age of forty-two, and his career recalls the utterance of General Harrison in 1898: "Mr. Roosevelt is today one of the best examples of presidential timber in the country." This opinion was verified by a number of prominent men, among them Thomas B. Reed and Grover Cleveland. During his first year he visited every state and territory in the Union, traveling 13,000 miles by rail, 150 on horseback, and walking over 200. His narrow escape from death in the accident at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and many other interesting incidents in his career are faithfully recalled in this book.

His later political life, his advocacy of the "big stick," now so famous; his fearless, friendly talk with corporations; the consummation of the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan at Portsmouth; the square deal; the strenuous life—are all episodes in a remarkable life story. His familiarity with literature, his writing, his reading truly reveal a many-sided man.

Life at the White House, and the concluding chapter on Theodore Roosevelt as a world-figure, bring us to the close of this volume and convince us that it is all too brief. The closing tribute of Baron D'Estournelles de Canstant, the eminent Frenchman, expresses the universal opinion concerning Theodore Roosevelt: "He is the true statesman of the twentieth century, and, as such, deserves well of his country and of all parts of the globe."

This book, which should be quoted rather than discussed, does great credit to its author, Mr. James Morgan, born and bred in old Kentucky, but of Virginian ancestry. He is one of those busy newspaper editors who has made an exhaustive study of American political history, not only from books but from the vantage ground of actual experience. His work as political editor and Washington correspondent brought him into personal association with the great men of the nation, and he writes with the force of reality concerning the career of Theodore Roosevelt. Every national convention for the last score of years, held by political parties, has seen him present with a sharp-pointed pencil and a ream of yellow paper, ready for "a story." A thinker and a philosopher, with innate commonsense and rare judgment, he seems to know just how to season a narrative to suit the public palate, yet never loses his artistic and literary sense of proportion.

It is not a trite or commonplace prediction to insist that Mr. Morgan's biography of "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man," is a most valuable record, concerning as it does one of the most conspicuous figures in public life in the world today.

BY SPECIAL DELIVERY

By Janet Remington

IT was an old-fashioned yard, with locust trees and lilac bushes, daffodils, jasmine, and all the old-time flowers. Jakey liked this yard in which there was always something in blossom, when there wasn't snow to play in. He liked the houses, the big one at the back, where he lived with Aunt Betsy and Aunt Helen, and the smaller one at the side where some other relatives lived. The path from the jasmine-covered veranda led down between rows of salvia to the quiet street; this street, at the extreme west of the city, stretched on and on,—Jakey thought, to the End of the World. Far away in the distance, at the very End of the World, was a hill. He meant to go to it sometime, for there was a big house on the top of it which he belived might be a castle. You could get glimpses of it from the veranda when the air was clear. Since his blackberry trip, yesterday, Jakey's longing was stronger than ever, for he had had an adventure; there had not been a chance yet to tell Aunt Helen when Aunt Betsy wasn't around. One did not tell adventures to Aunt Betsy.

The boy came slowly up the path this warm September morning, hitting the salvia blossoms with a stick. Jakey always came slowly towards Aunt Betsy, and it seemed to that lady that he was always hitting something on the way. Now, his gait was slower than usual for his aunt had a caller on the front porch, and he considered that place his rightful domain. There was a humming-bird in the jasmine, and one of his highest ambitions was to catch it; but you can't catch a humming-bird when two women are talking,—particularly if one of them is Aunt Betsy.

"What they doing down to the other house, Jakey?" asked his aunt, sharply, as the boy seated himself on the top step and watched for the bird with eager eyes.

"Oh, they've got the work all done up and they're setting down for the day," answered the child.

"I don't see how they ever get time to set so much," snapped Aunt Betsy, turning to Mrs. Gray and reaching for her knitting in the basket by her side. "It seems to me they're always setting, and it's as much as ever I can do to get time to read the 'Informer' a little while in the evening, when I'm so dead tired I can't get no sense of what I'm reading. They do like to be comfortable about as well as any folks I ever seen. Now I feel I've got to work night and day to keep things moving. If they'd just pay up a quarter of what they owe me and Helen it would be pretty clear sailing,—and she wouldn't have to toil year in and year out with them Arabs over at the Hollow. But Helen never says a word, and she won't let me say anything."

"Helen looks pretty happy," said Mrs. Gray, "and she's had so much sorrow, too, —I always wonder how she can be so bright."

"Helen's got me all out of patience. I believe every morning when she gets up she's always expecting something lovely's going to happen before sunset,—and just look at the worries we've had the last few years; things have come thick and fast. She's always having over what grandmother used to say when anyone would talk about their troubles,—'I'm glad it's as well as 'tis.' No matter what happens, Helen will have that over. I told her one day, that after all the studying she does and the books she's got, I should think she could find something more sensible to be always bringing up than that,—and she says—'no, it would be impossible.' "

"But it must help to have her take things like that," ventured Mrs. Gray.

"Let me tell you that the most wearing thing in all these long, hard years has been Helen's cheerfulness. I call it downright lying to pretend things are pleasant when they ain't. There's nothing but what she can be cheerful over,—even to wearing her old dresses, year after year,—and it makes me provoked to see how pretty she looks in 'em. You remember clear back when

polinays was in style; I just wanted one terribly, and I couldn't raise a cent to buy even calico to make one of; by the time I could buy the cloth, they was all out of style, but I was determined I'd have my polinay, style or no style; no wonder my clothes always look so old fashioned. That's just the way about everything we have; some folks would have the clothes anyway,—the way they do over to the other house,—but we're determined to keep this home and we won't go in debt,—so it's up hill work,—but Helen acts as if 'twas fun going up hill."

"Well, things will get easier after a time, Betsy, I've always found it that way."

"Easier! This year is going to be worse than ever, and I don't see what we ever *will* do now they've put in the street improvement; clear off here at the edge of the city, too. I don't know what ever possessed 'em. It was a good deal nicer to have just the dirt road, and all the property owners on the street were agin the improvement,—but some alderman or other, he got something out of the paving folks if he electioneered that improvement through,—so we had to be paved up. We've always needed a hitching post, but we felt we couldn't afford even that,—and what *do* you suppose Helen said about *that*, the other day? She said it's just as well we never had one, now that automobiles have come, we don't need one."

Mrs. Gray leaned back in her chair and laughed so heartily that Jakey, in disgust, took a seat on the bottom step to be nearer the humming bird that had flown farther away. Although the boy was out of sight, he could hear his aunt as she continued:

"Helen's always believing in people, and the queerest thing about it is,—when they're with her they get to seeming the kind of people she says they are,—when I know better. She never gives up saying that Dan will come back and be a man yet; he's had time enough, I'm sure, since she wasted all that money on him. He does write nice letters to her, but *I* say there *are* times when there's something more satisfying than letters."

Mrs. Gray, taking advantage of her hostess's unusually communicative mood, inquired, cautiously:

"Why was it that Granger Selden left off coming here so suddenly? Everybody thought Helen would marry him?" then, lowering her tone,—"she wont hear us, will she?"

Aunt Betsy modified her voice a trifle, but her mildest tones were always audible at a distance:

"No, Helen won't hear us, she's gone for a walk. Well, about Granger: You know I have a working mind, and I've hetchelled my brains over that there thing more than anything that ever happened. I've never told a soul before, but I've got to a point where I shall go wild if I don't talk to someone. You know Granger was always coming here whenever he was back at the old place on his vacations; he and Helen had grown up together, and when she came home from the West, it seemed he just took her somewhere about every day. Then, one night,—it's seven years ago this very day,—he brought her home from a picnic over on Hanford Hill; that's his house you see clear up yonder on the hill—you can just see the roofs through the jasmine there. Well, that night, I happened to be passing the parlor door; his eyes was just blazing, and he was looking down at Helen as if he could kill her; you know he's such a great big man; he did look fierce. I almost screamed, I was so frightened. Helen looked as calm and sweet as ever, and she said, in that sort of laughing, careless way she has,—'just let me explain, Granger,—you couldn't be angry one second it you'd just listen,—it's all as simple as can be.' But he caught up his hat and rushed off and the gate banged, and that was the last time he was ever in this house. We never mention his name. It seems as if all the troubles began to come about that time. It was the next morning we found Dan had run off to the Klondike without saying a word to us. I can see him now, as he sat just where I'm setting, when Granger rushed past him that night. Dan was wild, and made lots of trouble, but he had kind of a way with him,—you liked to t have him around, no matter what he done. Just *his* going away was enough to kill us; we hardly ever talk about him, even now."

"How did Helen take Granger's going off like that?"

"Oh, she came out of the parlor, sort of smiling and happy looking; she went up to her room and came back in a few minutes, and gave Dan a letter and asked him to mail it; he always loved to do errands for Helen."

Mrs. Gray was more interested in Granger just now, than in Dan.

"But how did Helen take Granger's never coming to the house again?"

"Well, she kept up that way she had of coming down mornings as if she expected something wonderful was surely going to happen, but I noticed she didn't quote grandmother for about a year,—she didn't say once that I remember, 'I'm glad it's as well as 'tis,' and she got a little pale and thin; but the school was awful trying that year, and she laid it to that always when I spoke about her looks. I say, if Granger Selden has such a temper as that, she was well rid of him, even if he has got to be such a big lawyer, and has made such stacks of money as they say he has,—but if she cared for him, how *can* she act so happy? It's queer not to understand your own sister, but I never could make Helen out; she acts possessed to help folks in all manner and kind of ways. There's Jakey, now,—she'd no call to have him here, and it was a good deal more their duty down to the other house to take him, but Helen would do it, and he's been no end of trouble. She wore herself down to skin and bone nursing him through scarlet fever the first winter he came, and took it herself, and he ain't worth it; but she thinks he's lovely, and do you know, when he's with her you'd think he was a little angel,—but my! get him alone with me, and he's a little fiend, sometimes. I can't make it out. Just a mere human person couldn't take things and folks as she does, that's sure. I sort of believe she kind of bewitched Granger so he never came back, but that she could bring him if she wanted to, and that's why she looks so happy; it couldn't be no other way."

"Jakey seems an obliging little fellow; he followed me all the way home the other day, to bring my purse he saw me drop in the post office."

"There's some things," observed Aunt Betsy, complacently, "that I've just drilled into that boy. I said from the first, that as long as he's here, I'm going to do my duty by him; he's going to be brought up so he won't lie or steal, and so he knows the difference between what's his'n and what belongs to other folks, and wont peek into other folk's bureau drawers. I will say for him, with all his faults, I never ketched him in a lie,—and as for giving people what belongs to 'em, my! there's nothing he likes better than to find something that belongs to someone and have a chance to trot after 'em with it. Yes, Helen's taught him a heap of things,—he can write and read writing better than I can, but I've trained him good in honesty, for I can't abide lying and stealing. I'll call him now to carry that basket for you, Mrs. Gray, if you think you must be going,—but there's no knowing where he is; I remember, I see him start off long ago on a run; he's probably gone to meet Helen; he follows her up like a little dog."

Helen, returning slowly across the fields, is thinking of that last perfect day with Granger Selden, seven years before, among the pines on Hanford Hill,—ending with the evening her sister has just described. With keen delight she recalls that day—the happiest she ever spent,—and Granger's joy at her return from the long absence in the West. They had driven home just at dusk, and she left him in the parlor looking over his mail. On returning to the room, Granger was standing by the table, his face white with passion. He said nothing, but handed her a clipping from a Cleveland paper. Wondering at his silence, Helen took it, and read an announcement of her own engagement to a fictitious character,—the hero of a novel she had been reading with Ray Cummings, a young cousin in Cleveland, at whose home she had been visiting. Their laughing discussions about this character had been many, Ray professing to be highly displeased with Helen because of her admiration of the hero's qualities—claiming that his own estimate—he being editor of a college paper,—was far more reliable. The boy's last words, when he saw her off on the train, had been: "Helen, you shall be severely punished for your admiration of such a cad."

So Helen read the clipping and recognized her "punishment." When she commenced to tell Granger the facts about this peculiar announcement, he abruptly turned and left her. His wordless wrath had given her little concern, as she knew that when he read the simple explanation, which she would write him, all must be as before between them,—although this grave and dignified man would doubtless fail to find

amusement in such a boyish prank. She had gone to her room and written, telling Granger what he would not stay to hear—the story of Ray Cummings' foolish joke—and had then taken the letter down to Dan, sitting on the veranda. How vivid all the details are to her, even now; she recalls the quiet beauty of the evening, the sound of the crickets and katydids in the yard, and Aunt Betsy's voice in the kitchen, singing the "Doxology" slowly and dolefully, as she went about some household task.

In the excitement and sorrow occasioned by Dan's abrupt departure, during the next few days, Helen had thought little about her lover's displeasure. When almost a week had passed and he had not come, or answered her letter, she began to wonder. At the end of the week, a neighbor casually mentioned that Granger Selden had rented his place on Hanford Hill. Although he occasionally returned to it, spending some of his vacations there, Helen had never seen him again.

* * *

Aunt Betsy thought there was no effort in her sister's cheerfulness, having no knowledge of the time when the girl's "World Beautiful" was in danger of becoming, instead, a place of bitterness and doubt. The greatest struggle came the first year of Granger's absence. What Helen feared most was growing bitter and hard and unlovely; she realized that her only help was the belief in final good, in leaving problems wrestled with in vain, to a wiser solution than her own, and in absorbing work.

At the very beginning, one thing she determined, and to the carrying out of her purpose, gave all the force of a strong will: "I will not make anyone else unhappy over my sorrow." As time went on, and it was still possible to "go blithely" to her tasks and bring good cheer to others, she found Pain's great compensation. At last she was awake to suffering about her, and so was able to bestow the rarest of all gifts,—helpful sympathy.

"He lives richly who makes use of life's unpromising things." Helen's crowning compensation came with the ability to do for others what would never have been possible had the past happiness continued, and in her enthusiasm for service, she had found work well worth the doing.

For instance, there was Jakey. Whenever Helen thought of Jakey, there came a thrill of something like her former gladness; he was such a winsome child, in strong contrast to the untamed, uncouth, unloving little fellow who had come to them three years before. "Yes, Jakey has paid," Helen is thinking, as he suddenly rushes out at her from some bushes with his hands full of red leaves and ferns, for the child, according to his custom, has traced her, and the two walk back together.

* * *

As Helen sat that afternoon with her sister on the veranda, the spell of the old days was upon her; not even the rehearsal of their ill-fortune could dissipate it. She listened dreamily to the oft repeated lamentations, giving rare replies, but endeavoring to make them satisfactory and sympathetic.

Jakey, as was often the case when his aunts were together, fell to studying them. Long ago he had formed a theory: it was the way Aunt Betsy did her hair that made her voice so high and shrill, and that made her so unhappy; if she would only put her hair back in soft waves like Aunt Helen's, instead of combing it so tightly into a little hard knob at the back of her head, her voice, too, would be low and glad, and she, like Aunt Helen, would sometimes take a boy on her lap and tell him lovely stories, and not every wrong thing he did. Once he had gone so far as to creep up behind Aunt Betsy and draw out the pins; the half hour that followed was still a painful memory, and he never again found courage to repeat the experiment, although he still clung to his theory.

This afternoon Aunt Betsy had taken evident delight in going over the dark pages of their history; it was not until she had reached the most harassing of all topics—Dan—that Jakey, his theories forgotten, sat up straight and listened with keenest interest, as his aunt told just how Dan acted the night before he went away, just where he sat on the veranda, describing minutely the clothes he had worn, and how, the next day, she had put all his things away in a chest in the attic and had never looked at them since, for she could not endure the sight of them.

To the boy this information was most

important; to him Uncle Dan was a hero,—this uncle whom he had never seen but about whose adventures he had imagined marvelous things. If he could only find something that had belonged to him. When this thought occurred to him he waited to hear no more, but started off at once to explore, his brilliant brown eyes brighter than usual in the interest of his quest.

It was hot up in the attic, and dark and dusty; he searched long, so it was almost dusk when, from the depths of an old chest, he dragged the blue and white striped seersucker coat described by his aunt. Putting it on, he walked proudly up and down the attic, making a zigzag path along the dusty floor. There was a pocket, too, such a nice one, deep, deep—yes, and there was something in it—he took it over to the window,—a sealed envelope: such an old, old, yellow-looking one, addressed in fine, pretty writing. Jakey spelled out the name slowly, then gave a whoop of delight. Why, that was the name of the man who gave him a ride yesterday, when he got lost berrying—his adventure that he hadn't told Aunt Helen yet. That was the very name. When he was on the horse with the man, a farmer had opened a gate for them and said, "Why, Granger Selden, when did you get back?"

In a moment, without waiting to take off Uncle Dan's coat, Jakey, bareheaded, was out of the house with a rush, up the street, zealously following out Aunt Betsy's oft-repeated and favorite injunction, to lose no time in giving another what belongs to him. For once he had found that duty does, sometimes, lead in paths of pleasantness,—in this case to the place he had most longed to visit—the House at the End of the World.

It was a very tired, deplorably bedraggled, but still superlatively happy boy who finally reached the house on Hanford Hill. Only one light could be seen—a light in the library. The window was open and the child stood for a moment looking in. Yes, the big man looking over a pile of papers—that was his friend of yesterday,—so without hesitation he stepped in and noiselessly walked to the table.

Granger Selden looked up wearily from his perplexing law case, and seeing the queer looking little figure before him, asked, sharply:

"Well, what is it boy, what do you want?"

"Why, I'm Jakey—don't you remember, I got lost yesterday when I was berrying, and you gave me a ride on your horse, and I've got a letter for you; I found it in Uncle Dan's pocket—see? You know years and years ago, my Uncle Dan ran away and my Aunt Betsy, she felt awful, and she couldn't bear to see his things around so she just took 'em up to the attic and I found this coat of his'n in an old chest,—yes, sir, I found it," chuckled Jakey, gleefully.

The instant Granger Selden saw the writing his face grew white, then, tearing open the envelope, he read. The lines, though few, and dated seven years before, still possessed power to work a wonder: to attainment and success which, fifteen minutes earlier, seemed hardly worth the effort they had cost, they gave new value; into a future gray with its outlook of purposeless work, they put the motive that casts a radiance over severest toil; for along the faded lines flashed the light of a new hope.

The crickets and the katydids are holding a concert in the old-fashioned yard at the west of the city. Aunt Betsy, going about her household tasks, is singing the Doxology slowly and dolefully, when Helen, sitting on the veranda, with the charm of the old days still upon her, hears a horse's hoofs on the pavement, sees someone coming up the path between the rows of salvia, and in a moment Granger Selden is standing before her with the weary messenger fast asleep in his arms.

CALDEY'S STOPPING PLACE

By Cary Seely

AN elderly man and a younger one sat at a table together in the dining-car, eating breakfast.

The older man's hair and moustache were a grizzly gray, and there were many lines that Time had put about his face. Lines that, with a little change, by pulling a muscle here and there, could be made to indicate many things. Just now they had brought about a look of interest that showed more or less of an understanding born of experience, as he listened to the younger man's talk.

The younger man looked very young. The youthful look was heightened by an apparent enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that seemed undue. It did not seem, somehow, that this young man was much given to enthusing so openly as he was now.

The way of their meeting was commonplace. The elderly man had already been seated at the table when the younger man came aimlessly down the aisle. He disregarded the beckoning finger of the steward, stopped at the elderly man's table and asked politely if he might occupy the opposite chair and be his vis-a-vis for breakfast.

"To be sure," replied the elderly man, who was awaiting the serving of his order. "You are quite welcome; indeed, I am more than glad to have someone at the table with me, for, of all the lonesome things, eating by one's self is by far the worst."

"Thank you," murmured the young man, taking the opposite chair. Then, as he drew the menu card toward him and began checking his order, he continued: "Yes, I quite agree with you, eating a la solitaire is the most lonesome thing imaginable. Especially is this true when it is day after day, until the days get to be epochs of time. I have had quite enough of it to last me the rest of my lifetime. That is why I asked you if I might sit here."

The elderly man glanced up with a queer, quizzical look in his eyes.

"Do you think I seem too young to have had such an experience?" asked the young man, catching the look and smiling.

"Yes, that is what I thought—unless—" pausing.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you have been an unknown student in a large city."

"I must indeed look very young," he said, and smiled boyishly, "But that is my usual luck. I never get any credit for my years."

"Are they so many?"

"I am just twenty-eight."

"It would be far easier to believe you nearer eighteen."

"It may seem a bit odd to you, but I have been taken for eighteen years old since I was fourteen."

"Don't grieve. There will come a time," said the old man, indicating his own age-frosted hair.

They laughed lightly as if these evidences of time might be merely a joke.

"Yes, that is quite true," replied the young man, and then, as he drew a card from his pocket, he continued: "Permit me to introduce myself."

The elderly man took the card, and after adjusting his glasses very carefully, he read aloud:

"John Alwyn Caldey. I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Caldey. I will wager that the people who know you intimately call you Jack. Your initials spell it; your first name is John; and you look young."

"True, oh prophet."

"And here is my card," said the elderly one, as he put Caldey's card in his pocket and drew forth another.

The young man read it and smiled, then he asked:

"Are you usually addressed by this title?"

The older man reddened a little and stammered:

"I—I was breveted at the close of the Rebellion, and some of my friends insist on giving it."

"My, not looking my age is mild to your not seeming what you are. I should never have suspected it," smiling broadly.

"What do you mean, sir?" saked the elderly man, as he drew his face lines into a semblance of sternness.

Then Caldey read from the card:

"Miss Alice Banner."

The elderly man hastily dug into his pocket and pulled out another card, then all of them. Then he swore very gently, and laying the little pack on the table, reached across for the one Caldey held, but Caldey smilingly shook his head and put the card into his pocket. The old man managed to draw his face into a reluctant smile as he said:

"They are my daughter's cards, but I cannot account for them being in my pocket. I ought to have some of my own somewhere."

He began a fresh search through all of his pockets, endeavoring to locate a card of his own. It was a fruitless search, and he explained:

"I suppose we must have got our cards changed. I presume she must have mine, since I have hers. However, my name, as you will have guessed, is Banner."

"And the brevet?"

Banner flushed as he answered:

"This is a bit awkward, and I fear it will seem a trifle bombastic, but you have the move on me—the brevet is colonel."

"Then Colonel Banner, permit me to say that I am very glad to have met you and to know you," said Caldey gracefully.

They shook hands across the table, and by the time their orders were being served they had reached some subjects that brought them closely together. During the breakfast each learned that the other had had considerable experience in the world, and with this learning they acquired a mutual respect.

After breakfast they adjourned to the smoker, where Caldey offered the Colonel his cigar-case, saying:

"Try one of these Estrelas, won't you, Colonel? They are from Manila; I brought them over myself."

"Thanks, yes," said the Colonel, as he selected one, and after lighting it and taking a few puffs, he continued: "It seems to have a very good flavor, but I will reserve a fuller judgment till I have finished it." Then, after a lengthened pause, "So you were in the Philippines, eh?"

"Yes, some little time."

"Soldier?"

"No, civil engineer."

"Government employ?"

"A part of the time."

The Colonel flicked the ashes from his cigar and looked out on the landscape, as it was whirled beneath his gaze, and then he asked:

"Have you had much experience at your profession?"

"Considerable."

"Any of it outside the Philippines?"

"Most of it."

"Would you mind telling me something of it? I am a bit interested in engineering," said the Colonel with some hesitancy.

"There isn't much to tell, but I'll give you what there is with pleasure. I was graduated from the O. S. U. in '92, and was stuck up for one year in my home country as county surveyor."

"Which was bad," commented the Colonel.

"So I learned from experience. I chucked that up and began wandering, and I've been at it ever since. My first stop was at the Panama Canal, under the old management. My intended short stay was lengthened by a nasty siege of yellow-jack. When I came out of the hospital a short purse and dazzling promise led me to accept a commission as captain in the Nicaraguan army. A shot in the leg, received while engineering a military road, laid me up for a while, and an undue suspicion of my loyalty drove me to escape between two days. The escape was successful, and I landed in Venezuela. I soon got a position from the government to survey the line between that country and Brazil—Venezuela is always having trouble with her boundaries. Their instructions and data took me about three hundred miles south of what Brazil considered the proper line. It was not very long till my guard was driven away and I was captured by a lot of barefooted Brazilian soldiers. I was taken to Rio Janeiro a prisoner, but was set free as soon as the authorities learned that I was an American. After that I found employment in the Brazilian mines, running their tunnels."

"They kept you busy," the Colonel said smilingly.

"Rather."

"Were you ever in Peru?"

"Only a little while. I soon grew tired of dodging bullets and running for my horse, so I vamoosed."

"What do you mean by running for your horse," the Colonel interrupted.

"Capture often depended on my getting to my horse before the Indians got to me."

The Colonel nodded and asked, "What next?"

"Very little of interest, but after an indefinite, intermittent wandering, I found myself in the Philippines."

"And you got tired of the Philippines?"

'Not exactly tired," he hesitated.

The Colonel's face lines were plainly interrogative.

"There was a price on my head," Caldey volunteered.

"A price?"

"Yes, a small one."

"Who were the bidders?"

"The real leader of the Filipinos."

"You mean Aguinaldo?"

Jack smiled and shook his head negatively.

"What was the offence?" asked the Colonel after a moment.

"The usual one. I knew too much."

The Colonel eyed him interrogatively.

"Politics," Caldey interpreted.

The Colonel nodded his head understandingly and presently he asked:

"Where are you going now?"

"Home! Back to dear old Ohio! Home again!" he exclaimed, and the cause of his enthusiasm was apparent.

"So you are anxious to get back to your old home again?" said the Colonel, with a peculiar smile.

"Anxious! Anxious is a mild word. Why, Colonel, I haven't been home for nearly seven years! When I had the yellow fever in Panama, my mind lived at home. In the Amazon swamps I dreamed of home and of the little ditches I had run when I was county surveyor. Once, in Argentine, I heard a sick German moaning in his delirium that he was *heimweh*, and I moaned in sympathy with him, for I was homesick, too."

The Colonel smiled appreciatively, and Caldey went on:

"When I was a boy there was a new bridge built across the river near my home. It wasn't a very long span, because the river wasn't very wide. I have never built a bridge that I did not think of the one at home, and wonder if mine was just as good. I've built some very good spans, too, and yet I want to see that bridge. Funny, isn't it, Colonel, how these things get into one's head at times?"

The Colonel nodded again, and Caldey went on:

"I helped a bit on the new breakwater the government is building at Manila, and all the time I was a boy again, building a dam across the little brook that ran through the meadow back of the barn, on the farm where I was brought up. I'd shade my eyes and try to imagine that dirty, sandy foreshore was green grass, but it was *muy deficil*, and now I am going home in earnest and see it really," he finished enthusiastically. It was evident that he was looking forward to being at home again, as a boy does to the coming of the spring circus.

"I hope you will see your old home again, and I hope it will be just as you imagined it would be, and that you will enjoy it as you have dreamed you would," said the Colonel. Something in his tone made Caldey look up.

"Oh, I shall enjoy it all right," he said, don't you think so?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"But why?"

"Things change; you have changed; the things at the old home I have no doubt have changed. Children grow up; old people die. New people move into the neighborhood and old ones move away. I've had experience. I know."

Caldey smiled and refused to believe.

"Parents living?" asked the Colonel.

"Mother is dead; she died while I was at Panama, sick. The letter bearing the news had been two months on the road, and I wasn't rational enough to read it for a month after it reached me. Father married again; I received the announcement in Buenos Ayres. The letter was at least six months old and the envelope bore enough post marks to have made it valuable to a stamp collector. It was the last news I received from home.

"Any brothers?"

"No."

"Sisters?"

"None, I am the only.

"Ever married?"

He shook his head smilingly.

"Got a girl at home?"

"No, nor anywhere else."

"What, not enough of a sailor to have a love in each port?"

"The make-believes don't count," said Caldey, smiling.

"I hope they won't," said the Colonel gravely.

"I haven't any skeletons," Caldey laughed.

"I was young once," began the Colonel after a moment, and I went away from home and I came back, but it wasn't home. When I went away again I never wanted to go back—no place seemed like a good stopping place for a long time." He paused a moment and continued: "There is only one thing that makes a man want to locate permanently."

"What is that?"

"Love!" the Colonel answered gravely. "If you don't happen to fall in love and are disappointed in your old home, come to me. I do not know that I can supply you with love," smiling, "but I may have something for you, enough to keep you out of mischief, at any rate. You have my name and this is my station and address. I am glad to have met you, but I am indeed sorry to say good-bye."

"Not sorrier than I am, Colonel. I have a good many miles to go, yet, and I would have liked spending the time in your company. However, I am more than glad to have made your acquaintance, and if your doubts and predictions prove correct, I will certainly call on you. Good-bye."

Caldey stood in the door of the car and waved a farewell to the Colonel and watched him as he disappeared in the crowd. He returned to his section and tried to interest himself in a book, but his mind was on the homeland, and he could not read. He remained in this nervous, expectant state till he reached the little station in Ohio where he had been born. There had been no railroad there when he left home—he had had to drive seven miles to catch a train.

There was no one to meet him on his arrival, and no one knew him, despite his always looking eighteen. His father had sold the farm and moved to town, and he did not seem overjoyed to meet his son. Almost his first inquiry was in regard to what he intended doing. Caldey wandered about the place for a couple of dull, doleful weeks, and then he felt it imperative within him to go somewhere. Staying seemed unbearable. He felt full of something he wanted to tell, and there was no one to tell it to.

The Colonel's prediction seemed true; things had changed. He felt impelled to accept the Colonel's invitation—the Colonel invited confidence. He wired the Colonel he was coming, and was soon en route. The journey was soon over, and the Colonel met him at the train with a pair of splendid bays, and drove him out to his home.

"So things had changed," observed the Colonel, when they were speeding along the country road.

"Yes, they had, far more than I had imagined they could. Almost the first thing I did was to walk out to the farm. I passed over the bridge I told you of—well, it was so frail they had had to put extra braces under the spans. The river had dwindled down to what I used to call a brook and I began to fear the brook would only be a dry ditch bed. The meadow was in tobacco, and I couldn't find the brook—they had made an underground drain of it. The house and barn had been changed since father had moved to town. Father didn't seem very delighted to see me, but perhaps I expected too much. His wife was courteous to me, but there were two little children, and the favorite books of my boyhood had their backs off.

"The district school house where I had received my primary education was being used for a blacksmith shop, and a new two-story, brick high school occupied the site of the old one. Most of my old schoolmates were married, and had children, and they had begun to have that dullness that goes with a limited, routine life.

"I don't think I was ever so lonesome in my life as I was during those two weeks at home. Once I spent three months prospecting in the mountains of Mexico, with only my horse and dog for companions, but I felt crowded with company compared with the company of those two weeks.

"Well, I just felt compelled to move; I just had to go somewhere. I had your kind invitation in mind, so I decided to accept—and here I am," he finished with an unconscious sigh of relief.

"I am glad you came," said the Colonel heartily. "I have some work that I think you will like. I will tell you about that later.

This is my home, and I want you to feel entirely welcome," he said heartily, as he handed the team over to the man from the stables, and accompanied his guest toward the house.

"Mr. Caldey," said the Colonel, stopping before a young lady in a hammock, "this is my daughter—"

"Miss Alice Banner," Caldey interrupted, reading from a card he had drawn from his pocket. "I believe we have met before."

The Colonel smiled.

"Yes," said the daughter, rising to greet her father's guest, "by proxy. Papa told me of it, but I am very glad to meet you personally. I feel that I almost know you, since papa has talked so much about you."

"Thank you," said Caldey, bowing.

"The thanks must be ours—we are very dull here," she said, sitting down and motioning him to do likewise, while her father excused himself and went on to the house.

"Dull!" exclaimed Caldey incredulously, as he dropped into a seat beside her, "it seems impossible."

"Only wait—you'll see," she warned him.

"I shall be glad to," he answered gallantly, and she smiled.

This was the prelude to several weeks of the happiest life Caldey had ever known. A part of each day he and the Colonel pored over the details of some plans. The rest of the time was spent with Miss Alice; riding, walking, singing, talking, till all of life seemed only to be where she was, and nothing but a blank elsewhere.

They were sitting out under the trees one night when the air was soft and the moonbeams love-laden. He had been playing to her on his mandolin. His melodies were Spanish love songs he had picked up in South America.

"Did the senoritas teach you those songs?" she asked in an interval.

"Yes, I think so," he replied absently; his mind was not on the senoritas; he was thinking of a nearer, dearer maiden.

"Did they teach you to love, too?"

"No," he smiled lightly, "not they. I think that must have been a bit beyond them." Then, gravely: "Learning to love must have been difficult for me—I was so long in doing it. And yet, when I met the lady, it was very easy, for I fell in love at once."

"Tell me about it, won't you, please?" she asked, leaning back into the shadows.

"There isn't much to tell. To see her was to love her, and I saw and loved at once. It may seem unbelieveable, but the moment I saw her I knew she was the girl—the one woman for whom I had been hunting the whole world over. Perhaps that was because I had always dreamed that some day I would meet her and love her, and that she would love me. In all the places that I have been that were worth seeing, I have dreamed of her seeing them with me. I have dreamed of her blue eyes lighting up at the wonders of tropical America; and in my mind's eye I have seen her the envy of a hundred proud senoritas. Oh, I had many dreams of her; and I loved her in those dreams! When I met her the love of my dreams was but a shadow of the real love I had for her—this one woman whom I had learned to love."

"And she—did she not learn to love you?"

He leaned forward and took her hand in his. "It is you, dear," he said, and his voice was deep and vibrant; "did you not know?"

"Oh!" she gasped, "oh, I thought there was a woman—" she hesitated.

"Only you, dear. Won't you—can't you learn to love me, too?"

"Love you, love you! Why, boy, boy, could you not see that I was already jealous of that woman?"

Then a cloud drifted across the face of the moon—just as a high coiffure will sometimes get in the way during a love scene at the play.

A REVOLUTIONIST *in* PETTICOATS

By Edith Summers

MISS ELIZABETH," I said, looking her straight in the eyes, "I'm afraid that Josephine is going to elope tonight."

Miss Elizabeth gasped. "Elope!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear child, what put that idea into your head?"

"Well, Miss Elizabeth, I didn't altogether like to come and tell you, because it seemed as though I were being untrue to Josephine, and I don't want to be untrue to anybody; but I thought it all over, and decided that she ought to be saved from herself. One thing that made me hesitate very much was that in stories when they elope they're always in the right—and oppressed or something; but it really didn't seem to be that way with Josephine—and it worried me. Are there any stories where they're not in the right, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Some," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Well," said I, "I'm really very glad to hear it." And then I went on to tell her how Josephine had been getting letters from him ever since she came to the school, and how today she got a telegram, and how she was all restless and fidgety, and how I just *knew* it was coming. "And so I thought the best thing to do would be to come and tell you in strict confidence, and you could go and reason with her and get her to give it up, because she's so fond of you; and of course it would be dreadful if Dr. Lamb should hear of it. And it could be kept quiet, and nobody but us three would know a thing."

"Yes, Connie, you are quite right," said Miss Elizabeth. "I will look into it at once; and in the meantime you will be careful to say nothing about it to anyone."

"Oh, of course, Miss Elizabeth; I wouldn't for the world!"

Miss Elizabeth was Dr. Lamb's daughter, and had been lady principal since Mrs. Lamb died, three years ago. She was quite old,—about twenty-three (although that really isn't very old for a teacher)—but she was as pretty as she could be, with lovely dark gray eyes and real auburn hair and the *sweetest* mouth. All the girls simply adored her—they used to have real serious quarrels about who was to bring her her drinking-water at night, and who would walk to church beside her on Sunday morning, and all that sort of thing. Sometimes she didn't look very well, though; and I think she really worked too hard. She used to look very tired and pale and sad sometimes; and sometimes she was absent-minded and didn't seem to hear what you were saying to her. Josephine used to say that if she were in Miss Elizabeth's place, she'd be so sick of the girls that she'd wring their necks—hanging around her from early morning till bed-time; she said they were just like leeches. But Miss Elizabeth was too kind to hurt their feelings; and, besides, of course she was a teacher—and I once heard Dr. Lamb say that it should be a teacher's pride and joy to have her pupils love her and want to be with her always.

When I left Miss Elizabeth sitting at her desk correcting French exercises, and went back to the room that Josephine and I shared, I found her busy—packing her trunk, mind you! When I opened the door and saw her there, I all at once felt so mean about having gone and told Miss Elizabeth that I could have sunk through the floor—it seemed such an underhand thing to do. For a minute or two I just hated myself.

"I'm going away for a week—or more—Con, to visit a cousin of mine; but don't say anything to the other girls about my going. I'll tell you more about it later."

You should have seen the clothes she had out on the floor—simply stacks of them; and such lovely ones; and you should have seen the way she grabbed them up and rammed them into the trunk any old way. When I saw her just about to lay a pair of heavy walking-shoes on the top of a perfectly lovely summer hat, I couldn't stand it any longer, even if I was all flustered.

"Why, Josephine," I said, "what in the world are you doing that for?"

"What? Putting the shoes here? Why,

there doesn't seem to be any other place for them, and I don't care about the hat—never liked it on me. Let's try it on you."

The next moment she had the hat on my head and was standing off to view it.

"Why, you look fine in it; much better than I do. You keep it, there's a dear; or if you don't want it, put it in the wastebasket."

Then she went back to her packing, wilder and more reckless than ever; and all at once she began to laugh so loudly that I was sure Miss Perkins, who is on our hall, would hear her.

"Gee whizz!" she shrieked.

She used slang just like one's big brother. Of course all American girls use a great deal more slang than we Canadians.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing; only I'll fix that fat-headed, psalm-singing old hypocrite of a head-master, yet."

"Josephine," I said, "you're not speaking of Dr. Lamb!"

"Yes, Connie; he's the old boy I mean."

"But, Josephine, he's a minister; and if you'd only go to Christian Endeavor meeting like the rest of us you'd hear how beautifully he prays. And he used to be a missionary, too, before he started this seminary."

"God help the poor heathen! Why in the world didn't they eat him, 'hat and coat and hymn-book, too'? Think of what we should have been saved!"

"Josephine, that's blasphemous; I don't see *how* you can talk like that about sacred things."

"What! Do you call Dr. Lamb a sacred thing? You won't for long, Connie—for I'll make him into a profane one. Yes, sir—. I'll cause him to make cursory remarks yet."

"Josephine, I think it's *dreadful* of you to talk in that way—and you only sixteen, too."

"Well, Connie, I may be young; but I'm not so young as you by two long years; and I'm not so young but that I can see through that old guy. He's nothing but a lazy, pompous, hypocritical old good-for-nothing, ex-missionary or no ex-missionary; and he hates me because I'm not afraid of him. If it weren't that papa is paying such a lot of money for me here, he'd have packed me off home the second day. He calls himself head master, and gets all the glory; and all he does is to teach a little Bible history and say grace before meals and strut around and look important. And look at the way poor Miss Elizabeth works! Why, she's a slave; she's going night and day—teaching and overseeing and keeping the accounts and tending to all the girls' squabbles and complaints and things, and doing simply everything. I tell you she's a martyr; and if I were she I'd tell the old boy what I thought of him."

"Oh, but Josephine; he's her father!"

"Father, fiddlesticks! Does that mean that he's got a right to eat her up alive? If he doesn't know how to be a decent sort of father he hasn't got a right to expect anything of his children. It's just because you're so good and sweet and gentle, Connie, that you can't see any bad in other people. But it's there, Con, all right, all right, and the fact that they happen to be religious doesn't make them any better. I'm not finding any fault with religion, Connie, I'm finding fault with the way people like Dr. Lamb bring it down to their level. The old fool got the habit from his father and his grandfather before him, and he sticks to it just as he sticks to side whiskers and black broadcloth."

It was really no use talking to Josephine—she hadn't a bit of respect for anything: religion, family ties and duties—all the things that mean so much to most girls. And yet, you know, I couldn't help liking her; I just couldn't.

She was certainly an awful girl—in some ways—"A blasphemous infidel" I once heard Dr. Lamb say to Miss Waffles, the vocal teacher. And once when he found her playing ball in the stable yard with the janitor's son, on Sunday afternoon, when we're supposed to be in our rooms meditating, he told her that he trembled for her poor soul. Little she cared, though, about her soul.

I remember as well as anything the morning after she came. She came late at night, and none of us saw her till the morning; Miss Elizabeth had put her to sleep in the guest chamber. That morning a lot (I mean a number) of us were standing near the dining-room door, waiting for the breakfast-bell to ring, and Dr. Lamb and Miss Elizabeth were standing beside a window near by, talking in low tones. She came downstairs in a long Japanese kimono (we aren't allowed to wear dressing-gowns at breakfast), and she walked straight up to where Dr. Lamb and Miss Elizabeth were stand-

ing. Dr. Lamb turned and looked dreadfully shocked when he saw the way she was dressed, but she didn't give him a chance to say anything about it. "Dr. Lamb," she said, (she had an awfully loud clear voice; they say all those Americans have), "I don't know to whom I'm supposed to go with complaints, but what I want to say is that if I'm to sleep in the room that I slept in last night I want to have the mattress changed today; I couldn't possibly spend another night on a mattress as hard and lumpy as that one."

You should have seen Dr. Lamb's jaw drop; and his face got all apoplectic-looking. For about half a minute there wasn't a sound, and then someone behind me tittered. "Miss Lamb will assign you to a permanent room today, Miss Morton," he said, in the queerest sort of choking voice, as though he were trying to swallow something at the same time. And just then the breakfast-bell rang, and we all went in.

At breakfast she was put at the table where I sat, and of course we all stared at her. At least, we didn't exactly stare, for that would have been rude; but we all took looks at her whenever we thought she wouldn't be looking. She was the prettiest thing—and *so* stylish; *nobody* could deny that. She had great big dark hazel eyes and a cream-colored skin and dark-brown, wavy hair; and she had two of the biggest bows on it that anybody ever saw—a great deal bigger than Estelle Walters', who spent last winter in Buffalo, and came home with all the American styles. She had the sweetest turquoise brooch fastening her kimono in front, and a real diamond ring.

When the ham and eggs came on, Miss Waffles, the teacher at our table, asked her the usual question: "Will you have ham or an egg, Miss Morton?"

"I'll have a piece of ham and two eggs, please," she replied, just as cool and unconcerned as you please. Miss Waffles went a sort of brick-color all over; and, mind you, *she gave them to her*. When she had served us all and came to helping herself there was no egg left. Everyone of us was watching her out of the corners of our eyes to see what she would do, and the silence was *thick*. She got so nervous that she let the serving-fork fall onto the plate with an awful clatter. The only person who didn't seem flustered was Miss Morton. She looked up as calm as I am now, and when she saw that Miss Waffles hadn't any egg, she said, so loudly that you could hear her nearly all over the dining-room: "I wish you'd take this egg, Miss Waffles; I haven't touched it yet. If I'd known that there was only one apiece, I wouldn't have asked for two."

Miss Waffles looked so surprised I thought she was going to fall out of her chair; and it was all she could do to gasp out that she didn't in the least care for any.

Well, mind you, she wasn't satisfied with making all that fuss in one day, but that night at supper she just simply excelled herself. There was another minister visiting Dr. Lamb; he was going to address the Christian Endeavor Society that night in the chapel—on self-abnegation—and he had supper at the little private table where Dr. Lamb and his mother always sat.

We never had anything but bread and tea and stewed fruit for supper at the pupils' tables; but Dr. Lamb always has extra things. His mother, being old and feeble, needs them, you know. His table is close by ours, so we can always see what they have. That night they had cold roast chicken and salad and olives, and a great big layer cake with the loveliest-looking icing all over it. The new minister was quite a stout man—"fat and greasy" Josephine said afterwards—but of course she always makes fun of everything that other people respect.

Well, we were standing all ready at our places, and Dr. Lamb asked the visitor to say grace. This is what he said: "Dear Lord, we render Thee thanks for all these delicacies that we here see spread out before us. Teach us to accept of them with humble hearts and to render Thee all the glory. Amen."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Josephine just simply snorted out a great big "humph" that you could hear all over the dining-room; and the next second Miss Elizabeth, mind you, who was standing next her, fell over, chair and all, with the most awful clatter you ever heard. You see Josephine had just come to sit there for that meal because her own table of girls had been invited out to tea at the Sunday school superintendent's house. Josephine told me afterward that she hadn't intended to dig her so hard, anyway—she just wanted to give her a little nudge. But poor Miss

Elizabeth was so surprised and scared of something that she fell over.

Miss Morton had been assigned that day to share my room, because my roommate had gone home for good several days before. She was very friendly, and easy to get acquainted with, and she started calling me by my first name right away.

She stayed three months, and she was as independent the first day as the last; and all the time she kept getting those big fat letters. She never would tell me anything about him (she said I was too young) but I just knew from the look of the writing on the envelope that he was one of those big fine chaps that a girl just simply can't *help* liking.

Well, that last night Miss Elizabeth didn't have a chance to speak to Josephine about the elopement until after supper, and the Christian Endeavor meeting was to be immediately after, so she had to call her out before supper was over. This was something very unusual, because nobody is supposed to leave the table until everyone in the room is ready to go; then Miss Elizabeth gives the signal and we all rise. It really did seem awfully hard on Miss Elizabeth's nerves, because there are such a lot of us (over a hundred) and it is so hard to see all over the dining-room; and toward the end she would have to keep watching all the time and yet try to seem as though she were not; and we would all sit, trying to look reposeful, but secretly glancing around to see who was going to be last. Everybody used to get sort of tense and nervous, especially the ones who were afraid they might be the last.

Josephine told me that Miss Elizabeth had tried to get Dr. Lamb to give up the custom, and let each table go out as it finished; but Dr. Lamb said it wouldn't look well when visitors came.

That evening, instead of waiting till the end, Miss Elizabeth got up and made a little sign to Josephine to follow her, and left the dining-room. Dr. Lamb had to give the signal to rise, and he looked rather cross about having to do it, and he didn't look carefully enough, and gave it just when Miss Perkins, the drawing teacher, was taking a piece of bread. She put it down as though it had burnt her, and got red in the face, and all the girls at her table tittered.

Josephine was in bed that night by half-past nine, (the lights go out then) and so was I. I felt pretty certain that Miss Elizabeth had persuaded her to give it up; but I thought I'd just be on the safe side by staying awake. To tell you the real truth, I felt rather sorry that I'd told Miss Elizabeth, duty or no duty. It would have been so exciting and romantic to see a real elopement. As I lay there I began to hope deep down in my heart that she'd elope, after all.

All at once I heard a whistle—one, two, three—one of the kind that means something, you know (at least it always does in stories). My heart began to beat like a sledge-hammer. I lifted up my head cautiously, and looked toward Josephine's bed. She seemed to be perfectly quiet. I decided not to close my eyes for a second that night. Then I lay back and listened for the whistle again—but it didn't come. I listened and listened and listened, for what seemed like hours.

All at once I sat up in bed wide awake. It was bright daylight, and the sun was shining into the room. I got up and went over to Josephine's bed to speak to her. The bed was empty! Then I remembered! I looked for her clothes—they were all gone, too, and her comb and brush and all her toilet things. Her trunk was there all packed and locked. She had eloped; and I had fallen asleep and missed it all!

I threw on my dressing-gown and ran down the corridor to Miss Elizabeth's room. I knocked, but there was no reply. I knocked again. Then I tried the door. It opened and I peeped in; the room was empty. Then I recollected that Miss Elizabeth always got up at six o'clock and went downsatirs to look after things. I ran back to my room to dress. On the dresser, under my hair-brush, was a note that I had overlooked before. It was addressed to me in Josephine's big, scrawling hand. I unfolded it and read:

"Dear Connie: I'm off with Miss Elizabeth and her husband; they were married tonight. He's my cousin. She met him last vacation. Dr. L. wouldn't hear of it, because Miss Elizabeth was so useful to him; and, besides, my cousin's a wicked novelist, and hasn't much money. But he's a darling, Con; so I came here and persuaded her to elope. Come and visit me this vacation; they are going to be at our house part of the summer, I guess. Will write in a day or so and tell all about it. Good bye, dear old girl. J.

P. S. Give my love to the old boy.

It'll be vacation in a couple of weeks now. I haven't quite made up my mind yet whether to go and visit Josephine or not—but I rather think I shall.

ANNA'S LOVE LETTERS

By L. M. Montgomery

"ARE you going to answer Gilbert's letter tonight, Anna?" asked Alma Williams, standing in the pantry doorway, tall, fair and gray-eyed, with the sunset light coming down over the dark firs, through the window behind her and making a primrose nimbus around her shapely head.

Anna, dark, vivid and slender, was perched on the edge of the table, idly swinging her slippered foot at the cat's head. She smiled wickedly at Alma before replying.

"I am not going to answer it tonight or any other night," she said, twisting her full, red lips in a way that Alma had learned to dread. Mischief was ripening in Anna's brain when that twist was out.

"What do you mean?" asked Alma anxiously.

"Just what I say, dear," responded Anna, with deceptive meekness. "Poor Gilbert is gone, and I don't intend to bother my head about him any longer. He was amusing while he lasted; but of what use is a beau two thousand miles away, Alma?"

Alma was patient—outwardly. It was never of any avail to show impatience with Anna.

"Anna, you are talking foolishly. Of course you are going to answer his letter. You are as good as engaged to him. Wasn't that practically understood when he left?"

"No, no, dear," and Anna shook her sleek, black head with the air of explaining matters to an obtuse child. "*I* was the only one who understood. Gil *mis*understood. He thought that I would really wait for him until he should have made enough money to come home and pay off the mortgage. I let him think so, because I hated to hurt his little feelings. But now it's off with the old love and on with a new one for me."

"Anna, you cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Alma.

But she was afraid that Anna was in earnest. Anna had a wretched habit of being in earnest when she said flippant things.

"You don't mean that you are not going to write to Gilbert at all—after all you promised?"

Anna placed her elbows daintily on the top of the rocking chair, dropped her pointed chin in her hands and looked at Alma with black demure eyes.

"I — do — mean — just — that," she said slowly. "I never mean to marry Gilbert Murray. This is final, Alma, and you need not scold or coax, because it would be a waste of breath. Gilbert is safely out of the way, and now I am going to have a good time with a few other delightful men creatures in Exeter."

Anna nodded decisively, flashed a smile at Alma, picked up her cat and went out. At the door she turned and looked back with the big, black cat snuggled under her chin.

"If you think Gilbert will feel very badly over his letter not being answered, you might answer it yourself, Alma," she said teasingly. "There it is—" she took the letter from the pocket of her ruffled apron and threw it on a chair. "You may read it if you want to; it isn't really a love letter. I told Gilbert he wasn't to write silly letters. Come pussy, I'm going to get ready for prayer meeting. We've got a nice, new, young, good-looking minister in Exeter, pussy; and that makes prayer meeting *very* interesting."

Anna shut the door, her departing laugh rippling mockingly through the dusk. Alma picked up Gilbert Murray's letter and went to her room. She wanted to cry, since she could not shake Anna. Even if she could have shook her, it would only have made her more perverse. Anna was in earnest; Alma knew that, even while she hoped and believed that it was but the earnestness of a freak that would pass in time. Anna had had one like it a year ago, when she had cast Gilbert off for three months, driving him distracted by flirting with Charlie Moore. Then she had suddenly repented and taken him back. Alma thought that this whim would run its course likewise and leave a

repentant Anna. But, meanwhile, everything might be spoiled. Gilbert might not prove forgiving a second time.

Alma would have given much if she could only have induced Anna to answer Gilbert's letter; but coaxing Anna to do anything was a very sure and effective way of preventing her from doing it.

Alma and Anna had lived alone at the old Williams homestead ever since their mother's death four years before. Exeter matrons thought this hardly proper, since Alma, in spite of her grave ways, was only twenty-four. The farm was rented, so that Alma's only responsibilities were the post office which she kept, and that harum-scarum beauty of an Anna.

The Murray homestead adjoined theirs. Gilbert Murray had grown up with Alma; they had been friends ever since she could remember. Alma loved Gilbert with a love which she herself believed to be purely sisterly, and which nobody else doubted could be, since she had been at pains to make a match—Exeter matrons' phrasing—between Gil and Anna, and was manifestly delighted when Gilbert obligingly fell in love with the latter.

There was a small mortgage on the Murray place which Mr. Murray senior had not been able to pay off. Gilbert determined to get rid of it, and his thoughts turned to the West. His father was an active, hale old man, quite capable of managing the farm in Gilbert's absence. Alexander MacNair had gone to the West two years previously and got work on a new railroad. He wrote to Gilbert to come too, promising him plenty of work and good pay. Gilbert went; but before going he had asked Anna to marry him.

It was the first proposal Anna had ever had, and she managed it quite cleverly from her standpoint. She told Gilbert that he must wait until he came home again before settling that; meanwhile, they would be *very* good friends—emphasized with a blush—and that he might write to her. She kissed him good-bye, and Gilbert, honest fellow, was quite satisfied. When an Exeter girl had allowed so much to be inferred, it was understood to be equivalent to an engagement. Gilbert had never discerned that Anna was not like the other Exeter girls, but was a law unto herself.

Alma sat down by her window and looked out over the lane where the slim, wild cherry trees were bronzing under the autumn frosts. Her lips were very firmly set. Something must be done. But what?

Alma's heart was set on this marriage for two reasons. Firstly, if Anna married Gilbert she would be near her all her life. She could not bear the thought that some day Anna might leave her and go far away to live. In the second and largest place, she desired the marriage because Gilbert did. She had always been desirous, even in the old, childish play-days, that Gilbert should get just exactly what he wanted. She had always taken a keen, strange delight in furthering his wishes. Anna's falseness would surely break his heart, and Alma winced at the thought of his pain.

There was one thing she could do. Anna's tormenting suggestion had fallen on fertile soil. Alma balanced pros and cons, admitting the risk. But she would have taken a ten-fold larger risk in the hope of holding secure Anna's place in Gilbert's affections until Anna herself should come to her senses.

When it grew quite dark and Anna had gone lilting down the lane on her way to prayer meeting, Alma lighted her lamp, read Gilbert's letter—and answered it. Her handwriting was much like Anna's. She signed the letter "A. Williams," and there was nothing in it that might not have been written by her to Gilbert; but she knew that Gilbert would believe Anna had written it, and she intended him so to believe. Alma never did a thing half-way when she did it at all. At first she wrote rather constrainedly, but, reflecting that in any case Anna would have written a merely friendly letter, she allowed her thoughts to run freely, and the resulting epistle was an excellent one of its kind. Alma had the gift of expression and more brains than Exeter people had ever imagined she possessed. When Gilbert read that letter a fortnight later he was surprised to find that Anna was so clever. He had always, with a secret regret, thought her much inferior to Alma in this respect; but that delightful letter, witty, wise, fanciful, was the letter of a clever woman.

When a year had passed Alma was still writing to Gilbert the letters signed "A. Williams." She had ceased to fear being found out, and she took a strange pleasure in the correspondence for its own sake. At first she

had been quakingly afraid of discovery. When she smuggled the letters addressed in Gilbert's handwriting to Miss Anna Williams out of the letter packet and hid them from Anna's eyes, she felt as guilty as if she were breaking all the laws of the land at once. To be sure, she knew that she would have to confess to Anna some day, when the latter repented and began to wish she had written to Gilbert, but that was a very different thing from premature disclosure.

But Anna had as yet given no sign of such repentance, although Alma looked for it anxiously. Anna was having the time of her life. She was the acknowledged beauty of five settlements, and she went forward on her career of conquest quite undisturbed by the jealousies and heart-burnings she provoked on every side.

One moonlight night she went for a sleigh-drive with Charlie Moore of East Exeter—and returned to tell Alma that they were married!

"I knew you would make a fuss, Alma, because you don't like Charlie; so we just took matters into our own hands. It was so much more romantic, too. I'd always said I'd never be married in any of your dull, commonplace ways. You might as well forgive me and be nice right off, Alma, because you'd have to do it, anyway, in time. Well, you do look surprised!"

Alma accepted the situation with an apathy that amazed Anna. The truth was that Alma was stunned by a thought that had come to her even while Anna was speaking.

"Gilbert will find out about the letters now, and despise me."

Nothing else, not even the fact that Anna had married shiftless Charlie Moore, seemed worth while considering beside this. The fear and shame of it haunted her like a nightmare; she shrank every morning from the thought of all the mail that was coming that day, fearing that there would be an angry, puzzled letter from Gilbert. He must certainly soon hear of Anna's marriage; he would see it in the home paper; other correspondents in Exeter would write him of it. Alma grew sick at heart thinking of the complications in front of her.

When Gilbert's letter came she left it for a whole day before she could summon courage to open it. But it was a harmless epistle, after all; he had not yet heard of Anna's marriage. Alma had at first no thought of answering it, yet her fingers ached to do so. Now that Anna was gone, her loneliness was unbearable. She realized how much Gilbert's letters had meant to her, even when written to another woman. She could bear her life well enough, she thought, if she only had his letters to look forward to.

No more letters came from Gilbert for six weeks. Then came one, alarmed at Anna's silence, anxiously asking the reason for it. Gilbert had heard no word of the marriage. He was working in a remote district where newspapers seldom penetrated. He had no other correspondent in Exeter now except his mother, and she, not knowing that he supposed himself engaged to Anna, had forgotten to mention it.

Alma answered that letter. She told herself recklessly that she would keep on writing to him until he found out. She would lose his friendship, anyhow, when that occurred, but, meanwhile, she would have the letters a little longer. She could not learn to live without them until she had to.

The correspondence slipped back into its old groove. The harassed look which Alma's face had worn, and which Exeter people had attributed to worry over Anna, disappeared. She did not even feel lonely and reproached herself for lack of proper feeling in missing Anna so little. Besides, to her horror and dismay, she detected in herself a strange undercurrent of relief at the thought that Gilbert could never marry Anna now! She could not understand it. Had not that marriage been her dearest wish for years? Why, then, should she feel this strange gladness at the impossibility of its fulfilment? Altogether, Alma feared that her condition of mind and morals must be sadly askew. Perhaps, she thought mournfully, this perversion of proper feeling was her punishment for the deception she had practiced. She had deliberately done evil that good might come, and now the very imaginations of her heart were tainted by that evil. Alma cried herself to sleep many a night in her repentance; but she kept on writing to Gilbert, for all that.

The winter passed, and the spring and summer waned, and Alma's outward life flowed as smoothly as the currents of the seasons, broken only by vivid eruptions from Anna, who came over often from East Exe-

ter, glorying in her young matronhood, "to cheer Alma up." Alma, so said Exeter people, was becoming unsociable and old maidish. She lost her liking for company, and seldom went anywhere among her neighbors. Her once frequent visits across the yard to chat with old Mrs. Murray became few and far between. She could not bear to hear the old lady talking about Gilbert; and she was afraid that some day she would be told that he was coming home. Gilbert's home-coming was the nightmare dread that darkened poor Alma's whole horizon.

One October day, two years after Gilbert's departure, Alma, standing at her window in the reflected glow of a red maple outside, looked down the lane and saw him striding up it! She had had no warning of his coming. His last letter, dated three weeks back, had not hinted at it. Yet there he was—and with him Alma's Nemesis.

She was very calm. Now that the worst had come, she felt quite strong to meet it. She would tell Gilbert the truth, and he would go away in anger, and never forgive her; but she deserved it. As she went downstairs, the only thing that really worried her was the thought of the pain Gilbert would suffer when she told him of Anna's faithlessness. She had seen his face as he passed under her window, and it was the face of a blithe man who had not heard any evil tidings. It was left to her to tell him; surely, she thought apathetically, that was punishment enough for what she had done.

With her hand on the door-knob, she paused to wonder what she should say when he asked her why she had not told him of Anna's marriage when it occurred—why she had still continued the deception when it had no longer an end to serve. Well, she would tell him the truth—that it was because she could not bear the thought of giving up writing to him. It was a humiliating thing to confess, but that did not matter—nothing mattered now. She opened the door.

Gilbert was standing on the big round door-stone under the red maple—a tall, handsome young fellow with a bronzed face and laughing eyes. His exile had improved him. Alma found time and ability to reflect that she had never known Gilbert was so fine-looking.

He put his arm around her and kissed her cheek in his frank delight at seeing her again. Alma coldly asked him in. Her face was still as pale as when she came downstairs, but a curious little spot of fiery red blossomed out where Gilbert's lips had touched it.

Gilbert followed her into the sitting-room, and looked about eagerly.

"When did you come home?" she said slowly. "I did not know you were expected."

"Got homesick, and just came! I wanted to surprise you all," he answered, laughing. "I arrived only a few minutes ago. Just took time to hug my mother, and here I am. Where's Anna?"

The pent-up retribution of two years descended on Alma's head in the last question of Gilbert's. But she did not flinch. She stood straight before him, tall and fair and pale, with the red maple light streaming in through the open door behind her, staining her light house dress and mellowing the golden sheen of her hair. Gilbert reflected that Alma Williams was really a very handsome girl. These two years had improved her. What splendid big gray eyes she had! He had always wished that Anna's eyes had not been quite so black.

"Anna is not here," said Alma. "She is married."

"Married!"

Gilbert sat down suddenly on a chair and looked at Alma in bewilderment.

"She has been married for a year," said Alma steadily. "She married Charlie Moore of East Exeter, and has been living there ever since."

"Then," said Gilbert, laying hold of the one solid fact that loomed out of the mist of his confused understanding, "why did she keep on writing letters to me after she was married?"

"She never wrote to you at all. It was I that wrote the letters."

Gilbert looked at Alma doubtfully. Was she crazy? There was something odd about her, now that he noticed, as she stood rigidly there, with that queer red spot on her face, a strange fire in her eyes, and that weird reflection from the maple enveloping her like an immaterial flame.

"I don't understand," he said helplessly.

Still standing there, Alma told the whole story, giving full explanations, but no excuses. She told it clearly and simply, for she had often pictured this scene to herself and thought out what she must say. Her memory

worked automatically, and her tongue obeyed it promptly. To herself she seemed like a machine, talking mechanically, while her soul stood on one side and listened.

When she had finished there was a silence lasting perhaps ten seconds. To Alma it seemed like hours. Would Gilbert overwhelm her with angry reproaches, or would he simply rise up and leave her in unutterable contempt? It was the most tragic moment of her life, and her whole personality was strung up to meet it and withstand it.

"Well, they were good letters, anyhow," said Gilbert, finally; "interesting letters," he added, as if by way of a meditative afterthought.

It was so anti-climacteric that Alma broke into an hysterical giggle, cut short by a sob. She dropped into a chair by the table and flung her hands over her face, laughing and sobbing softly to herself. Gilbert rose and walked to the door where he stood with his back to her until she regained her self-control. Then he turned and looked down at her quizzically.

Alma's hands lay limply in her lap, and her eyes were cast down, with tears glistening on the long fair lashes. She felt his gaze on her.

"Can you ever forgive me, Gilbert?" she said humbly.

"I don't know that there is much to forgive," he answered. "I have some explanations to make, too, and, since we're at it, we might as well get them all over and have done with them. Two years ago, I did honestly think I was in love with Anna—at least when I was round where she was. She had a taking way with her. But, somehow, even then, when I wasn't with her she seemed to kind of grow dim and not count for so awful much after all. I used to wish she was more like you—quieter, you know, and not so sparkling. When I parted from her that last night before I went West, I did feel very bad, and she seemed very dear to me; but it was six weeks from that before her—your—letter came, and in that time she seemed to have faded out of my thoughts. Honestly, I wasn't thinking much about her at all. Then came the letter—and it was a splendid one, too. I had never thought that Anna could write a letter like that, and I was as pleased as Punch about it. The letters kept coming, and I kept on looking for them more and more all the time. I fell in love all over again—with the writer of those letters. I thought it was Anna, but since you wrote the letters, it must have been with you, Alma. I thought it was because she was growing more womanly that she could write such letters. That was why I came home. I wanted to get acquainted all over again, before she grew beyond me altogether—I wanted to find the real Anna the letters showed me. I—I—didn't expect this. But I don't care if Anna is married, so long as the girl who wrote those letters isn't. It's you I love, Alma."

He bent down and put his arm about her, laying his cheek against hers. The little red spot where his kiss had fallen was now quite drowned out in the color that rushed over her face.

"If you'll marry me, Alma, I'll forgive you," he said.

A little smile escaped from the duress of Alma's lips and twitched her dimples.

"I'm willing to do anything that will win your forgiveness, Gilbert," she said meekly

THE WRATH OF KWONG GOON

By Sarah Comstock

ALL Tuesday evening old Chin Gok squatted, yellow, shrunken, gnome-like, and chanted squealing songs. At the midnight that parted a forgotten day from the remembered one, he pushed aside the butterfly piano and hung the moon guitar and the snake-skin banjo upon the wall. Along the street passage died the footsteps of tourists.

"Bring no more visitors tonight," he said to Stuff-'Em Bill, one of the guides, who lingered. "Silver has tinkled from the white devils' pockets in time with my melodies. We both have enough. My share will enable my beloved to feast on the morrow. She shall have varnished pig and steamed li-chi nuts and golden rice cakes stamped red with wishes."

Bill smiled. "Poor old Chin," he said to himself. "He's smart in other ways, all right, but he's cracked on that subject, sure." Bill received his commission for leading Chinatown sight-seers to the old musician's cellar, said good-night, and departed. Chin Gok felt his way to the door and bolted it. He stood hushed, a finger on his lips.

"Wait!" he whispered, apparently to no one. "Neighbors are still stirring."

Bill's footsteps clattered and vanished. The far-off cry of a child rose and fell away. A passing hurry of soft shoes came near and faded. For minutes after it became still Chin Gok waited, listening keenly. Then he moved toward a bunk. "Patience!" he murmured, and stopped again, fancying a knock. Then, as it proved to be nothing, he pressed a secret spring to which his acute sense of touch led him, and the entire front wall of the bunk fell forward. A worn, unkempt Chinaman appeared beneath it, cramped into a hard knot.

"Even young legs may grow weary," Chin Gok said, laughing softly at the fellow's smothered groans of relief as he proceeded to crawl out.

"Must I make off now?"

"Haste is imperative. One moment—you are nearly starved, my poor friend. Store this in your blouse." Chin Gok gave the man a paste ball filled with shrimps.

"You must be silent as darkness," he warned the man. "The hostile tong always listens. I will send my beloved to guide you. Come, beautiful one!"

He drew aside a portière; there was a soft stir, and the beauty appeared at the door-board. She paused a moment, sniffed it, leaped lightly over it. She was as lithe as grass, as black as the glossy teak-wood. Her back arched with affectionate pleasure as her master's hand passed over it.

"Now hasten, beautiful Night! Lead this man as you would lead me, down the long passage of mystery until he can make his escape. Friend, may the gods preserve you from our common enemy."

The man hesitated, puzzled. "Am I to follow the cat?" he saked.

"She alone can guide. Long ago, when I constructed my wonderful tunnel, I taught her its secrets. It was fortunate for me that I did so; now, since the gods have sent blindness upon me, I myself cannot trace the path and no one else knows it. My sense of touch is well-trained, but the intricacies of the passage demand the keenest sight as well."

"Then I am to depend upon the cat?"

"You can trust her. Farewell. Take the cord of red silk that hangs at her neck. She will lead."

When the man took the cord, the great cat started off, trotting ahead like a dog. The padded patter of her feet was scarcely softer than the sound of the frightened man's footsteps. Together the two vanished into the intricate passage through which none but the faithful members of Chin Gok's tong had ever passed.

It was a strange experience for the man. Through dimness that often became blackness he followed the lead of the cord. It drew him around curves, up steps, down again, back almost upon his tracks. He

followed, stumbling. Ever and anon he would reach a solid wall, and fancy that he was caught and imprisoned in the bowels of the earth; suddenly the very wall would become an open doorway as the cat pushed her nose against its hidden catch.

At last Chin Gok's quick ears caught the sound of returning paws.

"You are here again, my beauty!" The cat rubbed gently against her master's trousers.

"Now we are alone, and the war of tongs may be forgotten. I have profited well tonight. Tomorrow you shall stroll with me through Dupont Street, and select whatever pleases your fancy. Smoked fish grown savory through many moons shall be yours. And jewels? Will you wear one more token of my affection, or are they already too heavy?"

As if she followed his words, the immense cat lifted her graceful tail with an indolent, vain gesture, letting it fall as a woman lets fall an arm weighted with the splendor of bracelets. What a sight it presented!

From base almost to tip it was encircled by a succession of precious rings—finger-bands of Chinese gold, so pure that it was deep yellow and pliant. Some of the rings were set with pieces of green jade, others with exquisitely-tinted rose crystal, with amethysts, with uncut pearls. Some were adorned with only the chiselling of the gold itself, work over which near-sighted jewelers had pored, peering through thick spectacles at the infinitesimal dragon scales they were carving. One in the form of a fish, its minute scales cunningly wrought from versicolor metals. And one, precious above all others, clasped between its dragon's claws a flawless, priceless bit of milk-white jade.

Chin Gok caressed the weighted tail with pride. "Let merchants waste their wealth upon bound-foot beauties. The money is gone in a puff of time, and no gratitude lingers. But you, my Night, you are faithful."

For as much as an hour the comrades feasted and played together. Refreshed by a meal of shrimps, the cat frolicked with a handful of beans that Chin Gok had purloined for her from a fan-tan table.

Suddenly there came a low, distinct rap. The old man went to the door.

"Who is there?"

"I—Quong Hing. Let me in quickly!"

Chin Gok slid back the bolt and admitted the man, who was panting.

"Chin Gok!" he whispered excitedly. "The hostile tong has learned that our friend escaped by your aid!"

The old man pushed forward a stool and spoke quietly. "Rest from your running, Quong."

"Rest! Of what are you thinking, O aged and honored one? I must take you to some place of safety at once!"

The old man laughed. "Where would you make me safer than I am here in my own cellar, with my cat ever ready to lead me down the secret passage of escape?"

"But you are old and blind, Chin Gok, and our enemies desire your life! Their prey has escaped, owing to your loyalty in hiding and assisting him, and only you are left for them to wreck their vengeance upon. They will not delay to accomplish their end."

"But how can they reach me?" The old man smiled as at a child's alarms.

"They have their tricks as well as we, and they know much of your habits. They have always hated you, knowing that no one has successfully concealed so many of their chosen victims as have you—no passage has given escape to so many of our tong as has this wonderful maze of yours. And now the climax of their wrath is reached. I have discovered that Chou Nun vows to have your life, and, by way of indemnity, the jewels that you have lavished upon your pet."

"What is to come will come, Quong. A hatchet stroke—a pistol shot—"

"The enemy has no honor. It strikes in the dark."

The old man smiled. "The most honorable enemy must needs slay *me* in the dark," he said. "But," he added, "for the sake of my pet, I would that my life might be spared as long as the gods see fit." He stroked the cat. Quong felt himself dismissed.

"Let me remain with you," he urged, however.

"No; go. I would be alone. Fear no evil for me." Quong went reluctantly.

Once, while making ready to retire, Chin Gok paused at a half-heard noise. The cat pricked up her ears and went toward

the door, her nostrils making quick little dilatations of curiosity. It seemed as if a muffled cry fell from the darkness.

"Go to bed now; it was only a fancied sound."

With her nose smothered in the fur of her breast, the Night fell asleep in the room beyond the portière. Her long, be-ringed tail lay gracefully upon her body, the green and rose of many stones shining upon her blackness.

Chin Gok stretched himself in his bunk, his head upon a block pillow. "Tomorrow she shall have a duck from the earnings," lulled him to sweet slumber, "a duck and cakes—and now, with past savings, there is enough for a new pearl—if her tail will bear further weight—" his thoughts drifted upon pearl-capped waves of gold. He slept.

Unharmed, he knew nothing of the swift drama that had passed. At the entrance to his cellar one had been slain by a guard whom Quong Hing had placed there to watch over the old musician. Chou Nun, a powerful member of the enraged hostile tong, had promptly attempted to reach Chin Gok through an agent, who had as promptly met his death.

"Chin Gok is safe now," Quong Hing said. "What a blessing! We could ill spare him. He is a strange old man; although mad upon the one subject, his devotion to the cat, he is as sane as a sage otherwise, and one of the most potent members of our organization." He started to go away.

"After all, though," he said, turning back, "it may be as well for you to remain on duty until morning."

"I will not leave," the guard replied. And Chou Nun, lurking, stole away disappointed.

* * *

As if by a rude hand, the block was struck from under Chin Gok's head. He wakened in the city of terror. The rumbling of earth, the crashing of timbers, the clattering thousands of mallet-like Chinese tongues deafened him. The ground beneath him reeled. Kwong Goon, most terrible among the gods, was come to seize the faithless.

Chin Gok felt his way toward the room beyond the portière. As he put out his hand to reach its doorway, there was a crashing, a rending—the doorway was suddenly obstructed—the walls of the room where the cat slept fell like the tumbling cards built up in a game. The chamber of the beauty was wreckage.

"My pet! My Night!" he cried.

"Me-ow-ow!" replied heart-rending accents.

"Hasten, Chin Gok! The wrath of the joss descends. He wrecks vengeance because we sacrificed so few ducks at his last feast!" A man snatched his sleeve and tried to drag him along.

Another cried, "I will help you to escape, aged Chin Gok!"

If he had gone then, when, with friendly offers, the fugitives paused in their flight through underground ways! But, though he trembled from age and fear, he shook his head.

"My Night," he said.

"Fool," grunted one, and fled on.

While the earth quivered beneath him; while loosened timbers fell about him, he worked. All was blackness to him, in spite of the night lamp which miraculously still burned. He could only pry at random, led by the mews. He pushed aside board after board. The fearful minutes hurtled by. His arms shook.

One thrown board after another gave way before his onslaught. He knew that there was little chance of his ever finding his way to the cat. But at last there was a sharp, relieved cry—to his shoulder came a leap like a cast ray of the darkness itself—

"Beautiful one! Ah, my Night!"

He dropped the pole with which he had been working, and paused to recover his strength. The cat clung to his shoulder, gripping his blouse with her claws.

"We must hurry away now," he said.

A shower of bricks crashed from somewhere at his feet. A man shouted, "Hasten your slow and ancient feet. Kwong Goon, having played a game of ball with the earth, now speaks his scorn in words of flame."

Chin Gok set out to find the street outlet, his cat under his arm.

But he had delayed too long. Through the night in day outside swift feet sped toward his cellar. Chou Nun saw his chance now. Before dawn he had despaired of snatching Chin Gok's life. His agent had been slain in the attempt. He had then planned an attack of his own; but he had

crept away, disappointed, when the guard had, after all, remained. Then the strange dawn of that Wednesday broke, and Chinatown was chaos. Crippled, bound-foot women stumbled up from cellars, shrieking. Men ran wildly, children huddled. There was a screeching as of pigs, a chattering as of monkeys, a mad scurry of white soles, a rushing of blouse-clad figures, as if a thousand *Fee Guees were descending in raid.

"Protect and aid me by thy very wrath, O Kwong Goon!" Chou Nun cried to the joss. "I will risk my own life for the sake of vengeance. Under cover of the chaos will I reach the aged Chin Gok, powerful enemy of our tong. He shall not escape me now."

Around him was panic. Through the confusion he slipped unhindered. He had but one purpose: that was to destroy Chin Gok.

"There will be no guard to stop me now," he thought.

But the guard was standing where he had been posted. Too much frightened to enter the tumbling building and rescue the old man, he was also afriaid to run away.

"You shall not enter," he said to Chou Nun, with a faint show of bravery.

Chou laughed. "Like this I enter," he said, and struck the pistol from the man's shaking hand.

The guard sprang up at him. There was a sharp struggle. A long, agonized moan from the earth broke in upon it, and timbers overhead groaned in response. A door fell as if smitten by a giant fist; at its crash, the guard fell.

Chou Nun entered. "Nothing intervenes but a few steps now," he said. "If only the falling walls do not check me." He hurried. There was a lamp's gleam ahead; a turn of the narrow hall, and he came upon Chin Gok.

"Do you know my voice, old man?"

"Yes, I know you. You are the enemy of our tong. This is a time for hostile tongs to pray to one joss." The old man groped for the exit.

"This is a time for the joss to aid a tong in the settling of old accounts." He stepped in Chin's way. "I am intercepting you; no need to grope for the path," he said.

The old man trembled, but his calm never wavered. "So," he said, "you bring your weapon to my cellar to slay me here."

Chou Nun smiled. "No, Chin Gok. I have brought neither pistol nor hatchet to slay you. I have another way. It pleases me better. I have a sense of humor, Chin Gok. It amuses me to make you the victim of your own ingenious device."

He paused, enjoying the old man's bewilderment. Plaster fell.

"I must not delay," he went on. "I will explain briefly. A hatchet is too simple, too crude to satisfy me. So I cut off the street exit—so." He jerked a loosened door casing. The exit was hopelessly blocked at once. "Now there is but one avenue of escape—your own marvelous passage, the labor of years. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"And one way only of penetrating that passage of mystery: guided by the cat. Is it not so?"

"Exactly. Now you see the situation. We are here, you and I, entirely dependent upon that animal—I, not knowing the passage, you, not seeing. My purpose is merely this—the cat shall lead *me*. *You* shall remain behind." He snatched the cat from the old man's arm. "She is indeed a treasure," he added. "Long have I coveted the jewels of this tail."

As Chin Gok grasped the whole of Chou's carefully wrought plan it left him stricken. No blow was to fall, then, no battle to be fought; he was merely to be left behind, prisoner of his own ingenuity, to await the final blow of Kwong Goon. The street exit was cut off, the tunnel was as useless to him without the cat's eyes as to one who had never known its intricacies. Here, immured in his own home, he was to await death.

"Joss! Be merciful!" he groaned.

But as Chou Nun, possessing himself of the silken cord, pushed the cat toward the tunnel, the creature halted stubbornly. "Go—lead!" the man cried, but she stood still. Chin Gok had not anticipated her refusal to guide the enemy; it seemed like human intelligence. Of a sudden Chou's endurance gave way, and he struck her. With a snarl and a spring, she was upon his breast, her claws at his throat.

There in the underground dimness, while the earth heaved beneath them; while stones and timbers hurtled above them, the man and the cat fought. Her bared white claws were hooked into his flesh; her teeth were

* Fee Guee, Fat Devil—the name given the famous police sergeant who once became the terror of San Francisco's Chinatown.

gleaming like a tiger's. The yellow of her eyes had disappeared; they were black and burning. At times she would throw back her head and breathe forth her rage in a hiss; then she would fall upon her enemy again.

"Mercy, Chin Gok; command the creature to let go her hold!"

Chou struggled vainly. He could not remove the cat. The more he pushed her away, the more firmly the hooked claws fastened upon his flesh. Her long teeth seized his neck. His screams merged with those of the terrified people's outside.

"She will kill me!"

He struggled again to dislodge the beast, and failed. Then he ceased to beat at her, and reached into his blouse, taking out a small knife. He drew back his arm, the steel flashed; but a thought stopped him before the knife fell. He did not know the secrets of the passage. If he slew the cat there would be no means of escape left!

"I must wound her only enough to make her let go," another thought responded instantly. "Then I can surely compel her to lead me out." The knife fell.

With an enraged cry, the cat, although but slightly wounded, fell away. There was an instant's pause in which he might have grasped the cord—but the gems flashed—"I must make sure of not losing them." Greedy, he fell upon them. Then he made a snatch at the cord—it slipped through his hand as the creature ran to her master. The old man seized the cord—she started for the passage A horror came upon Chou Nun—was he to be left in the trap he had planned for his enemy? He followed, caught Chin Gok's blouse, in the hurry dropping a ring.

Even in that moment his greed was not forgotten. Relaxing his clutch for an instant, he stooped to pick up the gem, and reached back for it. The blouse was tweaked sharply away. He tried to follow, groping. There was a short turn in the tunnel—Chou stood alone in blackness, a blank wall confronting him. The old man and his cat were gone. Minutes later Chou realized that he held, securely grasped, a handful of precious rings, the long-desired treasure—that was in the all-seeing moment when the wrath of Kwong Goon fell.

* * *

"I have tried in every way to reach you, most honored friend," Quong Hing said outside, at Chin's elbow. "My fish basket awaits you." He stooped, the pole across his strong shoulders. The basket at one end of the pole contained a few household goods; in the other one a little gnome-like man now curled. Against him snuggled a cat. Quong set off at a trot, the baskets swinging.

As they traveled there came a moment of dire discovery to Chin Gok. But the cat purred.

"Mourn not," he fancied she whispered. "Of small account to me are jewels. And because of them your enemy is vanquished. Together we now enter a green spot—a safe harbor."

BLESSED LITTLE MOTHER

SMILING at the children,
Round thy knees,
Busy little mother
Shelling peas.

Fragrance of June roses,
Rich and rare;
Finest of bird concerts
Thrill the air.

Far away seem winter's
Ice and snow;
God's own summer nearer
With its glow.

Willing hands so busy
All the day,
Loyal heart that bravely
Seems so gay

Just to keep the shadows
Out of sight
So that loved ones round thee
Walk in light.

Close to Mother Nature
Leans thy ear;
Sweetest of her secrets
Thou dost hear.

Full of loving service,
Faithful, sweet;
Smoothing the rough path for
Tender feet.

E. D. Williamson

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE I THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIOI TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

—

A SPECTACLE CURE

By Paul Suter, Cleveland, Ohio

If your spectacles "sweat" in summer or cloud in winter, coat the lenses very lightly with toilet soap. Wipe off the soap with a dry silk handkerchief or a piece of tissue paper, rubbing until the glasses are once more clear and bright. This treatment will prevent the inconvenience referred to, and will not need to be renewed for several days.

—

TOMATO CATSUP WISDOM

By K. W., Knoxville, Iowa

Cook sound ripe tomatoes thoroughly. Put through sieve to get rid of skins and seeds. Pour this pulp into jelly bag, allowing it to drip until of the consistency of catsup, then return to kettle, season, bring to boiling point and bottle. By this method you will have a delicious red catsup with the rea tomato flavor, which is killed by the usual hours of boiling down.

The juice which ran through the jelly bag is excellent for baked beans, macaroni and fish, if boiled up once, salted and put in air-tight jars.

INDIAN WASH FOR THE HAIR

By Mrs. A. B. Smith, Manassa, Colo.

In my travels in Arizona I learned from the Moqui Indians the value of soap root as a hair wash. Most all the women of that tribe have beautiful hair, but they keep it platted and knotted in such a fashion that one hardly ever sees the full length or thickness of it. One morning some of them came to our camp; one of the young girls had just washed her hair and had it covered carefully with a clean blanket, while it hung loosely down her back to dry. We could see her hair hanging two or three inches below the blanket, down to her heels, and we asked her to let us see it. I never saw such a growth of hair on anyone's head—so glossy, clean and beautiful that we asked her what she used as a wash for it. She told us to go and dig a handful of soap-root, and pound it good between two clean rocks. Take out all the black outside peel that covers the root, and which comes off readily when bruised; then put this root (the white inside part) into a pail of clean tepid water and let soak fifteen or twenty minutes or until you are ready to wash your hair. Take your hand and shake, rinse and squeeze this pounded root, and you will find the water will froth as if using ordinary soap. Strain through a strainer to take out the fibers, and it is ready for use. Wash and rub the scalp as usual then rinse in clean tepid water, and you will be surprised how clean, glossy and beautiful the hair will be. You never see dandruff where this method is followed.

This same root fixed the same way will wash all kinds of black goods most successfully, and cleans without the use of other soap. It grows almost everywhere in the Western States, but very few seem to know its real value.

—

TO BOIL MILK

By Mrs. W. B. DeLacy, New York City

Before putting milk into a sauce-pan, boil rapidly a few spoonfuls of water (just enough to cover the bottom of the pan), and the milk will never burn, however fierce the fire.

LACE CURTAINS

An easy way to "do up" lace curtains:—After the usual way of washing and boiling, lay a blanket on the floor in some empty room, spread the curtains on this (stretching them carefully) and they will keep their place without any further fastening until dried.

—

FOR SHOES THAT TIRE

By Mrs. A. F. Wilson, New Hampshire

When boots and shoes are rough and uneven inside of them, cut some inner-soles from table or shelf oilcloth, slide these into shoe, having the oil side next the shoe-sole, cutting them to just a right fit. The warmth of the foot will cause these inner-soles to stick firmly to shoe, and leaves a nice smooth surface next the foot.

—

TO RELIEVE CHOKING

By Mrs. Ernest Fellows, Syracuse, N. Y.

To relieve choking break an egg in a cup and give to the distressed one to swallow. The white of the egg seems to catch around the obstacle and remove it. If one egg does not answer the purpose, try another. The white is all that is necessary to use.

—

TO REMOVE GRASS STAINS

By Mrs. N. S. Sabin, Johnson City, Tenn.

By applying alcohol to the spots and rubbing well, the stains will disappear.

MENDING LACE CURTAINS

By Nellie M. Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.

No matter how many or how large the holes are in your lace curtains, here is an excellent way to repair them, either while they are stretched on the frames or just before hanging them: Make a good cooked paste of flour and water; have your patches ready, taking from discarded lace curtains. The patches must be larger than the holes. Rub paste well into them, one at a time, fit smoothly over the holes, putting out into sun to dry. When you hang your curtains you will be astonished at the effect.

TABLE SYRUP

Try this method of making your own table syrup: Four cups of granulated sugar, two cups water, hot or cold; dissolve sugar by stirring after water has been added; needs no cooking, (if syrup is not cooked it will not *grain*); then add one teaspoon Crescent Mapleine, a vegetable product producing a maple flavor and color. This amount makes one quart syrup, which you will find delicious, and inexpensive.

—

TO TEST BLUING

By Mame Buxton, Redondo Beach, Cal.

I was much annoyed by the appearance of rust spots on the clothes when they came from the wash. I found that it was caused by the bluing. Many bluing compounds are composed of iron and Prussian blue, and contact with the alkali in the soap in the clothes precipitates the iron, causing rust spots. Test the bluing by adding to a small portion a little soda, then heat it, and if it turns red and dark it contains Prussian blue; if, when a little nitric acid is used and the mixture heated, it turns yellow and then white it is indigo. These simple tests are valuable as they may prevent the ruin of a much-prized gown or fine table linen.

TO STOP A LEAK

To stop a leak, mix whiting and yellow soap into a thick paste with a little water, applying to the place where the leak is, and it will be stopped at once; furnishing temporary aid until a plumber's services can be secured.

—

TESTING FLOUR

By Mrs. Mary K. Folk, Wellington, Ohio

There are several methods of testing flour, one of which at least should be known to every purchaser of household provisions. If flour is white with a yellowish straw color tint, it is good, while if it has a bluish cast or has black specks in it, it is the opposite.

Flour can also be tested by its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. If a little flour is thrown against a dry, smooth surface and it falls like powder, you may know that it is not of the best quality. If flour squeezed in the hand retains the shape given it when the hand is released, it is of a good quality.

—

MEMBRANOUS CROUP

By Walter C. Swarner Tipton, Mo.

Two-thirds pulverized alum and one-third granulated sugar. Give one teaspoonful and repeat as often as necessary, according to the case. This preparation cuts the phlegm in the throat, a process which is the first movement toward curing the croup.

—

ONE-CRUST PIE

By M. L. Walker, Malta, Ohio

In baking a shell for a one-crust pie, put it on the *outside* of the pie-pan and it will not blister.

ELEVEN BRIEF SUGGESTIONS

By Alice Gross, Sycamore, Ill.

1. The worn-out mantles from gas burners are superior to any silver polish.
2. Mud spots on black clothes can be removed by rubbing with raw potato.
3. Make starch with soap suds, to give gloss to linen and prevent irons from sticking.
4. To clean silver with deep engraving, use a paste made of whiting and ammonia; apply with a brush.
5. Use olive oil when salting almonds or peanuts. It gives a finer flavor than butter.
6. Keep an old teakettle on the hot-air register, and have hot water all the time, besides saving gas.
7. A little grated horse-radish added to milk gravy is a nice accompaniment to boiled beef.
8. If when making corn meal mush to fry, milk is used instead of water, it will be found to brown in half the time.
9. Put scraps of cold meat through food chopper and stir in corn meal mush when making it to fry. An appetizing dish for breakfast.
10. Cold boiled rice left from a meal can be utilized by adding a beaten egg and milk and formed into cakes and fried. Nice for tea.
11. Rub worn spots on black kid gloves and shoes with a mixture of olive oil and black ink.

—

TO ALLAY SORENESS

By Mrs. C. Conrad, Des Moines Iowa

Oil of peppermint dropped in a fresh cut will allay soreness and prevent taking cold in the part.

TO DRIVE OFF ANTS

Those troubled with ants will be glad to know that five cents' worth of tartar emetic mixed with equal parts sugar and dissolved in water and placed in small dishes where the ants frequent will drive them away. As the water dries add more.

—

GASOLENE CLEANSING

By Nellie A. Combs, Oshkosh, Wis.

When washing silks, gloves, or other articles in gasolene, set the vessel containing the gasolene in a larger one partly filled with very hot water; this warms the gasolene and makes it more cleansing and pleasanter for the person doing the work. Wash each article as thoroughly as you would in soap and water; then rinse in more clean gasolene and hang up to dry.

—

NEW WAY TO GATHER

By Ida M. Trickey, Bangor, Me.

Perhaps everyone will not know of this method of gathering: Use two threads, gathering one on the right side; then start from the end on the wrong side and gather back. Pull the threads as in drawing a bag, and the gathers are very evenly laid.

—

NICE PUMPKIN PIES

By Mrs. A. E. Kephart, Wellston, Okla

Put a little baking powder in pumpkin pies; they will be very light and it improves them very much.

—

A BROKEN UMBRELLA HANDLE

By Mrs. L. F. Keysor, Salt Lake City

To fasten metal or any kind of an umbrella handle which glue will not hold, melt powdered alum and use while hot as you would glue.

LOOSE LOW SHOES

By Mrs. M. P. Riche, Nora Springs, Ia.

When low shoes have become stretched so that they slip up and down at the heel in walking, paste a strip of velvet inside. The annoyance will cease and the wear on the stocking will be lessened.

TO KILL BURDOCKS

Pour a tablespoonful of gasolene in the crown of a burdock root after having cut off all the leaves, and it will kill the weed entirely.

REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER

If persons subject to hay fever will keep the inside of the nostrils well anointed with cold cream or simple vaseline, and diligently use a menthol inhaler, which can be purchased for fifty cents at any drug store, their suffering may be greatly mitigated, and in many cases entirely prevented. This treatment should be commenced well before the mid-summer sneezing sets in, and continued faithfully throughout the hay fever season.

—

EASY WAY TO SPREAD THICK ICING

By Mrs. John R. Ripley, Poultney, Ver.

Have you ever tried to make a thick icing and failed? Always line your cake pan with a stiff paper which has been cut to fit. This must stand about an inch higher than the sides of the pan. When the cake is baked leave the paper on. This forms a support for the icing which can be poured in to any desired depth. When it has hardened, the paper can easily be removed. A thin layer of melted chocolate spread over a white icing makes a cake more elaborate with but little work.

—

TO SET COLOR

By Miss A. L. McDonald, Portland, Me.

I have a recipe which is very valuable this time of the year when wash fabrics are so much in evidence.

Epsom salts dissolved in rinse water will set color and prevent the most delicate tint from fading. Use one heaping teaspoonful to a pailful of water (about six quarts) and have the clothes perfectly clean, else the salts will set the dirt.

—

WALL-PAPER MATS

By Faustina Martin, St. Paul, Minn.

Wall-paper makes the prettiest kind of mats when framing pictures. Take, for instance, a plain color with a few dainty flowers here and there and use it as a mat when framing some magazine cover. I used a girl's head that appeared as a cover of the National some months ago, and nothing more charming could be imagined. Everyone admires it.

—

TO REMOVE PAINT STAINS

By Mrs. Joanna Fogarty, Dorchester, Mass.

If your clothing should get soiled by contact with paint, rub a small amount of butter on the soiled spots, letting it remain five or ten minutes. Then take a whisk broom dipped in hot water and brush; the stains will come off.

CASTOR OIL HELP

To destroy the repugnant taste of castor oil beat the oil with the white of an egg until both are thoroughly mixed.

FOR CARE OF BROOMS

Brooms wet in boiling suds weekly will last longer and sweep like new ones.

RELIEF FROM EAR-ACHE

By Ella Alcock, Piru, Cal.

Take warmed sweet cream in a teaspoon and fill the ear, inserting cotton to keep the air out and the cream in. Then apply warm applications, such as a hot-water hottle, or flat-iron wrapped in paper. In ten or fifteen minutes the worst case of ear-ache will be greatly eased or entirely gone.

This remedy has heen personally tested. I used to suffer greatly with the ear-ache, and tried laudanum, onion-juice and other remedies, which did not seem to help, and a friend prescribed the cream. It is a very simple remedy and is not injurious to the ear, though effectual.

—

IN THE PANTRY

By A. B. Skinner, Princeton, Ill.

To keep pantry shelves in the hest and most sanitary manner, with the least trouble, buy white tahle oilcloth —the one and a quarter yard width heing desirahle; cut strips very straight the longest way of the shelf and about three inches wider. Make flour paste and put over the edges, allowing one to come up about one inch above the back of the shelf, the other to come over and paste under the lower edge of the front; this will last for years, only needing wiping off with a cloth and warm water.

—

RAINCOAT BUTTONS

By Mrs. Oscar McCastor, Moscow, Idaho

I had trouble keeping the buttons on my husband's raincoat; now I sew small huttons underneath, allowing the same thread to go through hoth huttons.

SAFETY-PIN BODKIN

When a ruhber tape is too large for the eye of a bodkin, I pin a safety-pin in the end of ruhber or tape. and use like a bodkin.

—

DARNING COTTON HOSIERY

By B. N. M., Idaho

For darning cotton hosiery, you will find that fine darning wool or silk-finished crochet cotton will be more satisfactory than the ordinary darning cotton. The mended places will always he soft and not grow harsh and hurt the feet as happens when using regular darning cotton.

—

TO PARE TOMATOES

By Genevieve Hedges, Atlantic, Iowa

Ripe tomatoes may he easily skinned without scalding by scraping the tomato with the hack of a knife. This saves the bother of heating water and of cooling the tomatoes after paring.

—

TO PRESERVE COLORS

By Jean P. Roberts, Boise, Idaho

To prevent fading of washahle fabrics, put equal parts of vinegar and turpentine in cold water. Wet the goods thoroughly in this before washing.

—

FRUIT-TREE GUM MUCILAGE

By Mrs. J. T. McClelland, Okmulgee, I. T.

The gum found on the peach, plum and cherry tree dissolved in vinegar makes an excellent mucilage which will keep indefinitely.

NEW BISCUIT PAN

By Mrs. J. L. Rawhauser, Keokuk, Iowa

Ask your tinner to cut a piece of Russian sheet iron, which, after being turned under one-half inch on all sides, will be just large enough to slip into your oven. Have an ohlong ring riveted to one or both ends for use in drawing it from the oven. This will cost only from twenty to thirty cents and is a great time and fuel saver in haking cookies, hiscuits, cream puffs, etc., as the work can he done much more quickly than hy using the ordinary pans. Also, cookies and hiscuits are more easily removed from this sheet, as there are no high sides to interfere.

—

TONIC FOR FALLING HAIR

By Luella Kittle, Shenandoah, Iowa

Dissolve in one-half pint of alcohol as much castile soap as it will take up. To this add two grains of tannin. Rub this well into the scalp every night and apply a little almond oil to the roots of the hair in the morning. After the hair has ceased falling out, apply once a week.

TO FASTEN LEATHER UPON METAL

Wash the metal with a hot solution of gelatine or pure glue. Having previously steeped the leather in a hot infusion of nut galls, press it upon the surface of the metal, heing careful to remove all air hubhles. Place under a weight until cold. It adheres so firmly that it cannot be removed without tearing.

—

POLISHING OLD FURNITURE

By Mrs. N. M. Strang, Terre Haute, Ind.

When the polish of furniture has become dingy and rough from long usage, wash the entire surface in a strong solution of washing powder, applying with hrush or mop to save the hands, and rinse in soft warm water, ruhhing dry. Let stand over night. With a soft flannel or sponge (flannel is best) apply a coating made of equal parts of boiled linseed oil and turpentine, ruhhing in thoroughly. After standing at least twenty-four hours, apply a second coat, polish well with the hands, and you have a piece of furniture as handsome as new.

—

IVY POISON

By Dr. W. H. Young, Eldora, Iowa

On first finding that one has heen poisoned with ivy, barley, wild parsnip, poison oak, or in fact any of the vegetahle poisons, bathe the parts in sweet spirits of nitre (*Spt. arth. nit.*), It will kill the poison as fast as it can be applied. If, however, it runs untreated twenty-four or thirty-six hours, then add to every ounce of the nitre five grains of sugar of lead (*Plumbi acetate*), and apply freely as before, sometimes using several applications to effect a cure.

—

THE NOSE-GLASS AND THE NOSE

By R. L. Carpenter, Londonville, Ohio

If you wear nose-glasses and your nose becomes irritated, rub the portion of the nose on which the guards fasten with alum three or four times a day, and you will have no more trouhle. This is one of my own ideas, and I have tried it with success.

—

A NEW USE FOR SALT

By Marion Wait, Reynolds, Illinois

Salt thrown on fruit juice that has boiled over will deaden the smell and make it more easy to remove from the stove.

TWO MEN

By Emil Carl Aurin

TWO men there live in every town,
With lives as like as nuts of brown;
But the one wears a smile, the other a frown
For the one looks up and the other one down.

The one that looks up is a merry chap
With a hearty hello and a friendly slap,
While his neighbor, Grouch, across the way
Has seldom a friendly word to say.

The things they see are just the same,
But the one will praise, the other one blame.
A rose bush for one has flowers grand
For the other but thorns that prick his hand.

If it happens to rain, why Grouch will say,
"'Tis a beastly, nasty, stormy day."
While Smiles will laugh as the drops come down
"'Twill lay the dust on the way to town."

They work side by side, and when night comes along
Smiles starts for his home with a snatch of a song,
Happy in knowing his day's work is through—
Grouch only thinks of the chores yet to do.

And thus through life they go along,
Grouch with a grunt, Smiles with a song;
One always happy, the other one blue—
And now, dear friend, which one are you?

THE HAPPY HABIT

ONE cannot express or even conceive a greeting for New Years that does not include and emphasize the word *happy*. What more appropriate day for a universal Happy Habiter celebration! Ever associated with that word happy, in more than an alliterative sense is the word *home*. A happy home and happy New Years—can a more comprehensive salutation be extended to the readers of the National? This is the greeting and the sentiment for not only the first day of 1908, but for all the days and the years that follow in the cycle of Time.

* * * * *

A valued contributor to our Home Department calls attention to the tendency to radical changes in home-making. Who does not remember the conventional "best parlor" of thirty years ago, with its haircloth-covered furniture? Can we ever forget that black, funereal and forbidding "sofy" that sternly resented the mere suggestion of "rest"; the primly hung pictures and the "whatnot" or many-paned bookcase with its imprisoned books in stiff array. All these treasures were unused save when "company" sat forlornly in the chill and gloom, until sufficiently well-acquainted to be brought into the cheery living room. At set times, with stern regularity, the room was opened, swept, dusted and aired, once more being put in readiness for the stated visit of "callers" or the parson. It may be that these dreary parlors account for the gloom of religious thought of half a century back. Methinks a succession of visits in such rooms might cast a pall over the most cheerful disposition and brilliant intellect; and if the minister is gloomy, the church services are apt to be likewise.

The old-fashioned dishes, the dark luster of the highly-polished old mahogany that were the pride of the housewife a few years ago—where are they? Scattered to the four winds among the relics awaiting sale in the shops of the dealers in antiques, who soon learned that money was to be made from these now obsolete heirlooms.

The soft, white, lavendered linen stored away in the "presses" that was almost enough to start a small department store—there might even have been a few pieces that were "woven by Grandmother herself." Sprigs of lavender lay between the folds, and the children came and peeped in at the shelves and wondered when it would all be worn out.

* * * * *

Heigho! Presto! Change! Another swing of the pendulum of time, and along come the boys and girls of today, who seem to have no reverence for ancient things to be kept merely for the sake of their associations. The utilitarian spirit has possessed them, and they cannot be content with owning unless they may also use and enjoy. Sometimes they carry this idea too far, but bye-and-bye they will find the "happy medium"—meantime, how many mothers are surrounded by devoted boys and girls today because they permitted them to make trains of cars and doll's houses out of the parlor furniture, weaving the "tidies" into reins or using them as window curtains as the case demanded. In such families a stormy day was not a wearisome stretch of hours sure to end in dire punishment and disgrace for the little people, because mother's nerves were worn to the breaking point. Certain rules were laid down and religiously observed by the little people, but outside of those they

had abundant material for a jolly playtime. Yes, there were stains on the carpet and scratches on the mahogany, but these were not half so distressing to mother as tear-marks on little faces; or in later years misunderstandings and slowly-widening breaches between parent and child.

As we look back over the years, we recall, as it were, the stage-setting of our lives. We see again, oh so plainly, that sitting-room where mother sat at work. How different its atmosphere from that of the spare room. There reigned silence, stiffness and gloom; but in mother's room were cheeriness, love and warmth; and what jolly times she and the boys had about the fire in the long winter evenings!

I remember how, sometimes, the boys took a sacreligious delight in taking their play-things or work into the stilted parlor, just to see how it looked when untidy.

In old days it was imperative to sacredly keep the "best bed" for "company," although members of the family, perhaps, reposed on hard mattresses while the fine, springy hair mattress lay unused in the "best chamber." This keeping the best things for "company" is at an end. The other day I met a friend who remarked to me, "I've just returned from investing in a fine hair mattress."

"You'll put it in the spare room?" I queried.

You bet your life it *won't* be put in the 'spare room!'" he said. "I'm all through keeping things for company and for show. When we have visitors we enjoy their company, but they only stay a few days or perhaps just one night. I guess they can put up with our second-best mattresses for that time, but I have to lie on my bed every night out of the 365, and the folks at home are going to have the best mattresses in the house."

You know the homes where you enjoy visiting; are they not the places where there is no fear of "mussing?" You go in and lay your hat off anywhere. If you forget to wipe your feet, you don't notice agonizing glances cast at the carpet. Everything is plain and useful, and suited for the purpose for which it was bought. You feel at home right away, and don't have to stop to thaw through three or four inches of conversational ice before you feel that you know these friends. The chairs are comfortable, and not the spindle-legged variety that are apt to groan dolefully when sat upon by a man of more than average weight. It is just like home; and you can go in and visit there as long as you like. That's the place I want to go to; and I don't want the best bed, or the best damask tablecloth, or the "company" silver, or the finest dinner-set. I just want to come in and have a part of the every-day things—to have a part of the real home life of my friends.

That's the way to live. True, things may not always be as nice as you would wish to have them; but the chief thing is to have your guests enjoy themselves, and if you treat them that way they will surely want to come often. You need never apologize, because the children's toys are in the middle of the floor, or because Tommy has the boot-jack in the parlor, playing it is a real ship, or Willie is driving the flatirons about the carpet, "pretending" that they are "choo-choos." Bless their hearts! That is the most beautiful decoration a home can have—let's have the children's playthings about now and then as an evidence of real life.

* * * * *

There is reflex of character in the way a house is decorated. This does not mean a house that is passed over to a professional decorator and turned out "just so." I mean a house that displays the little, individual touches that indicate the character of the people who live in the rooms. It is singular how certain sorts of ornaments obtain favor with a certain type of people. When I have been in the old country I have been surprised to observe in the neat homes of the coastguard a marked preference for bunches of colored dried grasses rather than bouquets of the abundant, fragrant flowers that bloom outside the doors of the white cottages. They probably consider the colored grasses more uncommon, and the same idea prevails among many other people—if anything is uncommon, it must needs be beautiful. Some want a picture because it is rare and costly; others are content with a photograph that means a reminiscence of some "good time;" some like stuffed animals and birds, or other trophies of the hunt and chase. To some there is nothing more attractive than a statue which

seems almost like a living presence in the room. Like many of the famous pictures, these silent presentations of great men grow on you every time you see them.

The other day I met a friend in New York, the owner of a large number of magnificent paintings that are a joy and delight to one with artistic tastes. They are the pride of his household. Imagine my surprise when he took me into a little room and stood before a small insignificant chromo representing a handsome collie with a family of three puppies.

"There's the picture that I prize the most," he said, "because when I was a boy I saw it every morning the first thing when I awoke and the last thing at night before my mother put out the light. Those dogs always seemed real to me, nestling there in the straw. It was to me all that a picture ought to be, and it made me hungry to own a dog." He smiled, and continued:

"I remember the first dog I owned. It was a yellow, scarred mongrel that came along, limping on three legs, hunting for something to eat. It had the most appealing eye, and I was hungry for a dog, so I tied a rope around his neck and led him home and tied him to a post and fed him. He seemed so glad to be my captive; he was grateful for the smallest attentions, and the happiest moments of my life were spent with that one-eyed, yellow dog that no one else in the village would own. I found in him a companion that understood me and entered into all my moods, and with him I was happy."

* * * * *

IT is curious that the old village philosopher always has the best chair in the front of the livery stable, where he is regarded as an honored guest. One of his remarks is that a "man's comfort in this life is secured by his having a good forgetter." When you come to analyze it, there is a good deal in that; how much nervous energy is wasted, and worriment endured by simply bringing up old vexations and trials that were surmounted years ago. These bygone grievances are worked over by some people at every meal, and are about as appetizing as warmed-over coffee.

Then we all know people who are not perhaps named Ichabod, but yet they are prone to dwell upon bygone glories, and rest content upon the laurels of former years rather than press on to win new honors, forgetting that if the same amount of thought and force were expended upon some new project, as is consumed in raking up both pleasant and unpleasant incidents of the past, much good might be accomplished in the present. I have heard it said that when a man or woman begins to live in the past, rather than the present, it is a sure sign that old age is creeping on; whatever their actual age, they are already "stranded on the sea-deserted shores of inaction;" but I have known veterans of seventy and eighty years who were as keenly interested in affairs of the hour as any young person could be.

"Every month is June when the heart is young."

There is no doubt that many of these old memories act as ballast, but the point is that no boat should be over-ballasted, for then what is intended to be useful becomes a burden. That's the time to "lighten ship."

I have a friend who has the most retentive memory for unpleasant scenes and incidents that I have ever encountered. He can sketch accurately all the little "spats" that occurred ten or fifteen years ago, although those disputes have long been settled and forgotten by the other participants. No incident is ever closed with him, but upon the least suggestion up it comes, and nine-tenths of the time he is talking about things which are forgotten by everybody else—thus his vitality is frittered away, and the living enterprises and duties of the present are neglected—in the expressive Cornish phrase, he is "forever killing dead bees."

* * * * *

Dear old 1907, goodbye, with all your happy and your sad memories; goodbye as long as you must be going. For now 1908 blazes forth with all the blush and bloom of Hope—the never-failing harp of happiness.

Sir Mitchell Chapple

Drawn by . A. Williams

"*They spoke to us in a strange language.*"—See "The Smoky God," page 492.

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IF one wishes to grasp the swift-moving changes of our time, it is well to take a few newspaper clippings and file them away to season for a while; if taken out even within a few weeks, it will be seen how quickly opinion veers in Washington.

Take up a paper containing a press notice of a certain official, compare it with the clippings that were set aside and in which he was praised as the benefactor of his country —it might be supposed that in a few weeks he had become devoid of all good qualities —his shoulder straps have been torn off; he is "sans everything." Examine the portraits of those high in public favor, arrayed in the finest gold lace and raiment that their country can afford—in a little while they will be found reduced to civilian dress, set aside and forgotten.

Not long ago Admiral Brownson stood high in favor, but a magazine article exploded in the Navy Department, and sometimes such matter produces almost as bad an effect as the explosion of a turret gun. Out goes Admiral Brownson, and Surgeon Rixey takes command of the hospital ship.

No, one cannot get away from the conclusion that a good deal that excites attention in the main forum of the nation, Washington, when reduced in the crucible of time to solid facts, looks no more stable than "chaff driven before the wind."

* * *

EVER since the sailing of the Pacific armada the Bureau of Navigation has been kept especially busy in caring for the batch or new recruits. Commander Wilson has apparently "cut his stick and gone to sea," after a most successful supervision of the recruiting service, and Lieutenant Commander Shoemaker is now in charge. The aggressive work done in the past year has greatly improved the personnel as well as the available force, and the number of desertions shows a marked decrease from the records of previous years.

Newspaper correspondents insist that there is no Washington theme more popular, and especially to remote and inland readers, than paragraphs about the work of the Navy Department. It may be interesting to learn that the department is kept in almost daily touch with the movements of the fleet, and that all the details of the long cruise around South America are communicated to Washington through wireless telegraph in connection with the cable and telegraph lines. Foreign governments and naval experts are watching the maneuvers of the fleet with as keen interest as our own people.

A very entertaining and instructive department "log book" to naval men is the register of naval officers, giving full details of where they have been and where they expect to go in the near future; in other words, a "log" of their service, and I saw a number of naval shore life men looking over this record to read the rollicking brief comment of a "high sign" that follows the name, to see where Jack, Charlie or Tom might be found; for there is always a spirit of comradery among men of the sea service that even years of civilian life cannot eliminate. No matter what call-

ing they take up ashore, they continue to be interested in the welfare of those who were their brothers on shipboard; as in the case of Congressman John W. Weeks, who, although an active business man who has seen years of public service, still retains the bearing of a naval officer and a keen insight and interest in naval men and matters both in private life and on the floor of the House.

A proposition to increase the pay of men in the navy and army is one of the matters which demands immediate action and is attracting much attention. Secretary Taft

Photo by Harris & Ewing

CONGRESSMAN WM. A. ASHBROOK OF OHIO

insists that the army life must be made attractive in order to recruit the right kind of men, and in the same way it is declared by Secretary Metcalf that similar inducements must be offered in the navy. On the other hand the peace advocates are opposing appropriations and expansions in either army or navy, because of the tendency to build up a bureaucracy and a non-producing class: an "irrepressible conflict" of irreconcilable ideas. It would seem, however, that there must be some increase in the remuneration of the men who must have the intellect, skill and strength to handle the tremendous energies and complex machinery and armament of a modern man-of-war. Outside of the artillery arm, there is less need of special skill, and there is also a certain public distrust of the tendency to neglect the militia or "volunteer" system which has been the real military strength of the United States.

The Bureau of Navigation has recently developed an active press service concerning the cruise, in which the entire world seems to be interested. Many South American newspapers send direct to John Barrett, of the International Bureau of Republics, for information in regard to the personnel and officers of the fleet. These he duly turns over to the Bureau of Navigation, and the copy is furnished red-hot for the cables stretching across the equator. The evidence that modern business methods prevail here as in other departments is today very apparent.

* * *

NOW that Senator Spooner is no longer on the floor of the Senate, Senator Tillman seems to have lost his foil and much of the fire and fervor which have made him so prominent a character and so picturesque in debate. These senators, while firm personal friends, always struck fire like flint on steel whenever they clashed together in wordy combat. The fire would always fly when a debate was on in which these two orators presented their widely divergent views. Senator Spooner has now resumed the law in New York City. I found him in his office, immersed in legal cares and fortified and barricaded with a mass of books and papers, to which he was giving that concentrated energy which he never failed to exercise when serving as a United States senator. As a lawyer, Senator Spooner has for many years stood in the fore rank of his profession, and there is doubtless a contrast between the fees he must receive for his legal services now and the compensation awarded him by Uncle Sam for work that was not less arduous or less faithfully performed. He has the rare faculty of instantly detecting the sophistry that underlies glittering generalities however illusive, and goes straight to the heart of every claim and proposition, and in his years of service has solved many a knotty legal problem for Uncle Sam. The construction of the Panama Canal, under the Spooner Act is a permanent monument to his splendid public service in simplifying plans that were a mass of intricate details and making them workable. When the canal is com-

HELEN ANITA WEST, ONE OF THE DEBUTANTES OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

pleted, Senator Spooner may have the satisfaction of knowing that the greatest canal project of all times was carried out under plans of his own making.

Although working with his usual intensity Mr. Spooner seems to enjoy a sense of relief in being free to concentrate his attention to his personal life work and private business,

JOHN W. FOSTER, EX-SECRETARY OF STATE

instead of being compelled to work through the usual routine of senatorial business insisted upon by a legion of constituents. If it were not for the factional difficulties which involved him in unsought conflict, Senator Spooner would today be a most formidable candidate for the presidency. None can gainsay his ability and large grasp of national affairs, or doubt that he has always been able to crystalize difficult problems into permanent and salutary legislation for the good of the whole people.

* * *

THE House of Representatives had adjourned but a few minutes when, in the Democratic corner, a crowd gathered. There were a few words and a few blows, when two Democratic leaders most certainly "got together" in good shape—a circumstance which brings to mind the fact that one thing is sure to let loose the wildcat temper that lurks in every man's nature—the utterance of a word of four letters, "l-i-a-r!" No other word in the language is quite so effective.

Peace and order were soon restored, and in the afternoon glow of the House of Representatives there was some discussion on the use of parliamentary epithets. One member of the House recalled how Congressman Johnson of Indiana, in speaking of a brother legislator, had called him an "ass." While it did not evoke any actual conflict, an objection was made that unparliamentary language had been used, and it was insisted that the term be withdrawn.

Congressman Johnson arose with an air of great suavity and said, "I withdraw the term very willingly, but though I withdraw it, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" shrieked the accused.

"Only a veterinary surgeon can tell you, sir," gravely replied Mr. Johnson.

Many of the heated debates in the House and Senate grow out of a varying interpretation of a word or a phrase, for the elasticity of the English language is something wonderful to consider.

An instance of this occurred in earlier days, when Henry S. Wise of Virginia was in Congress. The discussion grew to fever heat because a difference between the words "also" and "likewise" was insisted on, though to many it seemed like hair-splitting—merely "a distinction without a difference." Governor Wise's opponent persisted that a difference there certainly was, and at last to set the matter at rest it was suggested that he illustrate his point by a sentence, where the two words were used with varying meaning. He promptly rose to the occasion with:

"I am a 'legal gentleman'; my distinguished friend, Henry S. Wise, is a 'legal gentleman' also, but," with terrible emphasis, "he is *not* a 'legal gentleman' *likewise*."

There was a deep silence—the distinction and the difference were painfully plain.

* * *

SINCE his return Secretary Taft has been kept busy telling of his varied experiences during his notable trip. Among other things he was impressed by some of the burial customs of the Philippines, which in some instances are somewhat akin to pigeon-holing the dead. There is indescribable pathos in the funerals of the poor. The mother, smoking a pipe, carries the little pasteboard coffin covered with colored cotton. Behind her are several children, presumably the surviving members of her family, and except for the coffin she carries on her head, there is nothing to indicate that a burial is about to take place. The fact that the child death rate in the city of Manila is so heavy makes it evident that the little ones who survive the climate there are in a small proportion to those who die, and the poet's argument that "Loss is common, doth not make our loss the less, but rather more," appears to be somewhat disproved by the Filipino attitude toward funerals.

The interment of a rich man is quite different; there is much pomp and a brass band plays. It has been grimly stated that the favorite tunes on these occasions is "There'll be a Hot Time," an air always associated with America by the Filipinoes. "Dixie" and "Hiawatha" are also popular airs for a funeral, and they have served to enliven many a ceremony of this nature. Funerals in the Philippines appear to be regarded as a sort of public spectacle, and a day when one or two such gorgeous functions do not occur is regarded as a dull period in Manila.

* * *

YEARS ago, when I first met C. Arthur Pearson, in London, I felt I had seen an Americanized Englishman. His splendid career has been watched with keenest interest by his friends on this side of the water, and his conduct of The Standard and The Express have been notable innovations in British newspaperdom.

The recent transfer of the "Old Thunderer," The Times, to Mr. Pearson, is looked upon as a move of international significance, for, after all is said and done, the average Englishman goes to The Times for definite information, although in recent years it has not kept pace with other circulation makers under the guidance of Alfred Harmsworth and C. Arthur Pearson.

CONGRESSMAN DAVID D'ARMOND OF MISSOURI

The cordial support of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, by Mr. Pearson, in his tariff campaigning has been remarkable, and now the ranks of the newspaper champions for tariff-making in England are likely to be recruited by the Old Thunderer itself.

While talking with Mr. Pearson, he made a remark that impressed me very much:

"Every visit I have made to the United

States has been an education, and I feel that the same is true of Americans visiting Europe, and that the way in which they assert themselves is explained by the fact that they have not only read and heard of foreign lands, but have actually been to them. To use an American idiom, the man who has 'been there' is not slow about letting others know of it, and does not hide his opinions under a bushel."

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SALLY GARLINGTON

No one can go about the world to any extent without recognizing the fact that American bluff has full recognition abroad, and is the peg upon which many a joke is hung. I heard a story recently about a gentleman who had a very handsome collection of paintings representing many well-known places all over the world. An American who had the reputation of being very travelwise happened to visit this gentleman, and he took occasion to offer an expert opinion on his cherished collection. The guest stood with feet wide apart, cigar in mouth, in the picture gallery as he gazed critically first at one painting and then at another. Standing before a picture of Paris, the host anxiously inquired, "Don't you consider that very good?"

The American shook his head discouragingly and said, "All I can say is that I've been there; and it ain't like it."

The same opinion was passed all along the line, and the critic departed, leaving his host not quite content with his collection. Next day he eagerly welcomed his American friend, saying: "Come to the gallery; I have just received from abroad a gem that I recently purchased, and I want your opinion on it."

The two gentlemen stood for several minutes before a painting of Dante's Inferno. The shooting flames and the high lights were marvelous, and the effect was too realistic for comfort. The owner watched anxiously the face of the critic for his opinion. The cigar was slowly removed; the head shaken sadly, while the critic announced,—"Well, all I can say is, that I've been there; and it ain't like it."

* * *

AN anecdote was recently related by one of the staff officers of General George H. Thomas. Few generals of the Civil War were closer to those whom they commanded than was dear, old Pap Thomas.

It seems that General Jeff C. Davis, of the Union forces was present in a room with General Thomas at one time, and was using some expletives and strong language, which, while technically unprintable, are considered necessary under stress of strong emotion. It seems almost impossible for some soldiers to get along without these expressions, which are so commonly used that it is forgotten that they may offend persons of delicate

HON. THOMAS F. WALSH OF DENVER, COL., AND WASHINGTON, D. C., THE AUTHOR OF "PUBLIC HIGHWAYS AND PROSPERITY," WHICH APPEARED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. AN ENTHUSIASTIC CHAMPION OF GOOD ROADS AS HE WAS OF IRRIGATION

taste. Someone protested to Davis that he ought to be "a little more careful" of his language.

"Why?" said General Davis, "there are no ladies here."

"True," replied General Thomas, his eyes sparkling, "but kindly remember, General, that there are gentlemen present."

SENATOR CURTIS OF KANSAS

BRONZED and muscular like most Americans who work on the Panama Canal, and retain their health, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals, chief engineer of the Canal Commission, has spent a busy month in Washington, Boston and other parts of the country, looking up details in reference to his work.

It makes one feel like throwing his hat in the air and hurrahing to know that in January, 1908, 2,200,000 cubic yards were excavated; for the best results anticipated a year ago was not over a million yards. The work on the Gatun Dam is progressing, and the concrete for the lock walls will be laid early next year. The excavation of the Pedro Miguel Lock is being pushed vigorously. Over a million yards of earth was excavated in the Culebra Cut during December, and all new work is being done on the Pacific side. Everything is going swimmingly and with sanitary conditions still improving, the Panama Canal seems very hopefully on the way to rapid completion.

It is, however, more than a mere engineering feat, for it is furnishing illustrations in sociological development, in the modes of handling an army of 30,000 men 6,000 of whom are skilled Americans and 7,000 laborers from North Spain and Italy, and the rest negro labor from the West Indies. They are all well-housed and well-fed, and all alike express regret that 1915 will come too soon to witness the completion of the greatest canal project known in all time.

Colonel Goethals inspected the Charles River dam in Boston, and was especially interested in the rolling lock gate, which may be adopted in Panama. It is likely that during the winter a large number of congressional parties will visit the canal and keep in touch with the work.

CONGRESSMAN BEEMAN G. DAWES OF MARIETTA, OHIO

The esprit de corps of the canal workers is a marvel to all engaged in other industrial undertakings; they seem to realize that they are not only working for wages but doing

something to be recognized as patriotic service in the years to come. This is a distinction that no ordinary work would confer. In fact, there is a sort of free masonry among the people who have even visited or looked upon the Panama Canal. Those who have "been there" once—especially if it has been during the last year—are all eager to go again, and are determined to be present at the opening of the canal, when the Stars and Stripes at Colon will greet the Atlantic, bowing to the setting sun there and greeting the rising sun on the eastern coast, where rolls the Pacific.

* * *

THE consular reports of the State Department furnish a comprehensive report of world events of today. In them there is always something of interest to a foreigner; a Briton looking over my shoulder as I read, remarked:

"Why is it that you Americans always insist on looking at everything business-wise?"

This was apropos of the report of J. Martin Miller, who has just resigned as consul at Rheims, in France, where he says he has noticed the increasing activity in American securities The individual depositor in French savings banks is limited to fifteen hundred francs. Anyone desiring to invest larger sums purchases government bonds, not redeemable, but that can be sold at par if desired. It is estimated that the people of France hold over thirty billion francs in French government bonds. By contrast with these arrangements, the elastic American securities, yielding perhaps from one to three per cent., are attractive to French investors.

Mr. Miller tells many amusing incidents consequent on the fact that the French people see no difference between trusts and trust companies; when they hear that any financial matter is handled by a trust company they believe it must be associated with the hydra-headed monster that is to be chastized by the big stick.

Mr. Miller has now returned to this country and will resume his newspaper work, doubtless feeling that he has fulfilled his mission and has faithfully served his country as a consul abroad.

* * *

OF late years, the wide asphalt streets of Washington have been largely used for roller skating. No longer is the amusement confined to the big oval-roofed rinks provided for that purpose, but the "wheeled shoes" have become a very popular mode of locomotion—so much so that they are often an annoyance to more staid pedestrians.

CONGRESSMAN ABRAHAM L. BRICK, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Discussing this phase of the subject one day in the cloak room, a story was told of a young foreigner, recently arrived in the capital, who was anxious to master the latest American idioms and use them with

ease and grace, as an offset to his very precise English, which was absolutely perfect according to the well-defined rules of Lindley Murray. He had a yearning to say something smart that would echo through Washington society as his particular bon mot.

In search of a reliable tutor in society speech, he fell into the hands of a fun-loving son of his host, and shortly after the tuition had begun it so happened that the two young men were invited to a swell so-

MISS ESTELLE BRICK, DAUGHTER OF CONGRESSMAN BRICK OF INDIANA

ciety dinner, where the Frenchman instantly saw a chance to air his new bon mot.

Having been introduced to his hostess, and honored her with that profound bow that only a Frenchman can make, he felt that opportunity must be seized by the forelock, lest she escape him. He made a few well-chosen remarks and then thought it safe to indulge in a little levity, as he had just escaped a roller skating brigade on his way into the house. To the consternation of his fellow guests, he looked knowingly into the eyes of his hostess, and said:

"And when has ze madam had a skate on?"

It is not necessary to say that the talking on the parquetry floor of the hostess that evening did not require any roller skates to accelerate it. The peculiar feature of the Washington streets had so impressed the foreigner that he considered the remark put into his mouth by his mischievous tutor as especially apropos, and as a safe and handy utterance. It was rather fortunate for the young man that the remark was made before dinner.

* * *

IN my hotel letter-box I found an engraved card, announcing the name of "Warren Hastings," and at the bottom a pencilled line stated that he was one of the boys who went with me to the inauguration. Imagine my consternation at the flight of time. I really began to feel that I might some day grow old. Here in Washington was a delegate to a meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, who so short a time since had been a mere boy, gazing with eager eyes at the capital and the scenes of the inauguration.

It often happens that I find traces of some of "my boys" in Washington. Not long since I met another young man, now a head waiter in a hotel. Of course I had to dine with him.

It seemed that on that day he had held a school of instruction for the benefit of some bright-eyed young Irish lads anxious to blossom into that phlegmatic automaton, the conventional "good waiter"—though I doubt if the twinkle in those eyes could ever be quite subdued. Most of the lads were apt pupils, but one was of a peculiarly literal turn of mind, addicted to following not only the spirit but the letter of the law. The instructions given had been clear and concise:

"Never serve a second course to anyone until the first has been all eaten. For instance, don't bring on fish or anything else until the soup has been eaten. This is important, Patrick, so be careful about it—above all things, no confusion in the courses."

Patrick was listening.

Dinner was served. One gentleman ate no soup; he leaned back in his chair and motioned Patrick to remove the untouched plate. Patrick advanced and said respectfully, "Ate your soup, sir," and hastened off to attend to the wants of the fish course. Impatiently the gentleman beckoned again. Patrick was desperate but firm.

"Ate your soup, sir," he said severely.

MRS. A. L. BRICK, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN BRICK OF INDIANA

The diner looked up in surprise at dictation from a waiter, but Patrick repeated, impressively, "Ate your soup, sir; for divil a bit else will ye get until it's ate—them's the orders."

There was consternation in the dining-room, and poor Patrick was hastily instructed further in the art of obedience to instructions.

This little incident has raised a discussion as to whether one eats soup or drinks it. I put the question to some of the people whom I considered as authorities, but the point is not yet definitely settled. Pending the decision, however, my friend the head waiter tells me that soup is neither eaten nor drunken—it is "taken." Next time you dine out, see if the waiter does not ask if you "take" soup.

GENERAL DODGE, PIONEER OF TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

* * *

IN his office overlooking New York harbor, General G. M. Dodge, one of the few corps commanders of the Civil War still living, keeps up an active business career. The General will always be distinguished as the builder of the Union Pacific, the first transcontinental railway in America. He was placed in charge of the construction by the government, and under great difficulties, not the least of which were the attacks of hostile Indian tribes and the necessity of moving the material by river from St. Louis for the first part of the constructive work.

Even in these days of rapid railroad construction, it must be gratifying to the General to look back and read his record of 555 miles of road, exclusive of side and temporary tracks, which he built during the year 1868 and to May 1869. Best of all, it is to realize that, although the pioneer of trans-continental lines, constructed under heavy handicaps such as no other road encountered—such as paying $148 a ton for steel rails now sold for $26, and then having to lay them through an unexplored country—yet it is today looked upon as an example of a well-constructed railroad. It is said that they are now removing some of the rails, which have been in use for twenty-five and thirty years. The report of the chief engineer of the Union Pacific Railway, J. B. Berry, on the improvements and alterations made is certainly one that speaks volumes for the quality of the work done in those early days.

"It may appear to those unfamiliar with the character of the country that the great saving in distance and reduction of grade would stand as a criticism of the work of the pioneer engineers who made the original location of the railroad. Such is not the case. The changes made have been expensive and could be warranted only by the volume of traffic handled at the present day. Too much credit cannot be given General G. M. Dodge and his assistants. They studied their task thoroughly and performed it well. Limited by law to a maximum gradient of 116 feet to the mile, not compensated for curvature, they held it down to about ninety feet per mile. Taking into consideration the existing conditions thirty-five years ago; lack of maps of the country, hostility of the Indians, which made United States troops necessary for protection of surveying parties, difficult transportation, excessive cost of labor, uncertainty as to probable volume of traffic, limited amount of money, and necessity to get road built as soon as possible, it can be said, with all our present knowledge of the topography of the country, that the line was located with very great skill."

No more interesting chapter of national

history will be written than that dealing with the romantic realities of the construction of the first Pacific railroad; and the engineer who blazed the path over mountains and valleys hitherto almost unknown was practically none other than General Grenville M. Dodge. The work done by him brought forth the enthusiastic commendation of General W. T. Sherman in a series of historic letters to General Dodge, and the closing paragraph of one of these epistles is certainly a well-deserved tribute to the work.

"All honor to you, to Durant, to Jack and Dan Casement, to Reed and to the thousands of brave fellows who have wrought out this glorious problem, spite of changes, storms and even doubts of the incredulous, and all the obstacles which you have now happily surmounted."

This language is not too strong, for this transcontinental road has no equal in sterling construction. When the Canadian Pacific was to be built, the specifications required that the road-bed should equal that of the Union Pacific, which had become and remains a model for long distance transportation highways.

* * *

WHAT a refreshing thing it is to go now and then to the Agricultural Department, and note the many apparently new discoveries, growing out of old conditions. For instance, there was a consolation, as we sat smoking in the corridor, to learn that tobacco was not the only weed that had been discovered to be a luxury rather than a nuisance to be eradicated.

It is not so long ago that tomatoes grew wild and bore fruit not much larger than a plum. The same may be said of asparagus, which, within the memory of people now living, was chiefly grown in flower gardens for the sake of the foliage only.

Everyone who returns from a trip to Eu-

LOCOMOTIVES OF THE EAST AND WEST RUBBING NOSES AT THE COMPLETION OF THE UNION PACIFIC AND CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROADS.

rope is enthusiastic over the delicacy known as "Brussels sprouts," but they little know that but a short time since this now popular vegetable was considered fit only to feed hogs and sheep. They were simply refuse cabbage, but it was noticed that the animals seemed to relish the tiny sprouts on the cabbage stalks, and then began an evolution that recalls Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of roast pig, until now we have a regular vegetable known as Brussels sprouts.

In Louisiana the French discovered a plant growing in the bayous, which the natives called "okra," a word indicating that the herb grew in muddy places. The young seed vessels were later used by the Creoles in cooking, and now we have okra soup, a delicacy.

Undoubtedly, however, the universally-used "weed" of modern times is tobacco, and it is only about 350 years since Sir Walter Raleigh brought it to Great Britain and was deluged with water when smoking at home, because his servant thought he was on fire. From that and like introductions by Spanish French and Portuguese discoverers, has grown a world-wide production and business that aggregates hundreds of millions. As the philosopher of the Agricultural Department remarked, while watching a curling ring of smoke, "Despise not the weeds of today; they may be the chosen luxuries of tomorrow."

RUNNING UP THE TRAINS AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

* * *

THE "Bonded Zone" is a new idea projected by Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, and it is certainly not only one of the most important industrial moves ever made in Massachusetts, but has now reached the proportions of a national proposition. The

plan is to provide a zone in South Boston and around Dorchester Bay by purchasing inexpensive lands in close proximity to the city, and on this land establish large industrial plants of various kinds. Raw material could be brought to these plants and manufactured and reshipped under bond without duty. It is thought that the success of this project would do much toward solving the vexatious question of reducing the tariff.

This method of making cheaper goods for export is being already tried out in Germany, and Mr. Gargan has made a careful study of the situation in Hamburg, where goods come in and are reconstructed free of duty. For instance, if a cargo of raw material comes direct from Australia or elsewhere it can be processed or manufactured into goods without incurring duty, and this applies to all raw material received in bulk. Green hides could be brought in and returned as shoes, foreign wools and metals into goods for export, and many articles of trade would be brought here by countries that do most of their business with Europe, and naturally buy where they sell.

Over one billion dollars' worth of goods is consumed in the South American countries annually, and but a small proportion of this is expended on American goods. The bonded district would soon develop prosperous steamship lines. This would also mean many millions of dollars added to the manufacturing and wage-earning interests of the country, without disturbing the protective features of the tariff.

If the advantages are carefully investigated, there can be no doubt as to the favorable report on the proposition when submitted to Congress.

FESTIVITIES ON THE OCCASION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

ON the floor of the Sixtieth Congress was General Sherwood, who had just returned to Congress after an absence of thirty-four years. Only one of the old members was on the floor to welcome back the returning legislator. General Sherwood is one of the new Democratic members from Ohio, and is a man of splendid qualities, which characterized the veterans of the Civil War. He was given a hearty greeting by all the new members, who look upon one who has lived long and participated in the congressional activities of former years as having wide experience and more to be relied upon than one who has studied the rules from books.

* * *

IN accordance with long-established custom, the ladies of the Cabinet receive at home on Wednesday afternoons during the session. This season, however, many prominent Washington ladies have felt some hesitancy as to continuing these little receptions at their own homes, for the reason that they are so often taken advantage of by people who apparently attend for the sole purpose of securing something good to eat; and the entertainers have naturally been often annoyed by persons so forgetful of the delicacy and courtesy that should distinguish the ladies and gentlemen enjoying their hospitality.

It is told of one reception, whereat a well-known young lady friend was assisting the hostess, that she approached a certain visitor and asked her if there was anything that she could serve her with.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "one of the other servants is attending to me," and while the indignant but amused debutante drew out of range, the visitor awaited in grim silence the desired delicacies apparently utterly unconscious that she had outraged every canon of good breeding and polite usage.

This good old custom of Wednesday afternoon entertainments was very popular in the days of the Cleveland administration, when

DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE IN THE UNION PACIFIC AND THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROADS.

P. J. McCOMBER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

they seem to have been a brilliant success. The wife of the vice president has never deviated from this time-honored usage, and Mrs. Fairbanks' Wednesday afternoon "at homes" never fail to prove entertaining and delightful, being equally free from the stilted formality of the exclusive and the brusque rudeness which too often characterize the receptions of the "nouveau riche." Notwithstanding the disagreeable incidents of which the ladies justly complain, Wednesday afternoons will probably continue to be like the French "salon," the characteristic mid-week social feature at Washington this winter.

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MISS SADIE MURRAY

* * *

THERE was recently a most startling sensation in the lobby of a Washington hotel when a well-known congressman who follows the fashion plates assiduously was seen to draw on a pair of gloves of red, white and blue. These gloves were originally designed to use for parades during national, state or city functions or campaigns, and during the progress of those events when patriotic sentiment may be expressed even in the wearing of a tri-color pair of gloves.

This particular pair soon gathered a group of admirers, and the congressman passed them in a nonchalent way over for inspection, with the off-hand remark: "They cost me twenty-three cents, retail," whereupon a mischievous newsboy began to murmur "Skidoo."

It was then that a foreigner who happened to be looking on had a glimpse of real Americanism, and declared that he must have a pair of just such gloves as a souvenir of the little scene. This glimpse of Americans, their manners and methods, was closed as the congressman passed out of the hotel with the generous skirt of his Prince Albert flapping in the wind as he waved his gloved hand with a careless "so long." The foreigner bethought him of days when these very places had been frequented by Indians whose tatooed hands were singularly like the red, white and blue gloves of the fashionable congressman.

* * *

FROM information obtained at the Census Office, it is now found that not a cable car has been constructed in the last ten years, and only forty-two horse cars. All the rest of the manufactures in this line have been electric cars. There have also been a number of railroad cars built, the record for last year was 4,694. Over 2,000 passenger cars were constructed, and of these sixty-nine were chair and coach cars, 420 ordinary passenger cars, and 308 have been christened with those euphonious names only known to the Pullman. This is a considerable output for one year.

The feature of the car industry has been

MRS. ERNEST W. ROBERTS, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN ROBERTS OF CHELSEA, MASS.

the wonderful development of street cars. Reports show a decided decrease in exports to Canada and Mexico and other foreign countries, while Japan, Argentina and Peru have steadily increased their purchases of American cars.

* * *

ONE of the young men who has come into prominence of late is First Assistant Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock. He is one who believes in politics as a profession in the broadest and best sense of the word, as well as a wholesome pastime.

While a student at Harvard, Mr. Hitchcock was a worker in a Cambridge ward, canvassing precincts and getting voters to the polls. Later he also served as delegate at conventions and took such a deep interest as became one in charge of the work.

In early life Mr. Hitchcock was deeply interested in biology, and an acquaintance with Justice Harlan led to his studying law at night, paying his way by his biological writings. A lover of nature, he travelled widely to study and observe for himself in the fields and forests; and it is said that he followed methods of biological research in foreign markets, visiting ships of grain at the wharves, as he had previously been to the American farms and thence followed the wheat to the markets, making careful computations of the expense of production and selling the same.

The basis of Mr. Hitchcock's success was disclosed in his policy as assistant to Secretary Cortelyou, when it became evident that he looked upon government service in the same light as private business, conducted with all possible integrity, energy and aggressiveness.

Speaking of all the branches of service in which he has worked, it was especially interesting to hear him comment on the mighty stream of mail matter which is incessantly and ceaselessly flowing night and day to and from the cities, towns and smallest villages, and of the thousands of splendid, stalwart men throughout the country who are at work keeping communication open on the snow-bound roads of the North, or fording the floods of the South, regardless of stated hours of work or untoward circumstances. Many times have I found Mr. Hitchcock on the fifth floor of the Post Office Building, working late at night to clear his desk of the avalanche of papers that poured incessantly into his hopper. He has to do with the appointment and management of postmasters all over the country.

* * *

AMONG the members from North Carolina is Congressman Edward W. Pou, who hails from Smithfield; he is one of those warm-hearted Southerners who is just "liked" by all who know him.

MRS. EDWARD W. POU

Congressman Pou's legal knowledge and training have made him invaluable in the committees on the District of Columbia and the Civil Service. He has recently been promoted to the Ways and Means Committee. He sits on the democratic side of the House and was re-elected to the Sixtieth Congress by a large majority. North Carolina has no more genial delegate than the congressman from Smithfield, and no more charming hostess than Mrs. Pou.

* * *

AN interesting story was told by one of the congressmen from the western states which threw a new light on the Indian habits and customs.

Little is known as to the prehistoric religion of the Indians, and anything that throws light on it is of deep interest to the student and to all interested in this singular and fast-disappearing race.

In Western Kansas a party of Indians and whites were sitting around a camp fire, when a missionary approached. With the party was an old chief, who had seen but little of white men except in war, and he was evidently much interested in what the missionary had

to say. The reverend gentleman read from the Scriptures and it was translated to the chief. The old warrior listened in grim silence, and when the chapter was read mentioning that the rain would fall alike on the just and on unjust, he arose and drew himself up to his full height.

"Now I know that your religion is right, just as our religion is right; for we, too, believe in a religion that sends the rain on the just and the unjust—we both believe in the same Great Spirit. The rain does fall on the just and the unjust, and oftentimes prosperity does come to those who do not deserve it. The pale face comes, and the rains come more abundant."

He sat down and listened with unfailing attention to every selection that was read, but his interest seemed to center in the general principles and judgments recorded in Holy Writ.

* * *

Speaking of Indians—I believe no group of athletes were ever more admired than the Carlisle Indian football players, who came to Boston, and in one fell swoop on the gridiron demolished the glories of Harvard and brought all their college football prowess to naught. These young men in their modest and matter-of-fact way celebrated their victory as a matter of course.

At the Copley Square Hotel, on the evening of their great victory, just as though there had been no triumph over the crimson of Harvard, they were sending souvenir postal cards to the people at home. Doubtless some of those cards went out to the tepees of Oklahoma and the prairies of the West; others perhaps sent back news to some Indian lass in Carlisle who waited to learn the result of this battle on the gridiron between red and white.

The poetess, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, was stopping at the same hotel, and it was beautiful to observe the tribute paid to her by these young Indians, who seemed to understand her feeling toward their race. Looking at their dusky skins, one heard again the refrain of her exquisite epic on "The Ancient People,"

> "For we are the ancient people,
> Born with the sun and rain."

The stately, dignified demeanor of the young Indians was in sharp contrast to some of the rather loose-jointed manners of many American college boys. These dark-skinned youths of classic mein had a certain self-respecting dignity in their movements that is attractive in these days of hurry and scuffle, when it seems people have no time for even the common courtesies of life. To see them standing about Miss Proctor, hats in hand, and bowing with all the grace of ancient Grecians, or to note them moving about the hotel with elastic tread, recalled visions of the proud trees of the forest and

CONGRESSMAN EDWARD W. POU OF NORTH CAROLINA

the wide sweep of the open prairies of the West—from whence the race springs.

It seems that now-a-days the most picturesque scenes of life are those which occur on unforeseen occasions, when there has been no time to arrange the stage setting or prepare the room and its occupants to be photographed into self-consciousness for a real pose.

* * *

WITH that same persistence and enthusiasm in his work that has always characterized him, Postmaster General George von L. Meyer continues to pound away at

the solution of the problems presented by the Post Office Department. Wherever he goes, on friendly visits or on the hunting trips that are his chief relaxation, he never loses touch with the work of the Post Office Department; and feels that the Roosevelt administration has much to do toward securing the long-discussed, but never-effected, reforms in reference to the Postal Savings Bank and Parcels Post.

It is generally conceded that if this could be carried into effect, it would pour back into the channels of trade the money that is now being hoarded by thousands of people all over the country, and would at once dissipate all fear of further panic; for anything that rests upon the immense resources of Uncle Sam is regarded as above suspicion. With millions of dollars thus deposited by the people in the care of the government, even at the rate of two per cent., or one per cent. semi-annually, the full force of the savings of the whole country would be available as a reserve in all emergencies.

* * *

AS one of the echoes of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition we have a record of farming in Alaska, sent in answer to a prize offer made by the exposition management for the best plat of ground under cultivation in Alaska in 1907.

The successful farmer is Fred Gerhardt, of Fairbanks, who sends in a brilliant report on his three acres near the city limits of that far-away city. He got ten tons of turnips, 8,000 heads of cabbage, several tons of mixed vegetables, including beets, tomatoes, parsley and other common garden truck in Arctic Circle soil. This plat of ground in which Mr. Gerhardt realized $8,000 is in the fanciful frozen Alaska. It really seems that if this record could be continued or commonly realized; the Alaska miners would find no special inducement to dig for gold, but would all at once turn farmers and keep up the pace. When the railroads get started that way the settlers will follow for more free lands.

They have now discovered a real mummy, a perfect specimen of the ancient preservers' art in Alaska. If there is anything of interest that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition people do not discover in Alaska before 1909, it certainly won't be because they have not made one of those characteristic Seattle "searches."

JUDGE W. H. BARD, AUTHOR OF THE INTERESTING ARTICLE ON "THE ALASKA OF TODAY" IN THIS ISSUE OF THE NATIONAL

DURING the press of business at the Treasury Department during the past few months, there were many reminders of the old campaign days, when Secretary Cortelyou and his messengers and secretaries worked incessantly day and night until their tasks were completed. The old rule of answering all letters the day they are received still holds good. It does not even leave a set time for lunch. Not so very long ago,

MISS COUSLANA HOYT
CAROLYN NABUCO

ELEANOR RIDGELY
MARY SCOTT

even after reaching the dignity of a cabinet officer, Secretary Cortelyou would rush over to the pie counter, with the rest of the boys, but of late he has not had time even for that, and luncheon is served in the Treasury Department in the office of Secretary Reynolds, and the menu is somewhat more elaborate than in the old pie-counter days.

With all the work crowding and pressing upon him, Secretary Cortelyou remains the same cool-headed, solid, substantial executive official as of yore. A little grayer, perhaps with a few more of the facial lines that record the stress of the hard work and responsibility that have been thrust upon him, he is always ready for duty with his desk cleared for action, like the deck of a "crack" man-of-war. It is only through perfect system that he has been able to accomplish all the work that he has undertaken involving the critical stages of the financial interests of the country; and a broad policy whose provisions take in the whole territory and vast interests of the United States.

SPEAKING of the pie counter, recalls a story told of a tall, lank individual who found his way into a Washington restaurant, and, winking at a bystander to wait and see the fun, called out in a fierce and savage tone, suggestive of the wild war-whoop of a Western cow-boy such as one meets with in romance,—and nowhere else.

"Fried rattlesnake!"

Without even the tremor of an eyelid, the waiter addressed turned briskly to the tube, and echoing down into the lower inferno, amid universal silence went the order,

"Fried rattlesnake; well-done!"

The lank individual removed his sombrero and mopped his brow as he looked with awe upon the waiter. In a very short time, back came the order, and it was borne aloft across the restaurant and set upon a table before the cow-boy customer, who regarded it somewhat disdainfully, picked up his check, walked to the desk of the cashier and paid his score, leaving the desired dainty untouched. The waiter grinned with all the satisfaction of a

DRAWING ROOM IN SENATOR KNOX'S WASHINGTON HOME

Photo by Chickering, Boston

HON. CHARLES W. MILLER, FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF INDIANA—See page 534

man who has met a great emergency by providing fried eel when genuine rattlesnake was not forthcoming; but the cow-boy called for no more "fried rattlesnake" in Washington. He did not like the coiling repose of a Potomac eel on the platter.

* * *

ON the Democratic side of the House, representing the good old state of Alabama,

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MISS DAVIDE YULLE NOBLE

beams the cheery face and prematurely-bald forehead of Richard P. Hobson, erstwhile connected with the Merrimac. Cheap wits may continue to poke fun at Richard Hobson, but the more I see of him, the more I honor his pluck and admire the young man who so readily offered his life for his country in the swift tides, narrow channels and artillery-swept pass of Santiago de Cuba.

His latest project that shall give the people all the information they desire and ought to have concerning the various governmental departments sounds as though it might be a fascinating periodical that perhaps would not have to depend upon the thermometric changes of the advertising weather or on popular subscriptions.

This may be regarded as another evidence of paternalism, but Mr. Hobson is the sort of man the people like—the man who wants to know things, and when he has found information that he thinks valuable, hastens to pass it on to others; a most desirable trait, whether in the editor of one's favorite magazine or in the director of the census.

* * *

IN the state departments and in the department of commerce and labor, the exploitation of South American trade is the paramount project these days. This subject has engaged the particular attention of Senator Overman of North Carolina, who is actively taking up legislation to encourage a large export trade with South American countries.

Senator Overman is in charge of a project to have an American industrial exposition held in each one of the South American countries, under the charge of Charles W. Kohlsaat, who is one of the most widely travelled and expert trade exploiters in the world. Many of the leading manufacturers have already realized that our foreign trade must be greatly increased to offset the falling off in the domestic market. The plan does not even suggest an appropriation, but only action by Congress assuring it of government recognition in an official way. It follows up in detail the splendid influence resulting from the tour of Secretary Root.

It is said that Secretary Strauss, of the Department of Labor and Commerce, is in favor of this rather unique exposition plan. The buildings are already provided for in Brazil, Venezuela, the Argentine Republic and other countries where this exposition could be held at comparatively small expense. It would have a tremendous and permanent influence in acquainting people of those countries with the virtues of American-made products, and the only way to sell goods is to show them and establish confidence. It is felt that Admiral Evans' cruise will do much towards stimulating a new trade in the countries to the south.

SOME WESTERN-MADE RAILWAY PRESIDENTS

HOW THEY OUGHT TO BE REGARDED

By W. B. Barr

TO know something of the men who are at the helm in the management of our transportation affairs ought to interest us because it means at least a partial acquaintance with an element that has more to do than any other single class with the comfort and content of our every-day existence. The western country, with its extent of territory and its opportunity for achievement, has seemed to be Nature's chosen spot as a training school for railway officials, and, regardless of the place of birth and early environment, it has been responsible for the graduation into efficiency of the executives who occupy the most prominent positions today in the railway world.

When the federal government, by granting subsidies, insured the completion of a line to the Pacific coast, thereby linking together in our national life two great sections, it was an imperative political and commercial necessity, and whatever the cost, it was felt the result would be ample compensation. While numerous routes now exist, I shall only refer to one traversing the trans-Missouri country.

Taking the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in connection with either the New York Central or Baltimore & Ohio Railways, we have a transcontinental route of more than three thousand miles. Using either combination, the line is controlled and its policy shaped by two men who are the responsible heads of systems connecting New York and San Francisco, and by a combination of the three companies you can form a line connnecting every important city in the East with the leading commercial centers in California, and only add one executive officer to the number in control.

Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, is an Eastern man who was prominent in New England before he came to Chicago with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, but his chance for large growth and liberal training began with his Western residence. His tenure of office with the Burlington system, and later the vice presidency of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, gave him full opportunity for development into presidential timber. He is the head of one of the greatest railways, and the only through line between Lake Michigan and the Pacific coast. This line also has its own rails to the Gulf of Mexico at Galveston. The part of the Santa Fe in the development of Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona is a rare story of romance and tragedy. The traveler taking this route from Chicago to California passes through the great corn states of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, through the range country in Colorado, into the mining regions beyond, climbs towering mountains and crosses wide stretches of desert, and then whirls through the pine forests at Flagstaff, soon arriving, enchanted by the scenery and cared for by the most perfect service, in the land of gorgeous roses and fragrant honeysuckles, the home of the olive and the orange.

The aggregate annual earnings of this great system are in excess of seventy millions of dollars; thousands of miles of railway are operated, and the number of people served runs into the millions, yet the man whose policy rules and directs the organization is an unpretentious citizen, simple in manners and habits of life. He is one of the most logical men intellectually, a forcible and clear writer, and while closely devoted to his home and family, not so retiring as to affect his influence as a public factor.

The selection of the most competent men in railway life to compose the staff of the Santa Fe president is the highest compliment to his wisdom as an executive. A friend of Mr. Ripley said to me the other day: "He is the greatest president of the greatest railroad in the world."

To pass from the days of Commodore

Vanderbilt, coddling an infant railway, to the New York Central system of today with any realizing sense of its growth, is truly a tax on fancy. Within the control of the parent road are auxiliary lines, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the Michigan Central being the more important in the alliance, that give it termini in nearly all important trade centers. The hives of industry are beside its rails from New York to the Mississippi River and from Boston to Lake Michigan. In its geographical range it serves every class of men and touches every line of effort. The policy in effect observes the autonomy of the organizations in the majority of cases, but harmony prevails in all efforts for the common welfare, and there is a clearly understood uniformity of action.

E. P. RIPLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SANTA FE SYSTEM

The practical responsibility for results rests chiefly with W. C. Brown, senior vice president, who began railway service in 1869 with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway as fireman on a wood-burning engine. As a telegraph operator and train despatcher, he served the Illinois Central and Rock Island systems, and in 1880 he had reached the chief train despatcher's desk for the Burlington road. In 1896, after passing through various promotions on subordinate lines of the Burlington system, he became general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Company. In that capacity he came prominently into public attention, and his administration met with general approval.

When he went into the Vanderbilt service he was well equipped for the new duties he was to assume, as his continuous advancement easily will verify. His career in the opinion of those who are best informed has not yet reached its climax, and greater honors are anticipated for him in the near future.

My first meeting with Mr. Brown was at the time he was train master for the Burlington at Beardstown, Illinois The position of chief clerk was vacant in his office, and if an offer made to another clerk had not been accepted within two days, I would have taken the place. The friend who then introduced us prophesied well as to what the modest train master was to accomplish in the days ahead. As he got one promotion after another, I often recalled my friends' predictions and how clearly he had understood the caliber of the now prominent officer.

Mr. Brown's value as a citizen is broad and healthy, entirely aside from his official influence. It is a cleanly and vigorous factor in his social life, and induces confidence

to attempt something laudable by demonstrating the ability to accomplish it.

To one who was an employe of the Baltimore & Ohio road in the days when a conservative policy, based upon a reputed surplus, greatly restricted the company's operations, the transformation brought about by the election of Oscar G. Murray to the presidency is remarkable because of the scope and time consumed. The commercial importance of the Baltimore & Ohio road has always been possible, but the forging to the front in development of every sort industrially has certainly been greatest since the Murray presidency. The personal influence of the man has been so large a factor in what has been accomplished that it is not a case of "given the chance, anyone could do as well" — it is an instance of placing the tools in the hands of the particular man who knew best how to use them. Taking from former administrations a system that was apparently firmly wedded to the territory east of the Ohio River and that for a long time regarded the Chicago connection only as a necessary branch, the present policy has evolved a trunk line from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago and to St. Louis, formidable in strength and participating fully in the enormous traffic to and from the growing West. At the same time, every interest east of the Allegheny mountains has been encouraged and developed, and the area of markets vastly widened.

During some years of Mr. Murray's official career, I often came in contact with him. He impressed me as a big man mentally, quick of perception and rapidly following the presentation of a case to a conclusion. With the ability to promptly despatch business, he did not leave the impression upon your mind that he was in a hurry to get through, nor that you were only half heard. This triumph of tact added to his intellectual force supplied a combination almost invincible in wooing success, and his progres has been unimpeded since he entered railway service in Texas in 1872. He soon was given official recognition important in character, and passing from one promotion to another, he established such a reputation in the state that he was called to St. Louis to be the head of the traffic department of the Gould lines.

W. C. BROWN, SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Not very long after this, M. E. Ingalls, who had about perfected working arrangements between the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (Big Four System) and

the Chicago & Ohio Railways, wanted him as traffic manager of the former line, and in a short time placed the business of the two companies in his charge. Latterly he was vice president of the Big Four System.

There can be no better proof of the value of Mr. Murray's services to the Baltimore & Ohio than the willingness of the shareholders to subscribe for an issue of stock aggregating $27,750,000 without a protest, and when the foreign investors proved to be among the earliest subscribers, the vote of confidence was emphatic. The loyalty that is shown his administration by everyone who knows him, carries its influence to the most subordinate ranks, and is ample proof of the high character of the man who commands this regard. It is the strength of the Baltimore & Ohio family.

O. G. MURRAY, PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE & OHIO

A most interesting study in individual progress is found in the career of John N. Faithorn, receiver and president of the Chicago Terminal Transfer Railroad. An official and social acquaintance of fourteen years permits me to speak with knowledge of a man remarkable for what he has accomplished. Coming from England to this country when a youth, his career began without any promise excepting that following industry, quick wit and a philosophic temperament. He began railway work as a clerk in the office of the Chicago & Alton Railway in 1873. Instinctively a statistician and traffic man, he has been a close student of the theory of rate making, and understands thoroughly the science.

Entrance into association work as commissioner gave him an opportunity to prove his capacity, and at the head of the two leading organizations of this character he became known throughout railway circles for his ability as a diplomat and arbitrator. As a managing officer of a large car company, his work gave proof of his fitness for executive office, and he was next elected to the presidency of the St. Louis, Peoria & Northern Railway, his present incumbency following his retirement from that position.

A few years ago in addition to present official duties, E. H. Harriman appointed him vice president of the Chicago & Alton Railway, and perhaps no instance of his ability to quickly develop business is more pronounced than when the former humble clerk took charge of the traffic of the important system with which he began. There must have been some secret pride, too, in the steady progress that brought about this contrast.

Mr. Faithorn has been a man sought for in the rebuilding of properties that were not prosperous but were financially ailing, and the results have been of a character to clearly evince his resources as a constructor along practical lines.

The reputation for a careful thinker has

brought him to the attention of some of the leading universities, and his addresses delivered to the young men studying in the railway departments have been well worth the careful attention of ambitious students. The railway branch of the Chicago University finds in him one of its warmest supporters.

He is fond of music, an admirer of good pictures and a reader of the best literature. With domestic tastes, he follows no fads nor fashions, and can lay aside his business with the same ease with which he seems to perform his work. The railroad that he now presides over is one of the most valuable terminal properties in the United States. With an extent of trackage aggregating 270 miles, nearly all of which lies in the county of which Chicago is the seat of government, it is in touch with nearly every important industrial enterprise and intersects every railroad reaching the city. The difficulties that surround the successful operation of a property of this character are much more numerous than are those confronting a large trunk line, and if successfully overcome, as they undoubtedly will be, mean much to the reputation of a man already established in public confidence.

JOHN N. FAITHORN, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO TERMINAL TRANSFER RAILWAY

The foregoing comments seem appropriate because men such as these are at present peculiarly in the public eye. What the public may regard as safe in their personal characteristics and the value that people are willing to place upon the sincerity of their promises will have much to do with future railway regulation. It is not to be argued that these men and the class they represent are always in harmoney even with each other's opinion, nor with general sentiment, in the very wide range it has taken, but the brief history given must establish them as equal to the average in fair dealing and honor in their business lives when compared to their peers in other lines of occupation. No more than this is claimed; to admit less is to cater to prejudice.

The urgent need to meet conditions satisfactory to the people and the transportation companies is uniformity in the application of railway laws. It is almost a platitude to speak of general traffic as inter-state, because this is so generally known and accepted as a truth. Why then has a state other than the smallest interest in the regulation of transportation lines if the federal government can do this with the best results to every state, why not pass to federal incorporation for railways in the interest not only of harmonny but practical political economy and effective working results?

Such centralization is along the lines Mr. Robert Mather cites in his quotations from Chief Justice Marshall who saw with an unerring look at the future that the time must come for widening national control. There are some questions so interwoven that they are seen to apply to all of the people and to no state. When, therefore, they become subject to regulation, it ought properly to be by all the people and not by any section. The final source of power in government for the majority is the national administration. When, therefore, regulation has become a part of federal laws and corporations whose interests are national and not sectional are endeavoring to operate thereunder, the complete success of this effort ought not to be defeated by the confusion of state laws lying behind imaginary lines. The federal incorporation of railways means if properly accompanied by qualifying clauses, equality of traffic conditions in substantially similar cases; uniformity in classification of freight, publicity of accounting, and better and more honorable financing. It may cheapen the value of the local politician and may confine the state legislature to its proper scope, restricting its use to its home interests, but it will not obstruct the general welfare of the majority whose good has been second heretofore to the personal ambitions of agitators parading as philanthropists. Once the transportation lines are subject to a common control, and that control national, without state interference, the public can hope for co-operation along many new lines. I am absolutely certain that the railways will favor the most careful forest protection, the proper and necessary changes in our tariff laws, and the regular and liberal improvement of navigable rivers as auxiliary aid to our congested land routes. It is now conceded by the best opinion that the Sherman anti-trust law must be amended, and in such a way as to permit the free operation of proper combinations. It is safely prophesied by those who are conservative that the changes herein outlined mean a common basis for working out in the most harmonious manner the future development of our country, because it means co-operation between the people and their most necessary ally, the railway interests.

It is with men of the type described in this article that the people must deal in the common effort to reach an amicable aggeement. It is therefore necessary that frankness and fair dealing must exist on both sides of the consideration of the question. I believe this is entirely possible.

FOOL'S ERRAND

I SOUGHT for joy, but wind and foam
Sundered my sails apart.
(O Glory that dost stay at home
Within the quiet heart!)

I sought for peace but shadows cold
Darkened the sunny land.
(O Treasure more than gem or gold
Clasped but by toil-worn hand!)

I sought for truth, but on the height
Tempests mine eyes did blind.
(O Beauty whose transcendent light
Illumes the humble mind!)

I sought for heaven, all earth round—
Nor gained the lovely goal.
(O City that is never found
But won of patient soul!)

Edward Wilbur Mason.

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"We were brought before the Great High Priest."

—See page 494.

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"There must have been five hundred of these thunder-throated monsters." — See page 496.

THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

Illustrations by John A. Williams

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

Synopsis of preceding sections at end of this installment.

PART III

I sprang to my feet, and oh! joy unspeakable! There, far in the distance, yet directly in our path, were lands jutting boldly into the sea. The shore-line stretched far away to the right of us, as far as the eye could see, and all along the sandy beach were waves breaking into choppy foam, receding, then going forward again, ever chanting in monotonous thunder tones the song of the deep. The banks were covered with trees and vegetation.

I cannot express my feeling of exultation at this discovery. My father stood motionless, with his hand on the tiller, looking straight ahead, pouring out his heart in thankful prayer and thanksgiving to the gods Odin and Thor.

In the meantime a net which we found in the stowage had been cast, and we caught a few fish that materially added to our dwindling stock of provisions.

The compass, which we had fastened back in its place, in fear of another storm, was still pointing due north, and moving on its pivot, just as it had at Stockholm. The dipping of the needle had ceased. What could this mean? Then, too, our many days of sailing had certainly carried us far past the North Pole. And yet the needle continued to point north. We were sorely perplexed, for surely our direction was now south.

(NOTE:—*Peary's first voyage, pages* 69 *and* 70, *says:* "*On reaching Sir Byam Martin's Island, the nearest to Melville Island, the latitude of the place of observation was* 75 *degrees*-09′-23″, *and the longitude* 103 *degrees*-44′-37″; *the dip of the magnetic needle* 88 *degrees*-25′-58″ *west in the longitude of* 91 *degrees*-48′, *where the last observations on the shore had been made, to* 165 *degrees*-50′-09″, *east, at their present station, so that we had,*" *says Peary,* "*in sailing over the space included between these two meridians, crossed immediately northward of the magnetic pole, and had undoubtedly passed over one of those spots upon the globe where the needle would have been found to vary* 180 *degrees, or in other words, where the North Pole would have pointed to the south.*")

We sailed for three days along the shore-line, then came to the mouth of a fjord or river of immense size. It seemed more like a great bay, and into this we turned our fishing-craft, the direction being slightly northeast of south. By the assistance of a fretful wind that came to our aid about twelve hours out of every twenty-four, we continued to make our way inland, into what afterward proved to be a mighty river, and which we learned was called by the inhabitants Hiddekel.

We continued our journey for ten days thereafter, and found we had fortunately attained a distance inland where ocean tides no longer affected the water, which had become fresh.

The discovery came none too soon, for our remaining cask of water was well-nigh exhausted. We lost no time in replenishing our casks, and continued to sail farther up the river when the wind was favorable.

Along the banks great forests miles in extent could be seen stretching away on the shore-line. The trees were of enormous size. We landed after anchoring near a sandy beach, and waded ashore, and were rewarded by finding a quantity of nuts that were very palatable and satisfying to hunger, and a welcome change from the monotony of our stock of provisions.

It was about the first of September, over five months, we calculated, since our leave-taking from Stockholm. Suddenly we were

frightened almost out of our wits by hearing in the far distance the singing of people. Very soon thereafter we discovered a huge ship gliding down the river directly toward us. Those aboard were singing in one mighty chorus that, echoing from bank to bank, sounded like a thousand voices, filling the whole universe with quivering melody. The accompaniment was played on stringed instruments not unlike our harps.

It was a larger ship than any we had ever seen, and was differently constructed.

(NOTE:—*Asiatic Mythology,—page 240, "Paradise Found"—from translation by Sayce, in a book called "Records of the Past," we were told of a "dwelling" which "the gods created for" the first human beings,—a dwelling in which they "became great" and "increased in numbers," and the location of which is described in words exactly corresponding to those of Iranian, Indian, Chinese, Eddaic and Aztecan literature; namely, "in the center of the earth."—Warren.*)

At this particular time our sloop was becalmed, and not far from the shore. The bank of the river, covered with mammoth trees, rose up several hundred feet in beautiful fashion. We seemed to be on the edge of some primeval forest that doubtless stretched far inland.

The immense craft paused, and almost immediately a boat was lowered and six men of gigantic stature rowed to our little fishing-sloop. They spoke to us in a strange language. We knew from their manner, however, that they were not unfriendly. They talked a great deal among themselves, and one of them laughed immoderately, as though in finding us a queer discovery had been made. One of them spied our compass, and it seemed to interest them more any other part of our sloop.

Finally, the leader motioned as if to ask whether we were willing to leave our craft to go on board their ship. "What say you, my son?" asked my father. "They cannot do any more than kill us."

"They seem to be kindly disposed," I replied, "although what terrible giants! They must be the select six of the kingdom's crack regiment. Just look at their great size."

"We may as well go willingly as be taken by force," said my father, smiling, "for they are certainly able to capture us." Thereupon he made known, by signs, that we were ready to accompany them.

Within a few minutes we were on board the ship, and half an hour later our little fishing-craft had been lifted bodily out of the water by a strange sort of hook and tackle, and set on board as a curiosity.

There were several hundred people on board this, to us, mammoth ship, which we discovered was called "The Naz," meaning, as we afterward learned, "Pleasure," or to give a more proper interpretation, "Pleasure Excursion" ship.

If my father and I were curiously observed by the ship's occupants, this strange race of giants offered us an equal amount of wonderment.

There was not a single man aboard who would not have measured fully twelve feet in height. They all wore full beards, not particularly long, but seemingly short-cropped. They had mild and beautiful faces, exceedingly fair, with ruddy complexions. The hair and beard of some were black, others sandy, and still others yellow. The captain, as we designated the dignitary in command of the great vessel, was fully a head taller than any of his companions. The women averaged from ten to eleven feet in height. Their features were especially regular and refined, while their complexion was of a most delicate tint heightened by a healthful glow.

Both men and women seemed to possess that particular ease of manner which we deem a sign of good breeding, and, notwithstanding their huge statures, there was nothing about them suggesting awkwardness. As I was a lad in only my nineteenth year, I was doubtless looked upon as a true Tom Thumb. My father's six feet three did not lift the top of his head above the waist line of these people.

Each one seemed to vie with the others in extending courtesies and showing kindness to us, but all laughed heartily, I remember, when they had to improvise chairs for my father and myself to sit at table. They were richly attired in a costume peculiar to themselves, and very attractive. The men were clothed in handsomely embroidered tunics of silk and satin and belted at the waist. They wore knee-breeches and stockings of a fine texture, while their feet were

encased in sandals adorned with gold buckles. We early discovered that gold was one of the most common metals known, and that it was used extensively in decoration.

Strange as it may seem, neither my father nor myself felt the least bit of solicitude for our safety. "We have come into our own," my father said to me. "This is the fulfillment of the tradition told me by my father and my father's father, and still back for many generations of our race. This is, assuredly, the land beyond the North Wind."

We seemed to make such an impression on the party that we were given specially into the charge of one of the men, Jules Galdea, and his wife, for the purpose of being educated in their language; and we, on our part, were just as eager to learn as they were to instruct.

At the captain's command, the vessel was swung cleverly about, and began retracing its course up the river. The machinery, while noiseless, was very powerful.

The banks and trees on either side seemed to rush by. The ship's speed, at times, surpassed that of any railroad train on which I have ever ridden, even here in America It was wonderful.

In the meantime we had lost sight of the sun's rays, but we found a radiance "within" emanating from the dull-red sun which had already attracted our attention, now giving out a white light seemingly from a cloud-bank far away in front of us. It dispensed a greater light, I should say, than two full moons on the clearest night.

In twelve hours this cloud of whiteness would pass out of sight as if eclipsed, and the twelve hours following corresponded with our night. We early learned that these strange people were worshippers of this great cloud of light. It was "The Smoky God" of the "Inner World."

The ship was equipped with a mode of illumination which I now presume was electricity, but neither my father nor myself were sufficiently skilled in mechanics to understand whence came the power to operate the ship, or to maintain the soft beautiful lights that answered the same purpose of our present methods of lighting the streets of our cities, our houses and places of business.

It must be remembered, the time of which I write was the autumn of 1829, and we of the "outside" surface of the earth knew nothing then, so to speak, of electricity.

The electrically surcharged condition of the air was a constant vitalizer. I never felt better in my life than during the two years my father and I sojourned on the inside of the earth.

To resume my narrative of events: The ship on which we were sailing came to a stop two days after we had been taken on board. My father said as nearly as he could judge, we were directly under Stockholm or London. The city we had reached was called "Jehu," signifying a seaport town. The houses were large and beautifully constructed, and quite uniform in appearance, yet without sameness. The principal occupation of the people appeared to be agriculture; the hillsides were covered with vineyards, while the valleys were devoted to the growing of grain.

I never saw such a display of gold. It was everywhere. The door-casings were inlaid and the tables were veneered with sheetings of gold. Domes of the public buildings were of gold. It was used most generously in the finishings of the great temples of music.

Vegetation grew in lavish exuberance, and fruit of all kinds possessed the most delicate flavor. Clusters of grapes four and five feet in length, each grape as large as an orange, and apples larger than a man's head typified the wonderful growth of all things on the "inside" of the earth.

The great redwood trees of California would be considered mere underbrush compared with the giant forest trees extending for miles and miles in all directions. In many directions along the foothills of the mountains vast herds of cattle were seen during the last day of our travel on the river.

We heard much of a city called "Eden," but were kept at "Jehu" for an entire year. By the end of that time we had learned to speak fairly well the language of this strange race of people. Our instructors, Jules Galdea and his wife, exhibited a patience that was truly commendable.

One day an envoy from the Ruler at "Eden" came to see us, and for two whole days my father and myself were put through a series of surprising questions. They wished to know from whence we came, what sort of people dwelt "without," what God

we worshiped, our religious beliefs, the mode of living in our strange land, and a thousand other things.

The compass which we had brought with us attracted especial attention. My father and I commented between ourselves on the fact that the compass still pointed north, although we now knew that we had sailed over the curve or edge of the earth's aperture, and were far along southward on the "inside" surface of the earth's crust, which, according to my father's estimate and my own, is about three hundred miles in thickness from the "inside" to the "outside" surface. Relatively speaking, it is no thicker than an egg-shell, so that there is almost as much surface on the "inside" as on the "outside" of the earth.

The great luminous cloud or ball of dull-red fire—fiery-red in the mornings and evenings, and during the day giving off a beautiful white light, "The Smoky God,"—is seemingly suspended in the center of the great vacuum "within" the earth, and held to its place by the immutable law of gravitation, or a repellant atmospheric force, as the case may be. I refer to the known power that draws or repels with equal force in all directions.

The base of this electrical cloud or central luminary, the seat of the gods, is dark and non-transparent, save for innumerable small openings, seemingly in the bottom of the great support or altar of the Deity; upon which "The Smoky God" rests, and, the lights shining through, these many openings twinkle at night in all their splendor, and seem to be stars, as natural as the stars we saw shining when in our home at Stockholm, excepting that they appear larger. "The Smoky God," therefore, with each daily revolution of the earth, appears to come up in the east and go down in the west, the same as does our sun on the external surface. In reality, the people "within" believe that "The Smoky God" is the throne of their Jehovah, and is stationary. The effect of night and day is, therefore, produced by the earth's daily rotation.

I have since discovered that the language of the people of the Inner World is much like the Sanskrit.

After we had given an account of ourselves to the emissaries from the central seat of government of the inner continent, and my father had, in his crude way, drawn maps, at their request, of the "outside" surface of the earth, showing the divisions of land and water, and giving the name of each of the continents, large islands and the oceans, we were taken overland to the city of "Eden," in a conveyance different from anything we have in Europe or America. This vehicle was doubtless some electrical contrivance. It was noiseless, and ran on a single iron rail in perfect balance. The trip was made at a very high rate of speed. We were carried up hills and down dales, across valleys and again along the sides of steep mountains, without any apparent attempt having been made to level the earth as we do for railroad tracks. The car seats were huge yet comfortable affairs, and very high above the floor of the car.

The surprise of my father and myself was indescribable when, amid the regal magnificence of a spacious hall, we were finally brought before the Great High Priest, Ruler over all the land. He was richly robed, and much taller than those about him, and could not have been less than fourteen or fifteen feet in height. The immense room in which we were received seemed finished in solid slabs of gold thickly studded with jewels of amazing brilliancy.

The city of "Eden" is located in what seems to be a beautiful valley, yet, in fact, it is on the loftiest mountain plateau of the Inner Continent, several thousand feet higher than any portion of the surrounding country. It is the most beautiful place I have ever beheld in all my travels. In this elevated garden all manner of fruits, vines, shrubs, trees, and flowers grow in riotous profusion.

In this garden four rivers have their source in a mighty artesian fountain. They divide and flow in four directions. This place is called by the inhabitants the "navel of the earth," or the beginning, "the cradle of the human race." The names of the rivers are the Euphrates, the Pison, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel.

(NOTE:—*And the Lord God planted a garden, and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."—The Book of Genesis.*)

The unexpected awaited us in this palace of beauty, in the finding of our little fishing-craft. It had been brought before the High

Priest in perfect shape, just as it had been taken from the waters that day when it was loaded on board the ship by the people who discovered us on the river more than a year before.

We were given an audience of over two hours with this great dignitary, who seemed kindly disposed and considerate. He showed himself eagerly interested, asking us numerous questions, and invariably regarding things about which his emissaries had failed to inquire.

At the conclusion of the interview he inquired our pleasure, asking us whether we wished to remain in his country or if we preferred to return to the "outer" world, providing it were possible to make a successful return trip, across the frozen belt barriers that encircle both the northern and southern openings of the earth.

My father replied: "It would please me and my son to visit your country and see your people, your colleges and palaces of music and art, your great fields, your wonderful forests of timber; and after we have had this pleasurable privilege, we should like to try to return to our home on the 'outside' surface of the earth. This son is my only child, and my good wife will be weary awaiting our return."

"I fear you can never return," replied the Chief High Priest, "because the way is a most hazardous one. However, you shall visit the different countries with Jules Galdea as your escort, and be accorded every courtesy and kindness. Whenever you are ready to attempt a return voyage, I assure you that your boat which is here on exhibition shall be put in the waters of the river Heddekel at its mouth, and we will bid you Jehovahspeed."

Thus terminated our only interview with the High Priest or Ruler of the continent.

We learned that the males do not marry before they are from seventy-five to one hundred years old, and that the age at which women enter wedlock is only a little less, and that both men and women frequently live to be from six to eight hundred years old, and in some instances much older.

(NOTE:—*Josephus says: "God prolonged the life of the patriarchs that preceded the deluge, both on account of their virtues and to give them the opportunity of perfecting the sciences of geometry and astronomy, which they had discovered; which they could not have done if they had not lived 600 years, because it is only after the lapse of 600 years that the great year is accomplished."—Flammarion, Astronomical Myths, Paris p. 26.*)

During the following year we visited many villages and towns, prominent among them being the cities of Nigi, Delfi, Hectea, and my father was called upon no less than a half-dozen times to go over the maps which had been made from the rough sketches he had originally given of the divisions of land and water on the "outside" surface of the earth.

I remember hearing my father remark that the giant race of people in the land of "The Smoky God" had almost as accurate an idea of the geography of the "outside" surface of the earth as had the average college professor in Stockholm.

In our travels we came to a forest of gigantic trees, near the city of Delfi. Had the Bible said there were trees towering over three hundred feet in height, and more than thirty feet in diameter, growing in the Garden of Eden, the Ingersolls, the Tom Paines and Voltaires would doubtless have pronounced the statement a myth. Yet this is the description of the California *sequoia gigantea;* but these California giants pale into insignificance when compared with the forest Goliaths found in the "within" continent, where abound mighty trees from eight hundred to one thousand feet in height, and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet in diameter; countless in numbers and forming forests extending hundreds of miles back from the sea.

The people are exceedingly musical, and learned to a remarkable degree in their arts and sciences, especially geometry and astronomy. Their cities are equipped with vast palaces of music, where not infrequently as many as twenty-five thousand lusty voices of this giant race swell forth in mighty choruses of the most sublime symphonies.

The children are not supposed to attend institutions of learning before they are twenty years old. Then their school life begins and continues for thirty years, ten of which are uniformly devoted by both sexes to the study of music.

Their principal vocations are architecture, agriculture, horticulture, the raising of vast herds of cattle, and the building of conveyances peculiar to that country, for travel

on land and water. By some device which I cannot explain, they hold communion with one another between the most distant parts of their country, on air currents.

All buildings are erected with special regard to strength, durability, beauty and symmetry, and with a style of architecture vastly more attractive to the eye than any I have ever observed elsewhere.

About three-fourths of the "inner" surface of the earth is land and about one-fourth water. There are numerous rivers of tremendous size, some flowing in a northerly direction and others southerly. Some of these rivers are thirty miles in width, and it is out of these vast waterways, at the extreme northern and southern parts of the "inside" surface of the earth, in regions where low temperatures are experienced, that fresh-water icebergs are formed. They are then pushed out to sea like huge tongues of ice, by the abnormal freshets of turbulent waters that, twice every year, sweep everything before them.

We saw innumerable specimens of bird-life no larger than those encountered in the forests of Europe or America. It is well known that during the last few years whole species of birds have quit the earth. A writer in a recent article on this subject, says:

"*Almost every year sees the final extinction of one or more bird species. Out of fourteen varieties of birds found a century since on a single island—the West Indian island of St. Thomas—eight have now to be numbered among the missing.*"

Is it not possible that these disappearing bird species quit their habitation without, and find an asylum in the "within world?"

Whether inland among the mountains, or along the seashore, we found bird life prolific. When they spread their great wings some of the birds appeared to measure thirty feet from tip to tip. They are of great variety and many colors. We were permitted to climb up on the edge of a rock and examine a nest of eggs. There were five in the nest, each of which was at least two feet in length and fifteen inches in diameter.

After we had been in the city of Hectea about a week, Professor Galdea took us to an inlet, where we saw thousands of tortoises along the sandy shore. I hesitate to state the size of these great creatures. They were from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, from fifteen to twenty feet in width and fully seven feet in height When one of them projected its head it had the appearance of some hideous sea monster.

The strange conditions "within" are favorable not only for vast meadows of luxuriant grasses, forests of giant trees, and all manner of vegetable life, but wonderful animal life as well.

One day we saw a great herd of elephants. There must have been five hundred of these thunder-throated monsters, with their restlessly waving trunks. They were tearing huge boughs from the trees and trampling smaller growth into dust like so much hazel-brush. They would average over fifty feet in length and from thirty to thirty-five in height.

(*To be concluded next month*)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING SECTIONS

In his Foreword, published in the December number of the National, the author comments upon the undying interest which men have ever evinced regarding the hidden secrets of the frozen Northland. He recounts many of the well-known, and advances some new and interesting, arguments founded on material proofs, leading to the inevitable conclusion that there is still another and a grander continent somewhere "beyond the North Wind."

At two o'clock, one morning he was summoned to the bedside of Olaf Jansen, an aged Norseman who, some years before, had established his home in an outlying section of Los Angeles, California. The old Norseman was about to die, but before the end came he told the author of this narrative of his marvelous voyage to the "Inner World," made by his father and himself many years before.

A detailed story of the voyage, written by the old Norseman himself, with data, drawings and crude maps, were given to the author of this narrative, with the understanding that they should be offered to the world after the old Norseman's death, that the mystery of the frozen Northland might be forever cleared away. In the old Norseman's story it is set forth that during the wonderful voyage which he so graphically describes, his father was drowned, and the son, on telling the captain of the whaling vessel which rescued him in the Antarctic Ocean, of his mysterious adventures, was believed to be a madman. Later he was permitted to return to Stockholm from whence he had started, and there told his story in detail to his uncle who had him confined in a madhouse, where he remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering! He was finally released and after many years spent as a fisherman and a student of books he came to America, where he wrote the story of his voyage. In this he details how he and his father sailed from Stockholm to Franz Joseph Land from which point they dared to sail still on toward the mysterious land "beyond the North Wind." After thrilling adventures among icebergs and days of sailing in more open waters, an awful tempest of wind and snow which nearly sunk their sloop was followed by strangely mild, fair weather. One day, when Olaf was sleeping, his father roused him, saying, "There is land in sight."

MY FIRST VALENTINE

By Katherine L. Daniher

NOW dawns the day of all the year when Cupid's court holds sway,
And pictured hearts in true love knots are sent upon their way,
To bear a tender message from the bashful, love-lorn swain
Unto his chosen lady-love, her favor thus to gain;
Then backward through the mists of years my thoughts are prone to stray,
Though fifty mile-stones mark the path, it seems but yesterday—
As dreamily I muse upon the ardor that was mine
When I, with mingled hopes and fears, sent my first valentine.

She was my favorite at school—a winsome little maid,
With nut-brown hair all plaited in a smooth, beribboned braid.
Still graven in my mem'ry are the colors that she wore,
The checkered pink sunbonnet and the snowy pinafore;
And when the shops resplendent shone with arrow-punctured hearts,
And roguish, chubby Cupids making havoc with their darts,
I fain would render homage to the little miss of nine,
And breathe my admiration in a dainty valentine.

My capital was limited—'twas counted o'er and o'er,
As with a financier's craft I sought to swell my store
Of well-earned pennies, till at last with boyish taste I bought
A highly colored work of art, most wonderfully wrought—
A pair of snowy doves thereon, a spray of glowing pinks,
And, underneath, a little rhyme in golden script—methinks
No sonnet that in after years the poet's hand might pen
Bore half the tender sentiment that filled this couplet then:

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
Pinks are pretty and so are you."

Ah, me! What changes time has wrought since that bright winter day
When in my charmer's desk I placed my valentine so gay.
Where once the little schoolhouse stood, a modern structure towers,
And there my children's children spend their busy schooltime hours.
The little lass? Why, bless your heart! she sits beside me now,
The nut-brown hair is silver, banded low upon her brow;
Fair sweetheart of my boyhood's days, my heart is still her shrine—
Though fifty years have flown since then, she's still my Valentine.

A DEBT DISCHARGED

By Mary L. Commins

THE doctor was dying. For a week the "road-side club," as a "summer boarder" once dubbed it, had given their evening sessions solely to the topic, each man occupying his own particular niche among granite boulders and stunted berry bushes in nature's forum.

The hitherto absorbing question of whether a right-of-way through old Peter Lonson's land, skirting the "sea-rocks," could be kept open now that Peter—the only one who had knowledge of its existence for the period of time which law demanded—was dead, was abruptly dropped in an unsettled condition when this calamity loomed upon the horizon of Winter Cove.

"'Twill be forty-eight year, come tomorra, since he paid his first visit here on the Cape—so old Capen Lufkin was tellin' me," Donald Perlie, a brawny Nova Scotian with eyes red rimmed by twenty years dawn-fishing, said reflectively.

"I mind the night well'—James Orr took up the tale. "I was only a little fella at the time, about high enough to hold up a drill for my father—he worked over to the Blood Ledge quarry in them days—but I mind 'twas blowin' a livin' gale from the nor'east when the new doctor went along by."

"Aye, an' 'tis many the gale o' wind he's tramped through since," young Rowe's voice ground a little in his throat. His big fore-finger still thrilled from that first clasp of a tiny hand which the doctor had saved for him. "There aint his match on the north shore, nor in Boston itself, for that matter."

"I misdoubt that there is, Martin b'y, an' he keepin' so hearty up to a week ago tonight."

Donald's red lids blinked as he felt for a fresh supply of tobacco, and rubbed it between his palms. Each man pulled on his pipe in silence. The ready and dogmatic expression of opinion, which had characterized discussion concerning the right-of-way, was noticably lacking in the present conclave. When the curfew sounded, their inexorable knell for disbanding, they drifted homeward, and no one noticed that the usual trail of prognostication concerning the morrow's weather had been omitted. A greater compliment could not have been paid to the man they were about to lose.

Within the doctor's cottage things went on much as usual, save for the advent of his only living relative, the son of a dead sister. John Mayhew had hastened from Boston with his newly-made wife, temporarily dropping a budding law practice, when he heard of his uncle's illness. Three days of enforced inaction, chiefly spent in striding from room to room, or around the little garden with slow,measured tread, had driven him, with avidity, to an examination of the doctor's account books, which he found on a shelf in the sitting-room. More than once his strong mouth relaxed into softened lines as he bent over the entries.

"Received from Mrs. Lonson five young pullets, in full payment for medical services rendered."

"Received from Donald Perlie, one kit of salt mackerel, in payment for medical services."

"Received from Debby Watts three dozen fresh eggs, on account."

This book bore a date many years back. John Mayhew came suddenly upon an entry which blurred the yellowing page before his eyes.

"Received from Captain Olsen one swordfish's sword, on account."

He had it still, that sword, hanging in his den in Boston. It had come to him in answer to a clamoring, boyish letter. Now, for the first time, he learned that it represented the labor of an over-worked man. He got up and stood looking out of the window at the deepening sunset.

His wife turned her fair head, while rocking softly near another latticed pane, as her eyes followed him. He had strong, aggres-

sive shoulders and she liked a strong man. A soft little hum of contentment came from her lips. But her rapt gaze, which also sought the purpling sky, merely meant speculation as to the probable length of time they would be detained at Winter Cove. The place, stripped of its summer festivity, did not appeal to her.

And yet it was a scene upon which the doctor, in spite of his forty-eight years residence on the Cape, could not have looked without a soul-upheaval. Under a riot of purple and gold, made more vivid by the cameo clearness of an early October day, a dying northwest breeze had left the sea deeply indigo. From a valley, where the ground fell steeply to the west of the doctor's house, the earth-shadow was already rising, dark and mysterious, turning the trees, which it enwrapped, to black against a hill still softly green where the light touched it. It was no wonder, John Mayhew thought, that in such environment his uncle's soul had grown to be what it was, that it had found in the strength and passion of nature fine soil for its human pity.

When the sun dipped behind a low-lying line of coast he turned back to the books.

"Money seems to have been about the last thing Uncle Robert was ever paid in," he remarked to his wife, taking up one of more recent date. "And yet there must have been *some*, for here is an entry. 'Paid to Doctor West, fifty dollars for operation.' What operation, I wonder? I did not know he had been ill."

Elizabeth Mayhew lifted her fair head from the piece of fancy work in which, by the waning light, she was taking desultory stitches.

"Ask Sally; she'll know," she counselled, astutely.

A tall, raw-boned, Nova Scotian woman entered the room carying a lamp. Sarah McKenzie, or "Sally Mac," the only name by which she was ever known in Winter Cove, was half-sister to Donald Perlie's wife, and had been the doctor's housekeeper for over twenty years. For one swift instant her shrewd, gray eyes fastened on the soft, fair beauty of the woman near the window. Men never wondered why John Mayhew had married his wife. A few women did, and Sally Mac was among the number.

In the brief moment that it took Elizabeth to lay down her work and turn her fair head, there descended over the face of the doctor's housekeeper a vague and vacant look, that annihilation of all expression which the true Celt can draw, as a veil, over the features, and which so often hides an almost uncanny insight. Sally put down the lamp and stood waiting. Her brother-in-law, in describing her feelings at the moment, would have said that with John she knew herself to be sailing in deep water, clear and free. With his wife she was not yet sure whether it was deep water or shoal—but she strongly suspected shoal. Therefore she kept little "weigh" on and took frequent soundings. Elizabeth, since her arrival, had treated Sally with that mixture of condescension and graciousness which she deemed the proper manner to servants, and therein she had wasted time with a woman whose ancestors, hundred of years before, had fought, covenanted and died among their heather-clad hills.

"Here is an entry which I can't make out" —John was tracing the line with his pencil when the brass knocker on the front door rose and fell, as though someone had reached it with a finger-tip. Elizabeth, craning her head to see out of the window, beheld a small girl, in an outgrown gingham dress, carrying a tray. Sally answered the knock.

"Mother says—perhaps the doctor—could take this—for his supper."

The child made her speech with little, breathless pauses and bounded away like some wild, primeval thing. Sally's face was twisted, as though by sudden pain, as she entered and placed the tray on the table.

"What china!" Elizabeth rose quickly and bent in ecstacy over the priceless old cup and saucer. There was a poached egg, like a ball of white fluff, on a delicately browned piece of toast, and a little cheap stone teapot of tea.

"'Twas Ellie Watson's great-grandmother's," Sally volunteered, "but that's all the childer's left of it; there's nine of them."

With a shrug, which conclusively settled the relative values of children and china, Elizabeth dropped into her chair. Sally took up the tray.

"He'll not be able to take it—but he'll like to know," she said a little thickly, as she left the room.

John was looking out at the deepening twilight when she re-entered. She stood beside him for a moment before he seemed aware of her presence. Then he bent again over the books.

"This, Sally—'fifty dollars to Doctor West for operation,' do you know what it was?" he asked.

She stooped to examine the page.

"What's the date?" she asked, slowly.

"June 10, 1900."

She was distinctly conscious of the far-seeing blue eyes across the table, regarding her intently. Deliberately she straightened herself and faced them. Elizabeth Mayhew saw only the blank stare and dropped jaw of a dull woman vainly trying to recall something.

"'Twill be the summer I was down home to Prince Edward's Island," Sally said at length. "If 'twas sick the doctor was, I didn't know it."

John did not raise his head.

"She's stupid," his wife said, conclusively, when Sally Mac had left the room.

He threw a quizzical glance.

"If I had a tenth part of her 'stupidity' the Massachusetts bar would have gained a valuable acquisition," he said, with a wary smile.

He was perfectly well aware that Sally knew all about that fifty dollars, but for some reason, probably unexplainable to herself, did not wish to speak of it just then.

"As far as I can make out," he went on, "there is about twelve thousand dollars owing to Uncle Robert for medical services."

"*Really?*" A bright spot of color leaped into Elizabeth's cheeks. Her breath came unevenly.

"Of course much of that is of such long standing that it is practically outlawed, but some of it is undoubtedly collectible."

She turned away that he might not see the too evident exultation in her eyes.

"Perhaps I can do something to help Sally," she said, rising, with a sudden access of graciousness.

Within the sick room Sally, having taken the precaution to lock the door, moved about making the doctor comfortable for the night. His eyes followed her, eyes like the sea without, under the dying northwest wind; as keenly blue, as suggestive of depth, though, like it, shadowed by coming night.

"Sarah," he said, when she approached the bed—he was the only person in the village who never called her Sally—"you're a rare woman. . . . you've never talked."

It was the highest mede of praise he could offer, and she knew it. The blood flashed to her rugged cheeks. To hide the sudden smart of rare tears she turned and busied herself with the sick-room accessories on a little table near the window.

But half an hour later, when John stood alone in the small garden, Sally belied the doctor's good opinion. A sickle moon hung over the valley where the earth-shadow had deepened into night. Save for the chirp of a belated cricket the night was intensely still. John started when she touched his arm.

"'Twas for Jane Watson," she began, without preliminaries. "'Twas the time she had the appendicitis."

"The little girl who brought the tray this evening?"

"No, the next older'n her. The doctor, he give his services free, but that's neither here nor there. 'Twas what he was doin' most o' the time. But there had to be a surgeon got from Hillport an' that cost fifty dollars, an' where would the Watsons get that money, God help them?"

"So Uncle Robert paid the surgeon?"

"Yes, he paid. But Alvin West never knew whose money he was handlin,' I'll say that for him!"

"It was like him—Uncle Rob, I mean."

"Like him!" Sally brought her hands together in a suddenly unloosed passion of woe. "What'll they do without him at all, at all? The men—God help the quarrymen now, when the granite gets in their eyes,—and the women and the childer! An' 'twasn't their bodies but their souls he saved. There's many the man an' many the woman livin' here on the Cape today, happy an' hearty, that he's steered through the ups an' shoals!"

Her whole body quivered. Again she was feeling the wrench of that current, so cruelly strong, from which, twenty-five years before, the doctor had saved her. She turned away but came back to lay a hand on John's arm.

"He always liked ye—fine," she said, chokingly.

He nodded. The clear cut edges of the

sickle moon, in its deep bed of starlit blue, merged and wavered before his eyes. When he entered his wife's room a little later, there was that in his face which she half feared—the touch of human kinship which seemed to separate him from her so immeasurably.

The brush, with which she had been grooming her abundant fair hair, fell unheeded to her lap. For the first time there rose within her a throb of desire to be the woman John Mayhew thought her. He stooped to kiss her through the veil of falling hair, for it was his turn to keep vigil beside his uncle. With a sudden impulse she put up both hands and held his face close against her own, and John was surprised to find that the cheek which pressed his was wet with tears. He never before had seen her cry. The room was very still, but in that stillness a woman's soul awoke, and another instance of redemption by love was begun.

It was plain to Sally, when she entered the doctor's room the next morning, that he had passed a poor night. His eyes followed her with vague unrest. When John had gone up stairs she bent over the bed.

"What is it?"

"Get them—out of the way—Sarah. John—is all right—but"—

He did not need to finish the sentence. Sally Mac nodded her complete comprehension.

Her manner to Elizabeth that morning was such a subtle mixture of deference and subdued admiration, that the latter unbent sufficiently to chat with her about John, all of whose boyhood summers had been spent on the Cape. Somehow, she knew not quite how, Elizabeth found herself by noon, confirmed in an opinion which she had modestly held for some months, that John Mayhew was a lucky man when he married her. Her estimation of Sally Mac underwent a change. She decided that these Cape people only needed to be known in order to be liked.

It was a luncheon fit for an epicure which Sally, in spite of sick-room duties, served for them that day. While it was in progress she made a suggestion.

"Sammy Tarr sent up little Timmie to say ye could have the buggy an' horse any time ye liked, an' I was thinkin' ye might be takin' yer wife for a bit of a ride round the Cape. 'Tis needin' a breath of air she'll be."

Sammy Tarr was the village teamster who, beside two wagons, boasted an ancient vehicle, termed by courtesy a "buggy." Sally did not think it necessary to add that his offer had been stimulated by a gift on her part, of two dozen freshly fried doughnuts and several pies to his numerous family.

John looked in uncertainty from the housekeeper to his wife's eager face. Elizabeth felt that any break in the monotony of the last few days would be welcome.

"Would it be safe to leave?"

"Dr. McAleer says we needn't be lookin' for any change for the next twenty-four hours." Sally quoted the morning bulletin of the young doctor from Hillport. "An' 'tis losin' her pretty color yer wife is with so much anxiety."

Again the glance of both women clashed, if anything could be said to clash with the ingenuousness of Sally Mac's gray eyes at the moment.

"I should like to go," Elizabeth said; and John's, "very well, you shall, dear," decided the matter.

When she had watched them drive away Sally entered the sick room.

"They're gone," she said, concisely.

A wave of relief swept over the doctor's face.

"The books—Sarah!"

She brought them from the shelf in the sitting room, where John had replaced them. He pointed to one and she laid the other aside.

"Now—the pen—and ink."

Again she obeyed in silence. He motioned to a seat beside the bed and she took it, keeping her eyes intently fixed on his face that she might miss nothing of what he wished. With a shaking fore-finger he drew a cross in the air. Sally opened the account book and scored a similar mark on the first page. Then her glance went again to his face. A light had broken over it.

"You're—a rare woman—Sarah!" he said, with unction.

For some time there was no sound in the room but the scratch of Sally's pen, the little clink of steel against glass as she dipped it in the ink, and the rustle of turning pages. The doctor lay with closed eyes. Not sleep-

ing, she knew. Nothing would have induced him to miss the music of that scoring pen.

"'Tis done."

His eyes came open in a flash, almost before the words had left her lips. He stretched out one hand.

"Can you—lift me?"

She did so with a strong arm, putting the pen between his fingers. At the foot of the last page he wrote, with infinite difficulty, "Paid in full. Robert Lee."

There was a light as of coming dawn upon his face when she laid him back. As she left the room she heard him say in a voice which sounded far away,

"Sarah—you're—a wonderful—woman!"

A week later, when John Mayhew had helped his wife on board the electrie car, which was to take them to the railway station at Hillport, he said,

"I find that I was mistaken about Uncle Robert's accounts. The people around here do not owe him anything."

"Are you *sure?*" Elizabeth's voice was shrill with disappointment. Her full, red lip drooped.

"Quite sure."

He thought again of the group of weather-beaten faces, quarry-laborers and fishermen, which had encircled the open grave; of the sunlit road along which the funeral procession had passed, where each cottage gave forth its dole of weeping women, the children, every one of whom the doctor had ushered into the world, clinging in sturdy soundness to their mother's skirts. Martin Rowe's young wife, with the abandon of her race, had knelt down, her tiny baby hugged close in her arms, her white face lifted in prayer, as the hearse went by.

Even now, John's eyes turned to the roadside, where the wife of a Finn quarryman, her fair skin and hair tanned to one dull yellow from exposure to wind and sun, stood arrayed in her poor best. Two small children were with her and each of the three carried a bunch of nasturtiums. Instinctively John Mayhew knew that they were waiting for a car bound in the opposite direction, and that their destination was that newly-made grave in the little cemetery by the sea. He turned again to his wife with the look which, while she loved, she still half feared.

"I am quite sure," he said, quietly. "It has all been paid in full."

WITH THE SUN

WHEN the day is done and the sun hangs low,
'Gainst a sky of red and gold,
I wait and watch for its last bright glow
As it sinks in its ocean hold.
And as its light goes down in the west,
And the world in dusk is left,
A something seems missing—or is it unrest,
Or a feeling of being bereft?
For whenever the sun dips from my sight,
And starts on its backward way,
I fain would follow it in its flight
Though I cling to its last bright ray.
I would think of the wonderful spaces wide,
That were illumined on our way,
There would be no night as we'd cross the divide,
And 'twould ever be break of day!

Salena Sheets Martin.

AMPUTATOR TO HIS MAJESTY

By Jack Longnecker

FIVE years have elapsed since the East Indian ship, Borneo King, sailed from San Francisco, bound for a trading expedition among the islands which form the East Indian archipelago, stretching far eastward into the Pacific Ocean. Her departure had been of interest to many Minneapolis people because she carried with her Dr. Adelbert V. Murphy, who was going out to join the Penquin, one of the United States fish commissioner's steamers, which was at that time investigating deep-sea life in the waters around Borneo.

He had always wanted to visit the East Indies; so, when he heard that the Borneo King was preparing for a trip to that very locality in which the Penquin was working, he hastened to apply for passage, and his request was as readily granted.

Mails from Honolulu brought advices that all on board the Borneo King were well; and that was the last ever heard of the vessel.

There was the usual comment in commercial and insurance circles, for the vessel carried a valuable cargo and was fully protected in Lloyd's. At the university there were expressions of sorrow because of the loss of a valuable worker; but while relatives and friends mourned for him, they refused to give up hope until at least five years had elapsed without any news. Four of the five had passed, when one day there came to the hydrographic office at Washington, a package forwarded from Guayaquil, Equador, by a sea captain, who explained that it had been picked up about fifty miles out from the Peruvian Coast, and might be of some value in studying the currents of the Eastern Ocean.

The package contained a bottle, thickly encrusted with various marine formations, and a piece of parchment paper on which was written:

"Regular Hurricane blowing. Ship beyond control, won't steer. Land near by. Last observation taken at 6 p. m., 12 degrees S. by 162 degrees E.

ADELBERT V. MURPHY.

10 p. m., May 13th, 1902.

Messages picked up at sea are sent to the government hydrographic office at Washington, D. C., by the score during the year, and usually create no comment. One of the clerks traces the course of the bottle from the point where it was thrown overboard to where it was picked up, and adds the data to the record on file. The clerk, to whom this message was handed, at once noticed the probability of a shipwreck, and took the paper to his chief. That gentleman read it over two or three times.

"'May 13th, 1902.' Why, that's over five years ago. Well, if those fellows were shipwrecked that long ago, they are either rescued by this time or else very dead. Put it on file with the others." And then, as the clerk turned away, he called out:

"Here, let me see that again, Mr. Nelson," and once more he read it over. "Murphy—Murphy, Adelbert V. Murphy," he slowly repeated the name. "Strikes me that's the name of the young man the University of Minnesota lost about five years ago."

"By George, I've got half a notion that Murphy isn't dead. You know his people would never give up. They ought to be told of this message, too. I am going back to the office and study the thing over." And the weather maker excitedly excused himself.

The Penquin rocked at her anchorage in Manila Bay, a thin stream of smoke was just beginning to pour from her funnels, and the officers on the bridge were superintending the preparations for departure. There shot out of the mass of shipping a small dispatch boat, which toot-tooted her way towards the Penquin. A few moments later Captain Emmons was reading the following:

"Search San Christoval and adjacent islands for evidence of Dr. Murphy and the Borneo King. Bottle messsage received from 12 degrees S. by 162 degrees E.

X———

Chief of Weather Bureau."

Now, Emmons had been one of Dr. Murphy's intimate friends of years ago, in Minneapolis, and the cablegram instructions

could not have been sent to one who would more willingly have carried them out. Calling his officers into the cabin he read the message to them, and together they discussed the probabilities.

"The last they ever heard of Murphy," said Captain Emmons, "was the mail advice received from Honolulu. That was about five years ago. The Borneo King was bound for the East Indies, and Murphy took passage on her, intending to join this ship, as we were then working in the straits east of Borneo. They must have struck bad weather and gone to pieces, or they would not be throwing bottle messages overboard. Well, we'll go down there and look around, but I don't believe we will ever find any traces of him, or any of the crew of the Borneo King after this length of time."

And the Pequin steamed out of the harbor headed for San Christoval. Several weeks were spent in searching the inlets of the eastern end of the suspected islands, and many side trips of inspection were made to nearby isles, but nothing was seen to indicate the presence of the missing ichthyologist. Nor did careful inquiry among the natives bring any light upon the mystery. After having rounded the point of San Christoval, Emmons thought of Rennell Island lying about sixty miles to the west, and ordered the course changed in that direction.

Rennell Island is one of the few of the Solomon Islands where the natives still cling to their savage customs, refusing to absorb any of the ways of civilization, and fighting most determinedly any attempt of foreigners to invade their territory. While under German control, the jurisdiction of the Kaiser is merely nominal. The Rennellites run their island to suit themselves, and bid defiance to the world at large. They raid other nearby islands, steal the women and feast upon the men. Altogether, they are such a ferocious, inhospitable tribe, that no one ever visits their isle or cares to have any intercourse with them. Shortly after noon the lookout reported land ahead.

"Rennell Island, I guess," remarked the captain. "I'd like to get even with them for throwing spears at our men when we tried to get into one of their bayous," and taking up his glasses he went on the bridge.

Rapidly the shore line cleared up, the dark blue resolved itself into palm trees, and the booming breakers could be seen spreading out over the white beach. Captain Emmons stood watching the island.

"Well, I'll be d——d! "he suddenly burst out. Lowering the glasses he examined them carefully, wiped the lenses gently with a piece of chamois skin, raised them to his eyes, and again studied the beach-line intently.

"Well, wouldn't that cork you! If those niggers ain't all one-legged I'll eat my hat. Come here, Mr. Wells, and take a look at that beach-line."

Mr. Wells, a junior officer, stepped up and took a look through his glasses. Then he lowered them and took a look without the glasses, and finally a longer look through the binoculars.

"What do you see?" asked the captain.

"Looks like a lot of one-legged people."

"That's what I thought, but I did not know but that I was going crazy."

Meanwhile, other officers and binoculars had come upon the bridge and were eagerly gazing at the natives along the shore.

"How the devil do you suppose a lot of one-legged people got on that island?" asked the captain.

"Search me," responded one of the officers. "Maybe this is a side issue of Darwin's game of evolution. A race of monopeds."

"Or, possibly they are decendants of some land-locked mermaids."

"Hello, there is one of them waving a white flag,"

"Where?" asked Captain Emmons.

"Over there back of the crowd."

"Tell the quartermaster to answer."

"Shall we send a boat ashore?"

"Wait awhile and see if they put off. We had enough trouble with these fellows years ago, when they tried to spear some of our men. If they feel friendly let them make the advances."

The man who had been waving the white flag had become the center of a gesticulating crowd. Their parley lasted a few minutes when the signal man and a half dozen natives clambered into a large canoe and pulled off for the Penquin. The officers intently watched the approach of the canoe, while members of the crew stood ready

with arms "to repel boarders" and resist attack which might be offered.

"I guess they don't mean to fight. They are naked and have no weapons," remarked the captain. "Let them climb on board the best they can if they want to come."

"Hello there!" came a voice from the canoe.

But before the astonished officers could answer the hail, the little craft shot close up to the channels, was made fast, and the dusky crew were climbing aboard. The last man over the rail was noticed to be whiter than his fellows, and by them was recognized as a leader. Steadying himself on his one leg, this fellow saluted the group of officers and spoke in very plain English.

"My compliments to the captain of the Penquin. I want to express my great pleasure at seeing you here."

The officers could only stare in amazement. At last, the captain found his tongue.

"For God's sake, man, who are you, and what are you doing here in that condition?"

"My name is Samuel Johnston, sor. I was purser of the Borneo King, which was wrecked on this island nearly five years ago, now."

"The Borneo King! Do you know anything of Dr. Murphy, who was on that ship?"

"Yes, sir. Dr. Murphy is on this island, a fellow captive with me. At present he is at the king's palace, a few miles to the interior."

"Thank God, Murphy is alive. Do you think we can get him away?"

"I don't know. Dr. Murphy is a very important official now, and the king might not want to spare him. There is no doubt but that the doctor would be willing to come."

"Well, we've got to have the doctor or there'll be trouble, that's all there is about it." And then, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, the captain asked: How does it come that you have lost one leg?"

"Dr. Murphy cut it off and the king ate it."

"What?"

"Dr. Murphy cut it off and the king ate it."

The story of the preservation of Dr. Murphy and his fellow castaway, from the flesh pots of Rennell Island is a curious illustration of the triumph of Occidental wisdom over Oriental epicurism. Murphy could never be induced to give his story publicity, but from scraps told now and then and from what could be obtained from Johnston, their adventures have been collected into the narrative which follows:

It seems that the hurricane of May 13, 1902, drove the Borneo King upon the Indispensable reef, which lies some ten or more miles to the south of Rennell Island. The crew took to the boats and the ship went to pieces and sank in no time. Murphy, the purser and six sailors were separated from the rest of the crew and never saw any of them again. The others were undoubtedly lost. The men had not been adrift ten minutes before a huge wave beat upon them and literally picked the six sailors out of the boat and threw them into the sea.

Amid shrieks and cries, prayers and curses, they were washed to death. By dint of great effort the two survivors held on to their seats, the boat by some miracle, keeping right side up. At last, half insensible from being beaten about, and exhausted by their efforts, they found themselves drifting near a beach.

Without hesitation they paddled ashore, crawled up among the underbrush and sank down to rest. Hours later they awoke; the sky was clear and bright, the tropical sun was pouring down its heat, and the ocean for miles around was as calm and innocent as a washtub. Not a sign of their companions, their ship, or any of its cargo—yes, there to the right, about a hundred feet out from the shore, was drifting a large pine box. It floated lightly, showing that its contents were evidently not water soaked.

"Probably a box of cloth," said Murphy.

"No, it isn't. Cloth would have sunk long ago," answered Johnston. "I believe that must be one of those boxes of stuff we took on board for some missionaries. It may be good to eat. Let's go out and get it."

After a mighty effort at paddling and pushing, shoving and hauling, they got the box ashore and dragged it up out of reach of the surf. With a stone they broke it open and unpacked the contents.

"Well, of all things appetizing, this certainly takes the cake!" exclaimed the doctor, who had unwrapped some of the packages.

"Why it's a lot of medicines and stuff sent out to some missionary doctor: here's

bandages and anti-septic gauzes, and here's a case of instruments. By Jove! that's a dandy set, too. And corrosive sublimate tablets and absorbent cotten. Well, I've heard of asking for bread and being given a stone, but we have a lot of poisons.

Further investigation of the box was here interrupted by the advent of a group of natives, who, when they recovered from their astonishment, promptly captured the two men and took them to their chief. The chief, seeking favor in the eyes of his king, sent them to that august personage as an offering of good will and esteem.

His majesty showed his appreciation of the present by displaying a perfect set of sharp teeth, and ordered them carefully filed away for future reference. They were kept confined in a well-built native hut and amply fed. Two or three days after their capture, Dr. Murphy was surprised to hear a passing native singing a German song.

"Morgen roth, Morgen roth,
Leuch Sest mir zum fruhen of
Bald wir die Trompete blasen
Dann muss ich mein Lebel lassen
Ich und mancher Zamerad."

"Hey, there!" called the doctor. "Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

The man stopped.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch? Can you speak German?" repeated the doctor.

"Yah," answered the man, with a half frightened grin.

"Well, come back here, I want to talk to you."

It seems that when a child this man had been picked up by a German man-of-war, taken to the home of the governor of the Solomon Islands, who represented the sovereignty of the Kaiser, and there held several years as a servant. Quite naturally he had acquired a fair command of the German language, and had learned some of the songs sung by the German soldiers. Eventually, he tired of Teutonic society and worked his way back home, where his knowledge of foreign ways made him quite an honored citizen and an influential member of the royal household.

"What is the king going to do with us?" asked Murphy.

"He is going to have a grand feast in a few days and eat one of you. All the chiefs of the island are to be invited."

"What! Eat us?"

"Yes. His majesty has never yet tasted the flesh of a white man. At first he wanted to keep you for his own private eating, but just at this season the flesh would not keep, so he will be forced to have a large banquet for the other chiefs."

"What are you talking about?" asked Johnston, who could not understand German.

"This fellow says the king is going to have a big banquet in a few days, and that one of us is to furnish the star feature of the bill of fare."

"That's pleasant, isn't it? Still, it's nothing more than I've been expecting ever since we landed. I'd give a leg to get out of this."

"Humph! So would I," and the doctor lapsed into a deep study, from which he suddenly roused with "By Jove! I've got an idea, Johnston! You said you would give a leg to get out of here. If I can get the two of us out, will you give me one of your legs?"

"You bet I will; but I don't see what use it's going to be to you."

"Never you mind. I've got a scheme I'm going to try."

"Hey, there, Dutchy! Come here!" he called to the native, who could speak German. And when that individual came he asked:

"Did you say that the king was going to ask all the chiefs to the feast?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the invitations have not yet been issued?"

"No, sir."

"And these chiefs do not know anything about the proposed feast?"

"Not yet. The date has not been definitely fixed, as the king's chef had to send to the other end of the island for some special herbs he wants to use in the dressing."

"Well, you go and tell the king that I know of a method whereby he can keep the white man's flesh for his own private use, and eat only a little at a time. Tell him I want to have a talk with him."

The man went to the king and explained matters, came back and escorted Murphy into the presence of H. R. H.

"What does this giour want?" asked the king, through the interpreter.

"I understand," began the doctor, "that

your highness intends to give a large banquet at which you and your guests are to eat either myself or my companion."

"That's the idea; possibly, if the responses to my invitation are numerous, we may eat both of you. You see I am under social obligations to my friends, and this stroke of good luck affords me a glorious opportunity to square accounts. None of us has tasted the flesh of a giour, and your presence will add much prestige to the feast."

"And I further understand that while your majesty is giving this feast, it is really because you can't keep our flesh after having killed us, and not so much that you care to entertain your friends."

"Your understanding is marvelous."

"Also, if I am not mistaken, your majesty would far rather keep this delicacy to tickle your own palate."

"You speak just like a Hindoo mind-reader."

"Well, if my surmises are correct, I think I can arrange matters so that your wishes can be carried out."

"You don't say! How so?"

"By eating only a portion of one of us at a time, while the other part lives."

"Young man, you are trifling."

"I never was more dead in earnest in my life than I am at this minute."

"Well, if your plans fail, you will be dead in earnest," replied the king, with a twinkling eye and a watery mouth. "What is your scheme?"

"Your majesty, we men of the Occident know how to remove a leg from the body without destroying the man's life. If you will let me prove this to you I think you will find it of much advantage to you."

"In what way?"

"Whenever your majesty feels the longing for a feast of human flesh you can have a leg removed from a slave, and yet have the living slave to work for you."

"That's not a bad idea. I'll countermand the order for the feast, and will give you a chance to show what you can do. If you fail my chef will be ready to prepare you for my friends."

Returning to the hut, Murphy informed Johnston that he had saved their lives.

"How so?" asked Johnston.

"You remember you said you'd give a eg to get out of this scrape. Well, I've arranged it with the king to have one of your legs served up as a dish for his private table.

"What'll the rest of me be doing while the king is eating my leg? You must be getting crazy."

"Tut, tut, my boy. Just hear me through. You remember that big box of surgeon's supplies we rescued from the surf? There's enough stuff there to fix up a hundred amputations; and in good shape at that. My plan is to amputate your leg under the best possible aseptic conditions, turn the amputated portion over to the king for his dinner, and take good care of you until you are well. I assured the king that the amputation would not kill you, and if you pull through O. K. we save our lives."

"That sounds well. Why don't you try it on one of your own legs?"

"How can I cut off one of my own legs? You must look at this thing from a rational point of view, Johnston. If you refuse to enter into this experiment, it's a certainty that both of us will be killed and eaten. Your remark about giving a leg to get out of this scrape put the idea into my head. Really, I don't see any other way out of it. The king has approved it, and if he learns that you object he will most certainly offer you as the feature at the first banquet."

"How do I know that you can amputate a leg?"

"You don't. I cannot, just now, give you any references, so you'll have to take my word for it. I made such operations when in the hospital at Minneapolis, and I have enough confidence in myself to think I can do it again—provided the occasion offers."

Further argument was stopped by the arrival of the interpreter, who announced that the king was ready and waiting to be entertained. Murphy translated the message to his companion.

"It's up to you, Johnston."

"Well, Murphy, go as easy as you can and dont cut off any more than is necessary."

"Don't worry, I'll not overload his stomach."

Two hours later Johnston came to his senses, and looking down, saw the stump of his left leg swathed in bandages and

the doctor standing smilingly beside him.

"The operation was a success."

"I hope it turns out better than some of the successful operations I've read about in the newspapers."

"Never you mind, my boy, you are doing finely; didn't lose an ounce of blood, and the king was tickled to death with the novelty of the event. I think our lives are saved beyond a doubt."

Again the interpreter interrupted. His majesty would be pleased to have the two giours witness the preparations for the feast was his. message.

"Not much, I don't," said Johnston. "It's bad enough to give up my leg without having to lay there and see them cook and eat it."

Dr. Murphy went with the interpreter to the king and explained that his patient could not be disturbed, that he must be kept absolutely quiet, otherwise the experiment would prove a failure.

"If my friend dies you will have an overstock of flesh on hand, which will not keep until you can summon your chiefs to the feast, and you will have to give it to the common people and slaves to eat. That would be worse than wasting it, so you had better leave him to my care."

The king, being an astute man, saw the force of the argument and submitted. Later in the evening, having satisfied his appetite, he called at the hut and complimented the doctor upon his skill, and Mr. Johnston upon his delicate flavor. Johnston progressed finely, not a sign of suppuration, the wound healed finely by first intention, and in two weeks' time the remnant of the feast was able to be about on improvised crutches.

During this convalescence Dr. Murphy, who was firmly ensconced in the good graces of the king, had told his majesty what a valuable acquisition Johnston would be in his royal household. There was need of a man who could superintend the erection of strong houses capable of resisting hurricanes and rain storms; who could drill soldiers and teach the natives a thousand and one things of which they were now ignorant.

"But what about the other leg?" queried his majesty.

"That must stay on Mr. Johnston. To remove it would kill him, and he is too valuable a man to lose. Besides there is nothing about Mr. Johnston's leg that is different from any other leg. It was the mere novelty of the thing, and now that your curiosity has been satisfied, it is best to preserve him as he is."

Reluctantly the king submitted, though it was weeks before he could pass Johnston without casting longing eyes upon that remaining leg, and many a sigh escaped his watery lips. Deprived of his tidbit he sought consolation elsewhere, and Dr. Murphy was soon called upon to remove a leg from a slave. It went "against the grain," but there was no alternative.

So, smothering his sentiments, he made the amputation. A week later came another slave with an order to have a leg taken off. In fact, it got to be a regular thing to have a roast or boiled leg for Sunday dinner, and the horrible butcheries of former times gave way to the innovation. This condition of affairs was agreeable to all concerned.

The king enjoyed the honor and distinction the novelty brought him; the natives rejoiced over the doing away with the death penalty involved in the old custom, and gladly gave their legs to supply his majesty's larder. Murphy and Johnston found themselves installed as important personages in the tribe, looked up to and honored as men in authority.

Singularly enough, things ran on this way for over four years without their ever hearing or seeing anything of the outside world. At first they watched, but as months went by the vigilance relaxed until at last they roamed about as they pleased. Johnston became the handy man and Jack-of-all-trades, but to Dr. Murphy was set aside the special service of supplying the necessary piece de resistance for the king's table at every quarterly change of the moon.

The advent of the Penquin was most opportune. She arrived at a time when the king and his warriors were off visiting a neighboring chief, and just when the supply of anesthetics and antiseptic dressing was about exhausted. Johnston remained on board the ship and sent the natives ashore for Dr. Murphy. The doctor grabbed up his case of instruments, which he wanted as souvenirs, and hastily departed without the formalities of a farewell reception.

"The coming of the Penquin just when she did," remarked Dr. Murphy, "was one of the most cheerful events in my service at his majesty's court. I never could have mustered up courage to cut off a fellow's leg without anesthesis, and to have attempted it with the victim under the influence of the native alcoholic beverage would have ruined my record."

"Your record?"

"Yes, one hundred and forty-six amputations at the hip without a death, without even a sign of suppuration, and all healed by first intention. That's something to be proud of."

A BOY'S LOVE

A TALE OF THE DIPHTHERIA PLAGUE IN LAPORTE, IA., IN 1876.

By Robert J. Thompson

SPEAKING of love, I want to say, that the passion, which agitates the tender bosom of the little pug-nosed, barefoot boy, a passion which has for its object, perhaps, some red-headed girl across the aisle in a ramshackle schoolhouse,—this species of love, I say, is at once the sweetest, saddest, and most fleeting of all the passions of life.

It happened, however, that the girl I loved had flaxen hair, the sweetest blue eyes and rosy mouth, I have ever had the good fortune to have a claim on. These outward qualities of beauty, when coupled with a gentle and tender disposition, will bring the wildest little heathen in the school to pay court to their fair possessor, and many and great are the sacrifices he will make. His capacious pocket, for instance, accumulates treasures for her only, a bit of brass, china, a top or two, perhaps some choice marbles, and best of all a few stray keys on a ring, which he proudly jingles. This latter, when possessed by a boy for the first time, adds nearly as much to his imagined importance, as his first pair of boots or suspenders. He becomes in a trice, without the usual mercenary struggle, a man of affairs with private desks and inner rooms with safes and store-rooms. He is not only proprietor and manager, but janitor and porter for he never parts with the keys unless, perhaps, to the little maiden, whom he can only imagine as his future bride.

Yes, I loved the flaxen-haired maid; she was somewhat older than I, and being loved and courted by the whole school she seemed to have no particular preference for me. It was strange how I was transported by her very look. Of course I dared not speak to her of my attachment, so I copied a little poem from the Reader, one day, called "The Primrose."

It was a real gem, and I considered that it expressed my sentiments exactly. I put it in an envelope, sealed and addressed it to her, and that it might impress her more, I mailed it at the post office. It was my first letter. I anticipated marked results from this poem, but whether they ever came, whether they were ever produced, I never learned. Oh yes! I think I did, too, and I will tell you how it was.

The day on which I determined to send this poem to Julia Dewey, was the last time I saw her, the last time, with one strange and peculiar exception, that I ever saw her.

I have had many love experiences since. I have a wife now and a little boy nearly as big as I was at that time. Yet in all my disappointments, successes and aspirations, I can never forget the great hope, the consuming desire, which filled my youthful heart on the occasion of my first declaration of my first love.

I mailed the letter after school, one evening, and I expected to note the results the next day, either in her bearing towards me, or in her eyes. Her eyes were windows

through which her soul and thoughts could be seen and read, as easily as our "First Reader."

The next morning, when the teacher called the school to order, her seat was vacant. The strings of my heart were broken, and there was no music from my soul that day.

I learned in the evening after school that Julia was ill, she had caught cold—it had settled in her throat. Sad and dejected, I thought—"tomorrow I will see her, and then I will know."

But Tomorrow! Oh Life! Oh Joy! Oh Death! Ye are all guests of tomorrow!

During the night my little friend died suddenly and violently with diphtheria.—

I am moved now only by pity for the poor little heart, the rough, tender urchin, who had poured out his love only to have it caught up by the Fates, who, by their inexorable magic, changed it to gall and bitter sorrow, and cast it back upon him. I spoke of this love as being fleeting,—it is indeed, but while it lasts it is like a bon-fire of dry leaves. Its disappointment is like a first wound in the tender flesh of youth,—it is the most painful thing in life, because life at this time knows nothing more painful. I sought solace in the woods—I played truant because I could not bear that empty seat; I wandered in the fields, where all was young. It was spring and nature seemed my best friend, as in truth it was my only companion.

Several days after the death of my little Julia, and late one afternoon,—it was nearly dusk, I felt a strange desire to go down to the mill-pond. This was quite a large, deep body of water, surrounded by a beautiful wood, and only a short distance from my home. There was one particular spot on the bank of this pond that I always found pleasure in visiting, and where I had often sat upon a dark and decayed log, which extended out over the water. This was a great place for the boys to fish, and there was usually at this hour, someone there fishing. The sun had set, the big red moon swung low in the eastern sky and the air was heavy laden with the perfume of early flowers, blue-bells, violets and honey-suckles. Trudging through the wood, carrying my fishing-pole, I found the darkness increasing rapidly as I approached the pool where the old log lay. The birds rustled in the leaves of the under-brush, startling me at times, until my little heart, frightened by the surroundings, hurried me on to the opening where I expected to find someone fishing. At last I came into the opening and as I cast my eyes upon the log, I saw someone looking out over the water. Supposing it to be one of my friends, I called out:

"Hello! Any bites?"

There was no response.

A cloud now came across the moon and made it so dark that I could not see the person on the log. I approached nearer, however, and waited for the cloud to pass. Not a word came from the one on the log. The shadow passed quickly away and there—how my little heart rushed into my throat! Oh Mercy! There on the log sat my sweetheart, little Julia, and holding towards me in her hand a beautiful primrose. Overcome with fear, swimming with joy, I ran to her and reaching my hand for the flower, I took it from her, and as I did so she sank back and dropped in the water. I looked over the log where she had fallen, but there was not a ripple on the surface of the pond. I recalled that I had heard no splash. Poor little barefoot lover! I held the primrose in my hand.

I was answered.

THE SEA MAY LEND

By Leonora Beck Ellis

THROUGH the open tent-flap I saw the pennant at our mast-head pointing straight to the south.

"I wonder what Torrence will say," I thought, and smiled, remembering the keen impulse that often cut through his smooth-laid plans. Another moment, and he was looking over my shoulder.

"See, Kenyon, the call is southward again," he cried, pointing to the crimson line of the flag. "We'll break camp at once to follow such a wind, won't we? The old Kestrel will carry a bone in her teeth today, and the swell will be superb. O, I feel like burrowing in the blue! Camp is dull—to that."

I gave orders, and in an hour we were chasing the green rollers again. A turquoise sky canopied the wide scintillance of the water, and a verdant isle of palm and mangrove lent the occasional touch of variety and vivid suggestion.

Yet we had made camp only the day before, on a peninsula where everything favored lingering, and Torrence had declared that we should hunt, fish, sketch, photograph, loaf, unhurriedly, for at least a fortnight in that place of advantage.

But I liked to humor his whims; they never bored, for he was entertaining and lovable in each successive one.

"Why don't you fling me overboard for fickleness as well as insubordination?" he laughed once.

"Neither a drowning crime," I returned. "Besides, I should lose what makes my cruising perfect."

"Kenyon," he rejoined, with sudden gravity, "you ought to fall in love. You need something better to spend yourself on."

He had said it before, but to me the words sounded idle. What better could I spend myself on than my devotion to him? For Torrence Masters was all that I was not,—big and brave and buoyant with life's wine, handsome, accomplished, vivid with enthusiasms.

In those days, I had a passion besides, and Torrence shared it,—it was for sailing. Not sailing as the true yachtsman knows it, but sailing with concomitants, we'll say. Cruising leisurely and camping according to impulse, with plenty of comfort and no superfluous luxury, was a favored guise of the sport with both of us.

My snug sloop required but a couple of sturdy sailors to handle her, with Torrence and myself to lend occasional assistance, and the cook for an emergency hand. Besides the boat equipment, we carried a fair camp outfit, and our guns, rods, and cameras.

"Up and down the Gulf along peninsular Florida,—that's our best tramping ground for this winter," Torrence had suggested at the beginning of the season. "If fair weather, we can stand far out in the blue deep, but make in through the passes and somewhere behind that endless chain of keys almost every night, lingering there when the weather bids."

"You like the winter climate of that region, Torrence?"

"It is perfect. Then the coast scenery, while never grandly beautiful, yet has a soft and witching loveliness, verging at times toward enchantment."

"Florida waters it shall be, assuredly," I said, with my pale reflection of his fervor.

It was but a day or two after we broke camp so hastily on the Pinellas peninsula, that our first disaster overtook us. On the track of the enticing breezes that had lured us there fell a dead calm, subduing wave after wave, until it enveloped the vast main as in an oily sheet of smoothness.

The Kestrel was caught far outside the mangrove keys, with the stilled Gulf spread all about her. The last light air died before noon; not a breath by mid-afternoon to help us cover the leagues between us and the next pass leading to inside harborage. It was eight miles, the sailors judged, back to the one we had skimmed through so debonairly in the early morning.

A coppery haze crept up, dulled the seas, smote all the clear tones of sky and atmos-

phere, filched the sunshine, leaving but a wan glare, and at last erased the friendly shore line on our port side.

A loon's long, mellow, incorporeal note of dirge kept floating to us from nowhere seemingly; and Manuel, the half-caste mate, shivered and paled at his bird of the evil voice.

So we rocked with free anchor chain for hours, Torrence occasionally fuming and fretting, but oftener singing, whistling, talking gaily to me, to Disco, my helmsman, to Manuel, perchance to all of us at once. For myself, I was merely gazing in my dumb way at the wide watery reach that I loved in every phase.

About five o'clock, the fragment of a breeze whisked capriciously past us. My men, Gulf-born and bred, understood the token, and sprang each one to an exigent task, double-reefing the mainsail, lowering the peak, and weighing anchor with good speed.

The black flaw swept relentlessly up from the southwest, striking us barely ready.

"We must bring her about," cried Disco, when he had measured strength but a few tense moments. "Give her leeway, and she can ride before the squall back to the pass nigh three leagues behind. She's taut and fit for the race."

"The cleanest pass on the coast, thank heaven," exclaimed Torrence. "We could never make the next below."

The call was close in our ears that time. But there was never a braver craft than the little Kestrel, and she fought savagely for her life and our own, winning just when our strength, like our hope, was well-nigh spent.

Yet, once inside the pass, Disco found the sloop so seriously crippled from the conflict that he feared to anchor in the deeper water of the big bay; the wind was still blowing great guns, and slathering breakers continued to hurtle their venom after us, beating in from the wrath outside.

"Disco's right; she's in no condition to take this pounding all night," said Torrence. "She's got to have repairs before any more rough treatment. Out with your chart, Kenyon."

"Here you are, then," and I unrolled it to them, indicating our pass and bay. "Ah, here's a dot of an island, where doubtless we shall find peaceful anchorage. It must be just behind this point on our starboard bow. Make it in, boys. We can lie there tonight, and tomorrow beach the sloop if necessary and mend up."

Night fell in heaviness before we could beat around the point and draw into the coveted haven. Masters, on lookout, peering through the blackness, called:

"There's some sort of dock ahead; may be a private place."

"Can't help it now," I shouted back. "They won't refuse us anchor bed tonight."

The brilliant moon of Florida suddenly tore the clouds apart, laughing the darkness into light and splendor. We saw the pier with perfect distinctness, as well as the limits of the little harbor in whose sheltering bosom we had sought refuge uninvited.

We saw, and we were seen. Two figures came down the walk under the palm trees. Emerging into the full light, they appeared clearly to us—one that of a man with long white hair flowing from beneath a black cap, and with a heavy white beard that swept his chest; the other that of a female, slender, and clad in light, floating draperies.

"What do you make of this?" asked Torrence, joining me at our cabin door as the boat swung about. "A woman, too, and in a white dress, where we had expected to find, if any inhabitants, only mullet-fishers or trappers."

I shook my head in doubt and bewilderment. Of the woman, I took little count. But never had I been more startled than at this strange figure,—prophet, priest, old-world philosopher?—now stepping with a stately tread down the small dock to which our craft was nosing up.

"Heavens, Kenyon, do you believe in ghosts?" But I had my cap off, and now spoke:

"Good evening, sir. May we hope to be pardoned for trespass? We were hard driven by the squall, and forced to seek shelter where we could. But we had no idea until a moment ago that we were invading a private domain."

The old man waved his hand and spoke in a singularly sweet and young-sounding voice:

"Be at ease. I am glad that you escaped the storm. You are most welcome to rest in our harbor."

Thanking him heartily, I explained in few words that we were cruising with no purpose

but pleasure. "I am Howard Kenyon," I concluded, "and this is my friend, Mr. Masters."

"Laurence Aylward is my name," he returned, with an acknowledging bow that savored rather of European drawing-rooms than the wilderness. "This little island, El Dondemar, is the home of my daughter and myself."

That was all—and practically all that we ever knew, then or later, of his connections, his belongings, his past history.

He invited us to land, walk up to the house if we would, or build a camp fire if we preferred. "You must be wet and chilled. I beg that you take the hospitality of Dondemar after the fashion that pleases you best."

With this, he bowed once more, withdrawing to rejoin his daughter, who awaited him under the last clump of palms. Our men lost no time in starting a fire on shore, pitching the tents, spreading bedding to dry, and lightening the boat as much as possible. Torrence was everywhere and at every thing.

"You there, Zeke," he called shortly. "Drop what you're at and go to cooking. Can't you understand that half-drowning makes a man famished clear to the tips of his boots? And seeing spooks is no better." The last for my hearing alone.

A rustling palm leaf caused us to turn, and we saw coming down the path the figure of a wizened old man. As he drew into our circle of light, we noticed that his face was brown and shriveled to a marvelous degree, but whether he was Indian, Bahaman, Hindoo, or merely mulatto, we could not judge.

In his hand he carried a bowl of oranges, guavas and bananas. Drawing quite near, he made an Eastern salaam, and slowly spoke, employing correct though monotonously intoned English:

"Master thought the gentlemen might not be supplied with fresh fruit, having come through such a tempest. He sends this, entreating you to eat."

When he had gone to bear our profuse thanks to his master, Torrence mischievously observed, "Why, the old man of the beard is neither goblin nor spook, though he may be Merlin. Yet, by the delicious savor of this fruit, I could swear he is a Christian gentleman. Merlin, indeed! Eat that orange, Howard, and you'll declare it more likely he's Prospero. Besides, there's Miranda. Let's hope she doesn't look as—well, don't scowl so, and I'll only say it's pagan-queer he looks. Anyway, we'll go and pay our respects to Miranda, as well as Pére Prospero, as soon as we have braced up on Zeke's hot coffee."

But Torrence's persiflage regarding these two ended in its very beginning. From our first visit to the bungalow, no similar remarks ever passed his lips. You may guess what feeling silenced them.

I cannot forget, while life and memory last, the majestic figure of Dr. Aylward, crowned by the grace of his fine head, the delicate beauty of his sensitively-chiseled features, which, like his voice, denied the years attested by his hair and beard. Most of all, do I remember the singular charm, the versatility and eloquence of his conversation.

Of his daughter it is not easy for me to begin to speak. Lilas he called her, in fondness, the sweet flower-name from the Spanish tongue suiting well her gentle type of loveliness. Beyond this pet name, her father gave I knew no other.

"She has her father's fine, statue-like beauty," observed Torrence, gravely, when we smoked late by the camp fire after our first visit; "only in her it is spiritualized by femininity, as well as etherealized by youthful grace."

"And though she talks little," I awoke from my dreaming to add to his criticism, "yet what she says has even more than the charm of her father."

Torrence stared hard at me an instant, and next we both lapsed anew into revery. Months, yes, years, were to pass before we two should come so close in spirit again.

"Howard, I really think you should send to the nearest town for a ship's carpenter," Masters remarked next morning. "The Kestrel is badly stove up. Besides," he went on, when I only stared at him uncertainly, "Dr. Aylward tells me that there are both deer and bears over in the hummocks on the mainland, and adds that we are welcome to camp here and hunt as long as we desire."

"Do you wish to hunt here, Torrence?" I asked musingly.

"Yes, indeed," he replied with enthusiasm. "Why, this seems to me the very spot we've been looking for. Dr. Aylward says that

Lotson, who lives in the palm-thatched shack over there on the point, is really more hunter than fisherman, as long as his ammunition lasts; having quite a reputation, indeed, as a deer-stalker. We can hire him to guide us."

"Then we'll order the boys to get ready for a week's hunt?" I put it questioningly.

"Hardly so long, I should think," he answered, a sudden grown indifference scarcely veiling a vexation foreign to his sunny nature.

When the week ended, neither spoke of going; and when it had grown to a month, only my sailors talked of the lapse of time. We had hunted some. Torrence had developed a strange disinclination to hunt without me, and the spirit of the chase was never in my blood. Once he had been wholly resigned to going alone, but now when I would plead, "Excuse me today, Torrence; you know what a heavy failure I am as a sport," he would very likely answer:

"Then I'll stay around camp with you, old fellow, and we'll make some pictures. Or I'll look over the last budget of magazines. I don't want to leave you all the time."

For myself, my chief happiness by day was in loitering about the lovely little island, saturating myself in its halcyon sunshine, drinking in the balmy air, redolent of jessamine and orange bloom. On the beach the waves murmured and flashed; behind me birds flitted and sang, while fronded palms glistened and whispered softly of all soft lands like this. Among the birds and beneath palm and orange, Lilas flitted likewise.

Yet perhaps it was the witchery of those island evenings that bound us most strangely to the spot. By moonlight or the luminous glow of the big southern stars, either enhanced by the radiance of the encompassing sea, we sat, night after enchanted night, we four, on Dr. Aylward's piazza, while the golden hours slipped past us, rounding the wonderful days. We talked or dreamed, some one, some the other. Lilas sang to her zither both in Spanish and French, and occasionally the most delicate English lyrics and ballads. Torrence joined in some of these, throwing in his perfectly-trained baritone merely as a rich-hued background for the melody of the girl's voice, which was exquisitely in keeping with her perfect personality and rare soul.

One of her little Spanish songs will stay with me forever. It has lost in my interpretation, which runs,

> "The Sea may lend,
> But she doth not give!"

"What does it mean, anyway?" Torrence questioned one night, when she had sung it twice at my request.

"In the twenties, my boy, one should hardly ask the meaning of a song," laughed Dr. Alyward.

"Isn't El Dondemar the Gift of the Sea?" I queried; thinking strange thoughts.

"Yes; perhaps I named it so in unconscious refutation of my daughter's idle little song." He laughed again, turning fondly to Lilas, who only smiled and shook her head.

Dr. Alyward's house was a rudely-built sort of bungalow, perfectly comfortable for that climate. It was furnished with extreme simplicity, yet every object in it spoke of good taste and refined antecedents. His library, though small, was so admirably chosen that a scientist must needs be happy in it.

A long, low room to the east was filled with what Lilas termed "Papa's select company of dead things that used to live curiously." Often I found him adding some specimen to this collection,—bivalve, tree-toad, climbing leaf, animated walking-stick; and many times I lingered half a morning with him there, subdued rather by his spiritual charm than by the far, faint call of science to my visionary spirit.

I had not thought of Dr. Alyward's revenues of means of subsistence until Torrence said abruptly one day:

"What do they live on? I'm afraid they haven't all they need. Old Sebar never wastes a minute from working that garden sand keeping the birds away from the fruit unless it is to do strictly business fishing, or perhaps quail and squirrel shooting.

This troubled me profoundly, for I knew that Masters' keen, practical eyes had watched closely enough for him to speak with assurance.

"Have you always lived here?" I dared to ask Lilas one day.

"Since I was ten years old," she answered. "My father loves science absorbingly, and prefers to other things the privilege of occupying himself as he chooses without hindrance from those he cares nothing about."

"And you?" I pressed on.

"Oh, I? I am happy anywhere with him, especially if it be with my beloved sea on every side. And is it not beautiful enough at Dondemar to make even the most difficult person happy?"

I thought so, for I was happy at Dondemar.

Yet—was this all that pertained to Dr. Aylward's story? I never knew. She said it as if there were nothing else.

Standing there with the shining waters for a distant background, she showed the lissome grace yet fragility of those strange sea flowers the sailors sometimes brought us. "But no Undine," I murmured. "She is all soul and fire, this lovely ocean maid I have found."

She had paused near a feathery bamboo that shot up a hundred feet into the translucent air. We had been sauntering a half-hour in the oleander walk, and pink and white petals were lying in her dark, perfumed hair. When at last she lifted her eyes, deep like the violet deeps outside, I came in a moment to fear that I might tell her how utterly, how unwithholdingly, I loved her. With a faltering and flimsy excuse, I left her and called Masters, who was smoking discontentedly on the dock. He loved her also, she could not fail to prefer him, and he had every requisite to make her happy.

The Kestrel sailed with my friend and myself the next day. I could not understand why Torrence withheld his confidence from me, unless fearing that the display of his happiness would inflict new pangs on me. Both of us were silent, and I at least was grieved, going away from him with but a handclasp when we parted at Tampa.

I buried myself a long dreary space in unexplored corners of Europe. Yes, I always intended to see my friends again, especially Torrence; but I wanted to go out of sight and hearing until my heart should cease its endless cry of "Lilas!"

An indefinable force impelled me back, after two years, toward the places I had once loved. But I would not sail those blue Floridian waters again, I said, never again glide in and out among the verdant isles of palm and jessamine.

It was under the poinsettias and plumy bamboos of one of the pleasaunces on the shores of Tampa Bay that I saw Torrence Masters coming toward me. Fairly crushing my hand, he cried:

"You, Kenyon? Why have you stayed hidden from me?"

Passing over my vague murmur, he hurried on: "You know I'm married?"

"Yes!" For had not my heart told me?

"Come and see her, old fellow. You and she must love each other."

Weak and pale, I temporized. I would see her tomorrow, this afternoon, the next hour. But all the while he was dragging me along with him. When we entered his parlor, the daintiest, most exquisite of little women came toward us. I remember that she wore shimmering silk and violet velvet. Her eyes were violet, too, and wonderous soft and sweet. But she was not Lilas!

For a week I was their shadow. I could not get courage any sooner to speak, and might not even then have broken silence but that they were talking of going further south.

"Masters," I said, abruptly, as we smoked alone, "do you know anything of Dr. Aylward and his daughter?"

"Not since we were at Dondemar?" he rejoined, looking deep into my eyes.

"But you loved Lilas?"

"Did I, Kenyon? I hardly know, though I thought so then, and would have striven to win her had I not felt that you and she loved each other."

At this moment a messenger summoned him, and I was glad to have my hour alone; for my heart was torn by emotion, painful, poignant, yet holding in it the germ of hope.

The next day or two stands but a blur in my memory. I cannot now recall who first proposed that we should sail down to Dondemar, nor just how much of the past we laid bare to Torrence's wife. I only know that Disco, whom I had summoned by wire when I first found Torrence, was speedily ordered to provision the Kestrel, and that two days later the pennant at our masthead pointed southward, as Torrence, his Violet and I stood on deck with the low white shores of Tampa Bay receding from us.

It was at sunset two hours later that we rounded the point and headed into the little harbor of Dondemar. But when we had cast anchor and made snug berth, the brief twilight was dying, the soft quick night of the tropics dropping upon us. There had been no gale this time, yet a ragged cloud again hid the moon. No presence, no sound.

no light through the palms or shrubbery. My heart fell sombre, heavily oppressed.

"The Sea may lend.
But she doth not give!"

The folly of a weak, easily-daunted spirit, I suddenly told myself, bidding the haunting little minor cadence back to its place among fancies, not fears. Had I dreamed that the sea might take the beautiful island-gift back to her own bosom? Yet here was lovely Dondemar sleeping beneath my very eyes, and I could swear that—yes!

The moon burst forth suddenly, and there on the little pier stood Dr. Alyward as of old. I saw him distinctly, calm, venerable, beautiful!

Torrence and Violet saw him also. We greeted him cordially, while he raised an arm with that peculiarly graceful gesture, waving us a welcome, his hair and beard showing like snow in the flooding moonlight.

Impatient to leap on the dock and grasp his hand, I turned to order the men to push up closer.

"He is going away," I heard Violet murmur.

"Yes," returned her husband, "I do not understand it."

"O, but look," the little woman went on excitedly. "See, that is a white dress moving in the walk. It is—it must be—She!"

It was indeed she—Lilas—my heart's beloved and beautiful, who now appeared clearly to us in the open moonlit spot where the path joined the dock.

Her father took her arm, and together they moved up the walk leading to the house.

"Strange!" muttered Torrence; while the little wife caught his arm. But I was breathing the ether of the gods. I leaped to the dock, turning to say:

"No doubt Dr. Alyward thinks we are fatigued, and would prefer seeing them in the morning. You know his thoughtfulness, Torrence. But I shall follow and get my welcome now, then return for you two."

I trod only air as I followed the two figures up the island path, mostly in shadow. I was near her, about to touch her hand, look into her eyes, hear the divine melody of her voice. O, it was worth the two years of pain, worth aeons of it, indeed.

The pair appeared to be walking slowly, yet I did not seem to shorten the distance between us.

"Dr. Aylward!" I called gently, hurrying on. But he seemed not to hear. On the steps there was no shadow, and the two paused. Lilas turning her exquisite countenance to me in the clear light, while her father still faced the door. I could swear now that she loved me. It shone from her radiant eyes, trembled on her passionate lips; gleamed from her pure brow.

"Lilas, my angel, my love!" I murmured, forgetful now of her father, and indeed of all else under heaven!

I hurried toward her with outstretched arms, so enraptured that for a moment a mist obscured my vision; yet through it I could dimly see Lilas reaching her hand to me, while her father gently but firmly drew her over the threshold. I lingered long at the closed door, going away finally with my feet like lead, my heart a dead weight in my bosom. But, back at the boat, I re-gathered my courage.

"We shall see them early tomorrow," I kept telling the others and myself. "He did not understand, Torrence, and wishes to show more reserve this time. From his point of view, he is quite right."

Morning came, but brought me desolation. For we found the island uninhabited, the bungalow tenantless.

No boat had left the wharf through the night, no one had emerged from the house; indeed I should have known, for I had walked under the palms until dawn.

It was Torrence who tried the front door, and finding it unlocked, went through the deserted abode. He came back with such a look in his eyes as I had never seen there.

"Did you find no note, no—anything?" asked Violet, with white lips.

He only shook his head. But when I walked away I heard him tell her,—"Nor any sign of its having been occupied in a long while."

For a moment a flash of anger buoyed me up. What did he mean? Yet, what could Dr. Alyward mean, so to hide her away from me this way?

We crossed in a row-boat to Lotson's on the point, only to find the shack empty. Returning, I walked aimlessly about beautiful Dondemar until our luncheon hour. Everywhere I found the fearsome stamp of neglect, abandonment.

Violet ate nothing at noon, but sat pallid and distraits.

"Kenyon, I've ordered the men to get ready to sail as soon as we are through eating," said Torrence with decision.

"You know I cannot leave here yet," I returned, wearily.

"You remember the little port, Las Olas, eight miles below?" he went on as if I had not spoken. "We will sail down and perhaps learn something."

I shook my head.

"They cannot have gone there when they were here last night."

He looked at me strangely.

"My wife must not stay another night, Kenyon, in this place of nervous strain. We will take her to the Inn at Las Olas. If you still think best, you and I can then return here."

But I would not go with them. I had my hammock swung under an organe tree near the house, and sent them all away. I did not sleep, only lay, and with burning eyes watched that closed portal all night, or, at intervals, paced up and down the island paths hallowed by the feet of my beloved.

She did not come back to me!

Torrence returned next morning, with haggard eyes and stern mouth.

"God, Kenyon, I cannot tell you! Come with me, old comrade; but ask me nothing."

Then I wrung it from him, laughing in unbelief when he was done. Here is what the simple folk of Las Olas had told him:

Dr. Alyward's faithful old Sebar had died more than a year before. The master had some time previously ceased to receive certain registered letters that had formerly come at intervals. Next, the one store at the little seaport found that it had no more patronage from Dondemar. Those ignorant coast people claimed that my Lilas and her father came to know the full meaning of gray-jawed want, perhaps hunger. This I shall never accept. That way lies madness indeed!

But one afternoon, two months, they said, before this visit of ours, Dr. Alyward took Lilas in his little sailboat, rounded the point, and headed into the pass. A heavy wind was rolling the breakers in, and Lotson, who was fishing in the bay, had shouted to them not to venture out; had even followed as far as he dared.

"The fisherman was forced to put back, Kenyon," concluded Torrence, "and his last sight of them was as the tiny craft was caught up in the murderous teeth of the deep. No one has ever seen them again. Don't shake your head, dear fellow; don't look so. Come with me; let us go home, or back to Italy, you and Violet and I."

I was ill a long time, I learned afterward, yet somehow returned at last to a vague semblance of life.

Torrence and his wife in the very nature of things, were compelled to deny the evidence of their senses, compelled to accept the belief that what they saw that night was but the creation of the misty moonbeams added to a figment woven by their own excited imaginations. To them anything else would have meant less than sanity. But for myself, thank God, there is something better!

Ah, "She doth not give," this beautiful, imperial, treasure-clasping sea! Yet—doth she not?

To my arms, it is true, she would not yield the form of my beloved; but in a dazzle of generosity, she lent me for a little glorious space that which she could never wholly take back,—the presence, the smile, of my Lilas, with the clear writ love in the eyes sealing her mine in heaven, if not here!

THE POLITICAL PRINCIPLES OF J. HENRY CROSS

By H. Lee Snyder

J. HENRY CROSS was a lawyer. That fact should not, however, be considered a prejudicial one, for he had never been suspected of having a client. J. Henry had always been willing enough to harbor one, or even more than one, but the clients themselves had proved to be unusually shy.

The paternal ancestor of J. Henry Cross had considerately passed to the great beyond about the time of his son's advent to the bar, and had bequeathed to him a patrimony which netted the modest income of about one hundred dollars a month—an amount quite sufficient to support in comparative comfort, an unencumbered young man in the thriving city of Conway.

This comfortable little legacy was only some measure of compensation to J. Henry because of the fact that, some twenty-five years before, the elder Cross had inflicted upon a helpless infant the unwieldy name of Jedidiah Henry. Moreover, he had autocratically insisted that the boy should be known in the family circle only as "Jedidiah" —much to the latter's mortification, especially during his first few years in school. Therefore, Jedidiah Henry followed his father's mortal remains to the cemetery, but J. Henry came back in the carriage meditatively contemplating his change of name and fortune.

The fledgling lawyer had, thereupon, established himself in a real law office, with a spick-and-span roll-top desk, and a couple of shelves of painfully new books. He also engaged a stenographer with a blond pompadour, who spent her time doing fancy work and flirting outrageously with the young dentist across the way. But the stenographer with the blond pompadour has nothing to do with this story; later she eloped with the young dentist, and is now rearing a house full of children and growing fat.

As has been intimated, J. Henry's professional affairs did not flourish. Young lawyers admitted to the bar at about the same time as he, and who were compelled, by force of circumstances, to pull off their coats and dig their clients out of the soil, began to show plain evidences of prosperity. They were appearing in court trying cases, and were rapidly securing recognition as an integral part of the bar of the county, while J. Henry was sitting in his office studying the contour of the blond pompadour and waiting for clients. It is to his credit that he recognized the full force of the situation before it was too late. He plainly perceived that he was a failure as a lawyer in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and he therefore resolved to turn his attention to the real vocation of numbers of the legal profession; that is to say, politics.

Having taken this resolution he walked down the street to the habitat of the politicians, for the purpose of studying the situation. He very soon discovered that the city was entirely in the power of the Republican party, and that the Republican party was controlled, managed and directed by a machine. One point was in his favor: the accident of birth had made him a Republican, both instinctively and traditionally. He gingerly walked around this machine and inspected it. It appeared to be in excellent running order, but what was more to the point, it also appeared to be fully manned. Inquiries here and there elicited the fact that the machine needed only voters, but it was also very plain that the voters, absolutely necessary to the proper operation of the machine at election time, could find no place in it on any other occasion. Whereupon J. Henry Cross evolved his first political principle:

The only way one may become a component part of a well constructed political machine is to first break the machine.

It was very clear that even a machine so marvellously constructed could be no stronger

than its weakest part—being in that respect like unto a chain—and J. Henry determined to discover that vulnerable part. To that end he called upon Colonel William P. Force. Bill Force was reputed to be a political boss, but he could more accurately have been designated as the chief engineer of the machine. He knew its every part and the strength and weakness of it; he knew just the places where oil must be judiciously applied, as well as the proper quantity and quality to use; and more than all else, he knew which operations of the machine were most attractive to the eye of the voter, and he knew which must be manipulated only in the dark places of the night.

"Bill," asked J. Henry,—he always affected an intimate acquaintance with the best known men of the country—"how's politics?"

"Nothing doing," said Force, carelessly. "Why?"

"I've been hearing some complaints," replied Cross, "but I suppose there always are some kickers."

"You can't please everybody in politics," admitted Force.

"A good many people," pursued Cross, "are saying that Hemington's been congressman long enough."

"He thinks so himself," grinned Force, "and now he wants to be governor."

"But I suppose," suggested the younger man cautiously, "that there is no organized opposition to him."

Force leaned back in his chair, vigorously puffing at his cigar, and observed the young man narrowly. Evidently he considered that there was no harm in him, for he replied:

"That's exactly the point. There's a good deal of opposition to Hemington—there always is to a man who's been in Congress ten years—but it's not organized and they have no leader. I'm free to confess that if the opposition were handled properly it could give us some trouble, but as long as it isn't, there's nothing to worry about."

Now J. Henry Cross left the office of Bill Force contentedly considering the situation. He had established what he suspected to be true, and what every politician in Conway knew to be true, that there was a considerable mass of opposition to the Honorable Edward Hemington, member of Congress and Conway's foremost citizen. He therefore determined to organize and control that opposition for the sole and exclusive purpose of giving the machine such a jolt as would seriously interfere with the proper relation of its parts, and such as would require his own personal services to put it in good running order.

Here, J. Henry Cross brought forth his second political principle:

A political machine may be broken only by applying great pressure at its vulnerable point; it can be most effectively repaired by applying the principles of Homeopathy.

But this was before he had met Edith Hemington.

* * *

It has long been a mooted question among those who have given much study to the matter, whether or not there is such a thing as love at first sight, but it cannot be successfully denied that the love affair of J. Henry Cross and Edith Hemington goes a long way toward answering the question in the affirmative.

They first saw each other at a football game, which she had attended in company with a callow college youth, and she was waving the blue and gold colors of the university and enthusiastically cheering its team on to victory, when his attention was first directed to her. Certainly, with her slender figure becomingly dressed in blue, her hair of pure gold, and the good red blood showing in the soft curve of her cheeks, she made a picture well calculated to arrest the attention of any sane, healthy-minded man. Later in the day they were introduced by a mutual acquaintance, and in addition to her other attractions, he then saw a pair of matchless brown eyes and a pure oval face highly expressive of every emotion. And J. Henry Cross, athletic, clean-limbed, with jet black hair and eyes, was surely good to look upon, and it was plainly evident that Edith Hemington observed him with something more than mere approval.

What they said at that first meeting has never been recorded—and doubtless the words were merely commonplace—but it is certain that they walked home together after the game, and that the callow college youth was entirely forgotten.

Though his love affair progressed in a most satisfactory manner, and with the strenuous celerity of a whirlwind, J. Henry was greatly

worried. Finally, he came to the wisest conclusion possible, under the circumstances, and determined to carry the matter directly to Edith herself. Too few men realize the absolute importance of sharing their trials and troubles with the woman to whose keeping they have given their affection. Did they but realize it, her sympathy and help is always to be had for the asking—a virtue inherent in both wife and sweetheart.

"Suppose," said J. Henry, a little diffidently, "a man and girl love each other and are really betrothed, though they have not made known that fact to her parents and friends, and suppose, further, that the man is engaged in a matter in which he must directly oppose the interests of the girl's father, what should he do under those circumstances?"

"Why you dear boy," Edith laughed, softly, "he should tell the girl all about it,—so sit down here by me and begin."

J. Henry, thereupon, surrendered unconditionally.

"You know," he continued, "that I have determined upon a political career."

"Yes, I know."

"The Republican party in Conway is controlled by a political machine, and your father, as a member of Congress and Conway's most influential citizen, is the mainspring of that machine."

"Yes," said she, a little puzzled, "I know all that."

"The only way I see to acquire any political influence or prestige is to develop enough opposition to break the machine—or trust to your father's generosity and good nature when I tell him that I want to be his son-in-law."

Edith Hemington smiled. "And which course will you take?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied, moodily. "If I choose the first, whatever results follow will be because of my own efforts—but your father will probably be so angry that he will order me out of the house. If the second, I will avoid trouble of that kind, but will have accomplished nothing by my own efforts; on the contrary, I am likely to become something of a political pensioner, if, indeed, I ever acquire any individuality politically."

"There is no danger," responded Edith, cheerfully, "of my father ordering you out of the house—not while I am here. Maybe he would be a little vexed, but that's good for him. I should say, go out and fight, for he likes a good fighter. But you must fight hard—and if it should so happen that my father defeated your plans by just a narrow margin, he would believe you were the brightest and most ingenious young man in Conway—just as I do."

All of which tends to prove that Edith Hemington had a mind possessed of considerable political acumen, to which was tied the usual bundle of feminine prejudices and inconsistencies.

J. Henry Cross here noted his third political principle:

In politics, as in love, fortune and favor are won by masterful opposition and not by supine subserviency.

* * *

J. Henry opened his campaign very circumspectly. His plan was simple, but the more likely to be effective and successful on that account. Briefly stated, it was this: The county convention was to meet soon, and it was generally known that Congressman Hemington desired to have adopted ringing resolutions endorsing him for the nomination as governor. Cross, therefore, determined to oppose this endorsement, and to endeavor to secure the adoption of resolutions omitting all reference to the congressman. To that end he made the acquaintance of one trustworthy man in each city ward and in each township. He chose men who were known to be mildly opposed to Hemington—avoiding radicals, whose activity would arouse suspicion, and instructed them to quietly secure the selection of as many like-minded delegates as possible. The further details of his plan he wisely kept to himself. The scheme gave some promise of success, but was doomed to failure should the machine suspect that there was anything amiss, for it had the undoubted power to crush J. Henry's incipient ambition like an eggshell.

The county convention assembled early in March. Judge Elisha Banker, an old wheel-horse of the party, presided. Seated behind a little pine table, the rigid outlines of which were skillfully concealed by a draped flag, he appeared, with his benign countenance and flowing white beard, to be a greatly beloved patriarch guiding the sober deliberations of his people. As a matter of

fact, he was just a cog in a well oiled machine. The chairman rapped for order; the secretary and treasurer read their preliminary reports, and the delegates were ready for business. Everybody knew what was first in order, and when old Uncle Henry Gardner, of Jasper Township, arose from his seat in the rear of the hall, the reporters had his words before they were uttered.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, in a quivering treble, "I move that the Honorable Edward Hemington be invited to address the convention."

The motion was seconded from a dozen points in the hall, and the Congressman mounted the platform and delivered his customary per-florid convention speech. It was received with the vociferous applause with which political henchmen habitually greet the forensic efforts of an acknowledged leader, and the convention breathed a sigh of relief, feeling, apparently, that it had performed its first duty in a satisfactory manner.

"The next on the program," announced the Judge, "is the appointment of the usual committees by the chair."

J. Henry had no interest in any committee except that on resolutions, and listened unconcernedly until that one was reached. The chairman allowed his eyes to roam over the delegates as if earnestly considering who were best fitted for the great responsibility and most entitled to the honor, although the delegates well knew that the names of those previously selected were neatly typewritten on the slip of paper he held in his hand.

"John H. Payson, of Springdale Township, chairman; Eugene Carson of the first ward, and J. Henry Cross of the fourth ward," announced the judge.

It was a pure piece of luck for J. Henry. Colonel Force, having taken a liking to Cross, had dictated his appointment, thinking the recognition would flatter him.

"The convention will now stand adjourned until one o'clock, and the committee on resolutions will meet at the Oswald House and be ready to report at that time." The venerable Judge brought down his gavel with a resounding thud, and the first session of the convention was at an end.

The three members of the committee on resolutions repaired to the hotel. As they entered, Colonel Force, who accompanied them, confidentially remarked to J. Henry:

"A draft of the resolutions has been prepared and Payson has it. Of course, you simply report it unchanged."

"I suppose it's all right," said J. Henry, doubtfully. "Who wrote it?"

Colonel Force looked at him pityingly.

"Young man, some day you may know something about politics. Who do you suppose is running this convention?"

As they entered the hotel parlor, together with Hemington, Force, and a few others, Payson produced a type-written paper and remarked to his fellow committee:

"Boys, they say that all we've got to do is to read this paper after dinner. Seems to me as if they were taking our job away from us."

"It suits me all right," laughed Carson.

Hemington produced a box of cigars and, after a little talk, everybody passed out to the dining room without even having gone through the formality of reading the resolutions. Cross had glanced over the paper, however, and had observed that Hemington's candidacy for governor had been fulsomely endorsed. A complete draft of his own resolutions was in his pocket and he felt that it would do very well.

For the next two hours J. Henry was busy. He saw each of his lieutenants and gave them explicit instructions, and was well prepared when the convention re-convened. Strange to say, not a whisper of his plans had reached the ears of the machine leaders, and what followed came out of the clear sky.

The convention re-convened at one o'clock and Mr. Payson read the report of the committee on resolutions, but before a motion to adopt the same could be made, Cross had been recognized by the presiding officer.

"Mr Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention," he spoke in clear, even tones, "the report, as read, was rather informally adopted by the committee, but I regret exceedingly to report that it was not unanimous. In the absence of any information to the contrary I must conclude that Mr. Carson endorses the report as read—and since he applauded vigorously I think I am right—and I therefor offer the following minority report."

The most intense silence followed the reading of this report. It was substantially the same as the one read by Payson, except that all mention of Hemington was omitted. The

adherents of the machine were stricken dumb at the sheer audacity of the matter, while those who opposed the endorsement were plainly frightened at their own temerity.

Cross had arranged for one of his friends to move the adoption of the minority report, but Colonel Force was too quick for him.

"Mr. Chairman," he shouted, "I move the minority report be laid on the table."

On this question the vote by wards and Townships was called, and the motion was lost by the narrow margin of five votes. Under cover of the pandemonium following, some one moved the adoption of the minority report, and after some measure of quiet had been restored the secretaries again began to call the roll.

Willow Township was the last on the list and had cast seven votes against the first motion. As the call proceeded, Colonel Force—a busy man you may be sure—called the chairman of that delegation to the rear of the room.

"Brown," said he, "your brother-in-law is post master of Willowdale, isn't he?"

"That's right," said Brown.

"He's a cripple with a wife and six children."

"Yes," admitted Brown, "he is."

"Pretty hard work to support 'em all, I guess," said Force. "Might come hard on you if he lost his job."

Brown started and turned pale. He had had some experience supporting this particular relative and his family.

"Better see that Willow votes right, Brown," and Colonel Force turned away, well satisfied that that application of a drop of oil would allay a great deal of friction.

As Brown started back to his seat the secretary called, "Willow Township!" and some of the delegation said, "Seven votes, *Yes*."

The venerable judge gulped—it was a hard pill to swallow—and was about to declare the minority report adopted when Brown cried nervously: "Wait a moment, Willow desires to ballot!"

There was a hurried consultation of the Willow delegates, and presently Brown announced: "Willow desires to change her vote to 'Seven votes, *No*.'"

Amid the cheering and yelling the other delegations came climbing over the tail board of the band wagon, and J. Henry Cross presently found himself standing alone—his being the only vote registered in favor of his own report.

"Mr. Chairman," he remarked, with fine irony, "I cannot place my judgment against that of all the other gentlemen present. Will you permit me to change my vote to *No*?"

So it was done, and so, presently, the majority report was unanimously adopted, and a deep peace came over the assembled delegates.

"A good loser," whispered Hemington to Force, nodding toward Cross.

Hemington had been greatly puzzled at the stand J. Henry had taken regarding the endorsement. That this young man, who, for a few weeks had been devoting himself so assiduously to his daughter Edith, should openly oppose him on the floor of the convention, was something he could not understand. But Edith had read her father aright. The anger and resentment that had at first possessed him was wholly smothered by a feeling of exultation over his own victory, and by a respect for J. Henry's fighting ability, which had grown in stature by leaps and bounds.

After the convention had adjourned, J. Henry was greatly cheered by the receipt of two communications. One was a dainty note from Edith asking him to call that evening, and the other from the congressman himself, delivered through the medium of the telephone, and extending a similar invitation.

It must have been a highly satisfactory call. At any rate, when, late that evening, he left the Hemington home he was the duly acknowledged fiance of Edith Hemington, and the duly accredited private secretary of the congressman.

J. Henry then formulated his fourth political principle:

Opposition, having accomplished its purpose, should cease; it is easier to swim with the current than against it.

CANDLE CITY, LOOKING UP KEEWALIK RIVER

THE ALASKA OF TODAY

By Judge W. H. Bard

Illustrated from Photographs by F. H. Nowell, Nome

AFTER living in Alaska for a period of nine years, I often thought, should circumstance ever so favor me that I might be able to live without too much hardship in the good old States again, I could enjoy life without returning to my home in the Northland, where experience had been a hard taskmaster in the pioneer days.

I boarded the steamship President on June 4, after spending eight months in the States, starting on my way north again, my heart seeming to leap for joy, and from the moment the whistle blew and the anchor was raised at Seattle, the boat could not run fast enough for my imagination to land me back to my old home and the beautiful land of gold.

The steamship President was equipped with wireless telegraphy, and we were very keen for news when passing through Unamak Pass, knowing that we would soon pick up the waves of the wireless from good old St. Michael's or Port Safety Station; and I had the honor of receiving at sea the first wireless message that was sent from the boys at Nome, which I received three days before my arrival. I also had the pleasure of sending the first wireless message to the Nome Daily Nugget, a daily newspaper of Nome, in return for which the original messages were afterward framed and hung in the archives of the office.

When we came in sight of land—first the distant mountains, then Sledge Island, then Nome itself—I began to appreciate the real feeling and friendship that I had for Nome and Alaska. I could see a great many very important changes in the business houses. Everything looked new and freshly painted, and the little city of the North made a beautiful appearance as we hove-to in the roadstead.

Well, you know how it feels to get back to the old friends and faces again. In eager conversation we exchanged the latest news from the States and discussed the changes that had been going on about Nome and Alaska during the eight months I had been away.

The past eight months in Nome had not been idle ones. The hum of industry was in the air, and in going around to different places near Nome, I could notice the slow but sure progress of civilization. This is most marked by the rapid disappearance

of the native igloos, which are nearly all destroyed or falling into decay. The native Esquimaux have bade good-bye to their primitive abodes around Nome. These igloos or native Esquimau homes were fashioned in a peculiar way. In the side of a bluff they would dig a space twelve-foot square and place logs inside, as a retaining wall, and cover it over with logs and earth, except for a small opening in the very top. This opening served as the only window, and also to let the smoke escape that came from the fire built in the center of the floor, around which the natives slept. The entrance to the igloo was made through a tunnel built of logs running out eighty-five or ninety feet, and about five feet high and two and one-half feet wide. Twenty feet from the inner chamber or living room it narrows to a round hole about three feet in circumference, through which one must crawl, then widens to a height of about four feet, in which one may walk in a stooping posture to the living room. Usually on the outside or entrance of the tunnel is found brush or whip-sawed boards, to keep out the snow and cold, and further in, at the entrance of the second tunnel, they usually hang a fur robe, or a piece of bed-ticking as a curtain to keep out the wind and cold, and here they live even in the dead of winter almost too warm for comfort.

THE "ARCTIC BROTHERS" ON THE S. S. PRESIDENT, ENROUTE FOR NOME, ALASKA,

Much to the shame of our Federal government, Alaska still continues under the primitive government provided for these Esquimaux, although there are now thousands of citizens in that country and every evidence of a new civilization, waiting a simple sign that the Sixtieth Congress will distinguish itself by giving Alaskans at least the semblance of rights accorded to immigrants coming to the eastern shores of our country. Alaskans certainly appreciate what Congress has already done in giving to them a delegate, but are sorry to relate that the majority of our law makers have looked upon his position

AN EXCURSION OVER THE SEWARD PENINSULA RAILROAD, AUGUST 12, 1906

A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP OF ALASKAN EXCURSIONISTS

as a nonenity and an ornament. But right here I must state that the Alaskans all agree that President Roosevelt personally has recognized our delegate with proper appreciation, and we believe if our delegate has not made an impression on some of our law makers, that at least our President has given him a fair hearing and extended to him the courtesies that we believe his official position should entitle him.

The best citizens of the district are in favor of a territorial government. While we feel that it may be some time before Congress will grant us that status, at the same time I would not feel as though I were doing justice to the vast business interests of the district if I did not state at this time that we are now ready for this territorial government, and will welcome the day that Congress will think as we do about it.

The vast amount of money that is being spent by corporations in building railroads from different points on the coast to interior districts of Alaska will open immense hidden resources. The Guggenheims are putting a railroad through from Katilla to the interior portion of Alaska, tapping their great copper interests and probably will eventually complete the road to Dawson. Other corporations are also working on a road from Valdez, pushing it toward the interior of another rich section. The Nome Arctic Railroad has been extended from Dexter Creek, eight miles from Nome, to Dahl Creek in the Kougarok district, a distance of 125 miles, into the interior of the Seward peninsula, tapping a great chain of lakes extending from Port Clarence harbor to Pilgrim and the Kougarok Rivers, opening up a vast territory of placer ground rich in gold that heretofore could never be developed on account of the inaccessibility of transportation. In the summer time these roads all traverse gorgeous scenery rank with vegetation; and it is not too much to expect that tourists with jaded appetites will turn to Alaska in coming years for a glimpse of this wonderful country. Flowers grow in abundance, and

PASSENGERS LIGHTERING ABOARD S. S. VICTORIA, FOR SEATTLE AND THE OUTSIDE

ESQUIMAU IGLOO AT WHALEN

it is possible to pick a hundred different varieties at most any stop along the line, and indeed in south-eastern Alaska they are beginning to bring in stock and are opening up some farming country. This is a rude shock to the imagination of those who have pictured Alaska as the frozen North.

But these are only side issues. The growth in mining in Alaska is of course the most astonishing of the industries. The progress during the past year has been very great, due to the advancement made in the improved machinery. Large companies formed by eastern capitalists have been able to place machines on the ground which will increase the output of gold materially. At Nome, the Anvil Mining and Hydraulic Company has brought several large dredgers to Alaska, and have placed one at Nome at a cost of $90,000, erecting also a large power plant about half a mile from the city limits at a cost of $250,000, which with accessories, will bring the investment to over a half-million dollars for this one concern in this one place alone. This is but an indication of what is going on in Alaska. With the improved process there can be handled by each dredger about 3,000 yards of gravel per day of ten hours work. The three dredgers would probably handle from eight to ten thousand yards per day of gravel which will average from twenty-five cents to one dollar per cubic yard. Inasmuch as these dredgers can be operated at exceedingly small expense, there is no doubt but that the returns to the stockholders will be exceedingly large. This is only one instance of several propositions of large character which are now in the course of construction in the districts.

NO. 3 DAHL CREEK, KOUGAROK MINING DISTRICT, OWNED BY DAHL, CAREY & ROSENTHAL

The ditches in the Kougarok district are playing their part in the development of the mining interests in their districts, for thousands of dollars are being spent in building these ditches to bring the water to the creeks, which are known to be rich in placer gold. There is a large amount of capital being expended at what is known as the Candle Creek Mining district, in the way of building ditches, putting in hydraulic plants and other devices for the extraction of the yellow metal

THE FRIENDS MINING COMPANY'S DREDGE, SOLOMON RIVER, ALASKA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1907

and very materially increasing the output over the possibilities of the old-fashioned "panning" by hand.

There has been during the past year a great development on the second and third beach line which has heretofore produced millions. Several very large rich placer mines have been opened up during the past year in different places along these beach lines.

The developments in the interior of Alaska have been as marked as those I have just named which are exclusively in Seward peninsula. The new strike on the Innoko River has created a stampede to that locality. The Innoko River runs in a similar direction to the Tanana River, and empties into the Yukon not far from what is known as the Russian Mission. This Innoko River drains the country between the Tanana and the Koskwim River, and while there had been some little prospecting formerly, it was only known for the large amount of fur procured from the natives and brought down the Yukon.

From the best information obtainable, the new strike is genuine, and the Innoko and its tributaries bids fair to take its place among the standard gold-bearing districts of Alaska. This section of the country has heretofore been virgin ground, and, generally speaking, was not believed to have been a gold-producing section of the country, showing conclusively that gold in Alaska is where you find it, and quite thoroughly distributed through the district.

VEGETABLE GARDEN AT HOT SPRINGS, KOUGAROK, ALASKA, JULY 11, 1902

The Fairbanks district has kept up its good production, and would have excelled all previous records during the past year had it not been for the unsettled condition of the miners in that district. It seems a pity that labor troubles of this character cannot be adjusted amicably between the miner and operator, for it seems wrong to stop the wheels of progress in a new country where the disastrous reaction of a labor strife is ten-fold greater, not only to the miner himself but the operator as well. This strike in Fairbanks and vicinity has retarded the development of that great gold-bearing dis-

trict not only millions of dollars, but practically set the growth of the country back at least two years. It ought to serve as a lesson to all concerned in the interests and development of all Alaskan enterprises.

I have already referred to the fact that the Guggenheims are spending a great deal of money in the development of railroads and mines, and are obtaining large interests throughout the district. A prominent Wall Street banker suggested to me, in conversation regarding the future development of Alaska, that, by reason of the Guggenheims' expenditure of large sums of money in that country, that other men with capital would hesitate to place money in the country in competition with so large and powerful a corporation, because of their enormous wealth. This suggestion seemed very foolish to my mind, knowing the extent and area that Alaska covers. Neither the Guggenheims nor any other corporation could control the vast interests of Alaska, because it is so large a country in itself, with a coast line on the Pacific Ocean and Behring Strait between 3,000 and 4,000 miles long, and covers as much territory as the New England states. It is readily seen that Alaska is not a one man nor a one corporation proposition; on the contrary, it has room for several corporations as large as the Guggenheims, and is patiently waiting and inviting all to share in its rich profits.

Alaska has proven herself to be very rich in copper as well as gold, although copper in Alaska is in its infancy; but with the growing transportation facilities, the development of great copper mines in the interior will progress with such wonderful rapidity that it will startle the world. It has been known for a fact for many years; yes, even since the wearied prospector traversed the unknown ground, winding his way to the interior of Alaska during the first Klondike excitement, that there were vast ledges of copper hidden in the great district. But the weary prospector never expected that it would ever be possible to develop these copper ledges, because of their remote distance from civilization and transportation. It has

CABBAGE PATCH AT KUZGAMAPA, HOT SPRINGS, ALASKA, JULY 11, 1907

now dawned upon people why enterprising corporations are now building railroads as fast as possible, winding through the rugged mountains to these vast copper deposits. And when those railroads are completed, which will be within the next two or three years at the most, then the real development of these copper propositions will begin.

In addition to the gold and copper of Alaska, the tin mines of Seward peninsula are being rapidly developed, and considerable capital has been put into this department of the mining industry. Progress has not been so apparent in these propositions as with other minerals, because the people in general do not understand the development of tin mines and mining as well as gold or copper; and I give this as the sole reason. There is no question but that this tin industry will be developed in the near future to much larger proportions, as at the present time I understand from good authority that the Bartell Tin Company at Cape Prince of Wales have their ledge well in hand, stamp mills running, and will ship tin ore this year.

Fortunately for its rapid commercial and business development, Alaska is well supplied with coal. There has been considerable activity during the past year all over Alaska in the working of numerous bituminous coal veins, which are in abundance in almost every part of the district. Even the Lisbon and Corwin coal mines which are located at Cape Lisbon are now being looked after, and I understand from good authority that New York capitalists have formed a company to develop these mines more rapidly, contemplating building coal boats especially fitted to carry the coal from this port to supply Nome and other districts along the coast.

SMALL BOATS MEETING THE "400" AT NOME, ON BOARD THE S. S. PRESIDENT

So you will see that Alaska is not only getting interior railroads, but interior boat lines, and these will not fail to open the country more rapidly and usher in an era of prosperity little dreamed of.

[Every year interest increases in the exploitation of Alaska, and every year there are new discoveries in the way of mineral and other natural resources. The exploitation of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, to take place in Seattle in 1909, has stimulated widespread interest in Alaska. It is very evident that an exposition is going to be held in Seattle—and it will be ready when the time comes. If the Seattleites cannot finish it by working day times, they will sit up at night—that's how they do things in Seattle.

The coming exposition is already heralded even on Broadway, where in the plays the cow-boys, the prospectors, the sombreros and the dog-teams figure largely. Altogether, there is abundant evidence of a wide-awake interest in Seattle and Alaska.—*Ed.*]

ESKIMO IGLOOS, COUVIN LAGOON, ALASKA

AN INDIANA STATESMAN

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

SITTING in the old rocking chair, one evening, I saw in fancy a long procession of the men who are doing things in our own day, and each familiar name called up in turn a vision of the home cities of these well-known men. Of late I had heard frequent mention of Mr. Charles Wesley Miller, of Goshen, and as the name of that little city in Indiana came to mind it called up another vision—a day in early autumn long years ago. The house was to be "banked" with earth, to withstand winter draughts. We boys were "playing" in the yard, with all the zest of playtime well earned. There stood the old red wheelbarrow, that had emblazoned upon it a name that I can never forget. The "banking" had to be done with that barrow, and I can see now what a general that mother was who sat in the baywindow overlooking the yard; she made the suggestion that the boys play train with the red wheelbarrow. Between the handles I was soon located as the engineer, and I trotted along leaning gravely over one handle watching the great wheel revolve in front, as proud of my improvised locomotive as any "grown up" engineer could be of his. This was not quite realistic enough, and a brakeman was provided in little brother Bill, who sat astride of the wheel, riding with all the nonchalance of a "real" brakeman, whom we had frequently admired and envied at his work. No matter how fast that barrow was wheeled, little Bill would jump on and bump up and down, in high glee at the new play of railroad engineer and brakeman.

We had an especial pride in playing while mother looked on and advised—but mother had other plans than mere play for her boys. There came the suggestion that all trains were not passenger coaches; there were freight trains—why not try that for a change? What to load the train with? Well, earth would be a good thing, and the best place to carry it to would be along the sides of the house, where the engine could "back in" on the fanciful switches so well. Ah! she was a wise mother and knew just how to manage her boys. The freight trains were loaded in high glee, the heavier the load the prouder we were of it as we puffed and screeched up "the grade." The house was banked with never a thought that the boys were *working*, and the dreaded task was accomplished all "in play."

Think you that I can ever forget that wheelbarrow, or the name of the man who made it—those letters that gleamed in the autumn sun, "Walker, Goshen, Indiana"? Every character is emblazoned in memory as clearly as it was on the old barrow itself. These recollections came to me late one night and I be-thought me that I should like to know if my memory was absolutely correct, so I telephoned Brother Bill. He was aroused from his bed by my persistent ring. Yawning he came to the 'phone.

"Bill, do you remember where that wheelbarrow was made that used to stand in the yard at home?"

"What's the matter? What are you dreaming about—wheel-bar—I—ah—"

"Don't you recall the day we played that I was Uncle Ted the engineer, and you were brakeman? I want to be sure that I remember straight—what was the name of the man who made the old barrow?"

"Seems to me," he said, with a mighty yawn, "that the name on the barrow was Goshen, Indiana—man's name was Walker. Let the wheelbarrow rest until morning. I'm sleepy."

* * *

Off to Goshen I started next day with a double incentive—to see Mr. Miller and trace our old barrow. The train was late at Buffalo, and I missed connections, which would entail a five hours' delay. This was not to be considered for a moment, because my schedule had been arranged for a certain hour, so I found my way on the "fast mail," that does not usually carry passengers, and was soon speeding away at the rate of mile a minute, surrounded by mail bags, among them perhaps, many National Magazines going to our good subscribers, and thus I

found myself one Sunday evening at Goshen, Indiana, on schedule time that would have done credit to our imaginary standard of rapidly dispatched trains in the wheelbarrow days.

I was not long in Goshen before it was impressed upon me that every person whom I met knew Charlie Miller, who is not only a citizen of Goshen but a former mayor of the city and a candidate for the governorship of Indiana. His law office in Goshen is a notable center from which have come many eminent men. Law offices in smaller cities always seem to have more complete libraries than those in the larger places; they are in truth legal workshops and founts of information in many cities where there are no great public libraries to draw from at a moment's notice. From such offices have come many public men who have seen strenuous service and won a high place in the records of the nation.

When I entered Mr. Miller's law office, where he came as a young man, after a course at the law school at Ann Arbor, I began to appreciate the career of a typical young American. Born in Galena, Floyd County, in the southern part of the state, he knew what it was to work on a farm. He began to teach school at seventeen years of age and started out with that fixed determination that always brings results. Locating in Goshen as a lawyer, and for years sticking close to his briefs, it was easy to understand why in the two full terms which Charles W. Miller served as attorney general of his native state, he made a remarkable record. Upon his work as a public servant and a man devoted to obtaining the best results from every undertaking, Mr. Miller bases his characteristi-

A SNAPSHOT OF CHARLES W. MILLER AND HIS FRIENDS, JOHN A. CARY, HENRY C. BENNETT, ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

announcement that he will be a candidate for governor. It is pointed out that there never has been a Republican governor of Indiana elected from that section of the state, north of the famous "banks of the Wabash." His campaign on the state ticket as attorney general was a splendid tribute to the novel and candid way in which he launched his candidacy for the honor of leading President Roosevelt in the number of votes received, and in his home city Mr. Miller had an endorsement received by few candidates, for the people of Goshen remembered how, in years gone by, the modest young lawyer was nominated as a candidate for mayor against his personal wishes.

Once in the field, Charles W. Miller has a way of going direct to the people for their suffrages, gathering his testimony, going thoroughly over the situation and setting forth why and wherefore he is entitled to support in his campaign. His career among the "home folks" has borne fruit in suggestive tributes as to his fidelity and the trustworthiness of his verbal or written word. Mr. Miller is entirely free from ostentation, is open-hearted, earnest and has the unusual faculty of recalling names, faces and incidents connected with his meeting certain people—a veritable "royal memory," worthy of English Charles.

Standing now in the front rank of his profession, Mr. Miller has established a fine reputation as a lawyer by square, open fighting, his common sense and ability being verified in the splendid success of his work. His labors as attorney general thoroughly acquainted him with all the various institutions of the state, and were of such a character as to direct attention and admiration to him even outside of his own native state—in fact, his work had to do with problems which were of nation-wide importance.

Conscientious and thorough to the last degree, I was deeply interested in Mr. Miller's unique way of conducting a campaign. There was nothing secretive or mysterious about it. He had undertaken it in the same way that he would have accepted and carried through some great case to try in court for an individual client.

Mr. Miller is making a thorough personal canvass of every county in the state, with the exception of such districts as he considers belong to rival candidates, which, out of courtesy, he will not attempt to canvass. In his office I saw numerous little books giving the names and addresses of everyone whom he has seen or to whom he has written, all thoroughly classified; another book gave a digest of all correspondence, merely a line or two to each person, but telling the whole story without the loss of time necessary to look the matter up on the files.

An untiring worker and thoroughly in love with his work, neither he nor anyone who knows him feels that any apology or explanation is needed for his candidacy. Hard-headed and progressive, he represents a type of young Americanism that the electorate of this country "delighteth to honor." At home in Goshen he is affectionately known as "Charlie" Miller, and I soon discovered that he is the kind of man one depends on for good advice and sound judgment in matters great or small. He quite won my heart by aiding me in securing details concerning our wheelbarrow, for that, after all, was what first awakened my interest in Goshen.

Going about the country, friends ready to help Charlie Miller are always to be found, and there is a sort of "what-is-he-doing-now" interest in all his undertakings. A suggestive incident occurred at Hammond, Indiana, when a newsboy came to him—

"Are you Charlie Miller?"

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Miller.

The lad squared his elbows and remarked with a judicial air,

"Well, I'm for you for governor, and I'm going to get a lot of other geesers who think as I do and we will just boom things along —you'll see what we'll do for you."

Mr. Miller arrives at his conclusions by logical reasoning, and has never been known to swerve from his duty when presented to him. As attorney general it fell to his lot to prosecute cases against even his own friends and associates, but he did it with that stubborn heroism exemplified in olden days by that stern old Roman, Marcus Curtius, who did not hesitate to make a public example of his own flesh and blood when public duty required it.

By means of a receivership conducted without the usual expense incident to such proceedings, Mr. Miller obtained for the State of Indiana thousands of dollars due it, securing the money by acting himself as attorney and appointing one of his state

officials as receiver; thus debts amounting to $146,000 were collected without a cent of expense to the state. There is no doubting or quibbling in Mr. Miller's make-up, moral, social or as a public official. There is no compromise and no temporizing. In his prosecution of gambling at the French Lick Springs and West Baden resorts he secured sixteen wagon loads of gambling apparatus which were all destroyed.

Charles Wesley Miller is a young man in the prime of life, with black eyes and hair and moustache and a genial, hearty manner. He has been actively engaged in business in the hardwood lumber trade, which has broadened his successful legal career. In the lumber business he is associated with the Lesh, Prouty & Abbott Company of East Chicago, Illinois, and is accounted as good a lumberman as he is a lawyer.

The Civil War left its traditions of heroism on the lad born in Floyd County on February 4, 1863. Such noble influences were sure to stimulate the patriotism of the generation following, and Mr. Miller belonged to an era through which no impressionable lad could live without imbibing the ideals of public policy that prevailed in the two decades following the Civil War.

"Charlie" was educated at the Normal school and by private tuition. After he began to teach school in Wood Township, Clark County, he utilized vacation times in selling books and fruit trees, and has the distinction of having worked his way through college.

The most important points emphasized in Mr. Miller's candidacy are first the record he has made—then his methods of work, including the personal letters he has sent out, which presage phases of his future career. In some measure his modes of working typify the sturdy youth of school teaching days. Who can estimate the value of the seed sown in his early manhood, where it was insisted and demanded that all things be explained and made lucid to the young minds awaiting instruction—to say nothing of "building fires" and getting up in shivery weather to work in the early dawn. Today the same methods that were adopted by the thorough, energetic, painstaking and hardworking school teacher are brought into play in relationships in public and private life.

Mr. Miller's mother is still living; she is now eighty-four years of age, and is justly proud of the son who has brought so much credit to her family. He married in 1887 Miss Sarah Elizabeth Perkins of Goshen. Mr. Miller is a thirty-third degree Mason and belongs to the Marion and Columbia clubs of Indianapolis; in fact he is a member of nearly every fraternity to which good men should belong. When he has a little leisure he spends it fishing or horseback riding, and takes his amusement with the same earnestness that he pursues his work. He has been a delegate to nearly all the Republican state conventions since 1882, and was a delegate to the National Convention that nominated Benjamin Harrison in 1892.

It is no wonder that his friends are so enthusiastic over his candidacy. He conducts his campaign along certain well-defined lines, and under no circumstances will he permit himself to be drawn into any assault of a rival candidate. He maintains that his work must be constructive, that he must not only make friends, but must deserve friends if he expects support in his campaign. In many respects he is making a decided innovation with his methods, and all that he does is in consonance with the business spirit of the times, and is done with a directness and openness that indicate a worthy purpose nobly pursued.

Mr. Miller enjoys a wide acquaintance, even outside the boundaries of his native state, for everywhere people seem to be deeply interested in the results of his candidacy. A snapshot taken of him with the poet laureate of America, James Whitcomb Riley, Senator Albert J. Beveridge, Henry C. Bennett, postmaster of Indianapolis, and John A. Cary, a prominent business man of Indianapolis, is very interesting, and gives a touch of close comradeship which exists among the Hoosier home folks in all walks of life, and this unison has been a powerful factor in national politics.

There is a fascination in observing the movements on the political chess-board in every state and territory in the country, for political life in America is undergoing a revolutionary change. The people are coming closer and closer to their public servants and are insisting on having in public offices men who are willing to be real servants in the highest and best sense of the word.

Such a public "minister" is Charles W.

Miller, and he may well be proud of the work he has accomplished. Entrenched in the confidence and affection of his friends, armed with the consciousness of duty clearly defined, he has prepared his case in a masterly way to be submitted to the people of Indiana, with the conviction that he has left nothing undone that ought to be done to secure a decisive victory.

That was a happy reverie that led me to become better acquainted with Charles W. Miller, the sturdy young Indiana statesman who knows how to grasp the handles of public interest and push forward to the goal, doing his part to fortify the Hoosier State with the integrity and high-minded honor of her servants. My day with Mr. Miller added one more link to the long chain of pleasant memories called up by the name of the historic little city, Goshen, of which the first link had been the old red wheelbarrow of my boyish memory.

BALLAD OF HUNGRED SOULS

By Edward Wilber Mason

LORD God who fed the multitude
With twain white loaves and fishes twain,
Thou who gave us to drink Thy blood,
And eat Thy flesh to our great gain:
O hear our souls in hunger's pain!
Still starved are we and still unfed;
Miracle work for earth again—
Give us this day our daily bread!

Riches have we of gold and gem;
Churches and palaces of stone
These are ours; and the diadem
Still do we worship on a throne—
Yet for the blue rose silvern-blown,
The purpling ideal overhead,
God, how our starved souls lift their moan:
Give us this day our daily bread!

Let the last sunset sink to death,
Let the tired waters cease to roll,
Let amaranthine stars lose faith,
Let heaven wither like a scroll,
Still shall the heart and mind and soul
Fasting only on love be sped,
Safe to the far immortal goal—
Give us this day our daily bread!

Steward of glamourie and gleam,
Still let the unseen feast be spread;
Souls must eat of the Heart of Dream—
Give us this day our daily bread!

THE BAD HEART OF ELIZABETH ANN

By Vingie E. Roe

FROM important gatherings on Cook's grating she was an outcast; from daily cloggings together of "de gang" behind Rosetti's fruit stand she was a pariah, hanging on the outskirts, darting impudently near and back again with exaggerated superciliousness as to nose and air, shouting insulting epithets and listening intently. The feminine contingent of Rucker's Alley fought her with tooth and nail,—and she was no mean foe, for it was surprising the amount of energy and force and combativeness that comprised her small, wiry body beneath its disreputable rags,—and the boys ignored her grandly. She was at the complete end of the social scale of Rucker's Alley, in fact those on the lower rounds of the ladder themselves regarded her far below in the depths. Her mother had been "scrub lady" to the tenement before the happy day she had disappeared in the reflected glory of two blue-coats and the Black Mariah, and Elizabeth Ann had elected to steer her own career. Since then she had fought herself out of grace of everyone in the precinct except Rosetti, from whose stand she stole openly the greater part of her vicarious living. That was before the Alley knew Miss Ormer. Miss Ormer and a big vacant room on the fifth floor of the tenement had captured the Alley—for the "sake of their souls and humanity" Miss Ormer put it. Here had sprung up one of those sources of discouraging knowledge to the projectors and much hidden good to the uncertain attendants—a night school of the Slums Missions. And here gathered "the gang," the worst set of urchins in the district, drawn at first by a prospect for unique mischief and added glory of "toughness" to be brought about by the speedy disorganization of the institution. But they had reckoned without Miss Ormer—Miss Ormer, smiling, courteous, blind to all but the wholly imaginable merits of the gang, and blessed with that best attribute—beauty. Since then the night school had become the mecca of every gamin in Rucker's Alley—excepting Elizabeth Ann. She waylaid lone members and hurled at them taunts intended to rouse ire, which usually did, and scurried away from the swiftest pursuer with fierce joy in her heart and the light of daring in her eyes. She was all thin little legs and big eyes and dirt. Jimmy Hogan and his followers could be disrupted into a flying sortie of capture in a second by her derisive shrill pipe—"Hi! Sunday School-ers!" and easily eluded by a disappearance into the hole beneath the stand of Rosetti, who leaned on the counter above and smiled with good nature and white teeth.

The big room on the fifth floor was a sealed book to Elizabeth Ann—that is when Miss Ormer and the gang were in possession. In reality she knew every crack and cranny and crevice in the tenement, and her own particular sanctum was an aerie high under the eaves, a blind little cubby left by the builders a generation ago. Here a weather-warped board stood loose, letting in a slant of light and also permitting of the sharpest reconnoisance of the alley below. Had any daring member of the gang or Jimmy Hogan's band discovered this abode and attempted the entrance thereto—a perilous way between a ceiling and a blind floor, which must be accomplished on one's stomach with dextrous wrigglings across intervening sleepers—he would have met such a fury of claw-like hands and nails and teeth as must have routed her biggest foe, for to Elizabeth Ann this was a sacred place. Here she had retired after a great battle once, and stayed for three days when all the force was looking for her.

Elizabeth Ann was an outlaw and gloried in it.

Then one day had come Miss Ormer, a smiling vision enveloped in dainty raiment

and idealism, and all the alley had fallen victim.

The draggled mothers, after a little time of distrust and measurement, saw in this woman with the tender eyes the development of self that each after her fashion had seen down the future from youth's doorway, only to miss so pittiably, and turned over their thin-faced children to her gladly. Wisdom and sanitary achievements began to flourish. Jimmy Hogan, absorbed by inner disturbances, made a mysterious trip to the dump at Twenty-third Street, where a broken comb ended his search. After that Jimmy's shock head was parted in the middle and plastered with painful precision. Also sundry rings on necks and behind ears testified to the wakening of ambition. Miss Ormer smiled, and for every sign of approval the gang made another effort.

And Elizabeth Ann stood off and scoffed.

"Hi!" she shouted at Mamie Grice from behind an empty barrel, "Nurse baby! Clean face! I 'opes youse like it. Miss Ormer, indeed! A ole putty-face!" which promptly led to a race, the usual escape and wide explanations by Mamie. The whole alley was "dippy" about the Missions teacher, except Elizabeth Ann. She swaggered in exaggerated indifference, and openly vaunted her own superiority.

One night while the school was drowsily humming with its many whispers, Miss Ormer felt the strange sensation of unseen eyes upon her. She looked up and over the school. It was a model of propriety. She glanced at the dark tunnel of the door into the hall. A pair of burning spots glared out of the darkness. For a moment the teacher felt a chill of fear. Then a thin elfin face was thrust forward into the light a little more and slowly writhed itself into a grotesque contortion with wrinkled nose and protruded tongue. Only for a moment it wavered in the doorway, then there was a scurry of bare feet away. That was the first glimpse Miss Ormer had had of Elizabeth Ann, though her fame had reached her ears.

At the end of the first month Miss Ormer was to give the school a treat. When it was announced it became the one absorbing topic of every conversation. The mothers talked it on the doorsteps and the gang discussed it with tense excitement between depredations—for, be it known, the model gathering in the big room was still the terror of adjoining streets, though, with the cunning of a general, Jimmy Hogan forbade operations close at home. And Elizabeth Ann heard every word where she hovered on the outskirts. There were to be ham sandwiches and pickles and pie by the baskets full, and at the end of the feast would come candy, and, some added, pop-corn, though others maintained that the latter was purely the result of a distorted imagination. At any rate, it would be the event of the season, and all the school was to be present, even those who had only been enrolled and had dropped out. Elizabeth Ann listened intently.

"You can't go," said Mamie Grice, "Miss Ormer wouldn't have such as youse." Whereupon Elizabeth Ann's eyes blazed like blue flames, and all the pride in her weazened little breast flamed forth.

"I wouldn't go if she ast me. Ole putty-face!" she cried bitterly, and just as the word left her mouth Miss Ormer laid her soft hand on her shoulder. Elizabeth Ann stiffened and her face seemed to set itself in an expression of dismay. Mamie Grice looked on with joy that the outlaw had been caught at her worst. Miss Ormer looked down into Elizabeth Ann's eyes. They were big and fierce and bright and just now they were taken off their guard of defiance by her sudden appearance. They stared back at her for the moment disarmed.

"I do ask you, Elizabeth Ann," said the woman gently, "and I want you to come." She smiled down at the child with her free, good-fellowship which was the secret of her wonderful success with the slums work. She did not enter into coaxings or alluring descriptions of the coming joys, nor did she seize the opportunity to "talk to" her.

For a psychic moment Elizabeth Ann felt herself slipping under the influence of the soft hand whose warmth burned her bony little shoulder. If Mamie Grice had kept still she might have lost her grip on her independence, and this tale would never have been told, but she did not. She whispered to Annie Goggin behind her, "All she wants," and Elizabeth Ann heard it. With a wrench, she jerked herself out from under Miss Ormer's hand. "Want me, indeed! Youse can want," she said insultingly, "I don't go. Nit!

Not me." And she walked away with great dignity, swinging her ragged bit of skirt, but for some reason the stinging tears blurred her eyes. After that she was the worst child by far in the district. No piece of mischief was too daring or too deep for her to tackle, and many reflected credit on her mental faculties, for she had to lay her plans and plots alone.

She was a little pest, was Elizabeth Ann; slim, eerie, agile, stealing from the scant household store of one, playing an irritating trick on another, creeping in by hidden ways and eating from the larder of a third, and so on. She knew the tenement from top to bottom, and there was no way to catch her, for she always ran to the upper regions and disappeared. Sometimes it was into the little cubby, but more often it was to slip through a mysterious dark hole which led between two walls to an opening above a disused court, where an old fire-escape, broken in places, with sometimes a gap between the sections so great that she could barely reach the next one with her feet by hanging to the last one with her hands, straggled down from the top story. This was her Secret Way, her Mountain Pass when the little outlaw was pursued, and she had cunningly fastened pieces of rope across every gap to hold to when she made her perilous descent. The court below had long been locked and abandoned, and her means of exit was a hole beneath the outer wall, dug at the expense of much labor. Life had ever been an exciting game to Elizabeth Ann, and to be played for all it held of adventure and gain. She was a small bit of the material that makes great men. She could hear nothing but talk of the month-end treat, and every mention set fuel to the fire of restlessness that was growing in her. She was filled with a mighty desire to do all the worst things she could invent, and when she saw Miss Ormer she passed her without notice, only to shout insulting things that anyone might apply to themselves. The memory of that warm hand on her shoulder was a potent thing stirring her soul to deeds of reckless wickedness. It was the one important memory of her short life, and it kept her tossing nights in the cubby. She did not want to think of her beautiful face. She counted the stars through the outstanding board's aperture when the memory became too strong. And at the thought of her own words "Ole putty-face," she rose up and descended to tramp the alley in the darkness and hunt for some trouble to allay the disturbance of her soul. And Miss Ormer heard of all these depredations, for there were many to tell, and she cast about in her heart for a way into the stubborn little heathen soul of Elizabeth Ann.

Jimmy Hogan was a pattern of virtue these days, and the girls of the district demonstrated the potency of influence by stiff, twine-tied braids and a close imitation of the airs of culture. Elizabeth Ann delivered her views to her good friend Rosetti, for a fierce jealousy was gnawing within her.

"Huh!" she said scornfully, "*I* ain't no milk-baby! Mamie Grice indeed!" for, with much innocence of face, Mamie Grice had widely distributed the information that she had been selected to lead the singing of the hymn on the occasion of the coming spread. The distinction expressed itself in a lofty consciousness of superiority.

Elizabeth Ann knew every detail of the program, from the opening song down through the various "pieces" and the progress of the repast itself, to the mention of the names on the month's roll of honor. A wild panic of despair to be one of the favored, to be among the rest as one of them, took possession of her, but she flaunted in even more arrogant hostility. And then came the night of nights.

Every urchin of the district flocked in early, and a van piled with mysterious packages had stood before the tenement in the afternoon. Elizabeth Ann watched with burning eyes from Rosetti's corner. The big room glared with lights, and an electric feeling of expectancy pervaded the alley. She felt a choking sense of loneliness, for the first time in her eventful life. There wasn't even Rosetti to talk to, for he had closed the stand and gone away. First there was the hymn, and she could hear plainly the thin pipe of Mamie Grice above the others. She shut her hands hard with fury. Then there was a silence, and she knew that Miss Ormer was addressing a few words to the school. The memory came back upon Elizabeth Ann, and she felt the warmth of that soft hand on her shoulder

again. If Miss Ormer ever dared to do that to Mamie Grice she would—she would scratch her into ribbons. No one had ever touched her before with that strange gentleness, and it was a thing apart from all human experience.

And the gang was up there basking in her smiles, and would presently partake of her bounty. Elizabeth Ann turned her face away and looked out upon the squalid downtown reach of the alley. At least there was no suggestion of the memory there. Then there was a sudden soft rustle of garments, and Miss Ormer, mission teacher, said, "Elizabeth Ann," softly out of the darkness.

For a moment Elizabeth Ann was spellbound, then an overwhelming sense of her unworthiness, she the outcast, the inexorable foe of the school, fell over her—the knowledge that She had come out in the dark for her pressed down upon her like a weight, and she turned and fled. Up by the hidden way she went to hide her feelings in the cubby, but in passing over the sleepers a ring of light stared up at her from a knothole in the ceiling of the big room, the scene of the festivities, and she settled down between two girders and looked down upon them all with bated breath.

There was Jimmy Hogan with shining traces of soap and water in his face, and all the gang in bravest array. Miss Ormer came in, and Elizabeth Ann's heart swelled, for she knew why she had gone down the five flights of rickety stairs. The hour that followed was most wonderful, and the watcher was absorbed to oblivion. The program was spell-binding, but greatest was the turmoil when the feast began.

Happiness unbounded and wonderful by reason of its rarity held sway. Weazened faces were alight with rapture, small hands clutched goodies with an eagerness that sent an ache to the teacher's heart. And the wild, unstinted joy of the childish merrymaking was responsible for that which happened. But for the noise in the big room, the inmates would have heard the roar that grew slowly beneath them—the hurry and turmoil of the people of the tenements, the shouts of the crowd far down on the pavements. But Miss Ormer smiled on the school, unconscious, until the smell of smoke forced itself upon her. And then when she flew to the hall it was to look down into a blue drift, dense and terrible. The children! Trembling, the woman stopped the fun, formed them in the drill, and filed them down into the blurred regions. It had all come so suddenly. As the last of the line sank down the stairs, some troubled thought of perhaps one left behind sent the teacher back into the room. She stood for a moment scanning the deserted scene. A strange silence held the place thinly filled with coming smoke. As she searched every corner rapidly, she heard the tramp of the descending line grow suddenly louder, and back came five whimpering little ones, awed by the smoke below, stampeded. Miss Ormer hurried them back to the stairs. Just as she reached them, a roaring crash far in the depths sent up the well of the stairs a column of sparks. Frightened, bewildered, holding the children, she stopped. It was then in the dusk that there appeared a vision, a thin, dirty child whose elfin eyes shone.

"Come," said Elizabeth Ann briefly. And Miss Ormer, leading the little string, followed. Back through a blind hall, around a turn, up some steps they went, feeling in the darkness. Down a long littered passage, against a wall with a narrow opening which one could feel was only a forgotten slit. Here they paused. Darkness, height, uncertainty, fire a-forge below, and a woman with these children lost in the cavern of the great old building. The teacher's brain reeled and she leaned against the wall. Elizabeth Ann touched her.

"Go through," she said. But the woman could not. The uncertainty of that narrow hole was too strong. The children crowded close. "Get back, youse," cried the outlaw, "Miss Ormer first." Then as the teacher made no move, the child pushed her. "Go through," she said.

Shuddering in fear of space, Miss Ormer crept through, and saw beyond the good white stars against the night. A window yawned ahead. But here the test lay. In the dim light, the top of the old fire escape was visible. At her back stood the eager, collected child. The rest of the children were pressing, panic-stricken. Elizabeth Ann turned on them like a fury. "Now—over wit youse," she said over her shoulder. Again the woman halted, not daring. This time the terror of the alley lost her patience. She

groped in the dark and grasped an old twisted bar of iron. The faint light showed her face white, her puny arms uplifted against her idol. Slowly, in obedience to some unknown force in the intense, concentrated mite of humanity, Miss Ormer climbed out and started down that awful height. Elizabeth Ann watched her with twitching muscles, and slipped onto the round her hands vacated. The rest might follow—it was not the gang that she was saving. Down,—down—round by round the woman went trembling, holding with all her strength, praying for the strength of the rickety, spider-like ladder. Round by round—one story by the dull-red windows—four stories below her yet—the fire was roaring like a blast-furnace; she could hear now and again the voice of a fireman far down. This side of the tenement was black with shadow but for the red squares. Miss Ormer tried to hold her head steady by thought of that little string of children silently above. They were accustomed to fire-escapes and dizzy heights. But she—she must think of nothing but the next round. And then suddenly her foot hung suspended. It was the first gap. She stopped, shuddering. She clung frantically. Then said Elizabeth Ann, "Go down." Miss Ormer did not speak. She was wild with fear of the space below. She dared not reach for the ladder that might not be there. There was a little half-choked sob from the dark below.

"Damn you," said the child hoarsely, "youse go down, or I'll push you off," and her bare foot came feeling for the woman's shoulder.

She lengthened her body as by volition not her own, touched the round, felt for the rope, and went on down, lower—lower. Elizabeth Ann called terse directions to those above. "Hang to de guy—a gap's next." Window by window, story by story, gap by gap—it was a heart-breaking descent. Hotter and hotter grew the air around, nearer came the cries of the people. At last only one story intervened by the count of windows, and then, before she knew it, Miss Ormer, reaching for that inevitable round, felt the solid earth. She staggered back and a cry broke from her. Elizabeth Ann, the outlaw, the captain, the leader, stood by until the last of the little procession stood in the enclosure. For a moment she forgot them, looking for the last time up at her crumbling castle, her hidden way, her refuge. With it went her abiding place. Something of this was in her heart. But Elizabeth Ann was made of the stuff that survives, that makes the best of all things. For only a moment she stood with clinched fists, her eyes far up where the loose board was a tiny black shaft in the glare, then she abruptly ordered her forces through the hole beneath the fence. With shouts of joy, the children dispersed around to the light in front. Only Miss Ormer crouched, with hands to face, against the old court, and Elizabeth Ann stood silent in the dark, but her eyes glowed as they had once in the hall door, and the memory rode rampant upon her skinny little shoulder. For a long time there was only the woman's sobs; then suddenly she dropped upon her knees, her arms outstretched.

"Elizabeth Ann," she whispered, "Come!"

And Elizabeth Ann, as from afar, went into their tender embrace forevermore. But the influence of refinement had not touched her yet, for out of the very depth of ecstasy she murmured exultantly,

"Mamie Grice, indeed!"

THE DUNCISH DOZEN TURNS HIM LOOSE

By Frank Conway

HAS anything happened yet, Dick?" his wife asked by telephone.

Dick, district attorney, stood alone in his office, with window curtains drawn and electrics ablaze. He could hear the rumble of talk and tramplings in the streets below. Neither the special police nor the harsh cold of the winter morning's first hour could drive the crowds from the neighborhood of the court house. They were waiting—in an ugly humor—for Hane, who just had been acquitted of the charge of murdering the daughter of old Jake Angland. One attempt to rush the jail already had been made—one man shot and a dozen or more clubbed senseless. Downstairs—by the report last sent to Dick—the sheriff, in his office, was frantically trying to get the governor on the long distance telephone. He wanted state troops.

The people's attorney replied to his wife: "Yes, something has happened. The impossible has. The blockheads have given him his walking papers."

On that, hearing from her a sort of half-sob, he made haste to add: "It's too bad, but we've got to see it, dear. We're living in an age when results alone count, and I haven't produced them."

She reminded him, there, mournfully: "You've rapidly lost every murder case that you've had."

"And this one furnished me my final chance. I did my best—God only knows how desperately I fought to squat that fellow in the electric chair—but the dozen decided against me." Full of misery, he naturally was also full of querulous talk. He went on: "If they had at all regarded the evidence, I'd have been the next senator from this county. Now I'd be unanimously defeated if I were to run for the office of dog-catcher. I'm afraid, girl, my career's spoiled."

Her knowledge of that she signified, sadly enough, by what she next said. "Of course the papers will hound you out of office."

"You bet they will—and the music will begin tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll doubtless be seen by a citizen's committee, and they won't be bashful about their business. They'll ask for my resignation—and they'll get it. I'm all in."

For a while there was silence on the wire. Just as Dick caught from below the racket of shouts and rushing footsteps, split by the crack of a revolver, his wife asked him: "How did Judge Davison charge?"

"Oh, he all but directed them to fetch in a first degree verdict. For that, as well as for other things, there's left me at least the comfort of seriously questioning the wisdom of trial by jury. The average jury knows little about the law of evidence and cares less. However,"—and he broke off to inquire about their baby son—to ask if he was sleeping, or something like that.

Then he said: "I shan't be home probably till breakfast-time," and bade her good-bye.

He put up the receiver and returned to his desk chair. Huddled in it, with his eyes half-shut and his chin on his breast, he lived his life's heaviest hour. Again and again—and tirelessly—he went over the whole affair.

Detectives from his office, one morning six months ago, found the Angland girl's sack and bonnet on the river bank. Three days later Patrolman Walters arrested Hane at the pistol point. He had on his person when nabbed a railway ticket to the West and his last letter to the girl, in which he promised her marriage. He vehemently declared his innocence, but, of course, that amounted to nothing. From that day, Dick slaved with heart-breaking intensity to get the jury to convict. He had succeeded in picking the jury almost entirely from the farming element in the outlying townships. On them and their impressionable minds he tried, with the girl's pathetic letters to her lover and the wealth of evidence that his detective had gathered, every trick known to the trade. It looked, until the announcement of the verdict, as though he had tried those tricks with splendid success. He beat the defence at every point—from the moment when Judge

Davison denied its motion for a change of venue to the hour during which he actually got introduced as evidence things that the people's important witnesses just thought. When he finished his final address to the jury, he believed his case so complete that not even the evidence of a legion of archangels could have bettered it.

The defence—McCarthy—did not send in a single witness. It did not breathe one bar to the medley of testimony. Aside from a motion to discharge the prisoner on the ground of no case proven, and from an exception to Judge Davison's prompt denial of the same, it did not offer up one prayer —nor drop so much as a kind word for the worn, weary jury. The defence rested as though dumb with confidence. And Hane had been acquitted.

The more to ring the throw-down of the people's attorney into the public ear, the mob now clamored for Hane. There was in that no surprise for Dick. In saloons, in barber shops and cigar stores, and in the general stores of the villages out in the townships men had made no effort at hiding their ambition to take a job out of the state's hands and finish it themselves. The sheriff feared to form a posse from them. No wonder. The mob simply would send forward its own representatives; when the grand attack was launched the efforts of those representatives to defend the acquitted man would be all fuss and fury; they'd gracefully make a fancy show of fight and as gracefully transfer their charge to the gentlemen from the saloons and other places. So the sheriff was telephoning the governor for troops. They would come—probably with the dawn. When they marched into the city the music of fife and drum at their head—playing "Dixie" or "Onward Christian Soldiers"—that music, the district attorney knew, would somehow be the articulate expression of his flat failure to win a conviction.

* * *

Dick, chancing to lift his eyes, saw a face through the office door. He rose and twisted back the lock. There entered a short, fat, red-faced man—Van Dorn, deputy sheriff. Dick held him to be, splendidly, an old blowhard—and loved him for that. Now, however, the deputy sheriff, for the first time in his life, had not a word. It was with the air of a man who can find none for the adequate expression of his grief that he sank into one of the office chairs.

The prosecutor spoke first. "Well?"

"To think of the weak case McCarthy went to the jury with!" groaned Van Dorn, in response. "To think, too, that he won on his cross-examinations of your witnesses! It's now eight months since that nigger woman mauled her step-daughter to death with a fire shovel, and was gotten off by McCarthy—and just as the public was starting to forget, this happens!"

He scanned Dick gloomily. The people's attorney was a big, youngish, fine-looking man; as, however, he sat there, fingering the folds of his walking coat into a ball, he made anything but an impressive appearance. He simply seemed a fellow fit only for blue reflection.

"I feel like it, now, Van," he muttered.

"Like what?"

"My annual—what I allow myself each year—I mean the one tear."

"Yes, you're a Unitarian, ain't yuh?"

For the first time since Foreman Whitridge said "Not Guilty" Dick disclosed his teeth in a smile; but the smile was sick and didn't last long. The deputy's joke became ghastly; for as they stared at the floor and communed in hushed tones, were they not holding a wake over the corpse of Dick's career?

The deputy thought to show that he too had suffered. "I owe my job to you, Dick, and I backed you loyal-like. I've lost a ten-buck bill on the result." From that he went to other people's troubles. "The chief has had Jake pinched."

The prosecutor evinced no surprise. He didn't have to be told that Jake, already looking for Hane, had been caught carrying a concealed weapon.

The intelligence prompted him to remark that he supposed there were only curses for him over in the Angland home. "But McCarthy himself could not have won for the state. Every bit of evidence that I had introduced and that was ruled out on his objection—every bit of it—I rang into my opening and closing addresses, and I manufactured more. Wasn't it great when McCarthy objected, and I assured the court that I was not trying to poison the jury's mind; that it had been already poisoned by the state's established evidence?"

"It was great!" breathed the deputy.

Dick, tasting the enconium, suddenly remembered the state troops. "So the sheriff is yelling for some of the guard? The Lord only knows he hemmed and hawed and hesitated about it long enough."

"There ain't gona be no soldiers here," Van Dorn informed him.

"What?"

"That's a bluff. The sheriff lets a few of the herd into his office, and they hear him pounding central for the governor, and then he has them pushed out, and when he gets the governor's office he tells central to cancel the call. Hane's gona be sneaked out of town two hours from now. The mob's thinning out."

"I'm almost sorry," Dick confessed. "I was certain that it needed only a few blank shots and several conspicuous clubbings to get the gang away. If he had called," and he brought it out as an after-thought, "he would have made himself ridiculous, and—misery loves company, you know."

"Oh, there's lots of it for you," was the deputy sheriff's assurance. "Think of the foreman. He's ruined politically. Poor Whitridge!"

Dick got to his feet and began to pace up and down the office. "Whitridge," he repeated—"he tried to wriggle off the panel. And I kept him on it. God! There's no end to the mistakes I've made."

"But they wouldn't have been mistakes if the jury had rendered the right verdict. There's another mistake that wouldn't have been one—I mean about the exhibits."

The people's attorney had entered ninety-nine exhibits.

"The trial'll cost the county a pretty penny," mournfully murmured Van Dorn. "Hell, how the papers will howl!"

"Yes—with the awful bills those photographers and experts will ship in." Then, with a sudden briskness, the people's man said: "There's but one thing that will save me now."

"I wish I could get it for you, Dick."

"It's absolute proof of the innocence of Hane."

"The meanest skunk of a defendant that ever faced decent men!"

Dick had stopped in his movements to and fro. He went over to where Van Dorn was sitting and put his hands down, familiarly, on the shoulders of the deputy sheriff. "You're the one fellow, Van, to whom I can say this sort of thing. McCarthy was in love with my wife—before I married her. I took her from him. That's why the trial meant everything to me—understand? That's another reason why I so wanted to win."

"McCarthy, the Irish Jew," said Van Dorn, venomously. "He's a Jew on his mother's side, you know. You can see it. I'll bet he sees it himself. I'll bet when he looks in a glass he sees her eyes.

"Yes, but that doesn't prevent his getting what he goes after. If ever he's a candidate for the national presidency, God help the other fellow! And God help me now! I may lie around for the rest of my life, and blather till I break my face, but the fact will remain that I shouldn't have lost that case. Of course, I wouldn't have lost it if it had been decided by a judge."

About that he was to say more, later on, in another place. That place was Tim Cullin's saloon. At the end of two hours of talk, so comically sorrowful that Dick once had to laugh to himself, they left the office and put the sombre old court house behind them. The streets were silent—would have been empty but for the indistinct figures, here and there, of the police reserves still on patrol. At that very hour, as Van Dorn casually remarked, Hane was on his way to safety in another state. So they directed their course to Cullin's.

"Today's Friday," said the deputy, as though to justify their journey, "and Tim claims he's got a trained dog that won't eat meat on Fridays, and here's our chance to put the dog on the sliding board."

* * *

The dog, however, was not named that night. Other things were.

"Dub!" "A mess of a criminal lawyer!" The mumbled epithets that got to Dick's ear, as he stepped into Cullin's were on that order; and they came from good men, for Cullin's was an up-to-date place where gathered, for toddy and talk, the representative gentlemen of the city.

Dick walked the length of the saloon and at the other end of the bar quietly ordered drinks for Van Dorn and himself. Then he faced the owls present.

He was not an opinionated fellow, nor a

garrulous fellow; he simply had reached the point—the point that every man reaches some time in the storm of life—where he didn't give a good oath what he said.

He said: "I guess you boys don't have to be told what has happened. Well, I've only to insist that had one man versed in the law sat in judgment on Hane, Clarence Hane would now be in his cell, a convicted criminal. There's nothing fanciful about that statement, for there are countries governed—and well governed—by such a civil law as puts all things into the hands of a judge and none in the hands of a jury."

"Who cares if there are?" gruffly asked a man whom Dick recognized as a steam-fitter that once escaped by an eyelid an indictment for assault and battery. "If the people in those countries believe in taking one man's opinion on a thing, that's the fault of the people in those countries."

"It's also their fault," Dick retorted hotly, "that the dignity of the state isn't left at the mercy of a dozen delegates from duncedom."

At that very moment a dunce opened the door with a great deal of noise and walked into Tim's. It was Whitridge, the foreman.

A man with a slight resemblance to a bull bison, in other things he looked as though he had had a drink with every one of the jurors, and as though he had been pretty well primed before he had a drink with any of them. He looked, too, like a man ready to die.

He and Dick glanced at each other as enemies do. They nodded. "The fellow that the police plugged when the crowd made the rush," Whitridge began timidly—"he's over in the Hospital of Our Lady, Comfort of the Afflicted, and he'll live."

The district attorney made no comment. He didn't care about the man that had been shot in the one rush, nor had he cared much about the mob. The moment the verdict was in, he lost interest in Hane. The sheriff had suggested his addressing the crowd from the court house steps and begging its members to disperse, and he had turned irritably on that official with the question, "What's the matter with you? Hasn't the acquittal sufficiently played me up for the chief comedian?" So he manifested no interest in the condition of the man lying over in the Hospital of Our Lady, Comfort of the Afflicted.

Whitridge, however, was not discouraged. Still claiming the attention of the district attorney, he said in a tone of expostulation that amounted to a whine: "Dick, you might give me a pleasant word. I had no grudge against you—couldn't have. We fellows simply had to do it. And every one of us that's in politics has broken his own neck. We acquitted on a reasonable doubt. We acquitted on the proposition that it's better to turn a score of murderous scamps loose than to punish one innocent man."

"Tell the rest. You acquitted because the state couldn't produce the body, didn't you?" Dick asked.

"Well, you *didn't* produce it."

The men lined up before the bar now were all attention. The spectacle of a prosecutor wrangling with the foreman of the jury over a verdict was not provided every night in the year, and they were anxious to see and hear everything.

"It was not necessary," said Dick, thumping the bar. "Did the state of Illinois produce the body when that Chicago fellow with the Dutch name ground his wife up in a sausage vat? It did not. Wasn't there a conviction in that case?"

Whitridge changed his position at the bar and "Oh, if you're going to mention cases," he wailed, with a half-smile. Then, as though on a sudden he had been helped by an inspiration, he himself mentioned them. "If you're going to do that, I'll have to remind you that in California, not so long ago, a fellow by the name of Durant, I think, was executed for something he didn't do. Prior to that, a man named Donnelly had the same experience in New Jersey. In both cases, death-bed confessions put the blood of innocent men on the heads of the jurors that convicted them."

That was something Dick immediately seized on to enforce his argument on the wisdom of putting things into the hands of one law-studied man.

Whitridge laughed, and said: "I guess if twelve men can agree on a mistake, one man can do it sooner and oftener. Oh pshaw! I don't care to argue with you Dick. If you want me to ask you something, that's all I can ask: 'Where's the Angland girl?'"

There Van Dorn attempted to speak, but Dick silenced him with a gesture. The district attorney, emptying his glass with the air of a man about to deliver the last word

on something that had been for long in question, answered: "Tonight she's somewhere on the bottom of the river, trying to wrest herself from the weights that Hane bought in Billy Moodie's hardware store the day before she disappeared. She's trying to rise as a rebuke to the brand of justice that you fellows have served."

He had been looking directly at Whitridge. Now, addressing all, he fairly shouted: "It's for the members of that jury to remember that if ever her body is recovered, Hane can never again be put on trial for his life. He can live here—a known murderer—and laugh in his sleeve at the law."

A bass-voiced brother at the other end of the bar thundered a "Long live the Law!"

There were scattered hurrahs, and Whitridge, signalling to the bartender, said, considerately, "Tim, see what the boys'll have on me." The white-vested barkeeper for a while worked furiously on the orders that followed the foreman's direction. Both Dick and Van Dorn again called for gin. When all the glasses had been filled, Whitridge, lifting his, and echoing the words of the bass-voiced brother, cried: "Gentlemen, long live the law."

He had put the glass to his lips—was drinking—when the door of the saloon flew back and a policeman shoved his brass-buttoned breast into view.

"Hey, Tim," he said, "get us a ball of whiskey—quick! I got a girl here that's down and out."

He had a girl. He dragged her into the saloon and lifted her to a chair. The barkeeper handed him the rum, and the cop in turn put it to the girl's lips. By that time Dick had gotten to the spot. All the men in the place were around her. He elbowed his way through the group, and—

It was the Angland girl!

She opened her eyes, and began to sob softly—and her lips parted, and she spoke—and the glass dropped from the hand of the people's attorney and shattered itself on the barroom floor.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

By Ruth Bissell Ebright

IF I could journey back a little way
Along the road that leads to yesterday,
There are so many things that I would do—
So many moments I would live anew
That I might speak a slower, kinder word;
My tongue I'd bind with Patience's golden cord.
I'd guide a young child by my older hand;
I'd give my strength to help a weaker stand:
And with a beggar I would share my bread;
Upon my breast I'd sooth some weary head;
I'd wipe the tears that I saw fall like rain,
And with my kiss I'd heal another's pain.
I'd ask of God to make my heart content
In striving that each hour be worthy spent.
Today I'd smile when yesterday I frowned,
And count myself a woman richly crowned
By that true love so humbly offered me;—
I'd give my service—oh—so full and free
Could I but journey back a little way
Along the road that leads to yesterday!

THE FIFTIETH VALENTINE

By Elizabeth L. Stocking

"THERE'S no fool like an old fool,'" noted Marion Cassidy, with the confidence and audacity of youth. "I understand the boss sends a five or ten dollar valentine every year to his wife. Imagine wasting that amount of money on one of those celluloid and lace monstrosities, with doves and hearts and Cupid's darts, and to send to an old lady, too!"

"Maybe he dosen't send 'em to his wife," suggested Harry Driscoll, with what he considered a very knowing wink.

"He does send them to his wife, though!" This last assertion was made very emphatically by Oliver Hammer, who had been bookkeeper to Derey & Company for twenty years, and would brook no insult to the head of the firm.

"Guess you're an authority, Hammer," acknowledged Mr. Cassidy. "O, it's all right, of course. I believe in keeping the day, to a certain extent, myself. I'm going to send my girl some flowers. They express the sentiment, you know, and they don't seem so silly as a lacy, sickly valentine!"

"Flowers don't last," remarked Mr. Hammer, concisely.

"Last! I should say not. That's the beauty of them," affirmed Mr. Cassidy. "Who'd want a valentine lying around gathering dust for a year? I'll bet Mrs. Derey never looks at her's after the first day, and the next year she probably gives them away to some child."

"That's your idea of the situation," observed Mr. Hammer, dryly, bending over his books.

"Yes, and not far wrong either, I imagine," declared Mr. Cassidy. "Say, it's funny Mr. Derey hasn't got here. His train was coming in at ten, and it's past eleven now."

"Probably stopped on his way over to buy the valentine," conjectured Harry Driscoll, grinning.

On the afternoon of the very same fourteenth of February, on which the above conversation took place in the office of Derey & Company, Merle Ismond, who was the fortunate young lady on whom the lordly Myron Cassidy bestowed his devotion, had gone to see the very sweetest old lady in the world, "Mrs. Derey dear," as Merle called her, and, as it happened, they, too, talked of valentines.

"Yes, Merle," said Mrs. Derey, "he has sent me a valentine every year since we first knew each other." Her blue eyes were as bright and pleased as a girl's. "The one I will receive today, will be the fiftieth valentine."

"And did you say you had kept them all, Mrs. Derey, dear?" asked Merle, eagerly.

"Every one, girlie. Would you like to see them?" This in response to a little accent of longing she had noted in the girl's voice.

"O, wouldn't I though!" exclaimed Merle with enthusiasm.

"I would not show them to everybody, Merle," said Mrs. Derey, "but I know that you will understand, and not think them foolish."

"Thank you, Mrs. Derey, dear," responded Merle, putting her arm about the waist of the elder lady and kissing her, "I'm glad you believe in me."

Mrs. Derey led the way up-stairs to a cosy sitting-room, and stopped before a beautiful old-fashioned bureau, with a curved front and brass handles to the drawers, which stood in a corner of the room.

"This is my valentine bureau," she explained, smilingly.

"How lovely! It looks as if it were chuck-full of romance," declared Merle, as she dropped onto an ottoman, and gazed expectantly at the bureau.

Mrs. Derey opened the top drawer, and drew forth an old-fashioned square envelope, which had once been fastened with a bit of red sealing-wax.

"This is the first one he ever sent me, Merle," she said. "It was when we were both going to high school."

She took a piece of letter paper from the

envelope and handed it to Merle. On it was a crude pen and ink drawing of a lily, with something remotely resembling a Cupid fluttering about it, while underneath, in a boyish hand, was written:

"In all the world, from east to west,
I love my little Lily best."

"I found it in my desk on Valentine morning," said Mrs. Derey, dreamily. "I can almost remember, dear, when I look at it how it felt to be very young—and very much in love!"

"You'll always be young, Mrs. Derey dear," asserted Merle, "and I imagine—always in love."

Mrs. Derey gave a merry, youthful laugh. "See how gray my hair is, little flatterer!" she protested.

"This one he sent me when we were engaged," she went on, bringing out another valentine.

It was made of paper lace, after the manner of valentines from time immemorial, backed with bright-colored paper, and in the center was a picture of two clasped hands.

"But just look inside," directed Mrs. Derey, and Merle quickly opened the valentine to explore its further mysteries. A curl of very black hair had been fastened there, and below was written:

"Only a lock of hair,
But from your lover true,
Whose hair, whose eyes, whose heart,
Belong to you, to you!"

"O," cried Merle, "I wish"—but there she broke off, blushing.

"You wouldn't imagine his hair had ever been so black as that, would you?" asked Mrs. Derey, to cover the girl's confusion.

"I think I would when I look at his eyes," said Merle. "Why Mrs. Derey, dear, he's a poet, as well as an artist!"

"My husband can generally do whatever he sets his mind to," stated Mrs. Derey, proudly.

"This came to me after we were married," she continued, as she drew a little velvet case from the bureau drawer. "It is one of the very best of all. I found it under my plate on Valentine morning."

Merle opened the case and from within, the daguerreotype of a handsome, dark-eyed, eager-faced young man gazed at her. Opposite the picture was engraved in gilt letters: "To my darling wife on Valentine's Day, 1860."

"Why Mrs. Derey, dear, it's a whole life romance all told in valentines," said Merle, wonderingly.

"This is only the beginning, girlie. You know real stories do not end at marriage, and here is the next chapter. She handed Merle a picture evidently representing Queen Victoria in her young wife-hood, with a baby prince upon her knee, and inscribed beneath it, was the following verse:

"There's the queen and prince of England,
And the prince and queen of Rome;
But this is to my queen and prince,
Of the royal kingdom Home."

"He was a beautiful boy, our little prince," mused Mrs. Derey, tenderly. "Yes, he is living—out in California now, with a queen and a prince and a princess of his own."

"There were dark days after this, Merle. My husband went away to fight in the Civil War, but he always remembered to send a valentine. Once it was only a few words on this piece of birch-bark, and on the next Valentine's Day, his good right arm was in a sling, and he drew this flag and wrote the verse with his left hand."

"O, how thrilling!" cried Merle.

"After the war," continued Mrs. Derey, "he started a little leather business of his own. It was hard, up-hill work: often he was obliged to be away from home traveling, but he always remembered to send a valentine. These views in different cities were valentines that came when he was away—see, each one with some loving message."

"One loves so to be 'always remembered,'" sighed the girl, wistfully.

"Yes girlie," responded Mrs. Derey. "That is why we care so much for these little things, I suppose."

"Well, Merle," she went on, "it was not all brightness with us. We had our troubles, too. This picture of an angel he sent me after we had lost our little girl, and here is the verse:

"For the life so young and fair
Now hath passed from earthly care,
God himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep."

Not a very sentimental valentine, girlie, but it comforted me."

Mrs. Derey looked up with tears in her eyes, and Merle, in sympathy, bent to kiss her.

"God has been very good to us," Mrs. Derey went on, softly, "and we have been

prospered and happy. Our children have grown up and left us, but we are proud of them all."

She opened another drawer. "These are some of the later valentines," she said. "I tell my husband that he is getting more and more extravagant every year. This one, with the hand-painted lilies, came last time—you know my name is Lilian—and we laugh together over the first little drawing of a lily he sent me so many years ago. Well, girlie, I guess that's all, and we must go down stairs now, for I am sure it is nearly time for the postman."

"Mrs. Derey, dear," said Merle, earnestly, "I cannot tell you what a pleasure this has been to me, and what a revelation. It—it has given me a higher ideal of married life. Do you know, I think folks now-a-days have got into a bad habit of speaking slightingly and lightly of marriage—not that they really mean it perhaps—but, you understand, Mrs. Derey, dear?"

"Yes, girlie, I understand," said Mrs. Derey, gravely. "It seems sometimes as if everything was turned into a jest in these times, and yet, I think much of that is only on the surface, and I know underneath it all, are many true, loving hearts."

Soon after Mrs. Derey and Merle had gone down stairs and stationed themselves at the parlor window, the postman appeared staggering under his unusually heavy load, and stopping at nearly every house. When he came opposite their window, however, to their surprise, he shook his head, and was passing on, when Mrs. Derey ran to the door.

"There must be something for me," she called. "You know there always is on Valentine Day."

"I know it ma'am. Never missed before in all the ten years I've been on the route. But I'm sorry I can't find anything for you today, ma'am."

Mrs. Derey returned to Merle looking almost ready to cry.

"I can't understand it at all, Merle," she said.

"Probably he'll bring it when he comes home tonight," suggested Merle.

"That isn't his way at all," Mrs. Derey objected. "They generally come in the morning, but I was sure it would be here this afternoon at the latest. You know he was out of town, and was expected back this morning. I can't help worrying, Merle. I am afraid something has happened to him. I wonder whether they have received any word at the factory."

"I'm sure he's all right, Mrs. Derey, dear," Merle assured her, "but I am going down-town anyway, and I'll stop at the factory, and inquire whether he has come back, if you would like to have me."

"I wish you would, girlie, if it wouldn't be too much trouble," said Mrs. Derey.

"O no!" declared Merle, her face growing rosy, "I'd like to go."

"I almost forgot about Somebody being there!" exclaimed Mrs. Derey, giving her hand a little squeeze.

When Merle reached the big factory of Derey & Company, she entered the wareroom where were displayed leathers of as many varieties and colors as could have been found in Joseph's coat of old, and crossing it, made her way to the offices which, enclosed in glass, and divided into sections by partitions of glass, looked like a huge beehive filled with busy workers, like so many bees within. Stopping at a little window, she inquired for Mr. Cassidy, and a moment later, he appeared from a door in the side of the bee-hive, with his hair rumpled, and a pen behind his ear, looking very much surprised to see Merle.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Merle," he greeted her. "I'm not exactly in society costume, you see."

"I rather like you that way," responded Merle, smiling at him. "I promised to stop in and inquire where Mr. Derey is. His wife is worrying about him."

"We've been expecting him since morning," stated Mr. Cassidy, "but I don't think she need worry. He's probably been delayed by business."

"Every year he sends her a valentine," said Merle. "It didn't come today, and she is afraid something is wrong."

Mr. Cassidy laughed. "He's probably forgotten all about the valentine," he observed.

"Mrs. Derey is sure he wouldn't forget, and I am, too," disagreed Merle. "Myron, he's sent her a valentine every year for forty-nine years,—when he was in the war, and when he was traveling away from home, and in spite of all kinds of difficulties."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Cassidy.

"She showed them to me, and she has some sweet memory or bit of sentiment connected with each one," Merle went on. "It —it's beautiful."

"And she's kept them all?" asked Mr. Cassidy, incredulously.

"Indeed she has," replied Merle with fervor.

Just then, a newsboy rushed into the building yelling: "Extra! All about the terrible railway accident. T. L. & R. train wrecked."

Mr. Cassidy seized a paper, and glancing at the headlines, turned very white.

"Merle," he said, "it's the ten o'clock train,—the one Mr. Derey was to be on."

"Oh, oh!" cried Merle, and she, too, turned pale, and gazed at him with horror-stricken eyes.

"A freight train ran into the passenger," he explained, as he hurriedly read the brief account of the accident,—"a 'head-on' collision. It was a dreadful wreck, and it is thought as many as fifty people were killed, but there are no names given."

"It is terrible," faltered Merle, shuddering, "and my poor Mrs. Derey dear, waiting at home for me. How can I go back and tell her?"

"Wait a bit, Merle," Mr. Cassidy advised. "We may get further news."

At this moment a district messenger boy came running up to them. "A telegram for Mr. Cassidy," he called.

Mr. Cassidy tore the telegram open and looked at the signature. "Thank God, Merle, it's from Mr. Derey!" he exclaimed.

"O thank God, indeed!" she murmured, ardently.

"Well, I'll be—blessed!" declared Mr. Cassidy. "Just listen, Merle. 'Am safe. Get handsomest valentine in town, and take to my wife at once.'"

To Mr. Cassidy's surprise, Merle pressed her handkerchief to her face and began to cry.

"Why, Merle, darling, what is the matter? Don't do that, please," he begged, quite distracted. "Why do you cry when he's all right?"

"O, I suppose it—it's because I'm so relieved," sobbed Merle, "and because—because it was so fine of him to think of his wife's valentine when he'd nearly lost his life. He knew nothing would re-assure her like that. I'm not going to cry any more, though," she said, drying her eyes, and looking up at him brightly. "I'm going home to Mrs. Derey, but I shan't say a word about the valentine."

"Jerusalem! To think of his telegraphing about his wife's valentine in the midst of a railroad wreck," mused Mr. Cassidy after Merle had gone. "And who'd suppose Mrs. Derey would have treasured up those valentines year after year? How that little girl's eyes shone when she told about it, and the way she cried about that telegram! I really believe women do care more about those things than one would think. I wonder,"—he meditated—"say, that's just what I'll do!"

Half an hour later, Mr. Myron Cassidy delivered to Mrs. Derey "the handsomest valentine in town," whereupon that dear lady looked ready to hug him, and she certainly did hug the valentine.

"He always finds a way!" she exclaimed, softly.

Mr. Cassidy did not go directly back to the office, but walked down the street a block, turned a corner, and hurrying up the steps of a neat brick house, rang the bell.

It was Merle herself who came to the door.

"Merle," he said, "I thought maybe you'd rather have this than—flowers."

And when Merle opened the box and saw the delightful little Cupids, and the big red heart cruelly pierced with an arrow, and read the dear, spoony little verse, she threw her arms around Mr. Cassidy's neck and exclaimed, joyfully:

"It's the sweetest thing! Myron dear, I shall keep it forever!"

THE DRUMMER'S STORY

By Cecil Dreeme

IT was Saturday night. I had just mailed my last order, after a week of hard work, and lighting a cigar, I sat down to rest and think.

If any of you fellows have ever made the little towns in Eastern Kentucky, especially along the Big Sandy River, you know about how weary I was. I had been out sixty days, but here was the end, and the following morning I expected to board the boat for Cincinnati, where my wife and boy had been expecting me for a week.

"Telegram fo' Mista Mo'gan."

"Here," I said, facing around toward the kinky-headed messenger, who, with a flourish, laid the yellow envelope in my hand. Tearing it open, I read:

"News has just reached us of the failure of H. & E. at W—. We rely on you to be upon the ground to protect our interests at the earliest moment. F. & B."

Away went all my sweet visions of home, and I began casting about for the best plan to carry out the wishes of my house.

W——was a mean little town twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad station, and reached only by rough mountain roads.

The firm referred to had been doing an extensive business with the timber men of that region, and our house was one of its largest creditors.

I decided that the quickest way was to go across the country. The distance was forty miles and over roads so rough a buggy was out of the question. But by getting an early start, a good saddle horse would carry me through the next day, and by no other route could I reach W——at so early a moment.

This plan settled upon, I wired my wife, apprising her of my detention, and then made preparations for the journey.

Early the next morning, after a good night's sleep, mounted upon a strong, spirited horse, I was on my way, and for twenty miles the journey was not unpleasant, except the heat. The road wound over hills and through narrow valleys. The thick woods were filled with the music of song birds of a hundred different kinds. At intervals of a mile or so there were log houses of two to five rooms, and little clearings of ten to forty acres, where the sallow-faced natives battled for sustenance in a half-hearted manner; most of them satisfied with bacon and corn bread, sorgham syrup, coffee, a little clothing, and plenty of tobacco and whiskey.

At eleven o'clock I came to one of those farms, a little better kept than the others. In front of the house hung a sign upon which was rudely painted:

"PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST."

A long, lank-looking native took my horse and gave him a feed of sheaf oats. "We haint no corn," he drawled, "but oats is better, it ain't so heatin,' an' this is a mighty hot day."

Yes it was a hot day, and though the early morning was pleasant, the heat had been steadily increasing. There was not a cloud anywhere in sight, and not breeze enough to stir the leaves upon a weeping willow that stood in the yard.

The post office was at this place, and the post master received the munificent salary of one dollar and twenty-five cents per quarter, or five dollars a year for his services. There had been a contest, the post master told me, when the Democrats came into power. His neighbor, living two miles to the the east, had also been a candidate for office in opposition to him.

"But," said the post master, proudly, "I had the endorsement of our congressman, and got the 'plum.'"

The dinner was elegantly cooked and delicious. There was fried chicken, egg-corn bread, hot biscuit, fresh butter, sweet milk, new honey, and a half dozen different kinds of preserves.

"Better stay till mornin,'" said my host,

when I spoke of going, "its mighty hot, and there's sign of a storm, and its awful wild country your goin' through."

"Thank you," I replied, "I would like to stay very much. I have little heart for the road, hot as it is today, but my business is urgent and I must go on tonight."

I ordered my horse, and asked for and paid my bill.

"Goin' to arrest somebody?" the post master asked, suspiciously, as I swung myself into the saddle.

"I answered, with a smile, "I couldn't arrest anybody if I wanted to, I'm only a drummer, and arresting people don't belong to my business."

"Well," was the reply, "I'd advise you not to get mixed up with them moonshiners, for if you do I'm afeared before you git through with them your hide won't hold shucks," and I saw a wicked gleam come into his eyes as he finished speaking.

I knew from the man's manner that a complete change had come over his mind regarding me, and that to my disadvantage, in the last few minutes. What it was I could not imagine.

"I have not the least inclination, and no reason, "I replied, "to get mixed up with those people, for my business does not in any way concern them."

"I guess it would be just as well if it didn't" was the last thing I heard as I rode away.

I thought little more of the incident as I rode leisurely along, the day being so hot that I had not the heart to urge my horse faster than a walk.

The road was now a mere mountain trail, and the few cleared patches I saw were smaller and the houses mere cabins, and they seemed deserted. The mountains were more precipitous, and the country wilder, as I advanced. The trail, in places, was so steep that I had to alight and lead my horse, and it seemed to me I had never felt the atmosphere more oppressive. There was not breeze enough to stir a leaf anywhere; the birds sang no more, but sat perched upon limbs with wings held away from their bodies and mouths open. My horse was dripping with sweat, and his rider was not much better.

The trail soon led me into a deep ravine overhung upon one side by huge cliffs bordered with laurel and rhododendron, the latter pink and white with bloom.

Darkness seemed to be coming upon me, and I took out my watch and found it was only a little after four o'clock. Glancing around I saw that clouds were gathering above, and as the darkness increased there began a sullen roar over my head like distant breakers in the ocean. As I watched the clouds they seemed to be rushing at each other like the charging columns of two great armies. The roaring increased. The atmosphere was so oppressive that I could scarcely breathe. There was a vivid flash followed by a peal of thunder, and some of the splinters from a riven tree on the mountain side fell near me. My horse was wild with fright, and so restless that I could with difficulty keep my seat.

Then the storm burst upon us. The wind came with such fury that great trees were torn off like reeds; others were uprooted and limbs were driven through the air. I expected every moment to be killed. Rain fell in torrents; peal followed peal of deafening thunder, until the earth seemed to tremble beneath me. How we escaped I do not know. I lay flat upon the horse and gave him the reins, believing his instinct would be as likely to lead us to safely as my muddled brain, for I could see or think of no place of refuge. Soon there came a deafening crash, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on the ground holding my head, which felt as if it would burst, with both hands. It took me some minutes to get my wits together; the rain was pouring in torrents but the wind had ceased. It was very dark. I got up but found it difficult to stand. I caught hold of a bush to steady myself and looked around. I saw the glimmer of a light not far away, and called for help. I repeated the call several times. Then I heard a light step approaching and someone said, in a not unpleasant voice,

"What ye yellin' about?"

"I have been hurt," I answered, "and want help and shelter."

"What hurt ye?"

"I don't know, but I suppose I have been thrown from my horse."

"How long ye bin here?" was the next question.

"I don't know that, I was caught in the

storm and must have been knocked senseless."

"Better come to the house, I reckon, 'taint fur."

My head was in a whirl, and I felt that I should surely fall if I let go of the bush.

"Would you mind giving me a little help?" I asked, "I do not believe I can walk alone."

My arm was taken in a pretty firm grasp, and with an effort, on my part, we reached the cabin, but in my half dazed and unsteady condition I must have tried the strength of my support.

I asked for a place to lie down and was led to a pallet in one corner of the room.

I had lain there only a few minutes when my brain began to clear up, and I was able to see something of my surroundings. The house was built of logs notched into each other at the ends, the cracks between filled with clay. There was but a single room, in size about sixteen feet wide and eighteen feet long. In one end there was a long fireplace where some logs were burning brightly. A couple of cheap chairs, two or three stools and a deal table made up the furniture.

The room had only two occupants, one was a woman who looked to be about forty years old. She was tall and bony, her dress was of cheap calico, and she wore neither shoes or stockings. She sat near the fire gazing into it, her right leg thrown over the left, her right elbow resting upon her knee; chin nestling in the palm of the right hand and the stem of a corn-cob pipe which she was smoking, held between the thumb and fore-finger.

The other was a girl, probably fourteen years old, her hair was red and her face freckled. It was she who had come to my assistance. She was dressed in the same manner as the woman, except that the color of her dress was a little brighter

As I lay there on that rude pallet, wondering at my surroundings and how I was going to get to W——, the woman said in harsh, nasal tones:

"Linda, yer paps comin,' git the things on the table."

The girl obeyed, and a few minutes later I heard footsteps and three men entered the room. The first, the one who had been referred to as "pap," looked like a bandit. His hair and beard were long and uncombed, and I shuddered as I caught sight of the cruel glitter in his steel gray eyes. The next was a rather good-looking young fellow, broad-shouldered and fully six feet in height, whose chief characteristic seemed to be a desire to please the older man. The third was the fellow who had taken care of my horse where I stopped for dinner that day.

"You've been invitin' company have ye?" said the bearded fellow, with a malicious leer.

"Its some of Linda's work," said the woman when she had taken the pipe from her mouth.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the man, addressing me, "I'm glad you've been so easy ketched, 'twill save us a mighty sight o' trouble. Got anything to say for yerself?"

I explained to him as concisely as I could, how I happened to be there, and my desire to go on to W—— at the earliest moment.

"A slick un ain't 'e," exclaimed the six-footer. The three men laughed.

The manner of the men more than what they said, angered me.

"Circumstances," I said, with difficulty rising to my feet, "have forced me to take shelter in this house, and you have no right to insult me in this manner."

"I reckon you'll git used to insults afore we are through with ye," said the man with the beard.

"What's he bin doin'?" asked the woman.

"Take a good look at him," was the answer, "he's a revenooer."

"Yes, spyin' around," said the big fellow, "to git honest folks into trouble."

"Its a lie." This was a new voice, and turning, I saw the red-headed girl glaring fiercely at the big man.

"Shet up your head," exclaimed the leader, looking wrathfully at the girl.

I now saw the cause of their animus, but what had led to their suspicions I had not the least idea. But it gave me courage to know that I had one champion, although apparently helpless among those bad people.

"It *is* a lie," I exclaimed, "and only cowards would treat an unarmed man as you are treating me."

I had scarcely finished speaking when the big fellow rushed at me, striking a furious blow at my head. I was luckey enough to ward off the blow, and before he could recover himself, succeeded in planting my left fist beneath his right ear with sufficient force to send him sprawling to the ground.

In an instant the other two men and the woman sprang upon me like tigers. I made no resistance, for it was useless.

"Bring the clippers," said the bearded man, and in less time than I am taking to tell it, I was hand-cuffed and my legs chained together.

I began a bitter protest against this treatment, when the man with the beard said to the big fellow who had now arisen, "Dave, stop his gab."

That individual came and attempted to put a twisted handkerchief into my mouth; this I resisted by shutting my teeth together, but his right hand grasped my throat with a murderous clutch and I thought it best to open my mouth. The gag was inserted and the ends tied tightly behind my head.

The three men and the woman then gathered around the table and began eating their supper.

"Linda, come to supper," said the leader.

"I don't want none," was the girl's answer, in a sullen, defiant tone.

The others went on with their meal, talking in a low tone, at times indulging in fits of laughter.

An hour later the two young men arose to go.

"Dave," said the leader, as they started, "git the boys together an' be here early in the mornin'; we must 'tend to this," pointing toward me, "the fust thing."

"We'll be here," answered Dave, "before sun up."

"Be sure," said the other young man, "the varment don't gnaw off the clippers and git away."

There was a general laugh at this sally, and the young men went away.

I was suffering but was unable to make complaint. Could the man be cruel enough to leave me like this all night, and then kill me like a dog in the morning? The look I got of his ill-favored face was not encouraging.

Soon after the young men left, the other man came and examined my irons closely and tried the gag. I hoped he would remove it, but he did not; apparently satisfied, he returned to the hearth and heaped ashes over most of the live coals in the fireplace; this was to keep the fire from burning out. Then all became still.

It was not a quarter of an hour until the man began to snore. I could not sleep, and lay there thinking, for I don't know how long, perhaps an hour, when I heard a gentle movement, as if the door was being cautiously opened, then all was still again. I could think of no explanation I could give that would convince these moonshiners I was not a revenue officer. I could see now, that I, for some reason, had been suspected where I had got dinner. But what could be the reason?

My nerves were wrought up to the highest tension, and I was sure I heard a movement at the door again. I listened. The heavy breathing of the man was plain enough, and I could hear the breathing of a second sleeper. Aye, there was still another sound near to me. Then I felt a hand on my face; it slid around to the back of my head, and I felt the gag loosen. There was a whisper in my ear. "Don't move or speak," and my mouth was freed. Following this was a movement at my feet, and a slight click. Then all was still.

I waited, it seemed to me several minutes, and then tried one of my limbs. It was free. I still lay quiet, I heard the man turn over on his pallet and mutter something; again everything was still. I think it must have been ten minutes before the man began to snore. Soon thereafter I felt a hand working at my wrists and there was another click, my hands were free. But I did not attempt to rise or move. A few moments more passed and a hand grasped mine and raised it, at the same time pulling gently. I understood the signal and silently arose. I was slowly led to the door, it was partly open, and we passed out. My friend still holding my hand, led me cautiously away from the house.

The clouds had cleared away and the stars gave a little light, enough to show me that my rescuer was the girl who had defended me earlier in the night.

She spoke not a word.

The farther we got away from the house, the faster she hurried me along, until we had reached a distance of more than a mile, and there were so many fallen trees and other obstructions to avoid, that it seemed farther still.

There were two horses fastened to trees, and one of them mine.

I began to express my thanks.

"Hush," she said, "You want to go to W——?" this in a whisper.

"Yes."

"Then get up and foller me."

She sprang lightly on to her horse and rode away, I following her.

I felt sore and stiff. The hair on the left side and back of my head was matted with dried blood. My hat was gone, and my head ached furiously. My clothes were torn, the motion of the horse wrenched me, so increasing my suffering that at times I could scarcely repress a cry of pain.

There was no road, not even a trail, so far as I could see, but the girl kept steadily on, never halting or hesitating.

When we had been on the road, or rather, in the trackless woods for about an hour, the moon came up making the traveling more easy. There was no sign or sound of a human habitation.

Finally the girl stopped.

"Its only five miles to W——, you can go on by yourself."

"What would they have done with me?" I asked.

"Killed ye," was the reply.

She turned her horse as if to leave me.

"Wait, please, you have saved my life, and I don't know how to reward you."

"I don't want none of yer rewards," she broke in, fiercely. "Do you think I'de a done this for pay? If I'd a thought you was a revenooer, I wouldn't a keered if they had a killed you."

"Will you tell me," I asked, hardly knowing what else to say, "why they took me for a revenue officer?"

"Cause you had 'U. S. Marshall' on your saddle."

The whole truth flashed upon me in an instant. The liveryman, who had furnished me with a horse, was named Ulric S. Marshall. He was a new man to the town, and probably to the business, and had evidently had his name stamped on the saddle. The young man who took care of my horse made the astounding discovery when I called for the animal, and communicated the knowledge to the post master. Hence the old man's change of demeanor toward me. As soon as I had gone he had hurried the young man off to apprise the moonshiners of my presence, as the latter's appearance at the cabin proved.

"Miss Linda," I said, "you have taken a great load from me. I never saw this saddle until yesterday morning. U. S. Marshall is the name of the man from whom I hired the horse, and I did not know the name was on the saddle."

A low musical laugh from the girl was the response. I could see she was pleased to know her confidence had not been misplaced.

"That name," she said, "come mighty near chokin' ye to death, but I must go."

"One word more," I pleaded.

The girl, with an impatient gesture, again turned toward me.

"Where did you find my horse?" I asked.

"He come to the stable in the storm."

"Tell me now how you got me out?"

I shall not try to repeat the story in her own words, but when she was sure her father was sleeping, she slipped from the house and took her horse and mine to a safe distance. Then she returned, and securing the keys from her sleeping father's pocket, cautiously loosened the fetters that bound me and led me forth, a free man.

"But what will they do," I said, "when they find out what you have done?"

"Nothin,' an' if I git back afore day, they'll never know."

I took my watch from my pocket and, by the moonlight, read the time, twenty minutes after two o'clock.

"Miss Linda," I said, "here is a piece of paper that will tell you where to find me; if I can ever help you, or you ever need a true friend, I will consider it an honor to be that friend, only let me know."

She accepted my card, nodded her head in response to my good bye, and passed quickly out of sight.

I had dismounted, and when left alone, remained thinking until I was aroused by a burst of song from a mocking bird perched in a tree not far away. Thus recalled to myself, I walked, leading my horse, for a few rods, when I came into a road which led me, without further difficulty, to the little town of W——, which I reached soon after daylight.

By the next day I had sufficiently recuperated to attend to the business, which I succeeded in settling to the satisfaction of my house.

Returning the horse by a special messenger, I went by a different route, to my home in Cincinnati. But since that memorable night, I never see a freckled-faced girl with red hair, without feeling a profound respect for her.

OH, THE GOAL OF THE WORLD IS JOY!

By Edna Dean Proctor

[By permission of The Ladies Home Journal]

OH, the goal of the world is Joy—
Joy divine that is born of love!
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy
The soul to its nobler realms above.
There are days that darken and die in gloom,
Till the heart is heavy with grief and wrong,
Yet still in the shadow some rose will bloom,
And still thro' the wail there runs a song;
For loss and anguish are only the beat
Of the wild March rains that bring the sheaves,
And a wind of Heav'n will woo our feet
To the vales of peace in the harvest eves.

Never a star too late or dim
To hold its way with the central sun;
Nor a voice too faint to swell the hymn
By the Father's throne when the years are done.
The ages of God that are moulding fair
Each life for the glory that is to be;
Nor the woes of earth nor the pow'rs of air
Can stay from the palms and the crystal sea!
For oh, the goal of the world is Joy—
Joy divine that is born of love!
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy
The soul to its nobler realms above.

A MISDIRECTED WOOING

By Gertrude Robinson

FAITH stood out in the cornfield watching the mowers in the meadow beyond. At her feet the great gray cat, Seven-toes, lay curled up. Faith was not paying much attention to Seven-toes, though. Out in the meadow, among the mowers, Timothy Winthrop was tossing hay. His red shirt and yellow hat made him the most distinct thing in the landscape. Faith was not the only one who observed him. Up on the farmhouse steps, under the shade of the drooping willow, stood her cousin, Thankful. Faith knew Thankful would not venture out of the shade of the willow into the hot sun. Her dainty pink and white skin was the pride and care of her life. Faith laughed a little as she thought of her cousin's dismay when she ran out bareheaded across the garden and field to take the men the great pitcher of foaming ginger ale.

Just then the dinner horn blew from the house, and Faith turned, ran briskly up through the rows of corn, climbed the stile into the garden, and came up to the kitchen door by way of the sunny path beside the well. Seven-toes followed, mewing plaintively. He wanted Faith to stop and carry him across the stepping stones of the little brook that flowed through the garden.

In the kitchen Faith's aunt, Miss Hester Dustin, was dishing dinner. A large platter of boiled meat, flanked by rows of vegetables of all kinds known to the early Vermont farmer, stood on the table. Faith pinned a large blue apron over her pretty pink calico, donned in honor of her cousin's visit, and scurried the coarse, blue plates, heavy cups and saucers, and steel knives and forks into place. Then she cut thick slices of the steaming loaf of brown bread, brought the butter and the milk from the cool stone-house under the well-sweep, and peeked inquiringly into the black kettle in which a mammoth Indian pudding was smoking. The Brewster haying bee was not to fall behind the others of the region in good cheer.

"You needn't have come in, Faith," said her aunt, indulgently, "I have Sally to help me. You will get all heated and Thankful will think you are not a lady."

"I'm not her sort," protested Faith, "I want to be in things."

Just then Thankful came walking in and sat down by the table.

"You're not going to eat with the men, dear, are you?" inquired Aunt Hester.

"Why not," answered Thankful. "My father is one of them, and I am too hungry to wait. I can't help serve the table for I have on my new delaine dress."

"Then you sit down, too, Faith," ordered Aunt Hester, decidedly.

Faith laughed. "And leave them to the mercy of Sally, who would pour the gravy down their backs instead of on their potatoes?"

The men came filing slowly up the walk, stopping at the well to get a drink and wash their hot faces and hands. When they were all seated at the table they were too hungry to talk much. Faith, bustling in and out of the kitchen, could see that the men were abashed by the presence of Thankful. It was not usual for the women of a household to sit at dinner with the men who were helping a neighbor harvest his crops.

On one of her flying trips, Faith saw that Timothy was watching Thankful with the curiously intent gaze of one who is having a new experience. He had never seen a gaily dressed, bright, irresponsible little creature such as she was. The women of the farming hamlet of Peru were quiet, hard-working, conscientious beings, who spent little time on dress or manners Thankful's yellow, curly head, short-sleeved, round-necked blue delaine, with many ruffles and the finest of lace trimmings, her small white hands, unsoiled by hard work, and her clear, untanned skin were a revelation. After a while the men all forgot their shyness and talked and joked with the girl. She was not half

as bright and jolly as Faith, but her pretty face and languid manners had the attraction of novelty.

After dinner Thankful put on Faith's large calico sunbonnet and sauntered out to the hayfield. She even helped toss a few armfuls of the mown hay, but soon curled up lazily on one of the cocks and watched the men. It did not occur to her to bring them a drink from the spring at the edge of the field, or to help Faith bring out the three o'clock luncheon.

That night after supper, Thankful strolled down the road. Soon Timothy followed. It had been his custom to sit on the steps with Faith until bedtime. Faith hardly noticed him when he returned a half hour later and took up his old position beside her. "Say," he asked sheepishly, "how much does a fur cape cost? A real pretty one to wear in the winter, I mean."

Faith could not help laughing at him. She knew that the desire of Thankful's heart was a fur cape, like the one her sister Polly had given her at her wedding the year before.

"It costs a lot, Timothy, more than you could earn in a month."

"Can't they be made out of anything but mink and fox and expensive things?"

"Grey cats like Seven-toes would make a real pretty one," murmured Faith, as she stroked the cat. Some way she found it impossible to be angry with Timothy, even if he did snub her for cousin Thankful.

Just then Thankful came out and sat down at the other side of Timothy. There was a frankness in her admiration of him that puzzled Faith. She could never have sat down beside him when there were plenty of other places to sit.

That night after the girls had gone in, Timothy took Seven-toes up and examined him carefully. "I wish I could have you, Seven-toes," he said, longingly, "you would go a long way."

Then he went to his room, got his gun and went out.

The next morning there were two gray cat skins stretched to dry in the old lumber room over the barn. No one ever went there and Timothy evidently felt sure they would not be found. As the days went on the cat skins increased in number. Faith, on her visits to the farmers' daughters heard many lamentations over the disappearance of pet cats. She did not associate this with her conversation with Timothy, but she watched Seven-toes with anxious care.

One morning Seven-toes did not come in to his breakfast. Faith called and called. Noon came; then night, and still no Seven-toes. The whole family hunted and called. The great cat was a favorite even with gruff, Farmer Brewster.

That night Faith went up to bed early. She could not sleep. At length, she dressed and went down stairs. She did not know but that Seven-toes might have been shut in the well-house when she went there for butter the day before. On her way down the garden path she noticed a light up in the old lumber room. She was not afraid of anything she might meet on the farm, so she ran into the barn, up the rickety stairs, and pushed open the door at the end of the loft. There sat Timothy, his back to the door. Spread out at his feet were dozens of gray pelts. He was working on a large piece of gray fur with a yellow streak down one side of it. Faith turned faint. There was Seven-toes' hide in Timothy's hands, and he knew how fond she was of the cat, too! Faith did not stop to say a word. She turned and ran noiselessly down the stairs and back to the house. Up in her own room she cried on the bed till morning.

The next day Faith avoided Timothy more markedly than usual. She felt that she could forgive him for snubbing her for her cousin Thankful, but not for killing her pet to make Thankful a present. It had not taken her quick wits long to arrive at the conclusion that this was the purpose of the gray pelts, for she remembered the question Timothy asked her the night after the mowing-bee, and her answer to it. Try as she might, Faith found it impossible to treat Thankful as familiarly as usual. She suspected her cousin of knowledge of the use to which poor Seven-toes was being put.

That afternoon Squire Dustin drove into the yard. He had come for his daughter. There were rumors that the Indians over the mountain were getting restless, and he wanted her home. Farmer Brewster laughed at him. "The Indians never have troubled us here and they never will," he declared. Nevertheless, Squire Dustin took Thankful home with him, much to Faith's relief.

The next day the men from the village over

the mountain sent a messenger to Peru asking for help. They feared the Indians were getting ready to attack them. Farmer Brewster laughed long and hard. Had he not sold tobacco and wheat to the Indians the past week in exchange for meats and fish? Nevertheless he sent off two of his men with orders to gather recruits at the village, and go to the aid of the Bear Hill folk. To the surprise of the household Timothy refused to join the expedition. Instead, he drove his brown horse off to the North village. When Faith saw him put a large bundle in the wagon, she knew that he was taking the furs to old Indian Issa to be sewed. She thought scornfully of him as a man who would rather make a silly girl a present than fight the Indians who were threatening the crops, and perhaps the lives of his neighbors.

After supper Faith went out and sat down on the garden wall. Timothy had returned and was putting up his horse. Her father called to her from the steps. She turned around. There, rubbing his head against her father's legs was Seven-toes. But what a looking Seven-toes! His beautiful coat was muddy and draggled. His tail drooped and his formerly plump sides fell in pitifully. Faith ran and picked him up. A second later his nose was buried in a saucer of cream.

Faith was so happy that she forgot to scoot off up stairs the minute Timothy came in.

"I'm glad Thankful is gone," he declared, sitting down to a late supper, which Faith herself dished from the high brick oven in the wall where it had been put to keep warm. Faith stared at him in astonishment. "I know it is impolite," pursued Timothy, "but I am tired of being nice to her because she is your cousin."

"Why Timothy," gasped Faith.

Then she took some meat from the cellarway and gave it to Seven-toes.

"Where do you suppose he was," asked Timothy, watching the cat rub affectionately against Faith's skirts.

Faith patted the broad, yellow-streaked side near her, and did not answer. She was thinking of where she thought he was. Not for the world would she have let Timothy Winthrop know what she had suspected him of doing to her pet. She was not yet convinced that he did not care more for her cousin than he did for her. But at least, he had not been such a miserable wretch as to kill her cat to please Thankful.

"I found him in a trap half a mile down the road to the village. He was caught fast, but wasn't hurt any. He had eaten the meat in the trap and was pretty anxious to get home and find some more. I took him out and brought him along. He was glad enough to get in sight of the old farmhouse."

"Who set the trap?" asked aunt Hester, severely.

"I did," confessed Timothy. "I wanted to get some gray squirrels. I didn't want to kill them, only to get their tails."

"What in the world are you doing with gray squirrel tails?" ejaculated Aunt Hester, horrified.

Timothy did not answer. Faith ran off giggling. She was not sorry to have her former gallant put to confusion.

A week later Timothy came driving home from a late trip to the village. Faith was sitting on the back porch alone. The Indian scare was over, and the men, who had just returned from Beartown, were in the living room talking with their master.

Timothy came around the house, rather awkwardly carrying a bundle.

"I've something to show you," he explained.

He undid the bundle and spread out on Faith's knees, a soft gray cape with a spreading collar of still softer squirrel fur. Faith stroked it a little unwillingly. She was finding it hard not to let Timothy see that she felt grieved over his defection to her cousin.

"Thankful ought to be pleased," she managed to say, finally. Her voice sounded far away.

"What do I care whether Thankful likes it or not? It is you who have to wear it."

"What do you mean," said Faith, severely. She had risen and dropped the beautiful cape to the porch floor. "You made the cape for Thankful."

"I never dreamed of making anything for Thankful," quoth Timothy, angrily. "She told me about the wedding present her sister Polly had of a gray mink cape, and how much she wanted one. I thought if one girl wanted one another would. You yourself said that gray cat fur would make a beautiful one. I had hard work to find the cats for it. There seemed to be yellow and black and mottled cats everywhere, but next to no

gray ones. If I hadn't thought of making the collar of squirrel tails I don't know what I should have done. I tried to match Seven-toes."

Faith laughed a little. Then she picked up Seven-toes and laid him on the cape. "You succeeded pretty well," she admitted, in a trembling voice.

"Don't you like it, Faith?" queried Timothy, in a troubled tone.

"It is beautiful," announced Faith, decidedly. She put it on and marched into the house and showed it to her aunt.

Aunt Hester admired it until she found out what it was made of. "Why Timothy Winthrop," she cried, "that is where all the gray cats have gone. You have the minister's gray tabby and the barn cats from Smith's, and Miss Polly's old Tom, I'll warrant you. They have all gone away, nobody knows where. But what I can't get over is the poor little tailless squirrels running around the woods this cold weather, with nothing to keep them warm. You ought to have killed them."

"They may have the cat tails I discarded," said Timothy Winthrop, not at all discomforted, for Faith was smiling at him again, as she had not since the day her cousin Thankful came to visit her.

"Don't you ever tell anyone what you made it of, Timothy," she commanded. "It is prettier than mink. Thankful will have to guess hard to find out about it."

"And to wait a long time before she gets one like it," added Timothy. "But I never want a harder fight than I had to keep Seven-toes out of it."

THE STARVING NATION

By Edward Wilber Mason

THOU Lord that fed the multitude!
To Thee we lift our pleading moan:
List to the millions asking food—
Oh grant us bread and not a stone!
For now we feast on husks alone;
Our banquet board is spread of dole,
And sad our cries on four winds blown—
For Hunger doth beset our soul!

Our harvest fields with wheat and corn
Stretch fair as Egypt 'twixt the seas;
And filled like Plenty's bursting horn
Are all our barns and granaries;
On every hand the prospects please;
The mine and mountain yield their toll.
Yet famine's caoine haunts the breeze—
For Hunger doth beset our soul!

Lord let us eat once more the crust
Of meekness and humility;
Give us the ideals that august
Shall lift us from all avarice free;
Be ours the wealth of purity;
Make Thou our crippled natures whole;
Let loaves and fishes blessed of Thee
Drive Hunger from our nation's soul!

CELESTIAL IMAGININGS

By Zelia Margaret Walters

"OF course I'm glad that Florence is coming," said Mary, with thoughtfully puckered brow. "But indeed I'm afraid to turn our children loose with hers. They're so unnaturally good. (No, not ours, dear.) She's been writing to me about them ever since they were born. Just to give you a sample, her last letter told something like this: 'My darlings never destroy my flowers. They are content to walk about the garden and look at them and love them. Rosalind calls the flowers her little sisters." Mary paused for an expressive sigh. "Bobby picked *all* the peony buds today. He wanted them to play ball with."

"I don't suppose you're afraid the goodness will prove catching."

"Oh, dear, no!" retaliated Mary. "They are your children, you know."

"Bobby is old enough to know better," said Mary's husband, discretely changing the subject.

"He had the most conclusive arguments," said Mary. "He said I had never told him not to pick peony buds, and besides, they were much nicer for balls than they were for flowers."

"You spoil that kid. Whenever he ought to be spanked you let him explain a way out of it."

"He is good at persuasive explanations. Do you remember how you persuaded me to get ready for a wedding years before we should have thought of it. And we were so poor that I still marvel how the minister was paid?"

"Oh, well," said Mary's husband.

"He's just like his father, even to his rumpled hair, and he's the dearest boy but one in the world, and I won't have people comparing him to any angel children. And I won't have him changed the least bit," finished Mary a trifle breathlessly, from the place where her head was burrowed in her husband's shoulder.

Three days later they were waiting for Florence. Mary had been holding each child by the hand for a half hour, to the end that they might be spotlessly clean when the visitors came. She knew if she released either of them for a moment the chances for dire disgrace were favorable. The baby, thank Heaven, had elected to sleep through this critical time. The carriage turned into the street.

"Children," said Mary, with solemn em-

phasis, much the same as that which she used when she exhorted them always to tell the truth, "remember that Reginald and Rosalind play like little angels. Do try to be nice and gentle with them."

And the children, feeling that unknown issues were at stake, promised.

When the first greetings were over, Mary turned to where the children sat, stiff with conscious rectitude. Margie was just collecting her impressions for speech.

"They'd make beautiful dolls," she said, regarding her cousins earnestly. "Would you care to play you were dolls?" she asked them, in her politest company voice. "I believe the girl one would go in my doll carriage if she'd double up her legs."

The girl one looked somewhat dismayed, and Mary hastened to explain that the twins were nearly as old as Bobby, only not so big.

Then Margie turned her hospitable attention in another direction.

"We're big," she said, "because mama makes us go to bed early, and take cold baths, and eat things that are good for us, sort of common things, you know, that we don't care for. I s'pose you sit up awful late, and eat the nicest kind of things. Do you have candy and pie every day?"

Poor Mary, distressed by Florence's indignant air, again interposed, and directed her children to show the visitors the playhouse. She was the more anxious to have them released from the tension of company manners because Bobby had not spoken at all yet. When he did he was likely to outdo Margie with his startling observations.

The children sat on the steps of the play house and got acquainted.

"What shall we play?" said Margie.

"Dolls," said the girl twin.

"They're all broken, or their clothes are dirty, or something," said Margie. "Mama looked at them yesterday and said I wasn't to get them out while you stay. I s'pose my Belinda will be terribly lonesome. I'll play with her all day as soon as you go home. She's not very pretty, but she's my darlingest one."

Margie sighed deeply, and the twins looked deeply depressed.

"We might play house, or school," said the boy twin.

"No," said Bobby, with explosive energy. "We might read your Sunday School papers," said the girl twin. "We can't read very much but perhaps Margie can. Mother reads us such sweet stories out of ours."

"We haven't any nice ones," said Bobby gloomily. "Now Jimmie Tyler, he gets dandy ones. His papa buys them for him. They're full of beautiful pictures all about Buster and Tige, and Hans and Fritz, and a lot of interesting things. But ours are just about the Lord and thy kingdom come."

The twins offered no further suggestions.

"I know," said Bobby, brightening, "Lets play angel."

"We don't know how," said Reginald.

"Our mama said you played like angels," cried Bobby, in wide-eyed amazement.

"She must have been mistooken," said Rosalind, "cause we never didn't play it. Most always our mother stays with us, and we play the things she says."

"I wonder how you play angel," said Bobby, musingly. This mystery was alluring. "What do angels do?"

"I know," cried both little girls. As was fitting they had given attention to the behavior of angels.

"They play on harps," said Rosalind.

"What are harps like?" asked Bobby.

"They're things with strings to make music."

"Like a banjo?"

"Ye-es. Something like that I s'pose."

"Well, my papa has a banjo and we can get that."

"And they wear white nightgowns," said Margie, adding her mite of knowledge, jealously. "Don't you know, Bobby, you stupid, there's a picture of one in my book."

"And they walk in the water," continued Rosalind.

"In the water," said Bobby, "I don't believe it."

"They'd get their nightgowns all wet," said Margie.

"I don't believe they're allowed to go in wading," said Reginald, "they'd take cold."

"Yes they do," declared Rosalind." "It's in the Bible. Mother read it to us, and it said they stood on the sea beside the fire. And it's true."

Bobby's eyes kindled with the light of a great plan. "You get the nightgowns," he directed Margie. "I'll get the banjo and I'll bring a drum for you. We can walk in the little pond."

"I won't speak to mama about it," said Margie. "She wouldn't like to be disturbed when she has company."

The children returned shortly with the spoils of their predatory expedition. Bobby demurred a little when it came to donning the nightgowns.

"Are you sure the men angels have to wear them," he demanded.

"Yes," agreed the feminine authorities.

"Besides, that angel in the picture is a man," said Margie. "His name is Gabriel, and that's the name of the man that comes to work in our garden."

In the interests of the game it could be done, and Bobby, last of all, put on a nightgown. Then Bobby strummed heavenly music from the banjo, and Reginald accompanied it with ecstatic banging on the drum, while all marched away to the most delightful part of it, the walking on the water. Oh! it was splendid! The day was hot, and the water cool, and at intervals the angels varied their march by flopping down in the water and punctuating the music with shrieks of joy.

In the house at the end of an hour, the baby awoke a cooing cherub. Mary felt her pride reviving as she exhibited him to her sister-in-law. And the older children had been unexpectedly good. They had amused their little cousins all this time without once coming into the house to disturb.

"I think we would better go and call them in," said Florence, uneasily, when Mary spoke of this. "My darlings are not accustomed to being out in the hot sun so long."

So the mothers walked into the garden.

Mary's pride shrank out of sight again when she heard those screams of impish joy borne across the lawn. Of course they were in mischief. No proper amusement ever made a child so happy as that. And they were not two but four voices Had the small models of propriety been so corrupted? With one consent they quickened their pace, and the next moment the little pond was in sight.

"They will die," said Florence, with bitter conviction, as she dragged her children out.

"Oh, no!" said Mary, comfortingly. "My children often get wet, and they don't even take cold."

"But mine are different," said Florence, chillingly. "Oh! Rosalind, how could you! That white silk dress is ruined. You never were careless with your clothes before!"

She swept them into the house, and Mary was left with the culprits. Margie tried to squeeze out a tear of contrition, but she had had such fun that the dimples came instead. Bobby merely looked thoughtful.

"You promised mama that you would be good with the little cousins," said Mary sadly.

"But mama, you said we should play like angels, and it was the girl one herself that said they had banjos and walked in the water. An' honest, mama, we didn't do a single naughty thing."

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

TO MEND OVERSHOES

By Irene McKeever, Wardensville, W. Va.

When overshoes crack just above the sole, place a strip of denim over the opening, on the inside, cover with glue that has been moistened with a little sweet milk and heated slightly. This place will outlast the rest of the shoe.

TO CLEAN A COPPER BOILER

By Mrs. H. A. Carpenter, Apponaug, R. I.

Draw the hot water from the boiler or tank, leaving it perfectly cold. Scrape bristol brick very fine and add ammonia to moisten it. Apply with a woolen cloth, using a clean one to polish with. The effect is magical.

TO MAKE GOOD BLACK INK

By Helen A. Loper, Oshkosh, Wis.

Put one ten-cent package of black dye (any standard dye) into a quart of cold water in a large bottle or can. Shake well. This will make more than a quart of good-working lasting black ink.

SINGEING CHICKENS

By Nannie C. Small, Martinsburg, W. Va.

When singeing chickens, always use white paper or wrapping paper, and you will never have black or smoked chickens to clean. It is the ink on paper which causes them to turn black.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS

By Mrs. N. E. Howe, South Merrimac, N. H.

Last winter my small girlie tipped over my bottle of ink on the dining-room table. I was in despair. Tablecloth, table-mat, tray cloths, napkins, all were saturated. I had a bottle of oxalic acid solution which I kept for the purpose of taking out iron rust. I turned it all in an agate-ware basin and set it on the stove. When boiling hot I dipped the stained pieces up and down in the liquid until every thread of linen was wet, then I rinsed in hot water and proceeded to wash in the regular way, boiling all in soap-suds. Every trace of the ink was gone and my table linen looked as nice and white as if nothing had happened. I have tried the method with smaller ink spots many times since then, and find it works well with white goods every time.

—

SEA-FOAM CANDY

By Lila I. Dunbar, Mason City, Ia.

One-half cup water, let boil and add two cups of sugar and one-half cup syrup (honey drip best). Let this boil until it hardens in water. Be sure to cook long enough; can't cook too long. Take from stove and stir into the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until stiff, add nuts and pour into buttered tins.

—

POLISH FOR JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

By Mary Weaver, Springfield, Mo.

Dissolve one-half of a five-cent bar of cocoanut oil soap in one pint of ammonia; add a small quantity of water; shake well before using and apply with a tooth-brush. Brush until bright and clean, rinse in cold water and dry quickly with sawdust or soft silk cloth (preferably sawdust.).

—

A TIGHT SHOE

By Mrs. Samuel Swett, Brookline, N. H.

A shoe that is uncomfortable and pinches badly can be made to fit perfectly and be wearable by placing the foot with shoe on where you can pour hot water on all the places that hurt. Let the shoe dry on the foot; it will shape to the foot and cause no more trouble.

—

A GOOD LINIMENT

By Mrs. C. O. J., St. Joseph, Mo.

Many do not know that essence or extract of wintergreen one part and alcohol two parts make a most excellent liniment for sprains, lame back, etc., and has been known to cure bad cases of the latter in a single night.

—

GOOD WAY TO HANDLE FEATHERS

By Marion Bodine, Auburn, N. Y.

To remove feathers from one pillow to another, take a tin can with both ends melted out (or better still, make a large pasteboard tube), tie or sew firmly an end in each pillow, and shake feathers through.

—

NEW USE FOR SANDPAPER

By Alice Bruner, Tama, Iowa

One's flat-irons and kettles will become dark or rusted; try this paper combined with a small amount of muscle to make them look like new. Also on new-burned cooking vessels, the discolored work-table, butter bowl, broom handle, etc.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR GOITRE

By Mrs. I. N. Gallagher, Inkster, N. D.

That much-dreaded affliction, goitre, may be easily cured in its early stages by the patient and persistent use of salt and water.

Make a solution of salt and water as strong as possible, using so much salt that there is always some remaining undissolved at the bottom of the dish. Wring a thick cloth out of this and bind on the throat at night, with a dry towel over it. The wet cloth should be thick enough to retain the moisture all night. This treatment should be followed faithfully for some months, it may require six months or more to complete the cure. Some years ago I had a clearly-defined goitre which was completely removed by the above treatment, and it has never returned.

—

GLYCERINE PUT TO NEW USES

By Mrs. A. E. Ellis, Plymouth, Vt.

Hot lemonade for a cold if made with glycerine instead of sugar will make the remedy more valuable.

When washing oilcloth, put a teaspoonful of glycerine and a lump of borax, about the size of a cranberry, into two quarts of water. This solution cleans and leaves a polish which makes the oilcloth look like new and does not affect even the most delicate colors.

Shoes dressed with glycerine will keep black and soft. When shoes are wet, before putting them away to dry they should be filled with paper and when dry rubbed with glycerine.

—

TO WASH THE HAIR

By A Subscriber

Take one quart of soft water, add one heaping teaspoonful of baking soda; wash hair thoroughly in this. If very dirty, wash through two waters, then take one quart of water, add one tablespoonful of salt, wash again and rinse in clear water twice; let the hair dry before brushing and it will be very soft and nice.

—

WINDOW CLEANING IN WINTER

An Iowa Reader

To clean windows on the outside easily and quickly, first wipe off the dust with a dry cloth, then with a cloth which has been dipped in kerosene. Polish with a soft cloth. This method is especially good in cold weather, when water would freeze on the glass.

—

OLD-FASHIONED SALVE

By Mrs. W. J. Giddings, Washington, D. C.

Melt together equal portions of resin and beeswax with twice the quantity of mutton-tallow, and use for boils or inflammation of any kind. Always apply warm. Especially good for gathered breasts.

—

PITTING CHERRIES

By H. B. Morse, Omaha, Neb.

Take a common glass medicine dropper, put small end on blossom end of cherry; push, and you have a perfect cherry with no stone.

—

NAIL WOUNDS

By Mrs. T. A. Rose, Sioux City, Iowa

If unfortunately a nail is stepped on, burn wool *on coals*, hold foot over this for twenty minutes, or until a yellow juice exudes, and pain will cease.

FACTS ABOUT POTATOES

By Mrs. Anna R. Ives, Portsmouth, O.

If, when boiling potatoes with "jackets" on, they are done before ready to serve, put in the oven, and when served they will be dry and mealy; I sometimes, *purposely*, put them to boil half an hour earlier, and then put in oven; they can scarcely be distinguished from baked potatoes.

When boiling potatoes which burst on the outside before they are cooked in the center, pour in a cup of cold water after they have cooked until the outside is tender; finish cooking and you will be pleased with the result.

When boiling whole peeled potatoes, *add salt to water as soon* as they are put on the stove, and they will stay whole. This also applies to raw potatoes when cut in strips and friend.

—

FRESH COFFEE

By Mary Coen, Warnock, Ohio

When roasted coffee is tough or hard to grind, just empty into a dripping pan and heat or dry in the oven a few minutes. This will make it seem like fresh coffee and it will be easily ground.

TO EXTERMINATE RED ANTS

When small red ants infest your cupboard, remove all eatables and place a plate or saucer slightly greased with lard in the cupboard: this will soon fill with ants, when you can shake them into the fire or hot water and replace your plate. This will soon destroy the nest of ants. I have tried many ways, but found this one the best.

—

CURE FOR SOFT CORNS

By Chas. F. Fiebig, Candor, N. Y.

Take the common green bean leaf and pound to a pulp, applying to the corn at once, binding it on to keep in place. Change as often as convenient, and in a few days the corn will be completely destroyed. If the leaf is hard to get, or it be winter time, plant the bean in a jar and raise the same as any house plant.

—

TO CLEAN A PIANO

By B. E. L., Riceville, Iowa

The best way to remove finger-marks and dirt from a piano is the use of pure olive oil. Rub the oil on the wood with cheese cloth, then with a fresh cloth remove trace of the oil. For a final polish rub the wood with a soft piece of chamois skin.

—

FOR CHILDREN'S SHOES

By M. B. Kathrens, Medicine Lodge, Kansas

After blacking children's shoes that are rather the worse for wear, give them a thin coat of good varnish and they will not wear rough or need blacking nearly so soon. This will not hurt the leather. Try it.

FOR ANT STINGS

Use common baking soda mixed with sweet spirits of nitre to form a paste. Keep moist with the nitre and it will soon relieve.

—

DELICIOUS TEA

By Mrs. G. X. Cannon, Youngstown, O.

Fifteen minutes before serving time place the usual amount of tea in pot with enough cold water to cover; let stand until serving time; then pour on boiling water and serve at once.

FOUR GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By Mrs. E. J. Wiser, Carlton, Oregon

To keep grapes fresh for winter use, dip the end of each stem into hot sealing-wax and pack one layer in a shallow box between grape leaves or paper. Be careful to remove all broken or decayed grapes. Keep in a cool, dry place. I have kept Concord grapes until March and have several years' experience in finding the best way.

My canned tomatoes never spoil, since I salt them and add a teaspoonful of pepper corns to be removed when the can is opened for use. Salt to taste and keep in a cool, dark place.

Vinegar will keep better on all kinds of pickles and chow-chow, if a piece of horseradish is added.

To make whipped cream, first beat the white of an egg very stiff, then add cream, flavoring and sugar, and stir a moment.

—

TWO REPLYS

By Amon Lichty, Pennsburg Pa.
and
Mrs. W. N. Watson, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

In the October, 1907, number of the National Mrs. S. B. W., New York, asks the readers to please tell her how to wash wool blankets so that the colors in the borders will not "run." My wife uses about two tablespoonfuls of salt in the water in which she washes them, and a little less salt in the rinsing water. Use castile soap.

Use galvanic soap and luke-warm water both for wash- and rinsing blankets. Must not be rubbed.

—

GREEN FOOD FOR THE CANARY

By Miss H. Rulay, New York City

To keep my canary supplied with something green during the winter, I take a large sponge, soak it well, and shake over it every day the sweepings of Birdie's cage. In a few days the seeds sprout, and I have a beautiful green ball which makes a pretty room decoration and affords green food for the canary all winter.

—

BUTTERMILK FOR BABIES

By A. P. Reed, M.D., Naples, Me.

When nothing seems to agree with Baby, and you are actually "up a stump" as to nourishment, try some good fresh sweet buttermilk. It has been known to adjust numerous cases in which the babies began to gain in weight the first week. Some of them will vomit slightly at first, but will tolerate it by a little persistence in a day or two.

—

AN OBSTINATE FOUNTAIN PEN

By Mrs. W. J. Whitford, Brookfield, N. Y.

When you cannot unscew your fountain pen to refill it, wind around it one of those little rubber bands in common use; this will give you something to grasp and, instead of sliding round and round in your hands, you will find you can hold it firmly and be able to unscrew it.

—

COOKING MUTTON

By M. C. S., Allegheny, Pa.

The muttony taste is taken from this nutritious meat if a little vinegar is added to the water when boiling.

Vinegar applied to burns will stop the smarting.

Turnips are greatly improved in taste if a little vinegar is added when boiling.

DREAMS OF THE BY-GONE DAYS

By Bennett Chapple

ON a trip through memory's halls what can compare with our vivid recollections of the scene on Friday afternoon, in the little old school house, when we spoke our first "piece." Recall that piece if you can. Do you remember what a time you had in memorizing it? Will you ever forget just how you spoke it, looking up over the heads of your playmates, with your knees shaking and your voice trembling with nervousness and excitement? And in that group of playmates was one, a curly-headed, sunny-faced girl, who thought you did "just splendidly" whatever the verdict of the teacher might be.

If you were a gifted artist you could paint that scene—the teacher sitting at her desk on the platform, sternly dignified, having just finished an elaborately decorated motto on the front blackboard appropriate to the occasion; all the desks in "apple-pie order"; a few visitors present to give special significance to the occasion, sitting, stiffly self-conscious, before the school, or familiarly smiling at pupils in the rear of the room. On the teacher's desk is a large bouquet of wild flowers given by some affectionate pupil. This, or something very similar, was the scene of your debut as a public speaker. What piece was it you spoke? That doesn't matter. Whatever it was you can recall parts of it, and recite it over again as of yore with measured gesture and deepening voice—"Curfew *shall* not ring tonight." Or, perhaps it was "Barbara Freitchie," when the walls of the room resounded with:

> "'Shoot if you must, this old gray head,
> But spare your country's flag,' she said."

Then, there was the school humorist; you remember him as he recited with withering sarcasm that old story of "Betty and the Bar."

> "Her man through the keyhole kept shouting within,
> 'Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin!'
> And he published the marvelous story afar
> 'How me and my Betty just slaughtered a bar.'"

The school elocutionist, who was beginning already to let his hair grow long, chose,

> "Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> And answer, echoes, answer dying, dying, dying."

And how the echoes did fly back and forth across that little school-room, only to be dropped into a plaintive pianissimo with the tremelo stop pulled out.

"And answer, echoes, answer dying, dying, dying," the last "dying" just above a whisper. How we cheered George for his effort, the teacher, with raptured face, joining in. It was Bill's turn next. Bill wasn't an elocutionist like George, but he had a strong voice, and had chosen a selection to fit it, "Spartacus to the Gladiators" or

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea.
> And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me."

There could be no doubt that Bill was orating to the best of his ability, and while none of us had ever seen the sea, we knew it must be great as Bill pictured it.

"The Death of Little Nell" always wrung tears from our eyes. Once in a while there was an odd fit in the pieces, when a black-eyed Susan with mischievous mein invaded the sacred precincts of the boys' pieces and recited:

> "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
> If there has take him out without making a noise."

Susan was the kind of a girl who could do that "piece" just fine, and we cheered her lustily. Perhaps sturdy Tom came forth, next, and making a sweeping bow began,

> "Half a league, half a league,
> Half a league, onward,
> All in the valley of Death
> Rode the Six Hundred."

working himself up into a fine frenzy as he declared,

> "Cannons to right of them,
> Cannons to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them
> Volleyed and thundered."

Possibly you have not forgotten the "sing-song with which Teddy, the school cut-up, launched into,

> "Keep pushing—'tis wiser
> Than sitting aside,
> And dreaming and sighing
> And waiting the tide.
> In life's earnest battle
> They only prevail
> Who daily march forward
> And never say fail!"

keeping time, meanwhile, to the rhyme by swaying back and forth monotonously.

Strange to say, he always took some highly moral selection, preferably one praising the value of hard study, or the self-sacrificing of the teacher. This time he wore a confident smirk, and he carried his head with an air of great bravado when he commenced. He went through the first verse with plenty of gusto, but with about as much expression as though he were turning a coffee-mill. Suddenly his face lengthened out. He commenced to scratch his head, shuffled uneasily from foot to foot, went back in the piece and commenced again, got stuck on the same line as before, began to get very red in the face, broke down altogether, and retreated to his seat crest-fallen indeed, as a subdued snicker went round the room among the other bad boys.

Each succeeding year someone always became inspired with the message of Lincoln's favorite poem.

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

All through the beautiful poem we listened with rapt interest. What if some parts we did not comprehend; it had still a message that we could understand. With this immortal poem is also associated "Pictures of Memory," and we recall some sweet-faced girl repeating in pure, silvery voice—

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall.
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all."

The boy who could steer dialect gave us "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," as follows·—

"I haf von fonny leedle poy,
Dot gomes shust to mine knee,
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As effer you did see."

Got to laughing himself in the middle of it, forgot his lines, but went on again all right after being prompted in a loud voice by his seat-mate, who had the book open before him on the desk in anticipation of just such an emergency.

The prize pupil, the monitor of the class, was due next, to recite the "Psalm of Life," beginning:—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
'Life is but an empty dream;'
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem."

The day's declamations were never complete until some one had repeated the "Chambered Nautilus" with its

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day," from Gray's Elegy, and Lowell's "And what is so rare as a day in June," were other prime favorites, while once in a while an ambitious pupil would attempt "To be or not to be," or the "To him whom love of nature," or "Thanatopsis."

One or two Fridays of each term the program was varied by reciting short quotations Each pupil must answer the roll call with a memory-gem such as, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," or "There is a tide in the affairs of men."

But say, greatest of all were our first throbs of patriotic impulse, which we felt on one of those Friday afternoons nearest Washington's birthday, or Lincoln's birthday or Decoration Day, as we always called it. The old schoolroom was decorated with such flags as we could muster, and if pictures of Lincoln, Washington or Grant could be borrowed anywhere, they were hung in a most conspicuous place on the wall or placed on easels before the school, draped in red, white and blue. Perhaps we each of us brought a small flag, or if it was Washington's birthday, a hatchet from home. Everybody was dressed up for the occasion, for these were big events in those days—the girls with white dresses and bright sashes, and the boys with shoes forbiddingly well-blackened, their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, clean starched waists, with big white collars that reached nearly to the ends of the shoulders, large, bright bow-ties; everything denoting much happiness for the girls, and much unhappiness for the boys. The declamatory exercises on these days were something very special. To the accompaniment of the squeaky old organ we sang "America" to open the program, and, later "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "The Star Spangled Banner." Only the star speakers of the school—were you down?—were heard on these occasions. Perhaps they attempted Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech; a part of "Webster's reply to Hayne; 'Thou, too, sail on O ship of state;" or more truly eloquent than all, the never to be forgotten Gettysburg speech, of the Immortal Lincoln. Can you not remember yet the thrill which it always gave you? "Breathes

there a man with soul so dead," "Ay! tear her tattered ensign down," and "God give us men," were familiar selections usable on occasions like this. Perhaps this last challenge to manhood made such an impression on you then that you repeat it now:

"God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without shrinking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and private thinking."

And when the exercises were over, we went home to do the chores, the familiar lines running through our minds, unconsciously metered and accented at every chop of the ax, or at every squirt of the milk into the pail, with a "So Boss!" now and then thrown in.

* * *

My copy of "Heart Throbs" has recalled those happy childhood days, that you like to live over again, just as I do. The book grows on me each day, as it does on others who have made it a part of their home circle. More copies have already been sold this year than ever before. It takes a striking and novel book to gain popularity as each year goes by, and the most extraordinary thing is that the majority of the books sold this year have been to those who purchased "Heart Throbs" last year. What greater appreciation could one ask for any work? I am proud of "Heart Throbs," because it is a book made entirely by National readers. Where, in the world of publications, has such a thing been accomplished before? If I could talk it over with you, I know you would catch the enthusiasm. But even that is not necessary. A copy of "Heart Throbs" in your hand as you sit before the cozy fire some winter's evening, would cement the friendship for all time. I wish I could place 100,000 copies with National readers alone this fall. It is not many. If every one of you took one copy in renewing your subscription, this figure would be greatly exceeded, and the book would exceed in sales any volume of modern times.

* * *

I won't take up space with the enthusiastic testimonials received on receipt of "Heart Throbs." There are thousands of them, all so good it would be impossible to satisfy oneself as to which few were the best. One friend wrote that he had been giving Christmas presents for forty years, and during that time had spent thousands of dollars, but in all his experience he had never received so warm a letter of appreciation and thanks, as the one he received from a recipient of "Heart Throbs." He is only one of many who are going to give anywhere from six to six hundred copies this year.

Let me suggest that every teacher should have a copy of "Heart Throbs" for the schoolroom; every preacher for the pulpit; every "good old soul" for the memories it brings; every youth and maiden for the nobleness and optimism it teaches. "Heart Throbs" is a universal book, as broad as life itself, with a range of emotion greater than Shakespeare; in comfort, second only to the Bible. Some books have great literary value, some have historical significance, but "Heart Throbs" is the only book that slaps you on the back in a friendly sort of way, suiting itself to every mood, faithful to every emotion. National readers gave something over one million Christmas presents last year. Those of you who gave "Heart Throbs" most appropriately conveyed the spirit of Christmas, *"Peace on Earth, Good will toward men."*

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"*Less than a half mile away was a whaling vessel.*—See "The Smoky God." page 606.

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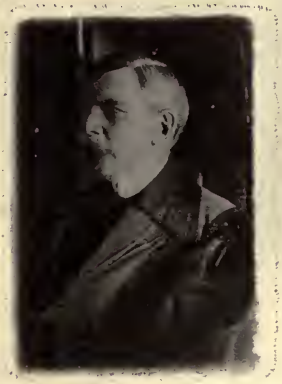
WHILE the great telescopes may be located in Washington, it is not always the best place to secure a true perspective of the political firmament. I walked toward the Capitol up the avenue, chatting with many prominent men, seeking an accurate focus of the political situation. They are all "waiting to hear from home." The dome light of the Capitol twinkled like a placid luminary; Mars, with "his mailed hand," beckoned overhead as the legislative and the judiciary continued their regular routine, and the messages and appointments still came swiftly from the executive office, showing that the three co-ordinate branches of government remained "fixed stars" in the constitutional constellation, however the presidential luminaries might rise or wane.

Political leaders, old and new, are adjusting their presidential campaign telescopes and sweeping the political horizon to "sight" the "coming star," arising from the nebulae of the many ambitions that are afloat athwart the political ether. A bright look-out is also kept for spots on the big suns and inky mountains and chasms in the moons, and any other stellar phenomena of the political solar system. Telescopes are leveled upon all prospective delegates—they count in charting political astronomics.

History has never recorded a presidential campaign possessing more powerful allurement and more personal concern for the individual voter and candidate. The great fourth-year event has ceased to be a question of mere party record, and has become a direct choice of an adequate leader by the sovereign people. Individual voters are adjusting their telescopes and there will be many views of the "big shows" in Chicago at the Republican Convention, and the counter-attraction in Denver, when the Democrats convene to select a standard bearer. Uninstructed delegates will have fun, and will be able to use their telescopes freely, and mayhap see their bandwagon "hitched to a star," when they secure something especially promising for their own state or delegation.


OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The American people are searching the political firmament. There is none of the rancor and bitterness of bygone days. The issues are not so sharply defined as to make deadly foes of brothers and friends. The people believe that candidates have sincerely at heart the interests of the country,—though the range and power of telescopes may differ.

* * *

ONE of the dignified pedestrians who swings along the avenue is Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Now comes a retired army officer, who insists that the Justice was one of the most unlucky soldiers

of his acquaintance. During the Civil War he was wounded six times; in fact, about every time he entered an engagement. "And you may rest assured," said his comrade, "that he was in every engagement that he could possibly get into."

It was while his boy was in the army that Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial hearthstone poet of the country, wrote some of his

ATTORNEY GENERAL BONAPARTE, THE ACTIVE HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

most charming verse. With his heart wrung by anxiety and suspense, his pen kept up the courage of many another aching heart during those dark days. What a gratification it would be for that poet who was so widely loved if he could be present in Washington today to see that soldier boy, the pride of his home, occupying a high position on the supreme bench of the United States Court.

On that supreme bench some eighty cases have been decided recently. One of the most notable was the copyright case which directly involves an international question as many of the copyright provisions made for this country will apply to foreign work. Representatives from many countries in Europe were present in the court when the arguments were being made. The members of the Supreme Court begin their day's work early. The morning's mail is attended to first, and ten o'clock finds them en route for the Capitol. There are so many documents to be prepared and gone over, that overtime work is necessary for the court, and if the eight-hour law were applied to them, it is feared that there would be many serious breaches in its observance. While the clerks and wage earners are protected by their eight-hour act, there is no movement for binding down the heads of departments to stipulated time.

Amid the shadows of the Supreme Court room Jefferson was inaugurated; and here it was that Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home" to the author, John Howard Payne; here Webster made his famous reply to Hayne. The dim old chamber is replete with historic suggestions that will always bring memories not usually called up by the halls of justice. As one of the co-ordinate branches of government, founded on those few printed pages incorporated in the Constitution of the United States, the functionaries of the Supreme Court have found the interpretation of that great document an ever-increasing and expanding responsibility, and new adjustments and conditions have been needed almost every day.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago I had the pleasure of meeting Fenton R. McCreery when he was connected with the American Embassy in the City of Mexico. It was during the early spring months, but the great problem in the Mexican capital was how to keep warm, and his sunny temper under the circumstances was charming. Mr. McCreery was then making his splendid record as the first Secretary of the Embassy. He was later appointed Minister Resident and Consul-General to the Dominican Republic where the devotion and probity with which he always despatched his public duties have justified his merited promotion. The prob-

lems which Mr. McCreery has confronted in San Domingo have been more or less complicated and delicate in character, but he has conducted them in a way that has won the confidence of the citizens of that country.

A resident of Michigan, Mr. McCreery enjoys a visit to the old home where he first had dreams of a foreign consulate. He has been a great many years in the service of South American interests, and seems particularly adapted to deal with the American-Latin races. The manner in which he adjusts himself to the customs of the countries in which he serves wins the hearts of the people and enables him to accomplish a great deal for American interests. This was evidenced in every detail of his work at the Mexican Embassy, where he served during the long interim that existed after the tragic death of Mr. Thompson, the American Ambassador, who was killed by a street car.

MR. FENTON R. McCREERY OF FLINT, MICHIGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SAN DOMINGO

UP in dear old Vermont, between the stately peaks that divide the Green Mountains, is the home and birthplace of Senator Dillingham—Waterbury and Montpelier. It is interesting to visit a state whose splendid American traditions are kept intact from one generation to another, as has been the case with good old Vermont. From boundary to boundary there is something in the very landscape, in every tree and bush and flower, and in the outline of the magnificent "everlasting hills" that speaks of history making, and begets the desire to visit these scenes again. Other Vermont towns, Brattleboro and Bennington, have the distinction of preserving historic spots where tales of the glories of revolutionary times are recounted from generation to generation.

The fact that Rudyard Kipling once lived in Brattleboro is also history. It is related of the barrack-room poet that he had an inordinate desire to sign checks—it may be

that he was one of those persons with whom cash burns a hole in the pocket until it is spent—if he only wanted to pay a little bill of twenty-three cents he signed a check, just as readily as he would for twenty-five dollars to cover the price of a coat. The

WILLIAM H. MOODY, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT, CONTEMPLATING THE COMING OF SPRING—AND STILL UNMARRIED

tradesman up in that part of Vermont were pretty well supplied with Rudyard's autograph after he had dwelt among them for a time. After a while they found that these scraps of paper were valued at much larger sums than was indicated on their face. For instance, one fruit vender sold a twenty-five cent check for five dollars, while for other checks of small denominations he received a good sum in gold. Many of these checks are preserved in the library for the benefit of the curio collector.

If Kipling had been animated with a commercial spirit, instead of with the divine afflatus, he would have spent his time signing his autograph and selling each signature, thus making even a handsomer royalty on his name than any poet ever received for his greatest verses. Every time he wrote a word he might have made twenty-five dollars, provided he wrote the right one—"Kipling." Such prices for writing would have made good Sir Alfred Tennyson gasp, when he boasted of the high price per word his genius evoked.

* * *

EVERY now and then the subject comes up for discussion—"What shall be done with ex-presidents?" This seems a somewhat pathetic proposition in view of the fact that only one ex-president is now living, and he seems to be able to take good care of himself.

The latest suggestion is to provide them with seats in the House of Representatives for life, with the same pay and privileges assured to other members, but without a vote, which could not be given them except by amending the constitution. The country would then have the benefit of the wisdom and experience of men who had filled the office of chief executive of the nation, and whose advice in deliberative matters ought to be of much service.

On the other hand, it is claimed that the most appropriate place for an ex-president would be the United States Senate, for there, in the more deliberative counsels of the nation his mature experience would be of more pronounced value. With the ex-president "in the stirrups" in the halls of Congress there would be a large amount of irrational legislation checked. Every session of Congress must furnish the usual influx of new ideas, indicating the lively, initiative spirit of American people. They must be doing something "for why"—argues your alert American—"why else should they draw salaries?"

HON. W. P. DILLINGHAM, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT

CONGRESS has been requested to appropriate ten to fifty thousand dollars for experiments in air-ships. It is stated that now the flying-machine has become more than ever a practical, if not a commercial proposition. Darius Green and his flying-machine are now something more than the butt for popular jokes, but whether the modern Darius will ever find a safe and positively defined pathway in the air is another question.

Now comes the armored cruiser of steel floating through the air. All the inventor

CONGRESSMAN ADOLPH J. SABATH OF CHICAGO

requires in order to float with assurance, he says, is an appropriation of $50,000 for experimental purposes, and he insists that it is just as important that this invention be carried to its ultimate limit as it was that the suggestion of Morse should have had a similar appropriation, which made the way clear for the age of the telegraph. Inventions seem to be as natural to Americans as the air they breathe, and aerial navigation for commercial purposes has long been under consideration. Lord Lytton to the contrary, it is still very doubtful if this mode of locomotion will ever be used for commercial purposes, though we may see fleets of pleasure ships in the air in the next ten years. The carrying power of a balloon or an air-ship is insufficient for a cargo; only a moderate number of passengers could be transported by one costly balloon.

Kipling's story of the "Night Express," in which he relates the thrilling voyage of an air-ship from London to Quebec, is very delightful reading, but it is felt by the hard-headed investors that the ultimatum on aerial navigation is that it "does not pay," although no other question has absorbed more money, effort and attention among the race —unless it be perpetual motion.

* * *

IT seemed like the irony of fate that the bill introduced in Congress for the taxing of foreign titles should have been put forward by Representative Sabath of Illinois. The congressman distinguishes his name from that of the holy day by eliminating one "b." The singular part of it is that he is himself of foreign birth, and it seems he ought to have more compassion for his compatriots than to put in such a bill. If passed, this measure will provide that every idle foreigner who enjoys a title on American soil shall be taxed one quarter of the price paid by the American girl's father for her share of the title.

The congressman sincerely believes that if Congress will pass this bill, it will discourage the international marriages between needy titled foreigners and tuft-hunting Americans, that have caused the major part of the gossip for newspaper society columns. It has been computed that if Congress had passed such a bill twenty-five years ago, it would have saved the country over a billion dollars in hard cash, and a billion dollars is a pretty big price to pay for a few blue-blooded sons-in-law for American papas.

It was a scion of an Austrian house, and a fellow-countryman of Congressman Sabath, who recently carried off one of the richest heiresses of our country.

* * *

ONE of the most distinguished recent visitors to Washington was Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who attended the Mothers' Congress as a delegate. Many greeted her with pleasant memories of the days when, under the glitter of the old chandelier, Frances Folsom

From stereograph copyright, 1908, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND, FORMER FAIR MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHO IS LIVING A RETIRED LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN AT THEIR QUAINT OLD HOME IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

became a bride in the East room of the White House, where she reigned for eight years as its gracious mistress. Her home at Princeton is regard as a charming example of the greatest achievement of the American wife and mother.

The years have been very kind to Mrs. Cleveland and her counsel as a delegate to the Congress was listened to with the interest and attention which her words certainly merited. Mrs. Cleveland has been appointed by Governor Stokes of New Jersey as president of the State Village for Epileptics—a state institution doing a useful work.

IN all the mazy ways of correspondence, an acquaintance, and often a friendship, develops that can never be defined as to origin. Although I had often heard of William Jackson Armstrong, who has long been one of the popular lecturers, and who is now living in Los Angeles, California, a stray letter and suggestion by a mutual friend and subscriber introduced us to each other.

Mr. Armstrong was formerly an officer of the United States Senate and a close confidant of Chief Justice Chase. He was also a friend of Henry Ward Beecher. President Grant appointed him inspector general of

HENRY JACKSON ARMSTRONG
Author of "Heroes of Defeat"

United States consulates of Europe. His book entitled "The Heroes of Defeat" is one of those rare books that every student or reader should have. In it is a remarkable sketch of Tecumseh, "the Ohioan and hero of the forest." No more thrilling tale of endurance and courage in a hopeless cause can be found in the annals of any nation, and no one can read the history of the Indian hero without feeling a call to higher and more unselfish purposes.

Mr. Armstrong's book contains the history of several other brave men, some of whom are not so commonly known, but who were far ahead of their times and whose record should not be forgotten, as, for instance, Schamyl, soldier-priest and hero of the Caucasus, once a familiar figure in the Russian court; Abdel Kader, sultan of Algeria; Scanderbeg, soldier of Jesus Christ, prince of Albania; Vercingetorix, king of Gaul and noble patriot, and the well-known hero of Poland, Kosciusczko. The story of each hero of defeat, as told by Mr. Armstrong, forms a valuable contribution to literature. Every one of the book's six hundred pages is a-glow with feeling, and has all the charm of personal narrative, in fact, after I had read "Heroes of Defeat" I felt as well acquainted with the author as though I had been admitted to the inner temple of his thoughts. While the book indicates the author's power of deep analysis, yet it has all the charm of simply-told truth, and sparkles with incident, anecdote, thrilling adventure and inspiring courage in defeat and hardship.

* * *

EVERY now and then a discussion will come up as to who is the most attractive senator in the eyes of the ladies. Each senator has his own champions, who are apt to speak more plainly in his absence than when he is present.

A short time ago the discussion waxed quite warm among the newspaper men, and it was insisted that the various adherents should produce proof of their assertions; whereupon Senator Scott's champion pulled out a kodak snapshot, showing the senator in a reposeful attitude, surrounded by Mrs. Scott and three other ladies, assembled at a country fair. Here was the concrete evidence of Senator Scott's popularity, and nothing more was said about any of the other legislators at that time, but it seems probable that kodak pictures will be more popular than ever.

* * *

SCANT credit has been given to Peletiah Webster by the historian, and even those who had to do with the formation of the Constitution are rather "left-handed" in their acknowledgments. Peletiah Webster insisted that his efforts to amend the old Constitution were of no avail, and that was his reason for deciding to sketch out the features of "a new constitution for the preservation and happiness of the United States of America." The suggestion of a congress composed

of two houses was entirely new at that time; the authority of a nation to make laws of general interest and utility, and enforce them, was also his idea—"a wholly novel idea," as it was called.

These were the corner stones welded into the immortal document known as the Constitution of the United States, which was called by Gladstone the "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Dr. Hannis Taylor insists that Peletiah Webster stands second only to Washington as a nation builder, and this conviction is deepened after thirty years of the most exhaustive study of the Constitution—state and federal.

Webster's basic principle was that the Constitution must have, in every department, power sufficient to secure and make effectual the federal laws; some supreme authority must have the power of making war and peace; banding armies and navies together, making contracts, emitting and coining money—in short, there must be complete authority for the final execution of all necessary measures—"A government half executed," insisted Peletiah Webster, "is the most dangerous of all institutions."

It is very generally felt that Peletiah Webster, philosopher, scholar and patriot, ought never to be forgotten by the nation he has benefited, and it is hoped that some measure will soon be passed by the government making an appropriation to provide a monument that will perpetuate and honor his memory among generations yet to come.

A POPULAR KODAK OF SENATOR SCOTT

* * *

THE open winter weather of the new year encouraged many members of the House and Senate to walk down the avenue from the Capitol to their homes. There was Congressman Littlefield swing-

ing along at a stately stride. Senator Newland pondering over his bill for national waterways—which is pronounced one of the most interesting and comprehensive measures introduced in the Senate—was not far behind; Congressman Overstreet with a thoughtful air was also in the ranks, with Congressmen Davidson and Judge Walter

SENATOR "TOM" CARTER OF MONTANA AND "UNCLE JOE" CANNON, ON THE WHARF AT FORT MONROE

I. Smith equally enthusiastic. Vice President Fairbanks uses the Avenue as a thoroughfare every night and morning. Coming down that boulevard in early evening, one meets more congressmen than in any other one place. Like boys returning from school, in the open air their spirits seem to rise with the consciousness of duty performed, and they bring with them the problems discussed during the day. Little bits of sentiment that come up in the committee rooms, which are stored away in the minds of the members of the various committees, here find expression between chums. As I greeted the procession coming down the avenue in the early winter twilight, I felt more than ever proud of the splendid men who represent the United States in the halls of Congress. There may be geniuses elsewhere, but a more thoroughly representative lot of American citizens or a better lot of men it would be difficult to gather together.

* * *

SUCCEEDING Senator Curtis of Kansas, Congressman D. R. Anthony, Jr., has won his spurs, driving ahead with true Kansas fire and regardless of obstacles, which, to him, are evidently intended only to be surmounted. He has much of the doughty spirit of the old John Brown days of "bleeding Kansas." He is a newspaper man of experience, and has served as mayor of his native city, Leavenworth. Succeeding his father in the management of the Daily Times of his city, when the vacancy caused by the election to the senate of Hon. Charles Curtis was to be filled, it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Anthony was the man for the place, and he was elected by a sweeping majority.

* * *

PREPARATIONS are being made for the census of 1910, and an appropriation of fourteen millions has already been requested, to avoid the rush of closing days. The present Census Building has always impressed me as

HON. "JIM" WATSON OF INDIANA, REPUBLICAN WHIP OF THE HOUSE, VIEWING A NAVAL REVIEW

a sort of temporary exposition official quarters. It is hoped that the director will have his census bill promptly acted upon and the desired appropriation furnished, enabling him to make the census of 1910 the most exhaustive and accurate account ever produced as a record of a nation's growth.

It was late one evening when I dropped into

HON. MOSES E. CLAPP, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA

the Census Bureau and found Director S. N. D. North immersed in details of his reports. Few men have given more conscientious and expert service to their work for the Government. He has been prominently identified with every national census from 1880 to 1900, but the work at the present time has become essentially that of a permanent department, rather than a mere ephemeral undertaking. In years past it was the custom, a short time before the decennial data was required, to organize somewhat hastily a sort of census

REPRESENTATIVE COOPER OF WISCONSIN

bureau, gathering together at an enormous expense, an avalanche of figures which were ill-digested in reports.

* * *

Mr. North is a scholarly-looking gentleman, wearing glasses and side-whiskers; he has a professional and studious appearance, and his earnest work is bearing fruit in experience and action. Under his directorship, the Census Bureau of the United States is attaining a perfection unequalled by any similar bureau in the world.

Through William S. Rossiter, chief assistant, the work of the department has been kept in almost personal touch with the people, and through the unlimited confidence of those citizens who believe in the scope and purpose of the Bureau, he has secured not only accurate and detailed information, but also data which was never before published.

* * *

Leaflets published by this department are epitomes of information that well repay careful reading, for the Census Bureau as it now exists is at the basis of business extension, and all plans for the future. When business firms and corporations understand just what is being done, and has been done, they can better forecast the future and avert over-production. The remarkable record of past years, chronicled by the Census Bureau, has been the basis for much of the vigorous and important development of the decade. The Census literature affords information, in a convenient and reliable form to schools, colleges and business interests, and when the importance of keeping posted on this matter is more fully understood there will be an immense demand for the leaflets of this bureau.

* * *

Many strange requests come to this department, showing an abiding confidence in the work handled there. Many and varied are the questions asked. One correspondent wished to know how many occupants there were in the cemeteries of this country, or how many times a census of the dead was taken. Another query was for information in connection with landscape gardening, and a Mormon lady desired advice as to the best mode of building an apartment house, what the probable cost would be, and statistics on the average profit on apartment house investments.

One person wrote to inquire "how many pure buffaloes" were now living, and another desired to know the "number of inhabitants of the catacombs." Inquiries were received regarding the pineapple industry—the number of millionaires in the world—figures on the peanut and coffee crop—the number of Spanish residents in Indianapolis—in short the letters addressed to the Census Bureau are like the contents of a magazine "question box."

* * *

A humorous feature of the work is that of the hundred agents sent out to gather divorce

statistics, a large majority were bachelors. They were to find out whether the husband or the wife had been to blame for the trouble that brought about divorce; from whom the application came; the number of children from the union, if any; whether alimony had been paid and also whether intemperance had been directly or indirectly the cause of the separation. It seems curious that the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" has come under the consideration of the Census Bureau bachelors, but these statistics will prove valuable in view of the fact that over 328,000 divorces were filed from 1867 to 1887. From 1887 to 1897 the aggregate was over 1,400,000 cases and the startling fact was disclosed that most of the divorces were furnished by the rural districts and smaller cities, and that a divorce case is filed every three minutes.

When the bachelor brigade have collected all the facts for the divorce census, we may look for information that will provide food for thought for the sociologists and philosophers, and give them ample material upon which to dilate for many years to come.

YEARS ago J. Sloat Fassett was nominated as governor of New York, but was defeated by Roswell P. Flower; Mr. Fassett has always been a conspicuous figure in the councils of the republican party and is now representing his district in congress, where he is looked upon as one of the ablest members on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he insisted on going through the regular routine of keeping silence for the first term, as becomes a new member. During his first session he occupied the floor for but ten minutes, during which he made an address on the restoration of canteens at soldiers' homes. One of the largest soldiers' homes in the country is located in his district, and he stated that he felt the situation demanded a word from him. He is a scholarly and forceful speaker.

SENATOR KNOX'S LIBRARY IN HIS WASHINGTON HOME

* * *

ONE should visit all the galleries of Congress, sweeping around the circle from the press gallery to the executive gallery, and from there to the reserved, the public and the ladies' gallery, not overlooking the colored

gallery below the clock—each point of view gives an added interest to the proceedings. In this session one hundred new members of congress have taken their seats, and the majority of them are bright, young-looking men, full of enthusiasm, answering up on the roll-call with energy and emphasis. The Committee of the whole was a very exhilarating

CONGRESSMAN J. ADAM BEDE OF MINNESOTA

session—during such proceedings the speaker retires and the House proceeds alone; one hundred members must be present and there is no roll-call. When a demurrer is called—if not satisfied with the chairman's rear-end gavel count, the members get up and trot around and pass up the aisle in about ten minutes, reminding the onlooker of children playing "London Bridge is broken down," and needing only the cheery chorus to complete the delusion that this is some "grown-up" game. The little jaunt up the aisle has a soothing tendency, for no matter how acrimonious the debate, how bitter the utterances, or how high feeling may have run, when "London Bridge" time comes, the air is suddenly lightened, and by the time the members have done trotting around the room, good-fellowship is restored.

Congressman J. W. Keifer, with a merry twinkle in his eye, when solicited for his opinion of the game of "London Bridge," remarked:

"I consider I am earning my salary by making these trips up and down the aisle, to be patted by the tellers; I figure out that we walk about an average of ten miles per day, when we vote in this way."

The day I was there the debate was on the "codification of the statutes." When Burke Cochran spoke, that melodious voice of his, that style so magniloquent and ministerial, insistantly centered attention, and eyes and ears in every gallery were all alert. A story is told of him that once, after he had spoken for some time, he forgot on which side he intended to range his eloquence. He is a fascinating talker, and it is not surprising if for once he was swept adrift on the tide of his own eloquence. His rich voice and swift flow of words almost compel the listener to forget on what subject he is giving utterance.

CONGRESSMAN J. S. FASSETT OF NEW YORK

The little lady in the front row just before me, turned eagerly to the companion at her side and said enthusiastically:

"Oh, see them fussing! How I like to see them fuss with each other—that is what they are there for, isn't it! Are they tired or going to vote again?"

This was the first time I had heard the pro-

DR. ANGEL UGARTE, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF HONDURAS

ceedings of the distinguished legislative body of the United States called "fussing." The good-natured filibuster on the Democratic side of the House, who rose "with the question," certainly won favor in that gallery.

The voices of the various members of the House are an interesting study, for they run the entire gamut of human utterance ranging from the little, squeaky treble pipe to the ponderous, deep growl of the big bass.

Congressman Cooper, of Wisconsin, is always ready with a good, snappy speech. Congressman Dalzel in the center aisle, Sereno Payne, watching the Republican forces

with John Sharp Williams and De Armond, each have a voice easily recognized when the speaking on the floor is reproduced in the committee rooms—it will behoove the new members to provide a voice as distinctive as their own photographs.

* * *

In the office of the sergeant at arms was J. Adam Bede, the cheerful, well-known legislator from the Duluth district. He was studying the portraits of his colleagues in Congress, and it was somewhat remarkable

FRANK O. LOWDEN, THE FARMER CONGRESSMAN FROM ILLINOIS, WHO CLAIMS THE FINEST DISTRICT IN THE COUNTRY

to find him devoting himself to pictured faces hung upon a wall, for J. Adam Bede is a busy man. His face was wrapped in studious repose.

"I am studying phrenology—great heads, these—great heads."

There he stood surveying the ponderous frontispieces of his colleagues, mentally marking the bumps as he looked over the collection.

Everyone feels that Mr. Bede is always ready for a joke—even at his own expense. He had the fortune to get number twenty-three in a seat; immediately his colleagues greeted him in sibilant tones:

"Skee-doo, skee-doo," with just as much energy as though it had not been a stale old joke.

The Democrats believe that luck is coming their way for the first time in many sessions, for with the exception of four, they had the choice of the first forty offices in the new building.

J. Adam Bede is one of the most picturesque characters in Congress, as well as an all-around statesman. He sheds good nature and wisdom wherever he goes, and his jokes have much to do with leavening the proceedings of the House with cheerfulness. At home or abroad he will have his joke.

Once, when he was building a partition in his printing office, with sleeves rolled up and a saw in one hand, a hammer close by and in his other hand a stick of type—for sawing wood and setting type at the same time is nothing to Adam—a young college lad appeared in the role of full-fledged book agent; he set out to explain his mission and the nature of his book to Mr. Bede, who said, without raising his eyes from his work:

"Don't bother about name and contents—what's the price of the book."

"Three dollars," said the young agent, rising to the occasion, but don't you wish to look it over and see—"

"No, I don't want to look it over, not on your life," said Adam. "You are in college?"

"Yes."

"Trying to work your way through?"

"Yes, Mr. Bede."

"Well, I did the same. My cashier will give you an order for the three dollars on any store for anything you may need—then you sell it and get real cash—I can't. Go chase others while the day is yet young."

No one can talk long with Adam Bede without perceiving the scintillation of ideas, bright as dewdrops in the morning sun. He has parts of the "original Adam" and sometimes tires of telling people that he is in no way related to the Adam Bede of George Elliot's novel.

* * *

IN capturing the Republican National Convention for Chicago, no one person was more conspicuous in obtaining results than

Congressman Frank O. Lowden. When Kansas City offered a certified check of $100,000 as a bonus for the privilege of having this mighty gathering, Mr. Lowden arose and said he had no authority to offer a check of any special amount, but would state that he was authorized to pledge that all legitimate expenses would be guaranteed.

Mr. Lowden is a native of Sunrise City, Minnesota, but was educated at the Iowa State University, where he obtained the degree of A. B., and took up the study of law in the Union College of Law, Chicago. He now follows the simple avocation of farming; he believes in getting "back to the land." The farmer-legislator is an enthusiastic champion of Speaker Cannon's candidacy for the presidential office, and he is a powerful force in any cause, being a good speaker who knows just how to obtain results. He has a splendid farm near Dixon, Illinois. He married the daughter of Mr. George Pullman, of Pullman car fame.

SENATOR PICKNEY WHYTE OF MARYLAND, LONG PAST DR. OSLER'S AGE LIMIT, BUT A VERY ACTIVE MAN YET

ONE of the most scholarly men in the diplomtaic circle is Dr. Angel Ugarte, of Honduras, who has long been regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of Central America. He served in Congress before coming to Washington, and has also represented Honduras in various diplomatic missions in Europe, before serving as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Washington.

During recent years a large number of young men have come from Honduras to America to take a course in business training, who will probably aid in following up results

E. T. BRACKET, PRESIDENT OF THE HUGHES CLUB OF NEW YORK

obtained by the activity of Doctor Ugarte in stimulating closer trade relations between the United States and his native land. He encourages his people under all circumstances to co-operate with the United States.

* * *

THERE was a lively scene in the Senate when the site selected for the memorial of General Grant was objected to by Senator Tillman, who arose and said that no site was too prominent or too conspicuous to perpetuate the memory of the great commander, but that he did object to having the statue placed in the Botanic Garden.

The Grant Memorial will be one of the most imposing in Washington, and stakes are already being driven for the site where

Shaler's famous statue is to overlook the beautiful Botanic Gardens.

Secretary of State Root was Secretary of War when Congress authorized the memorial. General Granville M. Dodge and General Horace Porter are both members of the Grant Memorial Committee. The question of a site was gone over very thoroughly. Congress has appropriated a quarter million dollars for the memorial and it is felt that the location was decided on with regard to the building of the Washington of the future, new city plans being thoroughly studied by the architect and experts called in to help settle the vexed question of a site. General Dodge and General Porter and the old friends and comrades of "the Silent Commander," who are in the Commission, are pushing on the work as rapidly as they can, the purpose being to have the statue placed as early as possible, so that the dedication may be witnessed by many thousands of personal friends and followers of General Grant, before they are succeeded by a generation who never knew him.

CONGRESSMAN JESSE OVERSTREET OF INDIANA WHO HAS GRAPPLED WITH THE POST-OFFICE PROBLEM

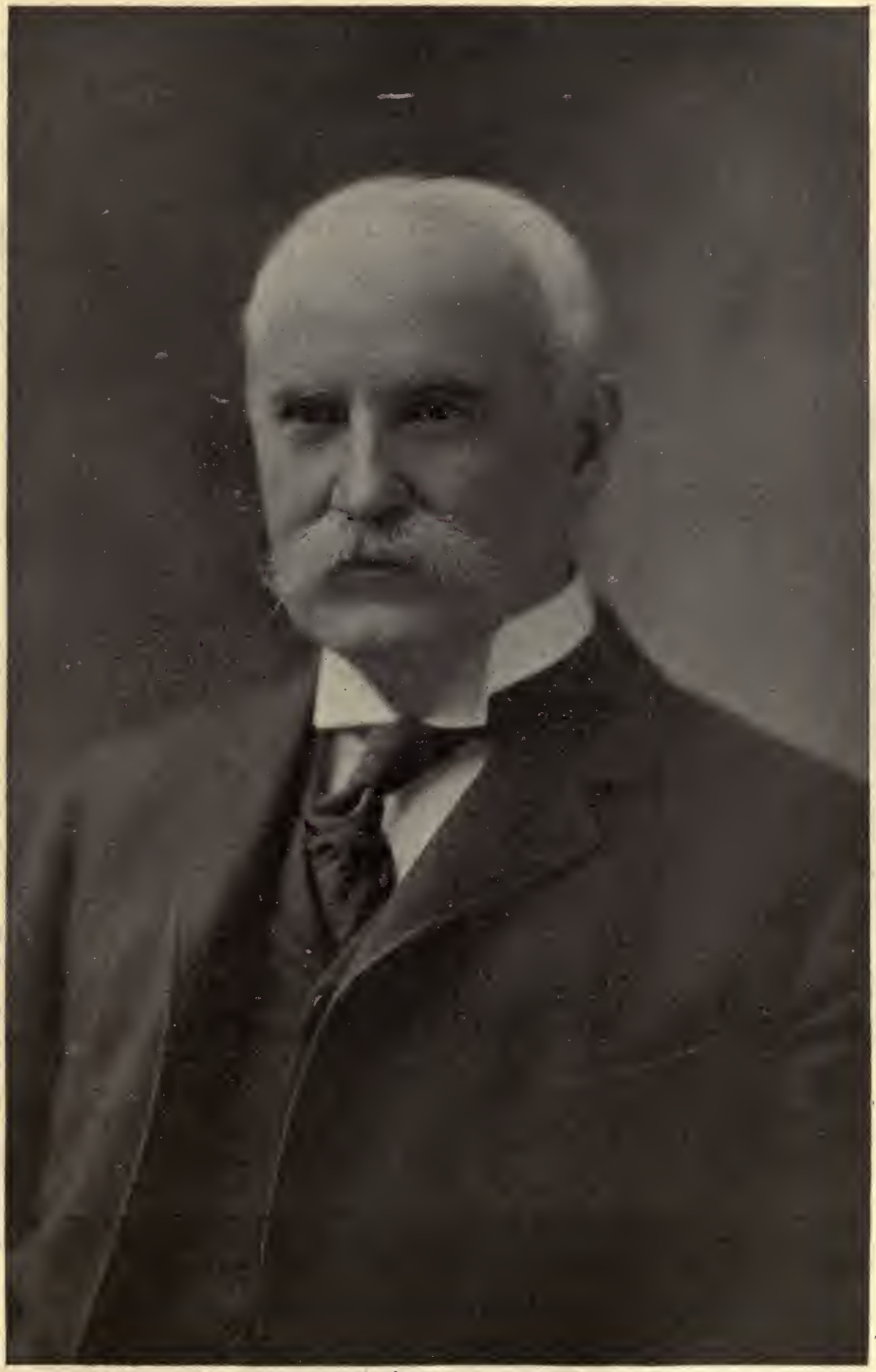
A NUMBER of subscribers from old Arkansas have requested me to lose no time in meeting Senator Jeff Davis of their state. His career as prosecuting attorney, attorney-general and thrice-elected governor of Arkansas indicates the strong hold he has on the people of his home state. His initial speech in the senate was characteristic of the man. Although it cannot be said to have made much of a permanent impression on public opinion, it will make a unique addition to the Congressional Record, and certainly furnish interesting reading for his enthusiastic constituents in Arkansas.

An ardent admirer of William J. Bryan, and a devout student of the Scriptures, as evidenced by his frequent quotations from Holy Writ, Senator Davis has all the sincerity and earnestness which insure him an enthusiastic following.

* * *

IN his usual quiet but forceful way, Senator Aldrich has "just pushed" matters on the currency bill. The protests coming from the West and other sections have been carefully considered by the committee. One distinction pointed out between Eastern and Western sentiment was that in the East a demand was made for some collateral in the way of bonds or value of some kind for the

REV. F. F. CLARK, D.D., FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR



SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

assurance of government, while in the West it was felt that the power of the government was sufficient. Considering their point of view, it is difficult to see just where the Western enthusiasts make any distinction between their plan and ordinary fiat money plans.

As on many previous occasions, proposed financial and currency bills are a disturbing element, and no one plan seems to meet all the ills which come up from time to time, but there is a grim determination on the part of Congress to do something that will clearly

MRS. CARTER, WIFE OF SENATOR THOMAS H. CARTER OF MONTANA, AND FRIEND AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

proclaim to the country the keen interest they take in the situation. It is judged wise to let all the various plans develop by degrees, so that when the financial and currency legislation comes it will probably be a composite of all the practical ideas that are afloat, and will be enacted with a view of establishing in the minds of the people an unalterable belief that the government will fully protect their rights and interests. Panics are, after all, more psychological than commercial, and thus may be readily averted.

The basis of all public confidence is the confidence of the individual. If when one man trades with another, as the money is placed in the hands of the seller, the eyebrows of the buyer are raised, that slight critical action will suggest to a bystander a doubt as to the inherent value of the deal. If something can be done to eliminate distrust in Wall Street finance, it is felt that the basic and visible resources of the country are sufficient to eradicate the disastrous effects of any panicky tendency in the minds of the people. Of course we shall always have the "perch of the raven"—prophets of evil, croaking of the hard times coming, and when, by persistent belief in their prophecy, they have brought the dreaded panic, they sigh and say, "You will remember that I foretold this two years ago. I said that the end of 1907 and early months of 1908 would witness hard times, it being the election year."

The more one considers these things, the more the conviction grows that Annie Besant's theory of thought waves is correct, and that thought is both infectious and contagious —so to speak. There is no other way of accounting for the extraordinary manner in which an entire city will for a time be animated by a single purpose, or the strange way in which a certain line of thought will prevail all over a country. When this theory is fully understood and brought down to a science, we may see congressmen in their political campaigns thinking hard and "concertedly" along certain lines, in order to spread their views.

* * *

INFORMATION gleaned in a casual conversation at the Spanish Embassy indicates that Spain is enjoying a great revival of commercial activity. This is especially true of the Spanish trade with South American countries, which is believed to be due to the political separation of Spain from Cuba and the other South American countries; it is often said that this is enhancing her chance for building up industrial activities. The fact that the Spanish language is spoken by all these countries is believed to be a powerful aid to business. Spain is learning how to convert her raw products into manufactures. It is suggested that it would be an excellent thing for houses desiring South American trade to employ young Spaniards to conduct it for them, and many of these young men are now in this country studying American methods with a view of becoming South American salesmen.

Bilboa, in Spain, is becoming one of the largest steel exporting works in the world. With her rich store of iron ore, Spain is beginning to feel the impulse toward industrial activity. New railroads are being built, and large operations are being undertaken in parts of that ancient country which heretofore seemed locked in the sleep of centuries; Spain is now stirred by the desire to produce, and to draw revenues from her manufactures. The passing of the old Spanish idea of the derogation of work was never more manifest than at the present time, and it is believed that in the future the smooth-tongued sons of Spain will shine in the art of salesmanship.

* * *

CONTRARY to the theory of man's usefulness ending at the age of sixty years, promulgated by Dr. Osler, of Baltimore, now comes Senator William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, at the ripe age of four score to take his seat in the Senate. He has proved conclusively that he is quite equal to all the effort required by the government.

The Senator has the distinction of being the only legislator of that name who spells his name with a "y." He had a little difficulty in making this clear to a reporter the other day. The newspaper man inquired his name, and the senator replied, "Whyte—y."

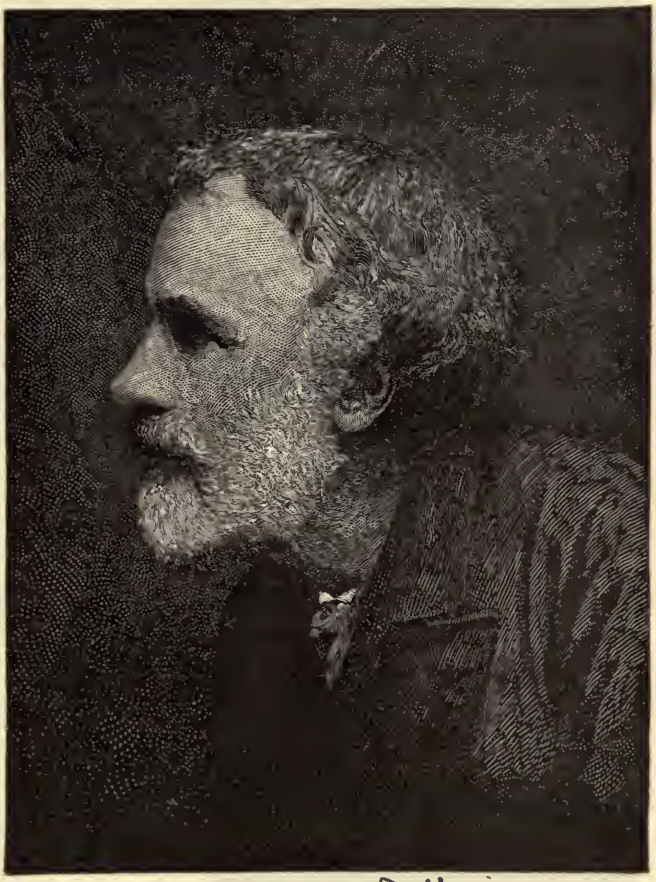
"W'ite—w'y?" asked the reporter, and the senator said, "Y—yes,—y."

"But w'y?" queried the reporter, and then the senator detected the question mark.

"Oh, why? Well, I don't know, unless my ancestors were English; wanted perhaps to pronounce the name 'Wyte,' with a view to 'aspirating their i's and exasperating their h's." And the reporter did not drop the "h" in the next exclamation.

* * *

WELL, what is the weather like?" quoth the senators, as they crossed the corridor from the Senate Chamber to the Marble Room, in the same manner as when the farmer passes greeting at the back door, ready for his morning face plunge.



ONE OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS OF HIS TIME, WHO HAS JUST CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

In the vestibule is located the weather bureau man, Mr. J. H. Jones, who is in charge of the Weather Bureau branch at the Capitol; he draws significant colored chalk marks on a large glass weather map. Early in the morning he begins to draw the lines,

as the reports come in showing the areas of high and low barometric pressures, temperatures and rain or snow fall in all parts of the country. Blue discs indicate cloudy weather; yellow, rain; white, snow; and red, clear weather. On the opposite wall there are charts which show local and normal

SENATOR WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND

conditions of the weather from records taken for twenty-five years past. The barometric lines drawn over the map of the country indicate low and high pressure, and show the track of the storm sweeping from the Rocky Mountains and Gulf to the Lakes and Atlantic Seaboard. High pressure means dry, cold weather, and low pressure, stormy, generally accompanied with rain or snow. Almost all the storms come from the Northwest and the Gulf of Mexico, thence northeastward to the New England coast, crowding on bad weather from inland right out to sea. There may be a storm brewing in the trough of the ocean that will swing inwards some distance and pass up the Atlantic coast and thence out to sea. The weather map is an ever interesting study from day to day by senators and the public generally.

* * *

Senator Foster, of Louisiana, wanders in, looks for his spectacles, adjusts them, and, with a sigh of relief, remarks, "Like getting a letter from home. If it had been two degrees colder, it would have been all over with the sugarcane."

Senator Tillman looks at the map, discovers a cold wave coming, and opines that "it is about time to start hog-killing down home."

Senator Bailey keeps an eye focused on the weather record, with a view to possible "northers" getting into Texas.

Senator Heyburn of Idaho comments, "We must have more wind in Wallace," while Senator Warren watches the sweeping of the winds through Wyoming during lambing time, and hopes that "there will be no blizzards."

As Mr. Jones continued to chalk down later reports, he paused and said, "You can see there is a storm coming; tomorrow we shall have cold weather, and the next day it will be still colder. This high pressure wave is pushing toward Washington and we shall get it tomorrow." His prediction was verified, and we "got it." It is wonderful with what accuracy these calculations are made.

In this corner is situated the chronometer with which public men regulate their timekeepers, apparently jealous of every second of time—in fact, in this corner the impulse to acquire weather information may be gratified. You remember how, on the farm, the first thing in the morning, the wind and weather are studied, with a view to determining the character of the dawning day.

"There will be rain—we must take care of that hay," or "It's going to be windy today," says the farmer.

The habits of early agrarian life may be noted in many leading men who gather in this little niche of the Senate Capitol, where the weather conditions of the entire country are comprehended at a glance.

SECRETARY TAFT'S OWN STORY

HIS TOUR AROUND THE WORLD

[EDITOR'S NOTE]

WHEN I saw Secretary Taft walking down the stairs of the White House, after he had taken leave of President McKinley previous to departing for the Philippines, there was little thought that this genial man would become one of the most widely traveled officials the nation has ever known. Coming direct from the bench to grasp the insular problem at the earnest solicitation of President McKinley, he went about it in a business-like manner, characteristic of American life today. His various trips to the Philippines and the far east, his travels about the United States as a member of the president's cabinet, have culminated in a world tour that has invoked world-wide interest. A genial, good-natured traveler always manages to get along. He is able to observe and encounter much that is of more than passing interest to the pleasure tourist. Aside from all political considerations, Secretary Taft's own story of his world tour has all the peculiar, personal interest of the experience of a man who "goes through the world with his eyes wide open."

During the McKinley administration, just after the completion of a presidential tour, I met a bright-eyed young man, who seemed to be able to carry a Kodak in his sleeve, and who knew just how, when and where to take a picture and how to utilize those seconds that live in making men and history. It was but a modest, little Kodak, he carried, but from those tiny films have been developed some of the most noted photographs used in campaigns. During the last days of McKinley, at Buffalo, this enterprising young man, Mr. Robert L. Dunn, was here, there and everywhere, using that remarkable faculty of his for obtaining pictures just at the right time, pictures that are now historic. He is a keen student of human nature, and always knows how to manipulate the sunshine on the human face, as well as the sunbeams of old Sol. Backward, forward, profile or "three-quarters," all manner of perspective, Bob Dunn is always ready. He was one of the first photographers to furnish the National Magazine with those characteristic snap shots of public men which have been one of the features inaugurated by the National. With cameras on every side of public men in the limelight today, the picture has become a part of political information. The people desire not only to read about but actually to see their favorites in every attitude and at all times, on guard or off guard—looking pleasant or in reflection—just like themselves.

Armed with a number of characteristic photographs, taken during the world tour, I called on Secretary Taft in the hour that follows luncheon. He was sitting before the fireplace with his brother, Mr. C. P. Taft, and was in his usual jovial frame of mind. I suggested to him, as modestly as I could, that I would like to have his own story for our readers and he did not say me nay. With the pictures before him calling up incidents and movements, the secretary furnished stories of his world tour, that are veritable leaves from his own diary. When he held in one hand one of those pictures taken by Bob Dunn, he seemed to be transported bodily to the far-off land depicted, and to be living over again his experience there, when the little machine was used at psychological moments.

This, his own story, is something more than mere information, with a touch of the library reflectiveness and profoundity about it—it is a colloquial, chatty account of a tour around the world, presented by Secretary Taft just as he would write it to his home folks, seated among the trophies and mementoes of his trip, while the events are yet fresh in his memory. This series of sketches inaugurates a new feature in the National, and each month we shall have these chatty discussions, straight from the pen of prominent men in whom the people are interested, whereby the pictures will be illuminated by a personal, friendly word, which, after all, is the foundation of more serious and discursive work of the historian and biographer.

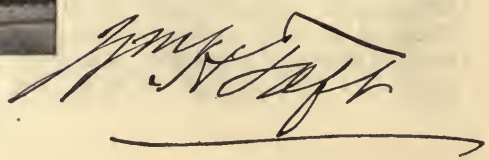
ON THE TRAIN

LEISURELY travel and speedy travel each have their advocates and their advantages. It may be said, however, that when a man who is called upon to make frequent speeches from rear platforms of railroad trains, travels so fast that he is unable to keep track of states through which he is passing, occasional amusing errors may occur. One such incident comes to mind, when, complimenting a fine looking audience of assembled friends in "this beautiful State of Iowa" a fellow passenger, with more regard for truth than my feelings, hoarsely whispered in my ear, "South Dakota, Mr. Secretary. You have been in South Dakota for four hours."

Well, it would be hard to tell which state one is in, traveling through the splendidly developed west of our own country; they look alike prosperous and thriving. Even the most hurried traveler cannot escape the conviction that here is material wealth and ambition and progress which is more and more to astonish and delight the world. One of the special pleasures of even a hurried journey across the continent is the new insight it provides of the wonderful advancement of our new states to the west. The pioneers have left their impress, too, on this latest civilization, for here extremely interesting efforts are everywhere being made to try out new and original applications of civil government.

Then came the brief stop in the newest of our states, Oklahoma, not then admitted to statehood, but knocking boldly at the door of Congress, and a never-to-be forgotten trip through the superb Yellowstone Park. Scenery grand as this should be seen by every lover of the name American.

The sailor, who has some historic ground for being superstitious, might have winced because we were to sail on Friday the thirteenth of September. Never mind, Columbus discovered America on that day—and we sailed.



LIFE aboard ship is to me one of the most restful and delightful of vacation periods. I would even be disposed to set it over against a good stiff round of well kept links following the little white sphere, with the reservation that the latter offers better opportunity for walking than the former. The hard board floors of the ocean steamship are somewhat inclined to make man's feet tender, though he may be in the best of condition. Our little party of pedestrians did the mile aboard ship at a lively gait, and if the admiring holders of the stop - watches were not over complimentary, we made an occasional mile in fifteen minutes and averaged about six miles a day during the voyage. The golfer has good foundation for distance walking. There are few places where the normal healthy man or woman develops a stronger appetite than aboard ship, in pleasant weather. After about fourteen days of this sort of life one feels as if he could try conclusions with the first Japanese wrestler that happened along, and perhaps even secretly hoped that the Emperor, reported to be an expert at Jiu Jitsu, would desire a friendly bit of practice. The small boy Charlie maintained the traditions of boyhood by being normally hungry, before, during and after meals. The average small boy's enthusiasm in the matter of "something to eat" offers, perhaps, an unused psychological remedy for those unfortunate folks who do not feel normal longing for food. Charlie took a few lessons in boxing and had a little rough experience when he endeavored to carry out General Edward's instructions to "hit hard, with your right hand, and keep on hitting."

The Philippines seem nearer now than they used to be, and the voyage was over all too soon. We had forgotten Friday, the 13th.

PACING THE DECK ON A PACIFIC LINER

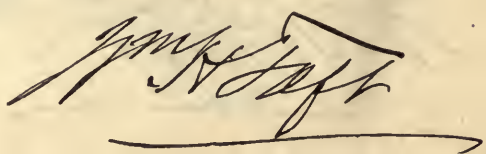
THAT FASCINATION ABOUT JAPAN FELT BY EVERY TRAVELER WITHIN HER BORDERS

THE most hospitable and delightful courtesy was shown the American visitors throughout their stay in Japan. The Emperor placed the palace of Shiba, in Tokio, with its beautiful gardens and lake, at the disposal of his American guests, and the stay was memorable for novelty and interest. Although neither the Emperor nor the Empress speak English their sympathetic attention proved that there is a universal language which all mankind understands. If the men and women of the United States who have seen suggestions of differences between the two nations analyzed at length, might have experienced the genuineness of the Japanese welcome and the warmth of their hospitality, there would have been instant agreement that he subjects on which we are in accord far outnumber and outweigh those on which we may have slightly different opinions.

At a dinner tendered by the city of Tokio to the American guests three hundred leaders of Japanese thought, including many high officials, were present. Large numbers seemed to fully understand the English language and the responses to sentiments of good feeling between the two nations were instantaneous and enthusiastic.

The Lake, near which the palace is situated, is a famous fishing water, containing large numbers of a fine little Japanese perch. Here, in this beautiful garden, the Empress is accustomed to spend much of her time, and occasionally she enjoys fishing for the little inhabitants of the rocky pools. No American small boy could withstand the opportunity which this nearby pond afforded for a bit of sport. It was remarked that Charlie seemed to be catching a surprising number of the fishes and on investigation it developed that there had been a judicious tip quietly furnished the employee charged with the duty of feeding the fishes, by which he was encouraged to forget to feed them. The sport thereupon greatly improved.

There is a fascination about Japan which is felt by every traveler within her borders. Here may be seen strange oriental customs adapted to the modern life of this busy age. Her prompt adoption of the best in the civilization of the younger west is a brilliant indication of versatility which the Yankee cannot fail to respect and admire. While over and about all is a mellow sunshine of atmosphere, artistic, stimulating and soothing, which is potent to every sympathetic visitor. It is not hard to understand the loyalty of the Japanese for their own wonderful land, their pride in its historic past and their hope for its large future.



RACES OF THE WORLD KNIT INTO BONDS OF FELLOWSHIP NEVER TO BE RENT ASUNDER

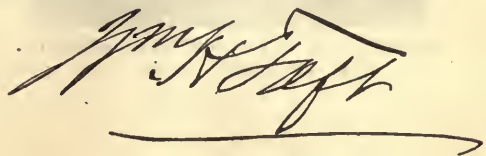
THERE could have been no more surprising welcome to the shores of a far eastern nation than that with which the American visitors were startled as our launch swung alongside her dock. The "Yale" yell, by a dozen lusty lunged Chinese made us feel at home indeed. Here, awaiting their American visitor were gathered a group of Chinese Yale graduates, who determined that their Alma Mater should be fittingly remembered on the occasion of the visit of a fellow graduate. These are the incidents which make the thoughtful traveler feel that the races of the world are being knit into bonds of fellowship which will never be rent asunder.

A steady round of official courtesies greeted our party while in China. On the occasion of a garden party given at Shanghai, the heavy downpour of rain only served to accentuate the excellence of the arrangements, for the function was instantly transferred indoors to an oriental pavilion of exquisite woodwork, and glass, with elaborate hanging lanterns and trophies of Chinese art dating back to the time of Confucius. Ladies of the leading families of the city shared in the pleasant entertainment and presented Mrs. Taft with a souvenir of the occasion in the form of a handsome silver bowl.

At Hong Kong the Viceroy, Governor Sir Edward Lugard, courteously entertained the American official at dinner and the China Guild provided an entertainment at another time which was further evidence of good feeling. On every occasion upon the interpretation of the speeches the audiences manifested the most generous interest in the expressions of kindly regard, and applauded in the most democratic American fashion.

The sharp contrast between the plains of our own west and the innumerable rivers and watercourses of China was quickly noted, as well as the striking difference between the sparsely populated states of the Union and the dense population of the Celestial Empire.

This was the first visit to the Chinese Empire since a previous visit at a time when there was important discussion of the matter of trade relations, and the spirit in which the American representative was received was a pleasant indication of the satisfaction over the relations of the present. Every year sees the general appreciation of the fair intent of American policies more widely accepted among the peoples of the far east.

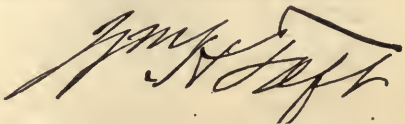


VISITING THE OLD HAUNTS FAR AFIELD IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE Philippines are today nearer the realization of the doctrine of "The Philippines for the Filipino" than they ever have been. There is more English being spoken in the islands, than Spanish, at the present time. Important public enterprises are under way which have attracted the attention of careful students of insular affairs all over the world. Water works are being built under the most expert scientific advice, public schools are being built in large numbers, and of superior equipment, and splendid public roads, such as that to the summer capital of Manila, are being laid out and constructed. Plagues have been made practically impossible, the customary fever period has been largely robbed of its terror, and sanitary conditions and the health of the people have been made subjects of special attention.

While complete independence is the dream of the people of the islands, they are finding that with so large a number of their own people in charge of the local government, as office holders they are practically administering their own affairs. The Philippine Congress, contains many of the brightest men in the islands, who are manifesting an enthusiastic interest in her new responsibilities. The Speaker of the House, Senor Don Asmena, is a progressive and talented young man, who believes in American ideas and is adapting them to his large field of usefulness. Hopefulness and optimism are the dominant notes in the Philippines today and these are the qualities that make for success and progress.

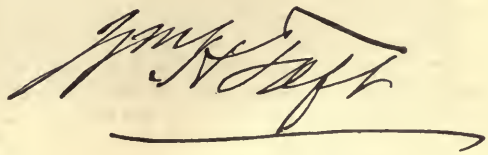
The stay in Manilla concluded the official work which I was sent abroad to do, and the return journey was the unofficial tour of an American citizen back to his native land and his home. That it was so full of interesting incidents and kindly attention is further evidence of the world's regard for the people of the United States.



THREE TIMES A DAY THE TRAIN STOPPED ON THAT TWELVE-DAYS JOURNEY ACROSS SIBERIA

TWELVE interesting days were consumed on the long trip across Siberia and Manchuria to Moscow: in the same length of time it would be possible to cross the continent of North America three times. This tremendous expanse reminds the thoughtful traveler that large as are the great plains of the west of our own country, there yet remain in other continents even larger areas for future development and settlement. The cars placed at the disposal of American party were very comforable being built with a corridor or aisle running along one side and with seats so that the occupants faced each other, on the other side. The average speed of the trains was good and the road bed was excellent though the rails are much lighter than those used in the United States. Three times a day the train stopped and the party made it a habit to get out and stretch their legs. Officials almost invariably took the opportunity of saying a friendly word to the American travelers, and the small American boy discovered many a strange dish which he promptly sampled. Meals were served to the American travelers in a palatial dining car. Substantial looking farms are met everywhere, the people appear prosperous and happy and there is little to remind the traveler of exile or privation.

The seasons come and go with surprising rapidity on a trip around the world. Torrid heat of the tropics, with white ducks and linens, gives place almost immediately to the cold of the north, where furs and heavy clothing are grateful changes. The variation of climate comes within the brief period of days rather than months. Day after day, as the train pushed along over mountain and plain, the magnitude of the great Siberian country was revealed, with sights and scenes of varied interest that make the longest railway journey a notable feature of a world tour.



IN THE QUAINT OLD CAPITAL OF MOSCOW, DRIVING ABOUT THE CITY WITH OFFICIALS

THE glory of beautiful and picturesque Moscow is the Kremlin, the fortress and the palace of the Czars. Fortune favored us and we spent Sunday in this historic city. We were enabled to witness the elaborate ceremonies of the Greek church, visited the splendid museums, saw the royal armor plate, inspected the rare jewels of the empire, and enjoyed studying the old medieval walls of the ancient city.

Moscow is a city of strange and complex impressiveness. It recalls the dim and distant past and yet it is alive with the freshness of the present. It is a cosmopolitan city above many others, excellent English is heard, splendid horses speed about in front of odd sleighs, there are modern shops where the best of the world's products, from every clime, can be had, and yet it is occasionally made the scene of disastrous bomb-throwing.

Although I was driven about the city with officials, a number of times, the bomb throwers were very considerate and not until after I had been safely returned to my quarters by Governor Hoerschelanan did that courteous official become the target for a missile. Fortunately the bomb did little damage, though it threw the Governor out of his sleigh into a snowbank.

Extreme cordiality is the keynote of the Russians in their treatment of the American visitor. Kindlier expressions of personal and official feeling are met with nowhere in the world than in the dominions of the Czar.

PERSONAL audience with the Czar is basis for the statement that the bulk of the newspaper and magazine descriptions are very misleading in the impressions which they create. The American visitor prepared to meet a very small man, of frail physique, and delicate constitution, will be much surprised in meeting a man of quite the average height, of ruddy complexion, clear blue eye, who speaks English with great fluency, asks friendly personal questions, and seems especially interested to obtain correct impressions of American affairs, from reliable sources.

The maneuvers of the famous Second Regiment attracted the immediate attention of the American party, and the magnificent physique of those troops has brought them world wide fame. Every man of the regiment is over six feet in height.

Petersburg is a night's ride by rail from quaint old Moscow. The city on the Neva, clad in early winter snows, had all the picturesque glow of the earlier conceptions.

Owing to sudden indisposition the Czarina was compelled to forego her anticipated audience to Mrs. Taft, which was conveyed to the party in the most gracious manner. Altogether, few of the incidents of the long journey around the world, looked at in perspective, seem fuller of pleasant reminiscence than the few hours spent in the Russian city which speaks so strongly of the genius of the Great Peter.

Ah, yes, the trousers! There can be no rose without its thorn. Sad though the incident was, and long it seemed between the time of the unfortunate damage and the return of the repaired garment, the humorous spirit with which every little accident of life is taken by the American people, demonstrates that we are a nation which is bound to look on the bright side of things.

ARRIVING IN ST. PETERSBURG, ON THE WAY TO MEET THE CZAR

In Sugaring Time

VIVA DICKINSON WHITE

A rough made building in the wood,
Among the stately maples stood,
To that dear spot my mem'ry strays
And dwells upon my boyhood days.
That dear old sugar house, I ween,
Surpassed all palaces I've seen.
I now can picture in my mind,
The joys to which we then were blind,
Remember well the oxen sleek,
Who faced the winds so cold and bleak
To gather from the trees around
The sap, with which they all abound.
I well recall the old brick arch
Which roared as loud as winds of March,
And sent out such a ruddy light
When we filled it with wood each night
Upon the arch, the nectar sweet
Fit even for a king to eat,
Bubbled and foamed the while we tried,
Tended and skimmed and dipper plied
When the too ruddy blast below
Threatened to make it overflow.
And when at last the "aprons" hung
And from the dipper gaily swung,
We watched them the while they strained
And filled the pans with sap again.
What would I now not give to be
A country lad so gay and free
And stand around the old brick arch
While outside roar the winds of March.

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"*My father shouted. 'Breakers ahead!'*"—See page 605.

Drawn by J. A. Williams

"*Whereupon I was put in irons.*"—See page 607.

THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

Illustrations by John A. Williams

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

Synopsis of preceding sections at end of this installment.

It seemed, as I gazed upon this wonderful herd of giant elephants, that I was again living in the public library at Stockholm, where I had spent much time studying the wonders of the Miocene age. I was filled with mute astonishment, and my father was speechless with awe. He held my arm with a protecting grip, as if fearful harm would overtake us. We were two atoms in this great forest, and, fortunately, unobserved by this vast herd of elephants as they drifted on and away, following a leader as does a herd of sheep. They browsed from growing herbage which they encountered as they traveled, and now and again shook the firmament with their deep bellowing.

(NOTE:—*Moreover, there were a great number of elephants in the island: and there was provision for animals of every kind. Also whatever fragrant things there are in the earth, whether roots or herbage, or woods, or distilling drops of flowers or fruits, grew and thrived in that land.*"—*The Cratyluo of Plato.*)

There is a hazy mist that goes up from the land each evening, and it invariably rains once every twenty-four hours. This great moisture and the invigorating electrical light and warmth account perhaps for the luxuriant vegetation, while the highly charged electrical air and the evenness of climatic conditions may have much to do with the giant growth and longevity of all animal life.

In places the level valleys stretched away for many miles in every direction. "The Smoky God," in its clear white light, looked calmly down. There was an intoxication in the electrically surcharged air that fanned the cheek as softly as a vanishing whisper. Nature chanted a lullaby in the faint murmur of winds whose breath was sweet with the fragrance of bud and blossom.

After having spent considerably more than a year in visiting several of the many cities of the "within" world and a great deal of intervening country, and more than two years had passed from the time we had been picked up by the great excursion ship on the river, we decided to cast our fortunes once more upon the sea, and endeavor to regain the "outside" surface of the earth.

We made known our wishes, and they were reluctantly but promptly followed. Our hosts gave my father, at his request, various maps showing the entire "inside" surface of the earth, its cities, oceans, seas, rivers, gulfs and bays. They also generously offered to give us all the bags of gold nuggets—some of them as large as a goose's egg—that we were willing to attempt to take with us in our little fishing-boat.

In due time we returned to Jehu, at which place we spent one month in fixing up and overhauling our little fishing sloop. After all was in readiness, the same ship "Naz" that originally discovered us, took us on board and sailed to the mouth of the river Hiddekel.

After our giant brothers had launched our little craft for us, they were most cordially regretful at parting, and evinced much solicitude for our safety. My father swore by the Gods Odin and Thor that he would surely return again within a year or two and pay them another visit. And thus we bade them adieu. We made ready and hoisted our sail, but there was little breeze. We were becalmed within an hour after our giant friends had left us and started on their return trip.

The winds were constantly blowing south, that is, they were blowing from the northern opening of the earth toward that which we knew to be south, but which, according to our compass's pointing finger, was directly north.

For three days we tried to sail, and to beat against the wind, but to no avail. Whereupon my father said: "My son, to return by the same route as we came in is impossible at this time of year. I wonder why we did not think of this before. We have been here almost two and a half years; therefore, this is the season when the sun is beginning to shine in at the southern opening of the earth. The long cold night is on in the Spitzbergen country."

"What shall we do?" I inquired.

"There is only one thing we can do," my father replied, "and that is to go south." Accordingly, he turned the craft about, gave it full reef, and started by the compass north but, in fact, directly south. The wind was strong, and we seemed to have struck a current that was running with remarkable swiftness in the same direction.

In just forty days we arrived at Delfi, a city we had visited in company with our guides Jules Galdea and his wife, near the mouth of the Gihon river. Here we stopped for two days, and were most hospitably entertained by the same people who had welcomed us on our former visit. We laid in some additional provisions and again set sail, following the needle due north.

On our outward trip we came through a narrow channel which appeared to be a separating body of water between two considerable bodies of land. There was a beautiful beach to our right, and we decided to reconnoiter. Casting anchor, we waded ashore to rest up for a day before continuing the outward hazardous undertaking. We built a fire and threw on some sticks of dry driftwood. While my father was walking along the shore, I prepared a tempting repast from supplies we had provided.

There was a mild, luminous light which my father said resulted from the sun shining in from the south aperture of the earth. That night we slept soundly, and awakened the next morning as refreshed as if we had been in our own beds at Stockholm.

After breakfast we started out on an inland tour of discovery, but had not gone far when we sighted some birds which we recognized at once as belonging to the penguin family. They are flightless birds, but excellent swimmers and tremendous in size, with white breast, short wings, black head, and long peaked bills. They stand fully nine feet high. They looked at us with little surprise, and presently waddled, rather than walked, toward the water, and swam away in a northerly direction.

(NOTE:—"*The nights are never so dark at the Poles as in other regions, for the moon and stars seem to possess twice as much light and effulgence. In addition, there is a continuous light, the varied shades and play of which are amongst the strangest phenomena of nature.*"—*Rambrosson's Astronomy.*)

The events that occurred during the following hundred or more days beggar description. We were on an open and iceless sea. The month we reckoned to be November or December, and we knew the so-called South Pole was turned toward the sun. Therefore, when passing out and away from the internal electrical light of "The Smoky God" and its genial warmth, we would be met by the light and warmth of the sun, shining in through the south opening of the earth. We were not mistaken.

(NOTE:—"*The fact that gives the phenomenon of the polar aurora its greatest importance is that the earth becomes self-luminous; that, besides the light which as a planet it received from the central body, it shows a capability of sustaining a luminous process proper to itself.*"—*Humboldt.*)

There were times when our little craft, driven by wind that was contiouous and persistent, shot through the waters like an arrow. Indeed, had we encountered a hidden rock or obstacle, our little vessel would have been crushed into kindling-wood.

At last we were conscious that the atmosphere was growing decidedly colder, and, a few days later, icebergs were sighted far to the left. My father argued, and correctly, that the winds which filled our sails came from the warm climate "within." The time of the year was certainly most auspicious for us to make our dash for the "outside" world and attempt to scud our fishing sloop through open channels of the frozen zone which surrounds the polar regions.

We were soon amid the ice-packs, and how our little craft got through the narrow channels and escaped being crushed I know not. The compass behaved in the same drunken and unreliable fashion in passing

over the southern curve or edge of the earth's shell as it had done on our inbound trip at the northern entrance. It gyrated, dipped and seemed like a thing possessed.

(NOTE:—*Captain Sabine, on page* 105 *in "Voyages in the Arctic Regions," says: "The geographical determination of the direction and intensity of the magnetic forces at different points of the earth's surface has been regarded as an object worthy of especial research. To examine in different parts of the globe, the declination, inclination and intensity of the magnetic force, and their periodical and secular variations, and mutual relations and dependencies could be duly investigated only in fixed magnetical observatories.*")

One day as I was lazily looking over the sloop's side into the clear waters, my father shouted: "Breakers ahead!" Looking up, I saw through a lifting mist a white object that towered several hundred feet high, completely shutting off our advance. We lowered sail immediately, and none too soon. In a moment we found ourselves wedged between two monstrous icebergs. Each was crowding and grinding against its fellow mountain of ice. They were like two gods of war contending for supremacy. We were greatly alarmed. Indeed, we were between the lines of a battle royal; the sonorous thunder of the grinding ice was like the continued volleys of artillery. Blocks of ice larger than a house were frequently lifted up a hundred feet by the mighty force of lateral pressure; they would shudder and rock to and fro for a few seconds, then come crashing down with a deafening roar, and disappear in the foaming waters. Thus, for more than two hours, the contest of the icy giants continued.

It seemed as if the end had come. The ice pressure was terrific, and while we were not caught in the dangerous part of the jamb, and were safe for the time being, yet the heaving and rending of tons of ice as it fell splashing here and there into the watery depths filled us with shaking fear.

Finally, to our great joy, the grinding of the ice ceased, and within a few hours the great mass slowly divided, and, as if an act of Providence had been performed, right before us lay an open channel. Should we venture with our little craft into this opening? If the pressure came on again, our little sloop as well as ourselves would be crushed into nothingness. We decided to take the chance, and, accordingly, hoisted our sail to a favoring breeze, and soon started out like a race-horse, running the gauntlet of this unknown narrow channel of open water.

For the next forty-five days our time was employed in dodging icebergs and hunting channels; indeed, had we not been favored with a strong south wind and a small boat, I doubt if this story could have ever been given to the world.

At last, there came a morning when my father said: "My son, I think we are to see home. We are almost through the ice. See! the open water lies before us."

However, there were a few icebergs that had floated far northward into the open water still ahead of us on either side, stretching away for many miles. Directly in front of us, and by the compass, which had now righted itself, due north, there was an open sea.

"What a wonderful story we have to tell to the people of Stockholm," continued my father, while a look of pardonable elation lighted up his honest face. "And think of the gold nuggets stowed away in the hold!"

I spoke kind words of praise to my father, not alone for his fortitude and endurance, but also for his courageous daring as a discoverer, and for having made the voyage that now promised a successful end. I was grateful, too, that he had gathered the wealth of gold we were carrying home.

While congratulating ourselves on the goodly supply of provisions and water we still had on hand, and on the dangers we had escaped, we were startled by hearing a most terrific explosion, caused by the tearing apart of a huge mountain of ice. It was a deafening roar like the firing of a thousand cannon. We were sailing at the time with great speed, and happened to be near a monstrous iceberg which to all appearances was as immovable as a rock-bound island. It seemed, however, that the iceberg had split and was breaking apart, whereupon the balance of the monster along which we were sailing was destroyed, and it began dipping from us. My father quickly anticipated the danger before I realized its awful possibilities. The iceberg extended down into the water many hundreds of feet, and, as it tipped over,

the portion coming up out of the water caught our fishing-craft like a lever on a fulcrum, and threw it into the air as if it had been a foot-ball.

Our boat fell back on the iceberg, that by this time had changed the side next to us for the top. My father was still in the boat, having become entangled in the rigging, while I was thrown some twenty feet away.

I quickly scrambled to my feet and shouted to my father, who answered: "All is well." Just then a realization dawned upon me. Horror upon horror! The blood froze in my veins. The iceberg was still in motion, and its great weight and force in toppling over would cause it to submerge temporarily. I fully realized what a sucking maelstrom it would produce amid the worlds of water on every side. They would rush into the depression in all their fury, like white-fanged wolves eager for human prey.

In this supreme moment of mental anguish, I remember glancing at our boat, which was lying on its side, and wondering if it could possibly right itself, and if my father could escape. Was this the end of our struggles and adventures? Was this death? All these questions flashed through my mind in the fraction of a second, and a moment later I was engaged in a life and death struggle. The ponderous monolith of ice sank below the surface, and the frigid waters gurgled around me in frenzied anger. I was in a saucer, with the waters pouring in on every side. A moment more and I lost consciousness.

When I partially recovered my senses, and roused from the swoon of a half-drowned man, I found myself wet, stiff, and almost frozen, lying on the iceberg. But there was no sign of my father or of our little fishing sloop. The monster berg had recovered itself, and, with its new balance, lifted its head perhaps fifty feet above the waves. The top of this island of ice was a plateau perhaps half an acre in extent.

I loved my father well, and was grief-stricken at the awfulness of his death. I railed at fate, that I, too, had not been permitted to sleep with him in the depths of the ocean. Finally, I climbed to my feet and looked about me. The purple-domed sky above, the shoreless green ocean beneath, and only an occasional iceberg discernible! My heart sank in hopeless despair. I cautiously picked my way across the berg toward the other side, hoping that our fishing craft had righted itself.

Dared I think it possible that my father still lived? It was but a ray of hope that flamed up in my heart. But the anticipation warmed my blood in my veins and started it rushing like some rare stimulant through every fibre of my body.

I crept close to the precipitous side of the iceberg, and peered far down, hoping, still hoping. Then I made a circle of the berg, scanning every foot of the way, and thus I kept going around and around. One part of my brain was certainly becoming maniacal, while the other part, I believe, and do to this day, was perfectly rational.

I was conscious of having made the circuit a dozen times, and while one part of my intelligence knew, in all reason, there was not a vestige of hope, yet some strange fascinating aberration bewitched and compelled me still to beguile myself with expectation. The other part of my brain seemed to tell me that while there was no possibility of my father being alive, yet, if I quit making the circuitous pilgrimage, if I paused for a single moment, it would be an acknowledgement of defeat, and, should I do this, I felt that I should go mad. Thus, hour after hour I walked around and around, afraid to stop and rest, yet physically powerless to continue much longer. Oh! horror of horrors! to be cast away in this wide expanse of waters without food or drink, and only a treacherous iceberg for an abiding place. My heart sank within me, and all semblance of hope was fading into black despair.

Then the hand of the Deliverer was extended, and the death-like stillness of a solitude rapidly becoming unbearable was suddenly broken by the firing of a signal-gun. I looked up in startled amazement, when, I saw, less than a half-mile away, a whaling-vessel bearing down toward me with her sail full set.

Evidently my continued activity on the iceberg had attracted their attention. On drawing near, they put out a boat, and, descending cautiously to the water's edge, I was rescued, and a little later lifted on board the whaling-ship.

I found it was a Scotch whaler, "The Arlington." She had cleared from Dun-

dee in September, and started immediately for the Antarctic, in search of whales. The captain, Angus MacPherson, seemed kindly disposed, but in matters of discipline, as I soon learned, possessed of an iron will. When I attempted to tell him that I had come from the "inside" of the earth, the captain and mate looked at each other, shook their heads, and insisted on my being put in a bunk under strict surveillance of the ship's physician.

I was very weak for want of food, and had not slept for many hours. However, after a few days' rest, I got up one morning and dressed myself without asking permission of the physician or anyone else, and told them that I was as sane as anyone.

The captain sent for me and again questioned me concerning where I had come from, and how I came to be alone on an iceberg in the far off Antarctic Ocean. I replied that I had just come from the "inside" of the earth, and proceeded to tell him how my father and myself had gone in by way of Spitzbergen, and come out by way of the South Pole country, whereupon I was put in irons. I afterward heard the captain tell the mate that I was as crazy as a March hare, and that I must remain in confinement until I was rational enough to give a truthful account of myself.

Finally, after much pleading and many promises, I was released from irons. I then and there decided to invent some story that would satisfy the captain, and never again refer to my trip to the land of "The Smoky God," at least until I was safe among friends.

Within a fortnight I was permitted to go about and take my place as one of the seamen. A little later the captain asked me for an explanation. I told him that my experience had been so horrible that I was fearful of my memory, and begged him to permit me to leave the question unanswered until some time in the future. "I think you are recovering considerably," he said, "but you are not sane yet by a good deal." "Permit me to do such work as you may assign," I replied, "and if it does not compensate you sufficiently, I will pay you immediately after I reach Stockholm—to the last penny." Thus the matter rested.

On finally reaching Stockholm, as I have already related, I found that my good mother had gone to her reward more than a year before. I have also told how, later, the treachery of a relative landed me in a madhouse, where I remained for twenty-eight years—seemingly unending years—and, still later, after my release, how I returned to the life of a fisherman, following it sedulously for twenty-seven years, then how I came to America, and finally to Los Angeles, California. But all this can be of little interest to the reader. Indeed, it seems to me the climax of my wonderful travels and strange adventures was reached when the Scotch sailing-vessel took me from an iceberg on the Antarctic Ocean.

In concluding this history of my adventures, I wish to state that I firmly believe science is yet in its infancy concerning the cosmology of the earth. There is so much that is unaccounted for by the world's accepted knowledge of today, and will ever remain so until the land of "The Smoky God" is known and recognized by our geographers.

It is the land from whence came the great logs of cedar that have been found by explorers in open waters far over the northern edge of the earth's crust, and also the bodies of mammoths whose bones are found in vast beds on the Siberian coast.

Northern explorers have done much. Sir John Franklin, De Haven Grinnell, Sir John Murray, Kane, Melville, Hall, Nansen, Schwatka, Greely, Peary, Ross, Gerlache, Bernacchi, Andree, Amsden and others have all been striving to storm the frozen citadel of mystery.

I firmly believe that Andree and his two brave companions, Strindberg and Fraenckell, who sailed away in the balloon "Oreon" from the northwest coast of Spitzbergen on that Sunday afternoon of July 11, 1897, are now in the "within" world, and doubtless are being entertained, as my father and myself were entertained, by the kind-hearted giant race inhabiting the inner Atlantis Continent.

Having, in my humble way, devoted years to these problems, I am well acquainted with the accepted definitions of gravity, as well as the cause of the magnetic needle's attraction, and I am prepared to say that it is my firm belief that the magnetic needle is influenced solely by electric currents which completely envelop the earth like a garment,

and that these electric currents in an endless circuit pass out of the southern end of the earth's cylindrical opening, diffusing and spreading themselves over all the "outside" surface, and rushing madly on in their course toward the North Pole. And while these currents seemingly dash off into space at the earth's curve or edge, yet they drop again to the "inside" surface and continue their way southward along the inside of the earth's crust, toward the opening of the so-called South Pole.

As to gravity, no one knows what it is, because it has not been determined whether it is atmospheric pressure that causes the apple to fall, or whether, 150 miles below the surface of the earth, supposedly one-half way through the earth's crust, there exists some powerful loadstone attraction that draws it. Therefore, whether the apple, when it leaves the limb of the tree, is drawn or impelled downward to the nearest point of resistance, is unknown to the students of physics.

Sir James Ross claimed to have discovered the magnetic pole at about seventy-four degrees latitude. This is wrong—the magnetic pole is exactly one-half the distance through the earth's crust. Thus, if the earth's crust is three hundred miles in thickness, which is the distance I estimate it to be, then the magnetic pole is undoubtedly one hundred and fifty miles below the surface of the earth, it matters not where the test is made. And at this particular point one hundred and fifty miles below the surface, gravity ceases, becomes neutralized; and when we pass beyond that point on toward the "inside" surface of the earth, a reverse attraction geometrically increases in power, until the other one hundred and fifty miles of distance is traversed, which would bring us out on the "inside" of the earth.

Thus, if a hole were bored down through the earth's crust at London, Paris, New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles, a distance of three hundred miles, it would connect the two surfaces. While the inertia and momentum of a weight dropped in from the "outside" surface would carry it far past the magnetic center, yet, before reaching the "inside" surface of the earth it would gradually diminish in speed, after passing the half-way point, finally pause and immediately fall back toward the "outside" surface, and continue thus to oscillate, like the swinging of a pendulum with the power removed, until it would finally rest at the magnetic center, or at that particular point exactly one-half the distance between the "outside" surface and the "inside" surface of the earth.

The gyration of the earth in its daily act of whirling around in its spiral rotation—at a rate greater than one thousand miles every hour, or about seventeen miles per second—makes of it a vast electro-generating body, a huge machine, a mighty prototype of the puny-man-made dynamo, which, at best, is but a feeble imitation of nature's original.

The valleys of this inner Atlantis Continent, bordering the upper waters of the farthest north, are in season covered with the most magnificent and luxuriant flowers. Not hundreds and thousands, but millions, of acres, from which the pollen or blossoms are carried far away in almost every direction by the earth's spiral gyrations and the agitation of the wind resulting therefrom, and it is these blossoms or pollen from the vast floral meadows "within" that produce the colored snows of the Arctic regions that have so mystified the northern explorers.

(NOTE:—*Kane, vol. I, page 44, says: "We passed the 'crimson cliffs' of Sir John Ross in the forenoon of August 5th. The patches of red snow from which they derive their name could be seen clearly at the distance of ten miles from the coast."*)

(NOTE:—*La Chambre, in an account of Andree's balloon expedition, on page 144, says: "On the isle of Amsterdam the snow is tinted with red for a considerable distance, and the savants are collecting it to examine it microscopically. It presents, in fact, certain peculiarities; it is thought that it contains very small plants. Scoreby, the famous whaler, had already remarked this."*)

Beyond question, this new land "within" is the home, the cradle, of the human race, and viewed from the standpoint of the discoveries made by us, must of necessity have a most important bearing on all physical, paleontological, archaeological, philological and mythological theories of antiquity.

The same idea of going back to the land of mystery—to the very beginning—to the origin of man—is found in Egyptian traditions of the earlier terrestrial regions of the gods, heroes and men, from the historical

fragments of Manetho, fully verified by the historical records taken from the more recent excavations of Pompeii as well as the traditions of the North American Indians.

It is now one hour past midnight—the new year of 1907 is here, and this is the third day thereof, and having at last finished the record of my strange travels and adventures I wish given to the world, I am ready, and even longing, for the peaceful rest which I am sure will follow life's trials and vicissitudes. I am old in years, and ripe both with adventures and sorrows, yet rich with the few friends I have cemented to me in my struggles to lead a just and upright life. Like a story that is well-nigh told, my life is ebbing away. The presentiment is strong within me that I shall not live to see the rising of another sun. Thus do I conclude my message.

OLAF JANSEN.

AUTHOR'S AFTERWORD.

I found much difficulty in deciphering and editing the manuscripts of Olaf Jansen. However, I have taken the liberty of reconstructing only a very few expressions, and in doing this have in no way changed the spirit or meaning. Otherwise, the original text has neither been added to nor taken from.

It is impossible for me to express my opinion as to the value or reliability of the wonderful statements made by Olaf Jansen. The description here given of the strange lands visited by him, their location, cities, the names and directions of their rivers, and other information herein combined, conform in every way to the rough drawings given into my custody by this ancient Norseman, which drawings it is my intention at some later date to give to the Smithsonian Institute, to preserve for the benefit of those interested in the mysteries of the "Farthest North"—the frozen circle of silence.

THE END

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING SECTIONS

In his Foreword, published in the December number of the National, the author comments upon the undying interest which men have ever evinced regarding the hidden secrets of the frozen Northland. He recounts many of the well-known, and advances some new and interesting, arguments founded on material proofs, leading to the inevitable conclusion that there is still another and a grander continent somewhere "beyond the North Wind."

At two o'clock, one morning he was summoned to the bedside of Olaf Jansen, an aged Norseman who, some years before, had established his home in an outlying section of Los Angeles, California. The old Norseman was about to die, but before the end came he told the author of this narrative of his marvelous voyage to the "Inner World," made by his father and himself many years before.

A detailed story of the voyage, written by the old Norseman himself, with data, drawings and crude maps, were given to the author of this narrative, with the understanidng that they should be offered to the world after the old Norseman's death, that the mystery of the frozen Northland might be forever cleared away. In the old Norseman's story it is set forth that during the wonderful voyage which he so graphically describes, his father was drowned, and the son, on telling the captain of the whaling vessel which rescued him in the Antarctic Ocean, of his myserious adventures, was believed to be a madman. Later he was permitted to return to Stockholm from whence he had started, and there told his story in detail to his uncle who had him confined in a madhouse, where he remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering! He was finally released and after many years spent as a fisherman and a student of books he came to America where he wrote the story of his voyage. In this he details how he and his father sailed from Stockholm to Franz Joseph Land from which point they dared to sail still on toward the mysterious land "beyond the North Wind." After thrilling adventures among icebergs and days of sailing in more open waters, an awful tempest of wind and snow which nearly sunk their sloop was followed by strangely mild, fair weather. One day, when Olaf was sleeping, his father roused him, saying, "There is land in sight." This land proved to be the outskirts of the "Inner World," and from the time huge men, twelve feet in height came to their little sloop, took it bodily from the water and carried it on board a massive ship to the marvelous country and cities they inhabit, the two voyagers were filled with awe and wonder. They were treated with gentleness and courtesy. Great cities, vast waterways, evidence of advanced learning and marvels of every kind greeted them as they were conducted through the "Inner World."

INFELICE

By Minnie Barbour Adams

Author of "Doctor Wentworth's Patient," etc.

"HOW do you do, Dr. McIntire. Come right up. I'm *so* glad you came immediately. I've been so worried about Isabel; she has been suffering from extreme lassitude for a week. Oh, of course she has been to dinners and balls; she could hardly refuse, poor girl, right at the height of the season, unless she were actually in bed, which she really is today. There, walk right in. Yes it is dark. Her head ached so, poor dear, that she begged me to close the blinds. Close and hot? Well the odor of all those flowers is a little heavy, and it does seem rather warm. Open the window if you insist, doctor, but I should dislike, very much, to have her catch cold just at this juncture. Now if you will excuse me a moment, dear Doctor McIntyre; Mary was just ready to take Prince and Flossie out for an airing, and I'm *so* afraid she may forget to put on their blankets. The darlings really need the exercise; they havn't been out for two whole days."

"I can well understand your anxiety, and will gladly excuse you," replied the doctor, gravely, as he held the door open for her. "A lack of exercise at this time of year might result in serious complications."

"O Doctor, I hadn't thought of that, and I'm *so* glad you told me," returned Miss Wentworth gratefully. "And Doctor, sometime—I know I shouldn't ask it, but I get *so* worried—sometime Doctor—if it isn't asking too much—when you have a few leisure moments, would you mind just looking them over?"

"I thank you for your confidence, Miss Wentworth; I shall consider it my Christian duty to give them my first leisure hour," he replied, seriously, bowing low; and the lady departed in a flutter of anxiety, but thankful that dear Prince and Flossie were assured the very best medical attendance, should they fall ill.

Unheeding the sound of suppressed mirth, the doctor allowed the shades on the two windows nearest the invalid's couch to strike the top of the casing with a vicious snap; and the dazzling afternoon sunshine poured in. He lowered one window a foot from the top, raised another the same height, and the cold, crisp winter air rudely attacked the delicate draperies, and set the roses on the table nodding to each other. Then, for the first time, he turned toward the couch and encountered the eyes of the sufferer. They were heavy and tired, he had to admit; but there was a mischievous, tantalizing glint in them that boded ill to the one who should attempt to show her the error of her ways. As it would appear that he was the one ordained by Fate for this same thankless task, he did not return her smile of greeting, but proceeded at once to business.

"How long have you been feeling this way, Isabel?" he asked, brusquely.

"I have been in this hopeless, despairing state for some time," she replied, in a weak, pathetic voice, dropping her eyes and playing nervously with the ribbons on her negligee.

"But what caused it? How did it begin?"

"I—I think it began that night you told me I didn't amount to a row of pins. I haven't cared to live since;" sighing deeply, and gazing at him with sombre, tragic eyes.

"You wilfully misunderstood my meaning," he returned, savagely. "You would double-discount a hundred rows of pins in your ability to drive a man to desperation."

But she only sighed once more, with an air of resignation.

"Any appetite? Eat anything today?"

"No, to both your questions, kind sir. That is," seeing him look inquiringly at the empty box on the tabouret at the head of the couch, "only some chocolates that Freddie Van Sant sent."

"Humph," snorted the doctor. "Read any?" as he spied a book peeping from under the pillow.

Isabel drew it out and gave it to him. "Yes, and it did make my head ache dreadfully," she admitted; "but I just couldn't leave that poor fellow playing coachman to

the lady he loved without seeing how it turned out. Oh it ended beautifully," and she sighed ecstatically as she again sank on the pillow.

"Doubtless. They always do," sneered the doctor. "Give me your hand," extending one of his and inserting two fingers of the other in his vest pocket for his watch. But she kept her own tightly clasped beneath her head, and turned startled, incredulous eyes on him.

"Surely, you cannot mean it Doctor?"

"I surely do," he replied shortly.

"I—I feel greatly flattered, and appreciate the honor you would do me," she returned, shyly, "but I must save you from yourself. One so utterly frivolous and inconsequent as I would only be a millstone about your neck."

The doctor smiled in spite of himself, but unhesitatingly slipped his fingers beneath the touseled head and found the wrist.

"You have considerable fever," he announced, returning his watch to his pocket. "Confound it all; if it had been Flossie or Prince that was ailing, Aunt Annabel would have sat up nights studying that green and gold volume that plays a close second to her Bible. She would not have allowed them to lie in this close room and eat chocolates."

"O I know all that," assented the invalid cheerfully, "But being a mere girl has its compensations; you wouldn't be as gentle and tender with them as you are with me."

"But my attentions would probably be more appreciated. Put out your tongue," he said, leaning over her; but was surprised to see a look of alarm come into the eyes she turned on him, and to see her close her lips and shake her head resolutely.

"Well—now—what?" he asked wearily, leaning back in his chair again.

"I dassent," came in a terror-stricken whisper. "I did it onc't at mamma when she wouldn't let me wear my new pink sash to school. The other girls always did it; but," with a grieved air, "my first attempt was nipped in the bud, and I've never tried it again, though it would still be a simple, comprehensive method of expressing myself at times."

"Very well," said the doctor, leaning forward and grasping her chin firmly with one hand, while with the other he pressed against her forehead. "I'll see that you have no responsibility in the matter this time. We physicians dislike to use force, but in critical cases of this kind, it sometimes becomes necessary. There! Beautifully clothed in white fur as I expected."

He leaned back in his chair with an air of finality as though his diagnosis was finished, and stared gloomily at the roses on the table, a tired, discouraged look on his face.

At length a hand crept out from under the silk coverlet, and timidly touched his arm, and a frightened voice asked in a whisper, "Will I live, Doctor dear? Do you think you can pull me through?"

His hand closed quickly over the one on his arm, and he looked earnestly at the mocking face on the pillow. "Yes," he replied, gravely, "if you will follow my prescription?"

"And that is?" hopefully.

"Get up early tomorrow morning with some aim and object in your life, save having a good time."

"Would you advise dogs or cats, or one of each?" anxiously.

He did not deign a reply to this frivolity, but continued: "Hunt up your brother and be a companion to him; he needs it."

"Would someone else' brother do if I find that he does not need me," plaintively.

"Yes; my sister's brother would be glad of your interest," he returned quickly, and then added entreatingly. "Isabel how much longer are you going to be satisfied with this useless—worse than useless—life? You'll waken some morning and find it all Dead Sea fruit. I know, for I've been through it. I want to spare you the bitter realization if I can."

"But why not let me go on and find it out for myself? The time may come when I'll want to warn some poor, frivolous creature; and think how much more effective it will be if I can say, 'I know for I've been through it all myself,'' imitating him so perfectly that he felt his color rise as he wondered if he had delivered the speech with as much gruff pomposity as her imitation implied.

This was the beginning of the end. Five minutes later he had seized his hat and gloves and started toward the door, with the firm determination of never entering it again.

"Katie, will you kindly show the Doctor out?" Isabel said sweetly, to the maid sewing at the farther end of the room; but her eyes had a sparkle not induced by fever.

How it had happened the doctor could not exactly remember; but, in his cab, admitted

to himself that he had been something of an ass, losing his temper and telling a girl—and a patient—that it was a sin for such a worthless, frivolous piece of humanity to encumber the earth when there was so much sorrow and misery at her very door. That she was dancing and flirting her life away, while her brother—well, he hardly liked to remember what he had said about her brother. Oh well, she had goaded him to it, and he knew that there had never before been such an aggravating, tantalizing—yes, he was forced to admit it—darling, since the world began.

"There—go to sleep mamma's little lamb," coaxed Patsy, swinging the fretting baby gently to and fro in his arms. "Shut your eyes, blessed little dove," he continued, in a comical imitation of his mother's soft Gaelic. Then, as the wail increased in volume, and the tiny hands began to feebly beat the air, he suddenly descended from his maternal role to that of an exasperated small boy. "Aw, shut up your yawp, will ye? Doc's liable to drop in any minute now, and if he hears you a yellin' this way, it'll queer the whole deal."

But it was only after considerable walking up and down, and after he had rendered nearly every song in his extensive repertoire, that the transparent lids slowly descended and partially obscured the lusterless eyes.

Why didn't they shut clear up like Mamma's and everybody's else that he ever saw? He poked an eyelid with a pudgy fore-finger, as he had many times before, but it was no use; they would not close. "Well," he thought, confidently, "when Doc gets through with her that will be cured as well as her poor, crooked little body."

The big clock, that looked like the patrol box on the corner, boomed out three. Pat jumped. "Gee whiz!" He had promised that lawyer feller that had stopped him on the way up, to take a box of flowers over to his girl on the East side at three. He had to do it for there was fifty cents in it for him, and they was gettin' scarcer than hen's teeth in the McGuire family. He knew what he was talkin' about, too, when he said hen's teeth; hadn't he looked in the mouth of one of them old yellow hens and not found a bloomin' tooth? And didn' that darned old rooster nearly tare the shirt off'n his back when the old ninny began to squawk?

But what was he to do with the kid? He had counted on doing the errand while Doc. was fixin' her up. But, go he must, so he began to look around for a safe place to put her. The leather chairs wouldn't do; they was so durned slippery she might wiggle off, and then someone might set down and squush her. The table wouldn't do either, for she'd be sure to upset something. Then he spied the big waste-paper basket and his troubles were over. She was soon lying on a bed composed largely of the wails of sufferers like herself, and Patsy had slipped out of the side door through which he had entered, "not wantin' the people waitin' in the other room to see him packin' a kid done up in a quilt."

The doctor entered his private office by the same little-used door at the end of the hall. Sinclair, his partner, was taking care of the patients in the main office; anyway, he was supposed to be out on a dangerous case, and as he had found the case departed to appear before a greater physician, he felt that this little breathing spell was his own. He flung himself wearily into the chair before his desk. He was thoroughly disheartened. He felt that he had not fulfilled the promise made to Isabel's dying father two years before, that he would be a brother to them. True, he had stood ready to assume any relationship that she would accept; affinity preferred, but consanguinity by adoption if nothing better offered. He felt that the boy, a cub of twenty was hopeless. He was going to predition by a new and original route of his own, blazing his trial at very frequent intervals so that his friends and followers would have no doubt as to the path he had taken. But very few, even of the boldest, had the courage to attempt the headlong pace, though it was getting him over the ground at a rate that filled their souls with envy and admiration. To Isabel, as she looked into his innocent,boyish face, it was but a harmless canter about the park on a May morning, instead of a wild, Mazeppa-like ride, chained as he was to the swift, lawless devil—license.

The doctor had just learned of a contemplated bit of madness that would surely end his run with a cropper; and he was convinced that only Isabel could pull him up in time. The difficulty was to make her see the need of instant action; and if he succeeded in opening her eyes to the situation, would not the wily boy make his contemplated crime

appear but an innocent Sunday School picnic, with his dear teacher along to see that he behaved?

Anyhow, it was his duty to see her and do what he could, humiliating as the encounter was likely to be.

He had been conscious of a peculiar rustling at his elbow for some time, and now he suddenly sprang to his feet in consternation as a baby's wailing cry was added to the rustle. A very pitiful little wailer it was, he decided, as he hushed it to sleep again, his strong arms as tender and efficient as its mother's.

"The Children's Hospital," he wrote on his slate, and wrapping the child closely in the old quilt, he set forth.

He decided that he would stop at Isabel's on the way and have it over. It would only take a few minutes to say what he had to say —most likely it would resolve itself into the question of what she would allow him to say, he thought, with a grim smile.

He was a wise prophet. Ten minutes from the time he had entered the house and deposited the baby with his hat and gloves on the divan in the hall, he was back in his carriage, dazed and bewildered, a prey to conflicting emotions. The very existence of the baby was forgotten; it had made but little impression on his preoccupied mind from the first, familiar as he was with sin and suffering in all its phases.

On his return to the office he found a telegram that called him to a neighboring town, and it was eleven o'clock that night when, cold and wet, he reached home; if a folding bed in his private office could be called home.

As he approached his own door, a huddled, indistinct object near it suddenly resolved itself into a little woman, tearful and excited, who implored: "For the love of heaven, Doctor McIntyre, where's me baby?"

Before he could answer, another object joined the first; a boy, small but very aggressive, who demanded: "Doc, what the devil'd you do with the kid I put in your basket?"

"Pat—sy," remonstrated his mother.

Baby? Basket? What did they mean? these two excited waylayers who held him up at his very door and demanded an imaginary baby—or was it a basket?

"Aw, come Doc," cried Patsy impatiently, "I dropped her in your waste basket; I bet you've dissectioned her," menacingly.

A cry of alarm from Mrs. McGuire ended in a fervent request for the blessings of all the saints to rest upon the doctor, who, at the mention of his big Indian waste basket, suddenly remembered, and assured her heartily that the baby was all right.

"And where is she?" was the next query.

To give his overwrought brain time to hunt up the answer to this puzzle, he having evidently, mislaid the baby during the anxiety and mental perturbation of the afternoon, he invited them into the office, dropped the little mother into a chair so big that she looked like a crumpled antimassacar that had carelessly slid from the back to one corner, put her damp feet on a footstool before the open fire, and then collared Pat.

"And have ye had any supper the night?" he demanded. Mrs. MeGuire felt the tears spring to her eyes at the seldom heard inflection.

"Divvil a bit," replied Pat wistfully.

"Neither have I, and I that hungry"—he made an expressive gesture and continued. "Then it's you that'll be going around to Sandy Campbell's place and telling him it's a fine supper for three we'll be wanting." Then, to Mrs. McGuire, as Pat departed on the run.

"Now, if you'll excuse me a moment, I'll do a bit of telephoning before the supper comes."

He went into the main office and carefully closed the door, and called for Isabel's home. It seemed an unconscionably long time before Katie's sleepy, and not too gracious voice, answered his impatient "Hello."

"It is I, Doctor McIntyre," he assured her, and then , lowering his voice confidentially, "Say, Katie, I didn't happen to leave a baby lying around anywhere when I called this afternoon, did I?"

"Leave—a—what?"

"A baby, Katie—a kid—a small child, done up, if I remember rightly, in an old quilt tied with a twine string."

"For the lands sake," giggled Katie, "so it was you that left it it. Miss Isabel found it, and she's about turned the house upside down over it; has turned her dressing room into a nursery and hired me as nurse; I having helped to raise seven for my sister."

"But what in creation is she going to do with it?" asked the astonished doctor.

"Keep it, to be sure. I heard her tellin'

Miss Wentworth that some poor sinful, sufferin' mother's feet was guided to our door to give her, Miss Isabel, an aim and object in life besides frivolous amusements, which was only deep sea fruit anyway."

The doctor gave a great start, and a light came into his haggard eyes that would have astonished his auditor. His very words, he thought, exultantly; and then he heard a smothered yawn.

"Katie, you won't tell Miss Isabel that I left it, will you?"

"But Doctor," demurred the girl.

He hesitated a moment, then: "You look awfully nice in that gray fur tippet, or whatever you call it, Katie; it sets off your black eyes and red cheeks; but you need the muff like it that's down in Kirk's window. I'll bring it up if Miss Isabel sends for me to see the baby tomorrow, for you know it's in bad shape Katie."

"Well, she'll send for you before the day is over," laughed the girl; and the doctor, well satisfied at the bit of shameless bribery, hung up the receiver.

He found the excited Pat and a man from Sandy's unpacking a hamper, and Mrs. McGuire, with true housewifely instincts, arranging the cloth and dishes the man had brought, on his desk.

Over this midnight lunch, which seemed a veritable feast to the poorly fed mother and son, the doctor told his story of the orphan girl to whom amusement seemed the one and only object in life. Of the really sinful waste of fortune, time and strength on what he considered selfish, harmful pleasure. Of his inability to get her interested in anything more uplifting. But the baby, poor, suffering little mite, with its faint hold on life, had done in hours that which he had tried for years to accomplish.

"I did not examine her very closely," he concluded, as they drew their chairs up to the fire again, "but enough to see that a number of very delicate operations and the most careful nursing are necessary to save your baby, Mrs. McGuire."

"It is I that know that only too well, Doctor," agreed the mother, with a sigh.

"Well then, I have a proposition to make. For the sake of the child, and for the sake of the girl, leave them together for a while, and trust me to do all I can for the baby," and, under his breath, "and the girl."

The mother joyfully agreed to his plan, though there were tears in her eyes as she unconsciously glanced at her empty arms.

"And I can go to school again," cried Pat rapturously.

The doctor nodded. "But Pat, how did you happen to bring the baby to me," he asked.

The boy turned his back to the blaze and faced the doctor, his hands deep in his pockets. "Cause I knowed you the best, and knowed you'd do what was square by a feller. You done a bully good job on my arm."

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"Yes. At the picnic that time. You give me something to smell of and it never hurt a doggone bit when you set it."

"Pat—sy," admonished his mother.

"And then, you was never too stuck up to speak to a feller after that. Onct," reminiscently, "you gave me a sack of peanuts, and onc't an all-day-sucker that put my jaw out of business for three hours. And Mike sassed me scandalous and I couldn't sass back."

"How you must have suffered," consoled the doctor.

"So did Mike later on," replied Pat, with a grin and a wink at the doctor. Then, coming back to the business in hand. "Yo see, what started me off with the kid so suddint like, was what Mawm an' Mis' Dooley was sayin' last night."

"I thought you was sleeping Patsy," said his mother, reprovingly.

"Maw said as how the kid wasn't long for this world, an' she wouldn't grieve much when the poor, sufferin' lamb was laid beside her Paw. So I thought if you couldn't fix her, you might send her some'ers on the Fresh Air Fund, or get her into a hospital, or something."

The mother and the doctor exchanged glances.

"And I thought you would do it if I told you all about the fix we was in.

"Yes; tell me now, Patsy," said the doctor encouragingly.

"Well, you see, it was this way. We had a little place down in the Addition"—

"And a cow and a pig," interposed Mrs. McGuire, "and some chickens."

"Big yellow ones with feathers on their legs," continued Pat, "and Paw used to scold and say that Maw ought to teach them

to roll up their pants in wet weather cause it would be neater and a savin' on feathers; but he was just a coddin' Maw."

"He was a tease, Tim was," agreed Mrs. McGuire, furtively wiping her eyes.

"And Maw sung and worked all the time, and I played with the pup and McGinnis' goat; and everything was just bully till that day they brought Paw home in the ambulance, and—and"—

"Took him away in the hearse," groaned Mrs. McGuire.

There was silence for a moment. "And then," prompted the doctor.

"Oh, that packin' and sellin' was awful, Doc," said Patsy. "I was afraid Maw would die too, she cried so much."

"It was the coming across his clothes and things all the time," apologized Mrs. McGuire. "That day I found his pipe on the window sill where he had put it"—

"She bust right out 'Oh, Tim, Tim;' and I hiked," cried Patsy.

"And Doctor, I was that worried over Patsy about that time. He got the idea that it wasn't manly to cry, and went around for two or three days looking awful."

"Gee! How my throat hurt," chuckled Pat. "I got so scared about it, Mike's hurtin' that way when he was comin' down with the diphthery, that I stopped old Doctor Cox on the street one day and asked him about it. 'How's your Maw' he said. 'O Doc, she's takin' on awful,' I told him, and my throat gripped me so tight I thought I'd choke."

"Then what did he say?" asked Mrs. McGuire.

Nothin' for a long time; just stood and poked his cane in the cracks in the walk, an' me gettin' scarder every minute. Then he looked at me, and they was tears in his eyes. 'Go home and cry with her Pat; that'll help your throat quicker'n any medicine I can give you;' and as I started, he said, 'we men never get too old for that sort of thing.' And it did the business."

"Then you moved into the city?"

"Yep; and Maw got work in a shop where they make lingerings or something—aw, you know what I mean," as the doctor laughed, "skirts, and chimmies and things for rich ladies."

"I know—go on," the doctor said hastily.

"And I went to school; and say,"—the distance between his feet unconsciously widening,—"I could lick every boy in my room but Ole Olson, and he was scared to fight," scornfully.

"Why Patsy, what will the doctor think?" expostulated his mother.

"Well I could; and we was gettin' along fine and dandy till that night." The last word ended in a hopeless sigh.

"What night, Patsy?" asked Mrs. McGuire, in surprise.

He turned to her accusingly. "Why that night a year or so after Paw died, when I come home from school and found you a layin, on the lounge a talkin' to Mis' Dooley; and you said I could go home and stay all night with Mike. And the next morning I had to come home for a clean waist, an'"—

"Your's was a sight," she admitted.

"Mike always told me that Terry hit for a feller's nose, the first thing, and he sure did," with a grin. "And Doc," turning back to him with a tragic air as he neared the climax, "what do you think I found? Why, the kid; lots littler an' redder than she is now, layin' in Paw's chair, 'n Maw—flat—on—her—back—with—the—grip. Of all times to get sick, just as you've got a new baby to take care of. But it was just our luck," pessimistically; and Mrs. McGuire sighed.

"Our troubles began in earnest then, Doctor," she said. "I couldn't work at the shop, and Patsy had to leave school and sell papers or mind the baby when I could get a day's work."

"You just bet the boys don't know what I'm doin' them days," cried Patsy. "I let on I've been down to the Addition, and talk about the goat, and the new holt I tried on the feller that lives in our house."

"We must go now Patsy," said his mother, rising. "It's a shame to have kept you up listening to my troubles, Doctor."

"Our troubles now, Mrs. McGuire," he replied; then suddenly grasping Pat by the shoulder, he continued sternly: "And Patsy, it's you that'll happen around here during your spare minutes. I need a fellow about your size in the business. Why, there ain't a day that I don't see a lonesome dollar or two loafing around this office, just aching to slip into a pocket among a lot of marbles and a jackknife. Ain't got non ?" in surprise. "Well, well, this must be inquired into when you come tomorrow. Now see that you

come," he added, fiercely, giving him a little shake as he pinned the old coat about him.

"You bet I will," cried the boy joyfully.

"O Patsy, it's our troubles that's over," sighed Mrs. McGuire, as they rolled homeward in the doctor's carriage, through the deserted streets.

The telephone poured many tales of sorrow and suffering into the doctor's patient ear the next day, before the voice he had been listening and hoping for was heard; and it was so heavily freighted with anxiety and excitement as to be hardly recognizable.

"Did you know that Tom was in a hospital in Chicago, with a broken leg?" the voice demanded.

"Thank God!" ejaculated the doctor, fervently.

"What did you say?"

"I said what a pity. Are you going to him?"

No; they say not to come as I could do him no good just at this time. And Doctor, I hate to remind you of it, but really, does not your conscience hurt you for the way you talked about the poor boy only yesterday; and wronged him too, I am certain?"

"Yes; it's beginning to hurt me dreadfully," the doctor admitted, mournfully. "If you'll hold the phone a minute, I'll take an opiate to deaden the pain."

"No, let it hurt," the girl commanded. And then: "Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, and smiled knowingly, to himself.

"Won't you—won't you come up some time today? I—that is—O wait till you come and I'll tell you," and he heard the receiver go up with a bang.

He could hardly believe the evidences of his senses in the days that followed, as he watched the transformation wrought in Isabel by the poor little scrap of flotsam that she believed had been intentionally left at her door. This party or that dinner was refused, for who could have the heart to mix with a gay, chattering crowd when one had held a little bandaged body in their arms for hours, and had watched a tiny soul creep wearily back to life and consciousness. Calls and matinees lost their former charm in the fashioning of little garments, or in the devising of new amusements for the little patient.

And the doctor was very attentive. Many a man had lived to a good old age and died with less medical attendance than this child received. He told Isabel at the first that he recognized it, knew its mother, and that its name was Infelice—a child of sorrow; and he was certain that she would be able to keep it but a short time; but even this seemed to have no effect on the new Isabel.

At last, when all had been done for the child that medical science could do, they, Isabel, Kate and the baby, joined the cub in Florida, whither he had been sent, supposedly to recuperate after his enforced rest in bed; and Aunt Annabel came into her own at last. Prince and Flossie roamed the house at will, with no fear of a warning hush or banishment when one of them chose to bark.

During the lonely weeks that followed the doctor fell into the habit of dropping into the McGuire's of an evening or on Sunday, for there he could talk of the baby, and incidentally of Isabel, to his heart's content, sure of an interested, sympathetic audience.

The McGuires were doing well now, and their cozy, cheerful rooms grew to seem like a home to the lonely man. The new knife and marbles in Pat's pocket were seldom alone; a great many of those idle dollars that the doctor had hinted of, finding their way in to keep them company.

Mrs. McGuire was always busy, doing some delicate bit of needlework, or sending innumerable fine threads here and there in a haphazard fashion over a fat little cushion stuck full of pins; while the doctor sat and watched with fascinated eyes the piece of beautiful lace grow beneath her hands. Many of these trifles, with mother love woven into every stitch, found their way to the baby; and Isabel was enthusiastic over the work. "Who did it? Who was she? Would she make lace for her on her return?" and the doctor began to see a solution of the difficulty.

April; and the wanderers were home again. Isabel a bewildering Madonna, as she carried the big rosy baby about in her arms; the cub, with doom written large in every line of his boyish face, hastily preparing for another flight, this time to the south of France.

"Doctor, dear, you won't be thinkin' I'm silly, will you?" asked Mrs. McGuire one night when the doctor had dropped in for a minute's chat; "But I'm just hungering and thirsting for a sight of my blessed baby."

"Well, you shall see her," cried the doctor, heartily. "And it's very sensible and patient that you've been."

"Just one day, and perhaps the night," the mother begged with tears in her eyes.

"And Miss Isabel, Katie?" inquired the doctor, after his usual romp with the baby, during which he had received a great many moist kisses, and submitted delightedly to having his hair tousled.

"Why, she took a sudden notion to go to Boston this morning, and won't be home till tomorrow afternoon," the girl replied.

This was his chance, so he told Katie the whole story and his plan, to which she readily agreed.

"And would you mind me going to see my sister and the children, which I haven't seen onc't since we started this here orphan asylum?" she asked.

"Why, of course you can go, Katie. Get the things the baby needs, and you can ride as far as the station with us," he assured her. "You hold the baby and I'll just run up and see how things are going," he cried, as they halted at the office.

To his dismay and sorrow, he found a message begging him to come quickly to the bedside of a dear friend, whom they feared was dying. He was back to his carriage in an instant; Katie was dropped at her station with a dispatch that left her breathless; and a few minutes rapid driving brought him to Mrs. McGuire's, who was out, as luck would have it.

What should he do? To wait for her was out of the question. She couldn't be far away, for he saw her hat and jacket hanging on the nail behind the door, and her lace work was in her little chair by the window.

Infelice, tired out by her prolonged romp with him, was fast asleep, so he laid her on the lounge; mentally comparing her round, dimpled face to the poor drawn little visage that he had first seen in his waste basket; and the dainty white garments of the present with the ragged old quilt that had then answered for both cloak and bonnet. He left the door ajar, knowing that if she cried Mrs. Dooley across the hall would hear her.

All the rest of that day he fought a grim spectre that he found drawing nearer to the bed of his old friend. He quickly brought it to a halt; but it seemed hours to the anxious man before, little by little, it began to yield. At twilight he had it vanquished, and returned to his office, tired but triumphant.

"Had much business this afternoon, partner?" he asked gravely, as Patsey came in.

"You bet," came the answer with great satisfaction. "Had a carbuncle as big as my head, an' an automobile smash-up, an' a bad scald, besides the regular common ones. But, say, Doc," in sudden remembrance, "someone snuck in while Maw was out today and left a kid, and Maw's plumb worried to death over it, and she wants you to come over as soon as you can and tell her what she'd better do with it. And, say," as he hurried out, "bring some peppermint or something, it's cryin' so Maw thinks it's got the stomack ache."

The doctor stared in amazement at the departing boy. He had not had much time since he left the child to think of Mrs. McGuire's happiness and surprise, but when he had, it had been with a glow of satisfaction. Was it possible that she did not recognize Infelice? Then he thought of the poor distorted body, and the little pinched face whose picture had probably been in the mother's heart all the time, despite his repeated assurance that she was well—and he understood.

"Dear little missionary," he thought with a smile, as he stood before the glass, brushing up a little before answering Mrs. McGuire's summons; and saw for the first time the disreputable-looking collar he had worn all day. There were smudgy places caused by moist, caressing little hands, and spots and streaks where the luster had been dimmed by loving misplaced kisses.

"Poor Isabel. Poor little wanderer; I fear our affairs have reached a crisis," he sighed.

As he neared Mrs. McGuire's door, he heard the tired, fretful cry of the child and the soft Gaellic lullaby of the mother.

He slipped into a chair beside them. "Infelice," he said softly.

The monotonous thump of the chair, the wail, and the lullaby stopped simultaneously, and there was a moment's tense silence. Then, with a gurgle of delight the baby threw herself into the doctor's outstretched arms, and his clean collar began to receive its usual confidences.

"Infelice," he said again. The mother still sat with extended arms and startled,

bewildered face. Then she looked from Pat's curls to those of the same hue on the head buried in the doctor's neck, and, with a great cry that voiced the heart hunger and loneliness of months, she threw herself on her knees beside him, her arms about both.

"It's *my* baby; it's *Infelice*," she cried, over and over again.

"And it's now that you'll be coming to your mother," she cried joyfully, as though her belated recognition was all that was required. The child was willing to accept any advances she might make, as long as she was in the doctor's sheltering arms; but leave them she would not.

Pat came nearer and nearer. He touched the dimpled hands, the white kid shoes, and the clinging red curls, in awe-struck wonder. He gently slipped his arms about her; while she, with both hands against his face, in utter disregard of eyes and mouth, held herself back at arm's-length and stared at him round-eyed. The mother and the doctor watched this silent play with breathless interest.

Suddenly the baby smiled, and with a little squeal of delight she buried both hands in Pat's hair; and trembling with excitement, he gently raised her in his arms.

Then the mother coaxed her; and at last, as though having made up her mind not to be partial about giving her precious self, she yielded and was in her mother's arms!

It was just then that Doctor McIntyre heard a sound unnoticed by the other two in their excitement; the sound of a smothered sob in the dark hall.

He approached the open door quietly and caught sight of a dim figure starting down the stairs; and he caught her—had her in his arms before she had gone three steps.

"I saw it all," she cried, struggling to escape. "Oh, she isn't my baby any more," she said, as she found her efforts were useless.

"I know it dear; she now belongs to her mother," he said, pityingly. "Isabel, could you not give me a little of the love and care that you have lavished on her?"

"I couldn't carry you about, sing you to sleep, and make little clothes for *you*," she replied scornfully.

A sudden fire blazed in his eyes. "You are not strong enough for all; but part you *shall* do," he declared to her great mystification.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to have something to love; and now that the baby is gone, it's either you, or cats and dogs."

"I'm honored that I head the list," he replied gravely. Then in the instant's silence that followed they heard the happy chatter, and the baby's sleepy, contented murmur from above. Isabel's lips quivered and he felt her breath coming quickly.

"You are crying, Isabel; crying for the baby," he said, tenderly.

"I'm not," she faltered. Then, suddenly throwing her arms about his neck, she whispered: "It isn't the baby at all, stupid; it's you—you!"

DISCARDING OF "DOC" DAVIES

By George Barton

EVERY newspaper worker in Park Row knew "Doc" Davies. He was a landmark, a survival of the old school gentleman, a link between the conservative and the yellow journalism. His dry, parchment like face, his long snow white hair, his threadbare frock coat, his abstracted manner and his perennial search for his eye glasses, ending with the invariable discovery of the missing magnifiers carefully tucked behind his left ear, were as familiar as the Brooklyn bridge or the elevated railroad or the well-fed office cat. He never talked of his past life and no one ever had the termerity to ask about it. His title of "Doctor" was unquestioned, yet no one ever knew—or cared—whether he had been a doctor of divinity or a doctor of medicine.

Everybody conceded his usefulness on the *Chronicle* staff. No one in the office did more daily drudgery than "Doc" Davies. Some of the cub reporters said he was an unpractical theorist and on the heels of that disproved their own assertion by applying to him whenever they needed exact information. "Doc" Davies' personality fit the primness of the *Chronicle* like a glove. Sparks, the young managing editor of the paper, had great respect for the old man and made no attempt to disguise the fact. He knew every one of "Doc's" little idiosyncrasies and humored him accordingly. Coming into the office late one night he said:

"Doc, I've got startling news for you."

"What is it," asked the old man with a quaint smile, "going to increase my salary?"

Sparks shook his head.

"More wonderful than that; the *Chronicle's* changed hands."

The tender eyes sparkled with surprise.

"Who's bought it?"

"A syndicate headed by J. Peter Allman."

"What? The chap that cornered the salt market?"

"The very same."

"What does he know about the newspaper business?"

"Not a thing. He doesn't have to know. He's made twenty millions in salt and now he pays people to do his thinking."

"But what in the world prompted him to think of the newspaper business?"

"Ambition and the wish to make more money. That's the major motive. After that a desire to put the *Torch* out of business. Those people offended him once, and he'd like to show 'em a thing or two."

The entrance of a fashionably dressed young man at this moment attracted Sparks' attention. He turned to the newcomer.

"Hello Manley!"

"Hello!" responded the caller, "I just dropped in to have a little chat."

"All right, but before we go into my office, I want you to take a peep at our encyclopedia." Then seeing Manley looking about the room in a curious manner, Sparks burst out into a laugh and said:

"There it is; there is the encyclopedia."

"Where?" asked Manley, in some wonder.

"Before your very eyes. "Doc" Davies is the living, moving, breathing, walking, speaking book of reference to which every man in this office has resource."

"Oh Sparks, please don't" exclaimed the old man with a deprecatory wave of the hands and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, but I will," cried Sparks with earnestness. "This man" placing his hand on his shoulder with a gesture of affection, "this man speaks three languages fluently. He has a knowledge of law and medicine and is an authority on military practices. He is a marvel on dates and places and knows more about the history of the United States than I have ever found in all the volumes I have read on the subject. Whenever a dispute of any kind arises in the office, he is the court of last resort. His decisions are always accepted as final, and to my knowledge have never been questioned."

The subject of this enconium looked thoroughly abashed. He fidgeted with a paperweight and made several vain attempts to change the tenor of the conversation.

"By the way, Doc," said Sparks, who was plainly trying to draw the "encyclopedia" out for the benefit of his friend, "have you been doing any traveling recently?"

At this the tender eyes regained their sparkle, and every trace of shyness disappeared from the little old man.

"Yes," he exclaimed with enthusiasm; "you know I made short runs to Bermuda and Jamaica last month. I am now taking a leisurely tour of England, Ireland and Scotland."

Manley's eyes opened wide and he gazed in amazement first at Sparks and then at the living book of reference.

The little man, who was again seated at his desk, noticed this, smiled faintly and then apologetically:

"You see I make these tours without leaving my desk. They are imaginary tours. I get all of the recreation and benefit to be derived from a real trip without its costs or its discomforts. I predict the time will come when all intelligent, educated and rational minded men will do the same."

Manley's look of wonder increased at this, and he sank down into a chair, attracted and interested by this strange little man.

"It's this way," continued that individual, "I make up my mind to go to Europe. I decide to go from New York. I select the steamer, pick out my stateroom and arrange all of the little details in my mind."

Here he reached into a pigeon hole in his desk and pulled out an advertisement in the shape of a pamphlet issued by one of the steamship companies. It contained a picture of the steamship, plans of the staterooms, hours for meals and the various other points of information to the traveler.

"A very trifling stretch of the imagination" he said, "places me in a steamer chair enjoying the repose only to be obtained by a sea voyage. I feel the plunging of the vessel and even experience the qualms of sea-sickness. I land at Liverpool and hurry to London. Then what do I do? Why I reach for this book."

And suiting the action to the word, he pulled down a volume entitled "London. A history of the city, with a complete guide to all the places of interest."

"That," he added, "occupies my time for five or six days. I visit the Tower of London, the Bank of England, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the House of Parliament and the British Museum. I don't fly about like most real American travelers, wasting my money, becoming footsore and weary and learning nothing. On the contrary, my sight-seeing is done in a systematic way, I obtain facts and have an accurate knowledge of things. For instance I go into the gallery of the House of Commons. Balfour is speaking. I see the man and I hear him. How? It's all very simple."

Once more he reached into his desk and drew out a large legal looking envelope filled with clippings concerning Balfour, his life, his political history, a description of his personal habits, his speeches, etc.

"When I am saturated with Balfour," he resumed, "I go out to see the Lord Mavor's parade, and my wonderful and never failing collection of clippings presents the pageant to my eyes with a realism and vividness that it can never assume to the casual and careless traveler. Thus I continue my trip through the United Kingdom and," pointing to his vast pile of scrap books and clippings and books of reference, "there isn't a town or city or a person or place, no matter how insignificant, that isn't at the end of my fingers. I probably take two or three months of my leisure time in a tour of this kind, and when I mentally return home I will wager that I have had more real enjoyment and am better qualified to describe and talk about my trip than eighty out of every hundred persons that do the real thing."

"I never meet with the inconveniences caused by a failure to speak any certain language, I never miss a boat or a train, or any of my meals, and rapacious and overcharging landlords are as much unknown to me as are the host of servants, call boys, chambermaids, cabmen and waiters who are perpetually holding out their hands for tips."

"When my imagination shows a tendency to lag I have recourse to the finest collection of European photographs in the world. Mr. Manley," he concluded with a smile, "if you ever have the time, you should go on one of Davies' personally conducted tours."

A call from his own office caused Sparks to leave, and Manley took this opportunity of saying good-bye to the imaginary tourist.

"Sparks," said Manley, as soon as they reached the office, "I've just left your new superior."

"J. Peter Allman?"

"You have said it," was the response, "and if you value his favor don't ever call him Jacob P. Allman—which is his real name."

Sparks smiled.

"You didn't come here to tell me that?"

"No, I didn't. You see I conducted the legal end of the negotiations by which he came into possession of the *Chronicle* and he swears by me. You know these suddenly rich fellows stick like glue to their doctors and their lawyers—their health and their money—twin gods of selfishness, don't you know and all that sort of thing."

"I'm still in the dark regarding your visit."

"Well to cut it short," said Manley, "I've told him that without you the *Chronicle* would go to perdition and he's going to keep you. But he's impressed with the belief that everybody else on the paper should be fired. I'm going to bring him up here to-morrow night and for Heaven's sake put up the best bluff you know how."

At the appointed hour the next evening an automobile drew up before the *Chronicle* office and J. Peter Allman and his counsel alighted. They hurried through the business office and took the elevator.

"Did you notice the clerks behind the desks?" asked the plutocrat.

Manley confessed that he had not.

"Well," said J. Peter Allman with a visible swelling about the chest, "the minute I entered the room every one of 'em got busy."

"Do you think they know you are in control?" asked the lawyer skeptically.

"Sure," replied the great one, "such news speeds like feathers on a windy day."

Their first visit was to the stereotyping room. It was too hot to linger there very long and in a few minutes they ascended a flight of stairs and entered a large room where a score of compositors were busily engaged in operating typesetting machines. From there they went to the floor above where the editors and reporters were hard at work turning out "copy." Most of the men were in their shirt sleeves and some of them puffed vigorously on pipes as if seeking for inspiration or the right word to use in the stories that were being written under strong pressure and in great haste. Every now and then as one of the writers finished his manuscript there was a loud cry for "Mike" and a tow-headed office boy suddenly appeared, like the Geni in response to Alladin's rub of the wonderful lamp, to carry the copy off for the critical inspection of the city editor or the news editor. Messenger boys with yellow covered envelopes containing telegrams from correspondents in various sections of the world flitted in and out. Amid the turmoil Ralph Sparks was introduced to the new proprietor.

J. Peter Allman looked his name. His head was round, his face red, and he wore a wire drawn smile. In five minutes he recited his creed—pugnaciously as if to challenge contradiction. He believed in Commercialism. Why? Had it not made him what he was? He spelled business with a big B and art with a lower case a.

He made a hasty tour of the office and met all of the men who were on duty. Sparks slily detained him a little longer than usual at the desk of "Doc" Davies. He wanted the old man to make a good impression on the new proprietor. J. Peter Allman asked Davies his age, his duties and his salary, all of which, while interesting, was enigmatical. Then the editor and the proprietor returned to the private office and closed the door.

Half an hour later "Doc" Davies had occasion to consult the files in the room adjoining Sparks' den. He entered without any thought of eavesdropping. Such a thing was abhorent to his nature. The mention of his own name in the conversation that floated over the thin partition between the two offices caused him to stand still. The voice was the voice of J. Peter Allman. He pounded a sturdy fist on the desk to emphasize his remarks.

"We've got to get rid of the dead wood."

"Yes" assented Sparks, "If we find any."

"Find any?" shouted the plutocrat, "why there's that old chap—what did you call him—"Doc" Something——"

"Doc Davies?"

"Yes, Davies. We can start by firing him."

"But Doc Davies is a very valuable man."

"How old is he?"

"A little over seventy."

"I knew it!" cried J. Peter Allman in a tone of triumph. "I knew it! Now what can you say?"

"But seventy—" began Sparks.

The new proprietor held up his hand to command silence.

"What was it Shakespeare said about men over seventy—that they should be smothered—or something like that?"

Sparks smiled in spite of himself.

"I don't think it was Shakespeare—"

"Oh, well then," cried J. Peter Allman impatiently, "its in the Bible I suppose."

Sparks felt an overpowering desire to giggle but suppressed it for the sake of "Doc" Davies.

"He's a very brainy man."

"Oh, yes, yes, but we want a young fellow in his place, any intelligent youngster will do—he may be brainy but he *must* have a stout pair of legs. I've got ideas about running this paper. Big type and plenty of red ink. That's what catches 'em. We'll make the *Torch* look like a burnt match."

Sparks made a last stand for "Doc" Davies.

"He's been here thirty years."

"He's been here thirty years too long."

"Will I tell him to-night?"

"Certainly not; we've got to get a man in his place first."

"But he shouldn't be dropped without notice."

J. Peter Allman had been mopping his face with a big silk handkerchief but at Sparks' last remark he threw it on the table in a challenging way.

"See here Sparks; I'm not running a charitable institution. If you're on to your job you won't try to mix up with my end of it. I'm hiring you to use your thinking tank to write triple-leaded editorials that will make the multitude sit up and yell murder. That'll keep you busy. I'll attend to the rest of it. If you have any scruples hand 'em over to me. I'll take good care of them. But whatever you do beat the *Torch*."

"Doc" Davies had heard enough. He crept out of the room silently. He had gone in with a springy step, humming a tune. Now he was haggard and he actually trembled as he returned to his desk. The thing was so sudden—so unexpected. If any one had ever suggested that he would leave the *Chronicle* he would have believed that one bereft of reason. Once when he had been offered a position on another paper at an advanced compensation he had laughed aloud. To leave the *Chronicle*! Why the proposition was too absurd to think about. The old paper was the only thing he had in the world. It was wife, daughter, sweetheart—everything in one. And how proud he was of the *Chronicle*. If it scored a victory every nerve in his body tingled with joy. If it was praised in his presence every drop of blood rushed to the surface in blushing pride.

Now after all this he was to be discarded like a sucked orange. He bowed his head on his hands and sat crouching at his desk for a long, long while. Could the calamity be averted? No, it was out of the question. Life suddenly became a terrible precipice to which he was clinging by the finger nails. And looming above him with vulgar joy and outstretched hand was J. Peter Allman, preparing to push him into the awful abyss below. The office boy passing by missed the usual cheery greeting. The city editor happening to ask a question was surprised at the incoherent reply. Presently Sparks came over to him. He had the words mapped out in his mind.

"Doc," he said weakly.

"What is it?" asked the old man in a voice strangely unlike his own.

The managing editor moistened his dry lips with his tongue. He made an effort to speak and failed. He looked at "Doc" Davies for a moment and then walked away with his set speech unspoken. He found "Mike" the office boy in his room and abused him as if he were a pickpocket solely as a relief to his overwrought feelings.

For two weeks after that "Doc" Davies moved about like a man in a dream. Sparks studiously avoided his old friend—and felt like a chump for doing so. One day "Doc" after sitting before his desk and gazing aimlessly at the ceiling for more than an hour suddenly reached a resolution. In that second his indecision entirely disappeared. The gloom vanished like the fog before the sun. An hour later he had a big trunk in the office and was busily engaged in packing his possessions. Tenderly he placed them all in the receptacle—his clippings, his photographs, his maps and his books of reference, the loving labor of a life time, all purchased with his own hard-earned money. It was a whole morning's work, but fortunately no one was present An expressman was summoned and the rare collection sent to the modest hall room in Harlem which he grandiloquently styled his "lodgings." After it was all over, he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes in restful fashion.

At that psychological moment J. Peter Allman entered the office. He noted the dozing editor with wrathful eyes.

"Hey there!" he shouted.

"Doc" heard but heeded not.

"I say there, Davies," he called.

Still the venerable one was immovable.

J. Peter Allman came over to the desk and brought down his fist with a bang.

"Mr. Davies!" he cried explosively.

"Doc" opened his eyes slowly. There was an unwonted sparkle in them. A smile twitched about the corners of his mouth.

"I knew you would get there finally," he said. "It's hard for some creatures to act the gentleman but practice does wonders!"

J. Peter Allman prepared to rip out an oath but something about the old man before him choked it off. "Doc's" hands were clenched and there was a pink spot on each pale cheek. He spoke again rapidly and with bitterness.

"Some freak of fate gave you wealth and power but no amount of wealth and power can make you a gentleman, or change your black heart!"

J. Peter Allman seemed petrified with amazement. He made a dash as if to strike the old man but suddenly changed his mind and hurried into his office. "Doc" Davies grabbed a pen and hastily scribbled a few lines on a sheet of note paper. He tucked this into an envelope and then followed the great man into his private room. Before the proprietor could speak the old man had poked the envelope into his hand. J. Peter Allman accepted it mechanically and turned on the presumptuous employee.

"You've saved me the trouble of sending for you."

"Doc" nodded.

"Yes, and I've saved you more trouble."

"What's that?"

"The trouble of discharging me."

"Oh," bellowed the plutocrat in strident tones, "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"It's too late," said the venerable one.

"Why?"

"Because you've accepted my resignation."

J. Peter Allman looked incredulous.

"When?"

"Just now; you've got it in your hand."

And with this parting shot, "Doc" Davies bolted from the room and left the office where he had been employed for a third of a century.

Four weeks passed and during that time Ralph Sparks lived the life of the damned with the millionaire owner of the *Chronicle*. J. Peter Allman's contsant cry was for bigger type and redder ink. He was a perfect monomaniac on the *Torch* and said that if the fatheads about the *Chronicle* office had even the semblance of brains they would make the rival sheet "look like the two-spot in a pinochle deck."

"You discarded the brainiest man we had," said Sparks with a show of spirit.

"And who might that be?"

"Why, 'Doc' Davies."

J. Peter Allman laughed ironically.

"Why that doddering old fool would have been behind the age when Noah left the Ark."

Every time Sparks thought of "Doc" Davies he felt like the accomplice in a great crime, forgetting that he had done everything in his power to have the old man retained. Two days after the white haired editor left the *Chronicle*, Sparks called at his lodgings and found he had moved without leaving any address. He felt very remorseful and unhappy and pictured the old man starving to death in some obscure garret, too impractical to obtain another situation, and too proud to live on the bounty of his friends. The thought increased his resentment against his employer.

The climax came one morning when J. Peter Allman rushed into the office with a copy of the *Torch* in one hand and a flaming three sheet poster in the other. He sent for Sparks and when that personage appeared shouted at him.

"Who is Hildebrand Hawthorne?"

"Never heard of him," was the laconic reply.

The plutocrat was so angry that he leered. He spoke in a rasping voice.

"And yet I pay you good money to furnish brains for this sheet of mine. Well, I'll tell you who he is. He's a famous writer and the *Torch* has captured him. He's starting a series of special articles today that are to run for a year. And that's not the worst of it. The *Torch* has been playing this up under our very noses for three or four weeks. They put out the first of the Hildebrand Hawthorne letters in a booklet and on the strength of it their canvassers have added 20,000 circulation to the *Torch* in two weeks. Do you hear it —20,000 in two weeks!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Sparks sullenly.

"You to do," sneered J. Peter Allman, "I want you to do nothing. I've done it."

"Done what?"

"Started out to get this Hildebrand Hawthorne."

"But he's probably made an agreement with the *Torch*."

"What do I care? There never was an

agreement devised by one man that couldn't be broken by another man. I've sent Manley to get him—to get him by hook or by crook. My instructions have been to spare no money. No matter what the fellow may say Manley is to bring Hawthorne here at noon today. So you see," he said with a concluding sneer, "I've not only got to run the business end of this paper but I've got to hire the editorial talent too."

The managing editor was about to make a hot retort when he was interrupted by a light tap on the door. The next moment it was opened and in walked—"Doc" Davies. Sparks gave a start of surprise. He was glad to see the old man and yet he felt a little bit humiliated at seeing him come back. He would have banked heavily on "Doc's" pride—and to think he was mistaken. J. Peter Allman had his back to the door and when he turned around and saw the old man there, hat in hand, he gave a snarl of anger.

"What are you doing here?"

"Doc" actually smiled. The smile sickened Sparks. The visitor began in a low voice.

"I called—"

The plutocrat cut him short.

"It's no use. I don't want you. The office it full of Has Beens."

"But I merely—"

"Please get out," rasped the great one. "I'm too busy to bother with you."

The old man smiled again and began to back out of the room. At the same instant the door was pushed open and Manley bustled in. He grabbed "Doc" Davies by the arm and cried—"Here, don't go out."

J. Peter Allman noted the moment and snarled.

"I don't want him here."

Manley glanced at the plutocrat in a confident way.

"Yes, you do want him here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you sent me to get Hildebrand Hawthorne."

"Well?"

"Well," repeated the lawyer, pointing an accusing finger at the shrinking figure of "Doc" Davies, "there stands the man."

J. Peter Allman turned to him with wonder written on his face.

"Hildebrand Hawthorne—why that's not your name."

The old man smiled in triumph.

"Not my real name—only my pen name."

In the pause that ensued Manley picked up the three sheet poster from the floor and began reading it aloud:

"Special announcement to the readers of the *Torch*. A tour of the world while comfortably seated in your own library! The most unique feature of the Twentieth Century. The greatest treat ever given to the readers of an American newspaper. The *Torch* at great expense has obtained the exclusive services of Hildebrand Hawthorne, a gifted and distinguished writer, who will contribute a series of the most absorbing letters describing an imaginary tour of the world. No story of a real trip can begin to approach the series in human interest. The articles are the result of a lifetime of study and thought on the part of Mr. Hawthorne. They will be superbly illustrated from a remarkable collection of photographs and will continue every day for a year. Don't fail to subscribe for the *Torch* and read the series which will form the most complete library of travel ever printed."

There was a dead silence as Manley concluded the reading of the poster. Sparks was the first to speak. He put his hand affectionately about the shoulders of "Doc" Davies and said feelingly:

"Well, old man, you've come into your own at last."

"Doc" made an attempt to reply but there was a troublesome lump in his throat that choked his utterance and a mist over his eyes that dimmed his sight.

The plutocrat slid down into his chair from sheer astonishment. He stared at the old editor until his eyes fairly stuck out of his head. He shared in none of the sentiment of the occasion. His only feeling was one of anger at his own mistaken judgment. The business instinct—*his* business instinct was uppermost. He turned abruptly.

"What are they paying you?"

"Doc" smiled deprecatingly.

"More than I deserve—twice as much as I received from the *Chronicle*."

"I want you," exclaimed the plutocrat, condescendingly. "I'll double what the *Torch* has offered you."

The old man shook his head.

"Not for a million a minute!"

"Why not?" asked J. Peter Allman in amazement.

"Well," said "Doc" Davies with a charitable light in his tender eyes, "you may put it down to my dislike of big type and red ink."

KHAFRA THE EGYPTIAN

By J. A. Tiffany

DID you ever dine with a man five thousand years old?" Sherman asked me, tilting his chair backward and looking up at the ceiling.

Whenever he dropped in on me after one of his periodical disappearances, I expected something startling; but though he had been away for more than a year, I was not prepared for a question quite so extraordinary as this, which he calmly propounded between puffs at his cigar.

"I never did—so far as I know," I answered.

"Well, I want you to come up to the house tonight and meet my friend Khafra the Egyptian. You needn't look him up," Sherman added as he saw me going over to the bookcase. "There *was* a Pharaoh of that name; but this isn't he. My friend is his grandson, and son of Menkaura. Fourth dynasty, you know."

"What is it, Sherman?" I asked. "Some nonsense about reincarnation?"

"No. Tonight you will meet Khafra in the flesh that he lived in when the Great Pyramid was young. His body hasn't been in active service all the time. Really, he hasn't lived much more than thirty years, because he slept for five thousand years. It was my fortune to catch him napping—and to awaken him."

"In some museum? Or have your wanderings extended into Egypt since last I saw you?"

"No; I found Khafra in Portland, Oregon. He was in a long box that I bought for five dollars at the railroad sale of unclaimed freight, a year ago. When I opened the box in my room and found a human body in it, I was a little upset for a minute. It looked like a mummified Egyptian; but a superficial examination satisfied me that it was not a mummy.

"I took the body out of the box and laying it on a couch unwrapped the linen clothes in which it was wound. The flesh was firm and hard, and the skin, while dry, was not brittle. The face was of a regular, oval shape, and the skin both of face and body was dark; the hair straight and black. There was no mark of an incision anywhere about the body, as would have been the case with a mummy.

"The sole of the right foot was different in color from the rest of the body, and on careful examination I discovered stitches all around the sole. These stitches I removed, and found that a piece of foreign skin had been sewed on to the sole, forming a sort of pocket, from which I drew another skin, folded three times.

"When I had succeeded in unfolding it, I saw the skin covered with strange characters that I took to be ancient Egyptian. There was a Copt who ran a cigar store in Portland, and I carried the document to him in the hope that he might be able to decipher it. He pored over it for an hour or more and then told me its contents.

"The skin stated that the body was that of Khafra, son of Menkaura, King of Egypt. For some reason, Menkaura, the writer of the document, had cursed Khafra and bade him sleep for five thousand years. Then, repenting of his curse, he had vainly tried to arouse the sleeping Prince. After every effort had failed he had written this document, giving the form of invocation to be used in awakening Khafra when the five thousand years should be completed. The words were:

"'Khafra, son of Menkaura, awake. Egypt has need of thee.'

"Menkaura promised that his son should reign over a greater and more glorious Egypt.

"Mahmoud Selim manifested the greatest interest in the document, and I allowed him to take a copy of it. He said he would like to keep it as a curiosity. I never saw the Copt again. When I called at his store a week later to buy some cigars, it was closed, and nobody seemed to know what had become of Mahmoud.

"For a month I worked upon the body of Khafra before trying to awaken him. Several times a day I rubbed him all over with olive oil and wrapped him in hot wet blankets.

After a time I got the body into such a condition of suppleness that I was enabled to exercise the limbs, working the joints freely and moving the arms up and down in the manner commonly used to set up artificial respiration.

"I did all this with the idea that it would obviate the intense suffering a man would necessarily feel if awakened after a very long period of unconsciousness.

"Khafra having lost two of his front teeth, I was able to get a small tube into the mouth and push it down into the region of the pharynx. Through this tube I injected a small quantity of food into the stomach; and it was not long before I found to my great gratification that the processes of digestion and assimilation were going on.

"Soon after this, I was encouraged to try the experiment of awakening the sleeping Egyptian. A hundred times a day for a whole week I stood over him and invoked him in the prescribed formula:

"'Khafra, son of Menkaura, awake. Egypt has need of thee.'

"But Khafra gave no sign; and at last it dawned on me that I was doing an absurd thing in addressing an ancient Egyptian in modern English. Thereupon I called upon Professor Cowley and asked him if he could decipher my document.

"After an hour's study, he gave me the translation in substance much the same as Mahmoud Selim had given it, adding:

"'That covers half the document only. The remainder appears to be written in some secret cypher, or some language foreign to the Egyptian, of which I can make nothing.'

"This information surprised me somewhat, as Mahmoud had pretended to give me a translation of the entire document. I concluded, however, that the Copt was just a little vain of his ability to decipher so much of it as he had done, and did not care to admit his inability to make out the rest.

"I told Professor Cowley my story, and asked him to come and pronounce the invocation over Khafra's body. He did so the next day, and Khafra awoke.

"The Egyptian sat up and looked around for a moment, then fell back, exhausted by the effort. After a few hours, however, he awoke again, and ate and drank all that I dared give him. At the end of a week, he was able to sit up for two or three hours a day, and in another week he could walk about the room.

"Professor Cowley became a constant caller at my rooms; and he and Khafra conversed together by the hour, the professor translating for my benefit.

"Khafra told us that in one of his father's wars, after having been on duty fifty hours, he fell asleep while at an important post, which the King would entrust with no one but his own son.

"Finding the Prince asleep, Menkaura aroused him and upbraided him for his fault. In extenuation, Khafra pleaded that he had been awake for fifty hours; and then Menkaura cursed him.

"'Fifty hours of wakefulness are too great a sacrifice for thee to make for thy father and for Egypt!' he said. 'Vile son of sloth. Sleep, then! Sleep on. Thou shalt sleep for fifty centuries. For every hour that thou hast been on duty, thou shalt have a hundred years of sodden, senseless sleep!'

"From that moment, more than five thousand years ago, Khafra knew nothing until awakened in my room in Portland by Professor Cowley.

"The Egyptian has told me much of the ancient history of his country—its art and religion, its joys and sorrows, its domestic and political life, its wars and conquests. And he is interested in everything he sees in this strange, new world of ours."

"And you actually believe that this man has slept for five thousand years, Sherman?"

Sherman paused before replying to my question; and when he did speak, it was in a low, quiet tone, more impressive than any loud asservations:

"I believe it, Proctor," he said, "implicitly as I believe I went to bed last night and slept for eight hours. The story sounds strange and improbable, I know; but the evidence is too convincing to admit of doubt. But you will come tonight and meet Prince Khafra?"

"Yes, I will come," I answered; "and I'll try not to appear too sceptical when Khafra extemporizes ancient Egyptian myths for our benefit."

That night I went to Sherman's expecting to encounter an elaborate imposture and hoping to penetrate its secret. I didn't doubt Sherman. I simply feared that his love for the unusual, his quick imagination and his enviable enthusiasm had made him the victim

of some cunning schemer—possibly a Hindoo fakir, posing, after a few days' quiescence in a box, as an Egyptian Prince awakening after an impossible sleep of fifty centuries.

But when I actually met Khafra, I had not got through the formality of the introduction before all my prejudice had vanished. He impressed me profoundly. More than any other man had ever done, he made me feel little. And it was not intentionally that he did this; not by any assumption of greatness or superiority, but simply by being himself.

He was full of the love of his new-found life, and anxious to make the most of it—not in the way of personal enjoyment to selfish indulgence; but for the good of Egypt and the world.

He talked remarkably well for a man who had only been learning English for a year; and when I asked him, after he had been entertaining us with stories of the old-world life in Egypt, to tell us more on a subject of which we knew so little, he made a gesture of dissent, and said:

"Nay, friend, not now. Let us talk of the living rather than of the dead. Let us look, not into the night that has passed but to the dawn that is breaking. The splendors of ancient Egypt were as nothing to the glorious era that will soon begin for that unhappy land.

"Dr. Sherman has told you about the document he found upon me and the secret writing in it that has baffled two Egyptian scholars. I have read it. It is in my father's cypher. It tells me of his anguish when he found himself unable to rouse me from the sleep into which I had fallen after his curse. From that moment Menkaura devoted his life to one object—the amassing of treasure, by curtailing every indulgence and extravagance in court and camp, and practicing strict economy in public expenditures. He sought new mines and foreign conquests as a means of adding to his store; and I am afraid his reputation as a generous and lavish monarch must have suffered greatly.

"And for what, my friends? For Khafra—Khafra and the Egypt of today. All that wealth—wealth greater, I imagine, than even this rich country can boast—is lying there in Egypt at this moment, waiting for me—for us, my friends.

"You will go with us, Mr. Proctor? We need you. Khafra needs you. I can hire architects and masons to build my new Egypt but I cannot buy friends. We had intended starting next week; but if you need longer time, we can wait. Only promise me that you will go with us, Mr. Proctor. Will you?"

Under the spell of the man's magnetic personality, his magnificent, contagious enthusiasm, I yielded and gave the promise that he asked.

"I trust you may not be disappointed in your expectations," I said. "I hope your father's treasure-house is strong and secret. Five thousand years is a long time."

"Yet pictures show me that the Great Pyramid has stood them well," said Khafra. "Ah, you moderns! You pride yourselves on your superiority and progress. Yet of all that maze of secret passages and chambers confined within the four walls of the pryamid called 'Splendid' you have found but a few poor mausoleums.

"Strange that no ingenious American or inquisitive Englishman should have guessed the reason of those high walls as he wandered along the Grand Passage and noted the overlapping layers of stone, the courses gradually approaching, until they meet in the high roof. You shall see wonders, my friends, that the modern mind has not conceived. Along that Grand Passage, at heights varying from ten to twenty feet, are a dozen concealed entrances to other passages—leading to temples, treasure-vaults and libraries of ancient wisdom—lost sciences that men today call magic. In those days, our little children could do things that would make your modern solons gape with wonder.

"The time has come for Egypt once more to take her rightful place among the nations. I grudge no new country its material success and physical prosperity. I withhold none of the admiration to which your religious, civil and military institutions are entitled. But your success is almost wholly material. It is as if you should put upon a man's tombstone the number of pounds that he weighed, rather than the good that he had done in life.

"My Egypt shall be a land apart—not isolated, but different in its greatness from the nations of today. Your Western apotheosis of the physical shall find no place in our national life, wherein we shall seek rather to symbolize the spiritual.

"Our armies shall be composed of humble students, generaled by ripe scholars; and their conquests shall be over the enemies of our

common humanity—ignorance, superstition, disease—it may be, even Death itself. Our soil is rich enough to provide for all our wants without undue labor or dangerous employments. We will give our grain and fruits in exchange for your manufactured articles.

"Under Khafra the Second, with the immense wealth bequeathed to him by Menkaura, Egypt shall become one great university, welcoming to its halls of learning students from every land. Her teachings, her temples, her works of art shall make for grace rather than grandeur; bulk shall be subordinated to beauty; and love of right shall take the place of fear of law. Egypt shall be an oasis of peace in the great world desert of unrest."

We spent two days in England on our way to Egypt, and Khafra stood beside his father's coffin in the British Museum. He set at rest all doubts as to the mummy's identity before he had said a word on the subject; for a tear sprang to his eye soon as he looked down on that face which he had seen last inflamed with anger, distorted with ungovernable passion.

"'Tis he," said Khafra, as he took my arm and turned away. "When I am King, I must try to secure my father's restoration to his proper resting place. It is not well that he should be here for all the world to gape upon."

It was later on that same day that Khafra talked about his father's supposed divine attributes. He took those as a matter of course, merely remarking that Menkaura was descended from a long line of kings, who were the offspring of the union of those sons of God who came down to earth to mate with the daughters of men.

A week later, and I stood with Khafra and Sherman before the Pyramids of El Geezeh.

"Our business is with yonder pyramid," said the Egyptian—"that of Khufu (whom you call Cheops); but first I must pay a visit to my father's mausoleum. 'Tis smaller than these other two, yet its cost perhaps was greater. It was not finished when I saw it last. I would make this pilgrimage alone, my friends. While I am thus engaged, perhaps you would like to climb to the top of the Great Pyramid? I will join you there before very long."

Sherman and I scaled the time-roughened sides of Cheops' mighty mausoleum, and at last stood upon its summit, four hundred and fifty feet above the earth. Before us fertile plain and beautiful valley stretched out, restful to the eye, far as it could reach; while behind, the Great Desert rolled away into distant stretches of tragic, inhospitable drouth. Around us were tombs and pyramids that told of generations who had lived and loved in the peaceful valley when the world was young, or braved the dangers of the desert in pursuit of fame or fortune.

At last we saw Khafra approaching and began our descent down the north face of the pyramid, meeting him at the entrance, about fifty feet from the base.

"You wonder, perhaps," said Khafra, as we entered the low, narrow passage, "that my father should have selected this pyramid rather than his own for the secretion of the riches that he had amassed for me. But the reason was simple. This pyramid was already sealed; and my father gained access to it through a secret underground passage leading from the palace. He had that passage closed also when his work was done; and his treasure has remained secure through all these centuries."

Bent almost double, we followed Khafra down the steep, low passage for a distance of some twenty yards; then for fifty or sixty yards along another low passage, rising all the time, until we came to the grand passage. Its width was such that the three of us could walk abreast without jostling; and it was lofty as some old cathedral.

We had gone some thirty yards along this passage when Khafra stopped and striking a match held it high above his head.

"This is the place," he said; "and we must be quick. We have the passage to ourselves, but a score of sightseers may be upon us at any moment. I think I weigh the least of any of us," he added with a chuckling laugh. "If one of you will make a back, I'll use it and step on the other's shoulders, to see if I can make the entrance in accordance with my father's directions."

Sherman stooped and a moment later the Egyptian was standing on my shoulders. He gave several hard blows on the masonry above with a round stone that he had picked up at the entrance to the pyramid; and after an interval of waiting I heard him sigh as with relief and satisfaction.

"Stand steady, please," he called out to me; and an instant later his weight was removed from my shoulders.

Looking up, I saw his feet disappearing into a cavity in the wall; and then he swung around and looked down on us.

"One of you climb up on the other's shoulders," he said; and then the two of us will draw up the third by means of this rope. But be quick, my friends."

Sherman went up first, and they pulled me after them. I found myself in another passage, and lighting my lantern swung it round to examine my surroundings. It was of more spacious proportions than the first, though not so large as the Grand Passage that we had just left.

Khafra swung back the stone that he had moved to make an entrance to this passage, and lighting his own lantern led the way.

We followed the passage for some sixty or seventy paces, then found ourselves in a small circular chamber, about fifteen feet in diameter and the same in height.

In an alcove on its Eastern side was a stone altar, with a stone seat at either end of it; and in niches above the altar two statues of crude workmanship. I had not thought of the subject of ventilation until now; but suddenly I was filled with surprise at the purity and freshness of the air we were breathing. I spoke of it to Khafra, and with a mysterious smile he said:

"Aye, but you will see many things still stranger before you look upon the sun again. I will explain this matter later."

He went forward and sprang upon the altar. Stepping up into one of the niches, he squeezed himself past the statue that stood in it, and struck the wall behind.

He beckoned to Sherman and me, and we followed him into another passage, the entrance to which he left open behind us, remarking that as nobody had found his way to it in five thousand years we were scarcely likely to be followed.

Through passage and chamber, climbing stone steps and dropping down into pits, we followed Khafra's lead, until it seemed there could not be a cubic yard of all that mountain of masonry that was not honey-combed. Once or twice Khafra seemed at fault, and at such times he consulted his father's cypher.

"At last we are here!" he said, stopping in front of a dead wall in a small chamber of rough stone, which had the appearance of having been left unfinished.

Khafra's eyes gleamed and his nostrils were dilated. He was evidently under great nervous tension. Glancing from him to Sherman, I saw that my old friend was even more excited than the Egyptian. To both of them the strain of the last week or two had been simply tremendous. So much was at stake.

To Khafra, the successful outcome of today's enterprise meant not only enormous riches but a kingdom—an empire more splendid than ancient or modern world had ever dreamed of.

Sherman's hopes were of another sort, yet he too was looking for a sceptre. Within the gloomy mazes of this great mass of rock he had come to believe that libraries of ancient wisdom and supernatural art were stored, which were to be his. With Khafra as interpreter, he expected to find the key to all those mysteries of mind and matter with which his restless brain was ever grappling—too often to be worsted in the struggle and thrown down, bruised and baffled.

Khafra knocked upon the wall; a great slab of masonry swung back, revealing spacious blackness beyond; and Sherman sprang forward with a little nervous cry of triumph that sounded almost like a groan.

Khafra walked with Sherman several steps ahead of me, and their swinging lanterns revealed a temple of magnificent construction and majestic size. Holding my own light aloft, I caught a glimpse of a stately dome, frescoed with paintings whose colors still were bright.

I overtook the others just as they reached the southern extremity of the temple, and stood before an altar richly cased in gold. Lamps and vases of alabaster stood upon the altar, and back of it were statues of goddesses in pure white marble. To the left of the altar was a coffin of polished granite, and Khafra was stooping down beside it, reading an inscription chiselled on its side.

"Mine!" he said, and turned away with a shudder.

He led the way to the altar, climbed up onto the pedestal of one of the godesses, struck sharply on the wall behind, then passed through the opening that appeared immediately, into a small vault beyond.

Following close upon his heels, I heard him give a cry as of pain; and when I had reached the floor of the vault I looked around upon a scene of wild disorder, strangely out of keep-

ing with the awful stillness and repose of that ancient place.

The vault smelt of stale tobacco, ends of cigars and cigarettes were strewn about the floor, and chests that should have contained Khafra's fabulous treasure were scattered around, all empty. Shelves that lined the room and which had once contained the library of ancient wisdom that Sherman coveted were also bare. Nothing of Menkaura's bequest remained.

Khafra stood like one transfixed, while Sherman sunk down helpless on one of the chests and gazed around the rifled vault. Suddenly we heard a noise at the further end of the vault; a slab of masonry swung inward; and a man's face appeared in the aperture.

"Mahmoud Selim!" Sherman gasped with astonishment.

"You are too late, my friends," said the Copt with a leer on his swarthy face. The next instant he was gone.

For a moment Khafra stood as if robbed of speech and power of action; then, with a savage, snarling cry he leaped through the hole after Selim.

Leaving Sherman gazing vacantly at the scene of disorder around him, I followed Khafra. Before I reached him I heard him give an awful cry; and in my haste I neglected to look where I was going. I was precipitated down a dozen stone steps and found myself in darkness, my lantern having been extinguished in the fall.

As I scrambled to my feet, I heard the thud of some heavy piece of masonry swinging back into position; and when I had made a light again the Copt was nowhere to be seen.

On the floor of a small chamber some eight feet square, lay Khafra, looking up at me with glazing eyes. I raised his head and poured a little brandy down his throat.

"I am sorry most for Sherman," he murmured; and smiling feebly fell back dead.

Sherman's skill could have availed Khafra nothing. He had three stabs in his side; both the heart and the left lung were injured. I called Sherman, however; but had to go and shake him roughly before I could arouse him from his torpor.

Even when I made him understand, he obeyed me as one in a trance. He shook his head after a superficial examination of Khafra's wounds, and sat down again, with that dazed, hopeless look upon his face.

Vainly I searched for the place where Mahmoud Selim had made his escape; and when I could do nothing more I made Sherman help me to remove Khafra's body to the temple.

We placed it in the granite coffin that Khafra had told us was his own; and it was not until I lowered the lid upon the Egyptian's remains that Sherman seemed to realize all that had happened in the last few minutes.

Then, falling down on the hard floor, he wept as only a strong man can weep, moved by strong emotion. The paroxysm passed; but long he lay there on the cold stones, his face buried in his arms.

With difficulty I got him to his feet; and, half dragging half carrying him along, I took him back through all that weary maze of passages and chambers, staircases and pits, until we looked once more upon the sun, leaving Khafra to his last and longest sleep.

"HAVING GIFTS DIFFERING"

By Lulu Linton

"YES, it has always been a pet theory of mine, that every one has his specialty, and that this talent, whatever it may be, ought to receive recognition and encouragement. In proof of my theory being correct, I will quote from Holy Writ. The Apostle Paul speaks of a diversity of gifts, and exhorts his hearers thus: 'Having then gifts differing, whether prophecy, prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation, etc.' Now if Paul found this diversity of gifts in the people of his age, we certainly would expect to find it in greater degree in present day society."

The enthusiastic young president of the Brookville Lyceum paused for breath, and her audience maintained a discreet silence.

After a series of lectures on Shakespeare, Dante, Browning; on literature of the past, present and future, the members of the Lyceum fairly bristled with knowledge and culture, but when their president advanced the theories of St. Paul they felt that she was getting beyond their depth, for St. Paul had been sadly neglected by the lecturers who had appeared before them.

The president was speaking again, and her face wore a winning smile as she said: "The next meeting will be our closing meeting for the year, and the last time I shall preside, so I am going to ask our executive committee to allow me to digress from the regular routine. Instead of hiring a lecturer for the evening, I want to make of it a specialty entertainment. I want each member to come prepared to do the thing he or she can do best. Only five minutes will be allowed each one for their specialty, so the program will not be lengthy. To add to our bit of fun, I will secure the services of competent judges, not members of the Lyceum, to award a prize to the person who displays greatest ability in presenting his specialty."

The novelty of the plan appealed to her audience, just as Eunice Adams had hoped it would. A murmur of applause ran round the room, and the president knew that she had carried her point, as she usually did in all her undertakings.

During the informal meeting that followed, every member of the Lyceum agreed to help in the entertainment, with the exception of young Dr. Allison, who sat glum and silent.

"What will you do, Tom?" asked the man who sat next him.

People who knew Dr. Allison well, were apt to forget to use his title in addressing him.

"I can't do anything to entertain people, and Miss Eunice knows it," he grumbled.

The president, catching his remark, laughed mischievously, and others joined in the laughter at his expense.

It was a well-known fact that Tom Allison's mother had intended her son to enter the ministry, and his father had hoped to see him develop into a brilliant lawyer, but all of the education they had heaped on him had failed to give him a society polish, help him to use his slow, blundering tongue, or keep his big hands and feet out of the way of other people.

Giving up in despair, his parents had at last allowed him to make his own choice of profession, and he had thrown his whole heart and soul into the study of medicine and surgery. To be able to keep silent being considered a gift in that profession, he had won an enviable reputation for his knowledge, and none of his patients had ever complained of the big hands whose gentle sympathetic touch drove away pain, nor of the big feet, ever ready to go quickly to relieve distress.

But to think of him in the role of entertainer was amusing.

One dissenting voice against the president's plan did not have any weight, however, and the guests departed with merry promises of being on hand at the next meeting.

During the fortnight that followed there was much secrecy in the preparations for the specialty entertainment, even the most intimate friends in the Lyceum being unable to

find out from each other what part each was to take, and many were the surmises as to who the prize winner would be.

The entire membership came early on the eventful evening, eager to participate in the novel affair. Judge Adams' home was ablaze with light, beauty, and wit, and the judges, seated in the alcove, felt that their task would be an arduous one.

The roll was called by the president, and there followed a medley of entertainment.

There were solos galore—contralto, tenor, and tremolo. There were readings, pathetic, gay, and commonplace. A violin swayed the audience with its weird, sweet cry, and a cornet touched all hearts with its golden melody. A young lawyer told a story that set the house aroar with laughter. A whistler imitated all the birds of the spring time. Then suddenly, little Mae Marxson, in response to her name, wheeled in a small table on which stood a chafing dish already alight, while near at hand were grated cheese, butter, cream, flour and pepper. In a jiffy, tiny plates were served with a dainty wafer and a spoonful of the rarebit.

"Not fair, not fair," some one cried out. "She had everything prepared before hand."

"Well, didn't you have your duty prepared beforehand?" she retorted.

Some complained because Fred Everson, the devoted follower of Mae Marxson passed the plates while she served them, but after they had once tasted the delicious amber mixture they subsided into good humor again.

Earlier contestants gave up the hope of winning a prize over such a specialist as Miss Marxson, but were still anxious to hear the report of the judges.

The president looking over the crowd, and at her list of names, knew that all had participated in the contest with the exception of Dr. Allison, who sat in the rear of the room, his face shaded by one big hand. Pity for his lack of talent in any social line caused her to say hurriedly, "And this last performance closes our program for the evening. I now leave the decision to our judges."

"Hold on, not quite so fast," called out the young lawyer, who had distinguished himself by his well-told story.

"Here's Tom Allison, make him do his stunt. You said that each member had to contribute something to this entertainment."

A murmur of mirth ran through the room, then some one started the call, "Allison, Allison," and he rose to his feet, conscious of every inch of his six feet two, and faced the judges.

"Do I understand that I may have five full minutes to give an exhibition of the work in which I have most skill?"

The judges and the president nodded encouragingly.

"You all know that my specialty is surgery," he said, modestly.

"I wish to perform a slight operation here tonight. I have long desired to probe for the heart of one of our members, or at least to determine if said member had a heart."

The women began to look at each other in affright. Perhaps too close application to his professional studies had effected his reason.

He saw their glances, and smiled. "Do not be alarmed, I shall use no sharper instrument than the instrument of speech. I wish to use my few minutes in trying to reach the heart of our president."

Eunice Adams gave a little gasp of surprise and disapproval, and little Mae Marxson, turning to Fred Everson, started to whisper, 'Oh, I believe he's going to propose," but the remark that started in a whisper, ended in a giggling crescendo.

Tom Allison rapped his chair back with his big knuckles, saying, "Silence please, I have the floor. Honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen, I have striven for three years to find an opportunity to voice my sentiments toward our president, and have failed. She is a remarkably busy woman, with many demands upon her time. In all the three years I have hardly had five minutes time alone with her. Other men, with quicker wit and nimbler tongues have claimed all her attention, leaving me in the background. I had determined to try a telephone message, but I happened to hear her say, after answering an urgent appeal made in that way, that it was much easier to say 'no' over the 'phone. I changed my plans instantly. Of course, I could not write, for if it was easy to say no over the 'phone, how much easier to write it. There are times when anxiety is more endurable than certainty, but I have passed that stage, and I feel that I must know her decision. I can scarcely hope that it will be favorable. When I think of her—bright, winsome, beautiful, a social favorite, and compare her with myself, it is like comparing the beautiful

butterfly with the slow plodding caterpiller. I have nothing to offer except—"

"Times up," called the time-keeper, who had been too dazed to attend to his duty.

But Tom Allison finished his speech in spite of them.

"I have nothing to offer except the first and only love of an honest heart, a love that will never falter, never change, even though it be spurned and trampled under foot. Eunice Adams, I want you for my own."

He sat down. There was no ripple of merriment or applause, for the air was heavy with suspense. The judges stirred uneasily.

Eunice Adams, for the first time during her presidency, hesitated about her part of the proceedings, for her copy of Robert's rules of order had made no provision for such an emergency as this.

She lifted a flushed face, struggled for self-control a moment, then said, "We will give five minutes for the decision of the judges."

There was a subdued whispering for the space of three minutes, then one of the judges arose, saying solemnly, "We can come to no decision. The two men of the committee are in favor of giving the prize to Miss Marxson, while the other member insists upon bestowing the prize on Dr. Allison." He paused, with an apologetic glance toward the president, then sat down.

The president faced her audience for a moment, then said quite calmly, "As there has been trouble in the decision of our worthy judges, and I had prepared to give but one prize, I will assist them by allowing them to bestow the cut glass vase upon Miss Marxson, for she certainly deserves it. In recognition of the rights of the lady member of the committee, I will say, a surgeon who undertakes such a difficult task under such adverse circumstances, certainly deserves encouragement and with the consent of the members of the committee, I will award him the heart for which he so skilfully probed," and crossing the room, she held out her pretty hands to him, and forgetting himself in his great joy, he stooped and kissed them with all the grace of a knight of the olden time, and the guests showed their approval by a grand burst of applause.

"They didn't applaud you," Fred Everson grumbled, holding gingerly the beautiful vase that had been awarded to the maker of Welsh rarebit, but Mae Markson giggled, "I don't care, he only won the booby prize."

MY CHOICE

By Marion E. Ryan

WEE Ellen who's two
With kisses enthralls me completely.
Older than she may please you,
But Ellen who's only two
Is my choice the whole world through
When she purseth her lips so sweetly
(Dear Ellen, she's only two!)
And with kisses enthralls me completely.

DIXIE

By Ada Mixon

O THE land of lands is Dixie Land; it stretches from Maine to Frisco strand,
From the northern lakes to the southern brakes!
O sing this song in Oregon or in the streets of old Boston,
What shouts we make! How the echoes wake!
O I wish I was in Dixie—
Yellowstone! San Antone!
On the Great Divide or in Baltimore,
By the Mississippi's shore,—
Northern lake, southern brake!
I wish I was in Dixie!
From the Everglades to Kalamazoo,
From there to Butte and Denver, too,
Northern lake, southern brake,
Dixie Land!

O wonder of the world is Dixie Land, holding out to all a friendly hand
From the northern lakes to the southern brakes!
From Oklahoma to Richmond Town, from Birmingham to Puget's Sound,
From Omaha to Savannah!
O I wish I was in Dixie!
Utah! Arkansaw!
From Niagara Falls to Santa Fe
Old Glory waves away.
Northern lake, southern brake!
O I wish I was in Dixie!
From Mammoth Cave to Idaho,
From Baton Rouge to Ohio,
Northern lake, southern brake,
Dixie Land!

We've changed the map of East and West and fly the colors we love the best,
From the northern lakes to the southern brakes!
From Milwaukee to Pamlico, from old Vicksburg to Chicago,
From Tennessee to New Jersey!
O I wish I was in Dixie—
Albert Lea! Santee!
From Arizona to Pittsburg Town,
The soil is sacred ground;
Northern lake, southern brake!
O I wish I was in Dixie!
From St. Louis to Delaware,
From Topeka to Old St. Pierre,
Northern lake, southern brake!
Dixie Land!

Copyright 1907 J. F. Clark assigned to John R. Cox COOK'S STRIKERS SHUCKING OYSTERS

HOW OUR BLUEJACKETS ARE FED

By John R. Cox

BIDS for 5,000,000 pounds of provisions for the enlisted men of the navy were recently opened in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the Navy Department at Washington. These provisions were provided to feed the men on board the battleships and torpedo destroyers comprising the formidable fleet, which, under the command of Admiral Evans, is making the long cruise around the Horn to the Pacific Coast.

The bids covered fresh beef, pork, mutton, veal, bologna and pork sausages, frankfurters, smoked beef tongues, hamburger steak, fresh beef liver and hearts, fresh corned beef, compressed hams, head cheese, sugar cured ham and shoulders, compressed pigs feet, fresh chicken and turkey, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes, carrots, beets, hominy, squash, beans, butter, fruits, all kinds of extracts and flavors, syrups, jellies, and many other articles of diet which the average American boy or man is accustomed to, and are necessary for his comfort and health.

By no means the least of the provisions called for were those items which were specially selected for the Christmas and New Year dinners held on board the vessels of the fleet, such as turkeys, raisins, nuts, etc. Christmas is one of the happiest days of the year for the bluejacket; it is essentially his day. It is spent in games and concerts on board ship, or football ashore, and if the weather permits, a boat race between the prize boat crews of the ships assembled. But the big event of the day is the dinner. The Commissary Department for weeks preceding the day are preparing plum puddings, pastries and extra dishes.

In past years it has been the custom to order the vessels of the fleet to a navy yard near to a large city, so that liberty may be granted all the members of the crew who can be spared, and who wish to spend the holidays with their families, and to provide special entertainment for those who are compelled to remain on board. But this year the fleet having started on its memorable cruise around the Horn, Christmas was celebrated en-route.

People who have dined on board a man-of-war or at a training station, know that our bluejackets live well; that the supply of jood is ample, and it is wholesome and appetizing. But few people know, however, what precautions are taken by the Navy Department to provide pure and healthful food for the enlisted men. In the first place, specifications are so carefully drawn that only the contractor dealing in the best class of provisions can compete. For instance: fresh beef must be in good condition, fit for immediate use, and from fore and hind quarter proportionately, all of the best cuts, no carcass to weigh less than 500 pounds; the neck to be cut off to the line of the vertebræ; kidney fat rejected; and no beef from bulls, stags, and females (except spayed heifers) will be accepted. And the same rigid requirements for other meats and for all vegetables.

And to insure the navy against the slightest fraud or deception, the regulations adopted by the Department of Agriculture are followed; inspection is made at the time of delivery to see that there is no short weight, no partly rotten vegetables or fruits, and that the articles are up to the specifications. But it does not end there; officers who have been trained under the tutelage of the scientists and food experts of the agricultural department make frequent and unheralded visits to navy yards where food is delivered in quantity, and on board receiving and cruising vessels; and where any irregularity is detected, or if it is found that any article will not stand the test of the pure food laws and regulations, the entire lot is condemned or rejected. The commanding officer then has the right to purchase in open market an equal quantity to that condemned, of the best quality obtainable; and should the price paid be in excess of the contractor's bid, the amount of excess shall be charged against him, and he is required to immediately reimburse the paymaster for the difference. The government is fully protected by a bond filed by each contractor; and should it be found necessary to purchase in the open market a second time, due to the fault of the contractor, the department may, if it deem advisable, buy the entire quantity called for in his contract, to be charged to his account, and the contractor may be permanently barred from further competing for navy business.

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assigned to John R. Cox

THE MESS HALL

How would the average housewife like to be thus protected in her marketing? It would come to her as a welcome surprise, no doubt, to realize that she was not at the mercy of the frauds, deception, and short-weighing of the butcher and green-grocer.

Next in importance to having a good food supply is to have it well cooked; for it often happens that the best of food is rendered indigestible or unpalatable by an incompetent cook. This the navy endeavors to avoid; and though occasionally a bad cook is found, the general rule is that they are efficient and well trained to the special duties required of them in the navy. A school for the instruction of cooks and bakers has been established at the Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island. The school receives recruits direct from civil life, as well as men already in the service in lower ratings, who desire to be transferred to the commissary branch.

Ship's cooks are fairly well paid when all things are considered; and the navy expects, and usually gets, only good ones. The pay ranges from $25 a month for fourth-class, to $55 for ship's cooks first-class, with intermediate rates of $30 and $40; while bakers are paid $35 and $45, depending on their class; they receive the same allowances for ration, re-enlistment, continuous service, good conduct, medical attendance, and retirement that other enlisted men do, so that their wages are practically all "velvet."

The school will have immense ranges, fifty-gallon kettles or steam cookers, eighty-gallon coffee urns, meat choppers driven by electric motors, and enormous bakeovens; all under the supervision of a competent civilian chef, with a first-class cook in charge of each galley, or kitchen. The course will extend over about four months, which, with the experience the applicants are presumed to have in cooking before they come to the class, ought to make them competent cooks. They will serve first as "strikers," clearing up, tending fires, regulating steam in the urns, and lending a hand in the preparation of the food, gradually working up until they are competent to take charge of the galley themselves, and prepare a satisfactory meal of cereals, vegetables, meats, eggs, fruits, sauces, puddings, pastries and ices, with tea, coffee or cocoa.

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THE GALLEY

The plant, when completed, will be as nearly patterned after the galley and bake shop on board ship as is practicable, with all the modern appliances used, such as mechanical dish-washing devices, dough mixers, cold storage plant for fresh meats and vegetables, etc.

The rations for the bluejackets' mess of a man-of-war are issued in kind. The government allows a ration to the enlisted men of the navy under conditions which permit the issuance of practically any article of provisions to the general mess of the ship. In flexibility and variety it is believed, by experts, that the United States Navy ration is unequaled in any military service in the world. It permits giving to the men not only the staple articles of food in abundance, but allows them to take advantage of any local market to obtain products which are peculiar to the season or climate where the ship may be at the time. By the substitutions authorized, articles equivalent in cost to those of the regular ration can be purchased. These substitutions often include delicacies and dainties, and insure a constantly varying bill of fare.

The chief petty officers' mess is allowed to commute the rations, which gives it the privilege of buying in open market such things as the appetites of the individual members personally crave.

The enlisted men of our navy are better fed than the average man in his own home, and the fare of the average boarding-house is not to be considered in the same class; while comparisons with the rations issued by other navies of the world are all to the immense advantage of our own bluejackets.

FELLOW ACTORS OF SHAKESPEARE

By James Maclaury

IN the references to Shakespeare and his works, we do not remember seeing any mention of John Heminge and Henry Condell, although their work has been invaluable, if one may believe the inscriptions on their monument.

Strolling along Fleet Street, London, one day last August, we made our way up Ludgate Hill, then through St. Paul's Churchyard, to Cheapside. Some odd names of streets interested us, and before proceeding to Bow Church, our goal for that day, we amused ourselves dodging in and out of such streets as Gutter Lane, Friday Street, Bread Street, and, sure enough, close by, was Milk Street. All this was appetizing, and, besides, Milk Street sounded like Boston. This must be explored. It proved to be a very good business street, running north from Cheapside, and decidedly in a wholesale or jobbers' dry goods district, very narrow and only two or three blocks long. Following it up, a still narrower street began where Milk Street gave up, and this was called "Aldermanbury;" with sidewalks twenty-eight inches wide and roadway wide enough for one dray only. There are archways here and there for the drays to enter into the middle of the block, thus they are enabled to deliver goods and to load up again. They get out of this snarl by some alleys opening out on other streets.

Venturing in, we notice "Guild Hall" just east one or two streets off. This seems to be a very interesting part of London, and coming back into "Aldermanbury," we see a church at its north end, or the "top" of the street, as they say over here. These old churches we came upon in most unexpected places, and services are held in them regularly twice every Sunday. This is the Church of "St. Mary the Virgin," and effectually prevents Aldermanbury from going any further. A small churchyard, very shady and

MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FELLOW ACTORS, IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD

damp—partly because of trees, and partly on account of the business houses surrounding this spot, contains among other graves this monument, made of granite, with copper plates on its sides and a bust of Shakespeare on top.

The inscriptions on the copper plates are as follows:

First side:—

John Heminge lived in this Parish upward of forty years, etc., etc., had fourteen children, died Oct. 12th, 1630. His wife also was buried here.

Henry Condell lived in this Parish upward of thirty years, had nine children, some baptized and buried here, etc., etc., died Dec. 22nd, 1637. His wife also was buried here.

The first folio, Mr. William Shakespere's Comedies-Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies—London, 1623.

We have but collected them and done an office to the dead, without ambition either of self-profit or fame, onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespere.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

Second side:—

To the memory of John Heminge and Henry Condell, fellow actors and personal friends of Shakespere. They lived many years in this parish, and are buried here.

To their disinterested affection the world owes all that it calls "Shakespere." They alone collected his dramatic writings regardless of pecuniary loss, and without the hope of any profit gave them to the world. They thus merited the gratitude of mankind.

Given to the Nation by Charles Clement Walker, Esq., Lilleshall, Old Hall, Shropshire.

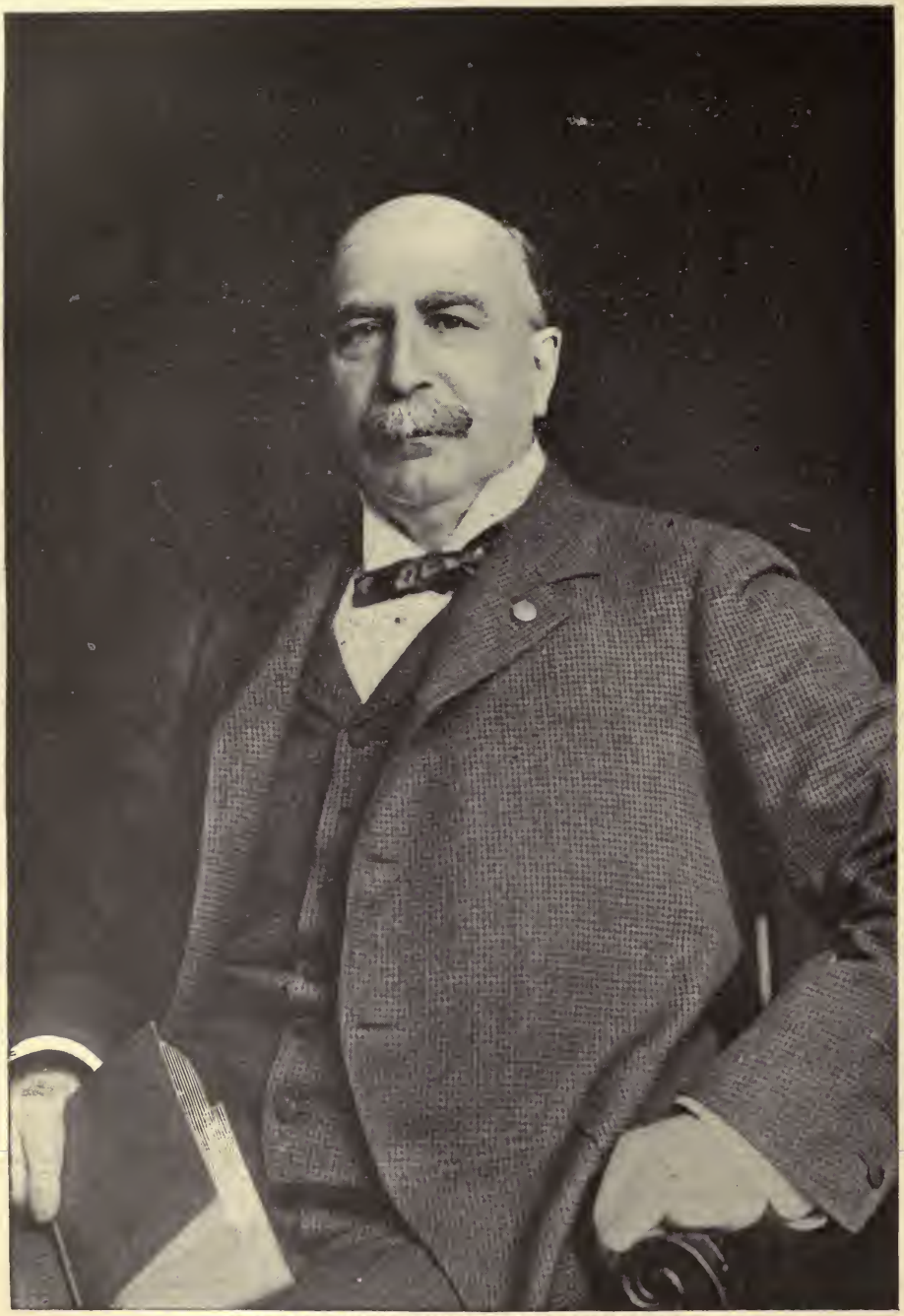
Third side:—

The fame of Shakespere rests on his incomparable dramas. There is no evidence that he ever intended to publish them, and his premature death in 1616, made this the interest of no one else.

HEMINGE and CONDELL

had been co-partners with him in the Globe Theatre, Southwark, and from the accumulated plays there of 35 years, with great labour selected them.

No one then living were so competent, having acted with him in them for many years, and well knowing his manuscripts, they were published in 1623 in Folio, thus giving away their private rights therein. What they did was priceless, for the whole of his manuscripts, with almost all those of the dramas of the period have perished.



GENERAL CHARLES MILLER OF FRANKLIN, PA.

CHARLES MILLER BIBLE CLASS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE brigade of "old subscribers" to a periodical little realize the influence their letters have upon an editor, or how potential are their suggestions coming from time to time to him through the mails.

Not long ago a subscriber and a great admirer of the "Heart Throbs" book, residing in Franklin, Pennsylvania, wrote a genial letter asking the editor to come and visit her home city. Prominent in the brief epistle was this sentence, "Our little city is notable enough to furnish an article for the National."

Farther along in the letter there was some mention of the Charles Miller Bible Class, which my correspondent described as the most wonderful and largest organization of its kind in the world. After reading this letter, it was not long before the opportunity was found for a visit to Franklin.

Arriving in the city on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the mountains of Pennsylvania seemed to smile a welcome, as the train left me and wound its way down the valley to Oil City. Crowning the surrounding hills and peaks were the stately derricks of the world's richest oil fields, which have been pouring out wealth for half a century.

Wandering up the streets from the station, I saw the park and monument and soon found my way to the Park Hotel, one of those delightful hostelries that is always a haven of rest for the traveling man. Although a stranger in the city, "Minehost" greeted me warmly and made me feel quite at home and ready for a happy day. No sooner had I registered than a card was handed to me, headed:

> "*GET UP*
>
> Sunday morning and come down to the First Baptist Church, Liberty and Eleventh Streets. To be a stranger in a strange city, with time hanging heavy on one's hands, especially Sunday, is not pleasant."

With the card was a little periodical called "The Tidings," in which I found information concerning the Charles Miller Bible Class.

* * *

The First Baptist Church was thronged to the very portals. After the service the minister, Dr. Maurice Penfield Fikes, came to shake hands with the members of the congregation, and everybody paused for that social few minutes, and the little, personal words of help that do so much to lighten the monotony of many lives. This place of worship certainly has the tingle and glow of real work and militant Christian service.

The Charles Miller Bible Class convenes in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Its enrollment is about 600 men, and there is an auxiliary class of about 150 ladies, who occupy an upper room. The Sunday School totals 1,500 members, which is about twelve per cent of the entire population of the city. I learned that the Miller Bible Class was by no means a new organization, having been in existence since 1874, in which year General Miller was elected superintendent of the school, which then had a membership of seventy-five. He has held this office through all the supervening years, having been continually re-elected until now he is rounding out his thirty-fourth year of continuous service. In early days the church had a membership of twenty-three, but church and school have grown up together, "flourishing like a green bay tree."

A unique feature in the day's worship is the service of the "Hand Shake Club," which meets at 9:30 a.m. in the church parlor, for men only. Another attractive feature is the "People's Happy Hour," which begins exactly at 7:30 and ends with equal promptness at 8:30 p.m.; never was a shorter sixty minutes.

At the entrance of the Sunday School room is a large blackboard, with space for over a thousand numbers, and instead of calling the roll—a lengthy process in a school of such size—each attendant places a chalk mark which indicates "present." At 2:30 nearly every seat on the floor and in the gallery above was filled, and hardly a vacancy could be seen in the great auditorium.

The church orchestra is made up of local talent, the director being Mr. George W. Feldman. The choir boys in vestments marching to their seats to the sweet strains of a processional opening hymn, were a

surprising overture, but there is no sectarian prejudice here; everything that can make the service delightful and profitable is adopted—what a great advance since the time when the good Scotchman gravely told his class of boys, "After ye ha been to your Sunday Schule, ye may do what ye like and ye may gang whaur ye wull, but *ye maun na whustle on the Sawbath.*"

Then appeared General Charles Miller, the superintendent, the commander, in fact the general of the forces, "in the stirrup." He was dressed in a frock coat and turn-down collar and white tie, and his face beamed with pleased anticipation and welcome. Simple, democratic, genial, he announced the songs and off the school started at a double quick tempo. With a heartiness that was infectious, the superintendent walked back and forth over the platform, ablaze with enthusiasm, and he soon had the spirit of the whole assembly attuned. I think I never heard a Sunday School sing with quite so much verve. A simple prayer followed.

It was somewhat of a relief to know that there was a "quarterly review" that day and no "lesson," for I must have confessed that I had not "studied the lesson;" I consoled myself with the thought that one could not be expected to shine in a review of quarterly work with four months of absent marks against him. There was a preliminary, straight-off-the-bat talk by General Miller, with a strong flavor of practicality about it, likely to appeal to men in all walks of life. He referred to the glories and blessings of the past year, and what it had done for the cause of the Lord, incidentally remarking that he did not like to see taken from the coinage of the country the good, old motto, "In God we Trust." Graphically he related the incident of how Lincoln, in the dark days of the Civil War, immortalized that motto.

In his speech the General insisted that men should not be afraid to join the church, though he knew that was what kept many a young man from being openly on the right side, the chief deterrent being the fear that a profession would be made which could not be lived up to. In exercising the true courage of manhood strength would be engendered, and the speaker said there was no reason why convictions regarding religious matters should be hidden, when similar decisions in almost any other relation of life would be fearlessly asserted.

Another stirring song or two—everybody liked to sing—and the waving of the General's hands kept the music in perfect time and rythm. With such a leader we all felt we must keep up the pace, and the enthusiasm spread to every part of that wide audience room. It was like the meeting of one large family, gathered for a glorious good time, and prepared to study the word of the Lord without any trace of the ceremony or gloom of early Puritan days.

The General rather balked when he was to announce the prize selection of the orchestra. One glance was enough; it had a foreign, classical title; after he had considered it a moment, he said:

"C. O. D. on delivery. George let 'er go," and so the orchestra proceeded to play "C. O. D." It might be inferred that immediately thereafter a collection would be in order, but there was none. The performance of the home orchestra was really refreshing, and added much to the attractiveness of that delightful afternoon. Each player entered into his part like a true lover of music, rather than with the indifference of the professional, and the rendering would have done credit to even the haughty Boston Symphony.

Enjoying myself to the fill, I was getting from my neighbor scraps of information regarding General Miller and his work, interspersed with an occasional "God bless him." No thought of any breakers ahead for me. The General alighted from the platform and came directly toward me—and—and—there I was. My easy calm vanished for he has a way of getting what he wants, so before I realized it he had me standing on the platform, looking into the faces of the boys and girls and hoping I appeared wiser than I felt, as I racked my brains for something to say that would be really appropriate. You can imagine the rest, and that the boys and girls enjoyed seeing "another big boy speaking his piece"—even if I was embarrassed.

The opening exercises completed, and the infliction of the visitor's speech over, the doors were closed in the centre of the room, shutting off the Bible Class in one apartment and leaving the Kindergarten and smaller classes in their respective places around the circle. Then there was the usual buzz, as teachers and scholars began reviewing the lessons of the year.

General Miller has a wonderful way of asking questions and finding replies; every

INTERIOR BAPTIST CHURCH, FRANKLIN, PA., WHERE THE CHARLES MILLER BIBLE CLASS, OVER ONE THOUSAND STRONG, MEET EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON. THE LARGEST AND MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SUNDAY SCHOOL IN ANY CITY OF ITS SIZE IN THE WORLD

minute of the study hour was instructive, and the class was not less interesting than the teacher. Down in one corner was the good, old brother, who was ready to stand by his convictions and insisted that Joseph's first great act was to have a dream, while the General stuck to it that the interpretation was Joseph's first important act, rather than the dreaming of the dream. Then in another part of the class the Scotchman spoke up and remarked that if there had been no dream there could have been no interpretation. The General's tribute to sturdy Biblical and historical characters showed a remarkable insight into human nature as it is today, and also the power of the speaker to apply Old Testament lessons to the life of the present time. Every sentence and every thought that was brought out had a purpose that would be useful in the workaday world tomorrow. The conclusion of that hour in Charles Miller's Bible Class was announced all too soon.

Then came the parting handshake, the hearty greetings and the lingering in the halls for a few last words, but the General did not permit me to leave without glancing into the Kindergarten room, where there were rows of bright, expectant little faces, looking out for what the stranger introduced by the superintendent would say. I noticed that the stars of the Christmas decorations still remained.

What impressed me most was the spirit of the church and school. They were magnificent organizations, but it was not what money could do that made them so—it was rather the firm belief in the right and good combined with the power of personality that were exemplified in that institution.

The officers of the Miller Bible Class are a fine corps, headed by the General as teacher. Henry Reading is president, Fred Bartholomew first vice-president, R. L. Satterwhite second vice-president, the secretary is C. L. Griffin and the treasurer is S. T. Graham.

What especially interested me was to find after the service so many people ready to tell me about General Miller and his noble work. It was there that I heard the story of the great industry with which he is now connected. "Galena Oil" is now so well-known that it hardly needs description. It is today in constant and increasing use in more than ninety percent of the railroads of the United States. The story of its inception, as I heard it, was that there were two valves shaking loose in the machinery of a factory in which General Miller was interested; something was needed to keep them tight, and a mixture was applied by Mr. Miller for that purpose, but instead of tightening the valve it acted as a powerful lubricant; the valve instantly loosed its hold. Thus the new lubricant was discovered by Charles Miller in 1869. The Galena Oil Works, which grew out of this discovery, were the outcome of General Miller's energy, and this company is now one of the best known corporations in the world for the treatment of heavy and lubricating oils, used so largely everywhere, and covered by patents both here and in foreign countries.

The Galena Oil Works were first chartered with General Miller as president, and all kinds of oil for the use of railroads were made. The plant of the company today is a wonderful sight. It is said that the Franklin district furnishes at the present time better quality and more of these oils than all the rest of the continent combined; the Galena treatment having brought the product to the highest point of perfection. The three railroads that began to use it in 1869 have never changed their oil.

Railroad workers know how important good lubricants are to the success of machinery and engines, but outsiders little understand such facts as that the New York Central was enabled to make the world's record for a long distance run because every axle, every journal and every box and wheel, from the tip of the cow catcher to the tail light, were lubricated with Galena Oil.

Of Huguenot ancestry, Mr. Miller was born in Alsace, France, in 1843. The family came to this country in 1854 and settled on a farm near Boston, Erie County, New York. At the age of thirteen he began his career working in a village store at $35 a month and board. In Buffalo at the age of seventeen he earned $175 a month, and it was at this time, in '61, that he enlisted in the New York National Guard. In 1863 he was mustered into the United States service. In 1864 he purchased the business in which he had first been a clerk and in which he invested his frugal savings, amounting to $200; he was assisted by a loan of $2,000 from Dr. Sibley.

General Miller carried on an extensive dry goods business until 1869, when the patent for Galena Oil manufacture was taken out. The refinery built for this purpose burned down, but the business was reorganized and re-established, and finally developed into the

Galena Oil Works, with the entire management given to Mr. Miller, who has made an unrivalled record in his business exploitation. His business trips average over 50,000 miles a year, and he has probably more friends in the various parts of the country, among the railroad men, from Our Lady of the Snows to Mexico, than any other one man possesses. No matter what he may be doing he is the same insistent, magnetic soul, always crowned with splendid success, whether it be in the management of a Bible class or the exploitation of business. Perhaps the secret of his influence is that he is truly master of himself.

It is said that General Miller is endowed with the rare gift of penetration that amounts almost to intuition. He can take up a business statement and see through it instantly. He is the very personification of modern ideals of business operation, but has always maintained the highest standard of Christian citizenship. His benefactions always kept pace with his prosperity, and there is probably no wealthy man of today who gives more of himself as well as his money in good deeds. He is extremely popular in the old home city of Franklin and thousands come to visit the church and school to which he belongs.

* * *

In public speaking or writing, as in all he undertakes, General Miller has the faculty of imparting something new, in his own inimitable way.

The General's benefactions are not confined to religious work; he takes an interest in all welfare enterprises, notably in the free night schools with spacious rooms and first-class equipment, which is his especial charge and where his personal friendship and interest are appreciated even more than the other privilege enjoyed. Perhaps, however, his pet enterprise is the First Baptist Church, which has been his church home for more than a quarter of a century. Like his Bible Class, it is broad and generous, with no trace of sectarianism. His work is far-reaching and it would be hard to estimate the number of men he has rescued by kindly assistance and sympathy and cheering help, which seem to be his peculiar characteristics.

It is said that the General will make any sacrifice rather than miss one of his Sunday services, and has been known to charter an engine in order to get home on Saturday night and be with his class on Sunday.

Serving for two terms as mayor, he has declined nomination to any higher office, believing that his life work is at home with his towns-people, his class and his business. The General is prominent in G. A. R. matters and has served for many years as president of the Northwestern Grand Army of the Republic, and as Major-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania he won distinction by meeting every duty and emergency like the true soldier that he is.

In Miller Park stands his handsome house, in which he injoys home life. General Miller is also much interested in his fine stock farm. He knows how to tell a good story and how to meet men, because he loves them, and in this, combined with thrifty, prudent work, may be discerned the secret of his great success.

Amid the incessant demands of a busy life, I could not resist reading and re-reading that fine address, delivered to young men, entitled "Wanted—a Man." It is full to the brim with compelling enthusiasm, and none could hear or read such words without feeling an impulse to obey the trumpet call to action. In this address are indications of that close, personal study of Bible history which Mr. Miller has made despite the tremendous demands on his time. It is remarkable that so busy a man can, week after week, go on delivering talks that would in themselves make a very valuable and interesting book.

I was especially interested in a dainty little brochure which I picked up; it was called "The Guardian," and gives yet another glimpse of the diversified genius of the author. It is a touching little story of Juniata Mountains in Pennsylvania. The little book is exquisitely illustrated, and the story, sweet in its simplicity, brings up visions of "the dew-kissed flowers, fanned into fragrance by the zephyrs of the mountain." There is a graphic touch in the few words that tell of the old house among the foliage, revealing the comfort of its once hospitable walls. The pages are a beautiful blending of the poetic spirit of nature, with that ever present appeal to men of intelligence and activity, and the story of the young engineer and his beautiful life-long love, that bloomed and faded among the mountain flowers, shows an unlooked for phase in the character of the active business man and energetic teacher, whose heart is ever with the little city in the heart of the Pennsylvania hills, where are the friends and the work that he loves so well.

God's Ain Countrie

By Frank MacIntyre

When the whisp'ring winds are blowing,
And the river's gently flowing,
E'en though age my step is slowing,
How my old heart starts to glowing:
And I find myself a-wishing,
That I might go off a-fishing;
Where the golden sunshine's streaming,
And the silver water's gleaming,
In God's Ain Countrie.

God's Ain Countrie

(Continued)

I can hear the pine trees sighing,
And o'erhead the clouds are flying;
While the forest all is ringing,
With the happy bird's sweet singing:
I can see the water flashing,
I can hear the fish a-splashing;
And my aged eyes are beaming,
As I sadly sit a-dreaming,
Of God's Ain Countrie.

WHAT "SINGLE TAX" MEANS

By C. H. Ingersoll

Of the firm of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., manufacturers of "Ingersoll Watches."

YOUR editor asks why I, a business man, apparently prosperous, am a believer in the principles of Henry George and the amelioration of poverty, implying that such philosophies are logical only for the "disinherited masses."

If, within the limitations of this article, I can answer his question so he and his quarter million readers will get my viewpoint, I shall indeed be thankful.

It is obvious that no difference in attitude should exist between different groups of people, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer, toward a principle of justice or morality; all should espouse such a principle. So if the philosophy of George, now commonly known as the "Single Tax" rings true as a common factor in the uplift of humanity, it is not for any wise man no matter where he is classified, to alienate himself from it.

The complete answer to the editor's question, is in the pages of "Progress and Poverty;" or for those with limited time and disinclination for close analysis, in "Social Problems" or even the "Land Question," in each of which George unfolds, in choicest English, the problem, divested of complexities and the remedy, so simple that even a business man cannot refuse it.

If there is one thing emphasized by the "Prophet of San Francisco," it is that a violation of natural law is absolutely universal in its baneful effects, and that an injustice perpetrated on one division of society, must react on every other division, including the presumed beneficiaries of the injustice.

It is our habit to shower too much pity on the poor and forget the many ways in which we suffer in their degradation. And how about the very rich with their overload of unspendable wealth; their responsibility; their half-conscious guilt in the possession of wealth not earned? Indeed which of the extremes shall we most commiserate?

The more I live and study both extremes, the more I am in doubt on this point, with slight inclination to think the rich really the poorer.

And what of the middle class with its sure, if slow, tendency to gravitate to the lower ranks, despite its constant desire to climb at any cost into the upper? Is theirs an ideal condition? No, we have a seething mass of unrest which satisfies neither the moralist, patriot nor business man. No level headed business man can contemplate the social conditions of today with any feeling of security, not to say optimism, and that there is every reason to fear a cataclysm, which will put an end to all business schemes, unless we who can command ourselves, take up—not the cause of the masses only—but the common cause, and clear away the confusions and complexities that now enmesh us, and go straight for *the remedy.*

We have not many more decades for groping; we cannot excuse ourselves for not studying, knowing and acting. "Too late" is a familiar warning that may well give us pause, as we all concede we are going *some*—but whither?

"Know thyself" is a wise maxim applied to bodily conditions; its application to conditions of the body politic cannot be construed as pessimism except by those who make "optimism" a profession—those who believe that "what *is*, is right;" true optimism can only be based on a complete self-knowledge and a frank acknowledgement of existing weakness.

So I say, it is for us business men to be on the alert in some matters not directly connected with our own counting rooms, or even with conventional philanthropies and religious functions. We are every day seeing the fruits of our indifference to things we think are abstract or remote, in the bold daylight robberies being perpetrated on us in the name of politics and finance; this points immediately to other departments of our social household which if not investigated and corrected, will surely lead us to bankruptcy.

And yet I do not concede this to be pessimism; there have been times when it would have passed as such, but in the present enlightenment, the conditions I point to are a matter of common knowledge; but my optimism is wholly based on the Single Tax remedy.

The Single Tax theory is based on the principle recognized by leading philosophers, economists and jurists of all ages; that the earth is the heritage of the people, and that land should not be absolutely private property; even our modern governments recognize this in their law of eminent domain, and Moses, Blackstone, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Jefferson and Herbert Spencer, have specifically declared this as a principle of justice; yet no one had discovered a practicable way of giving effect to this principle,—various schemes such as subdivision of the land among the people every ten years having been tried and found of little avail in escaping the well recognized evils of land monoply—until George thought of the natural and easy method of perfectly working out an apportionment of nature's bounties and values created by the community, by a tax on the value of land, in place of every other tax.

I cannot here undertake to trace, as George so conclusively does, the great ruling evils of society, notably poverty, immorality and crime to land monopoly and speculation. I can only ask you to give a few hours to his matchless reasoning; here are his principle premises; that crime and degredation are effects, not causes; that poverty creates directly and indirectly, substantially all society's ills· that poverty, at least in its extremes, is unnecessary and due to the power given to the few to command service of the many; that all we have proceeds from the land, and therefore power is given to the land owner over those who do not own it.

This may be seen, directly, in the case of a *land*lord and tenant; the former may live in idleness and luxury, and the latter must struggle to the utmost for bare existence; but it is also to be seen in many indirect ways not easily discovered, but more far reaching, as for example, the great railroads exercising a blighting effect in making high rates, or building up impregnable monopolies by secret contracts, while enjoying with a nominal tax, the almost priceless franchises of the people, or the great mineral, mining or oil monopolies, taking billions of wealth from the earth—"the heritage of the people." But the greatest of all land value is found in the great cities, as for instance, in New York City, the land alone is worth more than all property of every kind in the balance of New York State.

All of which roughly shows the gigantic proportions of this common fund of value, which as has been in all ages acknowledged, and as any healthy mind can see, is created by the people collectively, and belongs to them, but is now appropriated by those privileged to "own land."

It should not be inferred that normal land ownership is charged with this burden of crime against society; that is, ownership accompanied with legitimate use in directly obtaining a living from the soil, as for example, the working farmer or the modest house owner; nor in any form of industry.

It is the abuse of private ownership everywhere prevailing, and which is inseparable from this institution, that works the harm; the speculative booming, amounting so often to a craze, producing highly fictitious values; and that even more damaging inaction, the mere "holding for a rise" of land under nominal taxation, while industry is compelled to pass farther on and finally crowds around, and produces a value that often yields fabulous profits to this slothfulness.

I ask you to discard all preconceptions for a moment, and note the contrast in the treatment received by industry, and by inactivity, by our present system of taxation: Unimproved land goes almost free on the theory that it is earning no income, and in disregard of the fact that it is a stumbling block, a drag on development, and is growing valuable by the industrious efforts of others. But how are these same efforts requited by the assessor? Build a house, or even paint one, or beautify your property, and you must pay a penalty! Buy a suit of clothes, a barrel of sugar or a ton of coal, and you will have paid another fine that must discourage your effort to live comfortably. Our present system is a direct encouragement to speculative inaction, and at every turn a blow at honest industry. In other words, our ignorance of scientific taxation is responsible for the one great fundamental evil under which we are staggering—not knowing, because we do not study, that the complete remedy is within easy reach.

At first you may say individual ownership is necessary to individual ambition, and that

to own a piece of the earth is an inalienable longing of humanity. Reflection will show you that this is but a matter of form, as the proposed system would make more secure than at present, the *possession and use of land* if such were the object of "owning," and it would only intervene if the object were *possession and non-use* for the purpose of preventing use by others, except on terms made by its possessor.

In fact the "single tax" would not disturb existing titles to land at all, but by surrounding *users* of land with fair conditions, not now existing, would make them absolutely secure. The force of the change would fall on those non-users or partial users of tracts they are holding for advance in price. For example, of two adjoining pieces of land, one is occupied by a building and other improvements, and the other is in its raw, natural state; the owner of the first pays a high tax on every building and its contents; on even his fences, ditches, grading, etc., and also a high tax on the land itself, while his neighbor pays a *low* tax on the land alone. The single tax would remove all tax from the improvements and take the full rental value of the land only, without considering in the slightest degree the improvements, thus lowering the tax paid by owner No. 1. The tax on the unimproved plot would be increased three or four times, bringing it to the actual economic value, corresponding to the adjoining land.

And what would be the net result of this? First, an industrious man's taxes would be lowered, and he would be encouraged to make further improvements. Second, the "dog in the manger" would realize that there was no longer any profit in holding land idle, so he would use it, build upon it, cultivate it, and employ labor, thus raising wages. Third, another house would be in the market, lowering rents for houses, and more produce would be sent to market, contributing to cheaper prices for such. Fourth, as the revenues from land would more than suffice for all expense of government, every other tax would be abated, so the general public would actually be exempt from taxation! The land would take care of it all, and justly so, because these same people have made every dollar of these values.

It would naturally be suggested that a proposition to tax land values only,—which to the casual student would mean taxing land only—would place the tax burden heavily on the farmer, the principal land owner; but such would not be the result, which illustrates the great distinction between land and land values. Apparently the farmer owns nearly all the land, but from the standpoint of *value*, the city owners have it nearly all, which demonstrates the main eternal verity of the George idea, namely, that the people make the values; relatively, farm land, the bare land before being touched with the ax, hoe or plow has little value; the value of improvements, which includes everything on or in the bare original land, far exceeds the land value, so that the exemption of these would far more than offset the land value tax, and bring about a net reduction in the farmers' tax.

By "farmer" I mean the average "working farmer" with a farm not so large that he can't work it well with the assistance of his sons and incidental hiring; the consolidated farms, worked largely by machinery and hired labor, where improvement values were largely exceeded by land values, would naturally and justly pay a larger proportionate tax which again proves the true democracy of the plan as applied to the farmer.

Accordingly a business man should be a Single Taxer; because the wise business man knows that whatever opposes the tendency to centralization, consolidation, elimination of the individual as a factor in production, contributes to *an insurance of the future welfare of this nation*, including its business interests.

Now, as to the effects in cities and their suburbs; we in New York, have now reached 50 stories in our buildings, adjoining which are frequently found either vacant lots or three story rookeries. In this respect we are a freak town, and why is it? Land speculation of the double back action kind, is the reason; it has produced such inverted pyramid of fictitious values, that a plot for building *costs* so much that the only way to get square is to go up into the heavens; at the same time the *tax* on adjoining unimproved or badly improved plots, is so *low* as to encourage the independently situated owners to maintain for years what should be regarded as public nuisances, in old uninhabitable structures in our finest sections.

And what would the "S. T." do here? First, no one, even the Astors, could afford to hold an idle piece long; they would have to be built on forthwith, with the effects on

wages and rents already noted. There are 327 square miles of land in Greater New York no more than one-fifth of which is or ever has been built upon. Second, no one could long afford to maintain inferior buildings (and at least one-half those here are in no wise consistent with their locality.) Result, general improvement of the city, plus results to labor and renters. Third, the income from this new source would displace all other taxes, and in addition run all the street railways far into the suburbs *free of cost to the travelers*, just as our buildings run free elevators; also build libraries and art galleries, parks, boulevards and other improvements never dreamed of, and probably finish by paying to each individual citizen, a cash dividend on his community property—and this is no pipe dream, but a statement of hard demonstrable fact! Do you blame a business man for being a Single Taxer? This is just plain business sense—not altruism, humanitarianism or anything of that sort. There is not a business man or legitimate capitalist that would not follow me if he knew what I have found out—and there *are* a lot of us know it already.

Further results can better be imagined than set down; the city would spread and with it every unit of business and dwelling; everyone would enjoy comfortable surroundings; with the diffusion of land values over the larger area would come great reduction thereof in the congested centers, and the impetus to 50 story freaks would be wanting, and approximate uniformity with complete sanity in building construction would obtain; a properly engineered system of transit would follow the elimination of the "big fours" of Wall Street exploitation, and a well housed suburban dwelling people would quickly mass them selves daily in Manhattan for business, and in due course the tenement habit would be cured, or at least become cleanly; the people coming into their own and gradually realizing that all was not hopeless; that they were not after all born to create wealth for the Astors, Goelets and Hoffmans, or even our cherished *other* Trinity, would become what they all want to be, citizens of the highest type.

Do you blame a business man for being a Georgite when such visions are supported by a cold blooded analysis of the facts?

A great obstacle in our country to an understanding of the Single Tax idea is that our areas of land are so vast,and even in and near our greatest cities, big lots, acres and square miles of idle land are seen, and a railway trip takes us through hundreds of miles of practically unoccupied territory; all this blinds the average eye to the real principle involved, and they point to this land and say, "there's plenty of land in our country; let people go to it; the land question is for England or Ireland—not for *our* great country."

But please follow me: First, it is land speculation that produces this big show of apparently undesired land; there is active demand and urgent need for it, but our system places a discouraging and often prohibitive price on it. Next, and most important, is to get untwisted on the distinction between *land* and *land values*. The Single Tax has nothing to do with land as such, but only that land which has a substantial value, either natural, as a mine, or created by population, as in a great city; and in each case the land monopoly *works out in full* its baneful results, whether in New York City, in the mountains of Nevada, or in England or Ireland; in other words, land monopoly means individual lots or tracts and in any community of sufficient size to give its land a value, the same ratio of injustice exists as in the largest city where the gigantic figures make it so obvious as to compel the attention of the most supine.

Or to state the case another way: Generally speaking, people in communities combine on a fairly uniform scale in creating land values, and therefore each individual may be said to have an equal interest in them; therefore, the "land question" in its most urgent phase, becomes a mere question of population in cities and towns and when we say that in our country we have as many urban dwellers as England, which is doubtless more than true, we have shown the land question to be of equal importance to us, irrespective of the fact that our total land area may be a hundred times as great; and also of the fact that poverty is keener there; so it may be safely accepted that questions of land monopoly, unearned increment, land values, taxation, ground rents, etc., as the subject is variously alluded to, are of universal application and importance, varying only in slight degree. To say "let the people go to the country if they want land" begs the whole question; they are living on land here in the city as truly as if they were farming and they claim as their own the value they have thus

created in *this* land; and also the collateral benefits that will result from the freeing of *all* land from the embargo now resting on its use.

There is much confusion of ideas and definitions, which, in the average mind unused to economic subjects, interferes with that ready understanding and acceptance of the Single Tax, which its simplicity should invite. The term "land monopoly" for example, is confusing, since "monopoly" in the usual sense, namely, the control of a whole field of industry, absolutely to the exclusion of others, does not exist as to land; so it is necessary in understanding the land question, to bear in mind that when we speak of land monopoly we mean individual monopolization of individual portions of land which works practically the same evils as if all land were owned by one individual, the difference being only in the degree to which the rental and increment are concentrated in the hands of a few individuals, it making no difference to the non-owners whether their rent is paid to one or one million persons.

As showing the extent to which our present system *tends* to concentrating the land *toward* the ownership of one individual, note the following facts as to the distribution of wealth in the United States:

		FAMILY AVERAGE
8,417,612 families own	$4,715,000,000	$ 560
6,313,209 " "	22,632,000,000	3,585
1,452,847 " "	51,953,000,000	35,000
4,047 " "	15,000,000,000	3,000,000

Another confusion damaging to this cause hinges on the interpretation of the terms "land monopoly" and the proposition of "making land common property" by which term the George theory is often loosely stated.

No one more fully appreciates than did George the necessity for the absolute individual possession and control of land, and yet it is a common notion that his plan would involve a "division of land among everybody" and in destruction of the ancient, natural and laudable human desire to "own a home;" in fact all that is perversion, but to understand that, close distinctions are needed.

First, the term land monopoly, must be clearly understood. The next distinction necessary is between land ownership for purposes of speculation by holding it idle for advance in value, or for the collection of rents, and *ownership for the purpose of using it;* then we must have clearly in mind that there is no suggestion of any division of the land, any government ownership, any common ownership, or anything else but the one simple proposition of increasing the tax on the *bare land value*, up to the point where the full economic rents, which is the price it could be rented for, is practically all absorbed in taxation.

This would destroy monopoly for the purpose of *speculation*, but it would make more secure possession for the purpose of *use;* the first, because the speculator could not afford to pay this heavy tax, and must therefore either become a productive user of his land, or give it up to someone who would use it; and the second, because of the assurance that under the new system the land would never be taxed at more than its own bare value, no matter how much it was improved, whereas under our existing system a portion of every improvement is confiscated by taxation and also the land tax is increased for no other reason than its improvement by the owner, and the dangers of eventual loss of ownership and possession by sale for taxes is far greater to the *active* owner under the present system than it could be under the Single Tax; the slothful owner is the one protected at present, as *you* can see by looking around you at the idle tracts which industry is compelled to pass around, the community to tolerate as an eye sore, and menace, and the municipality to police, light, build sewers, sidewalks, and streets, around, as if it were serving the people instead of filching from them.

And the only sense in which the land would be "made common property" is that only where *land value* exists, to the extent that rent would be paid for its use, that rent would be taken by the Single Tax and applied (in place of all other taxes now existing) to the common benefit of the whole community; but there would be no physical division or disturbance of possession, or increase in the taxes of users of land.

This is the important dividing line between the Single Tax and Socialism with which it is commonly confused, when it is the *direct opposite;* the Socialists would take over and apportion under an elaborate scheme of centralized government, not only all land, but all industry of every form, while Single Taxers would work out the most fundamental desideratum of the Socialists, namely, a substantial division of the land (by the distribution of land *values*) with scarcely

a change in our present system of appraisement and tax collection; and from this change, which would do violence to no industrial interest, would follow a correction of all the industrial and social evils pointed out by the Socialists, leaving intact individual possession, ownership, initiative and enterprise, obviously necessary to modern society.

The terms "landlord," "land," and "land value" should be closely defined in relation to this subject. *Landlord* means, not the renter of a house as in our city life, but the owner of land as best exampled by the great lords of England; *land* means only the ground divested of every improvement in or on it; a ditch is as much an improvement as a house. The *value of land* or *land value* means all value inherent in the bare land, either the value attaching to a favored location, to the contents of the land as oil or mineral, or to the increment due to surrounding population; but in no case any value due to human labor expended on or in it in improvements; it is this land value which the Single Tax aims to distribute as their common property, among all the people, in the form of governmental service, due them as compensation for the privilege of use of these favored locations.

It is not always easy for the student to see just how the Single Tax would "land;" that is, just who it would help, and at the expense of whom. It is the unfortunate habit of the age to indulge in public measures which help one class at the expense of another, and sometimes worthier, class, and without much thought of principles involved. Is the Single Tax such a measure; is it to rob Peter and pay Paul; is it a raid on riches; is it an appeal to class prejudice; is it demagogic?

No, analysis shows it to have none of the predatory features of our systems, which notoriously rob the producer and give to the non-producer; it appeals to enlightenment and common sense, with a background of humanitarianism and morality, it urges the discontinuance of the many forms of robberies of Peter to pay Paul.

Now, just whom will it benefit, and at whose expense? It is obvious that the benefits would fall on everyone engaged in productive industry, mental or physical, with their hands or capital; directly, to those desiring to apply their efforts directly to the land, as the new system uncovers natural opportunities to their free use, and indirectly, but in no less degree, to all others who in sympathy would reflect the direct benefits. Not all would desire to occupy land now held idle which would be freed to use, but none would escape the benefits of the vast expansion that would ensue, as this occupation would start an era of healthy production, of unprecedented activity and wages would rise as a whole; inequalities and abnormalities in wages now to some extent existing, would be equalized; the labor slave driver would lose his power to unjustly crowd wages down; and the walking delegate would lose his power of oppression to the capitalist, as unions in their present futile and objectionable form would be displaced by a common recognition of labor's just and natural rights, due to a free working of the law of wages, where natural opportunities are open; capital and labor would meet on a properly understood basis agreeable to economic law, each knowing its rights and limitations.

And whom will it hurt? If those named below (in their monopolistic phase only) are "a class" within the meaning of the "class prejudice" charge, of course the Single Tax will be to this extent a class measure, so I would direct your attention to an analysis of this class of leeches, and to what is proposed regarding them, unless our plan is accepted.

First, the land monopolists. Who are they? W. W. Astor owns from 500 to 1,000 million dollars in unearned increment, *earned* by the millions of Greater New York. The U. S. Steel Corporation basis its fabulous capitalization principally on the ore lands owned, rather than on its industrial assets; the coal trust owes its ability to pay its own price for miners and exact its own price for coal, wholly to its ownership of most of the available natural supply; our rapidly merging system of railroads owe their fabulous profits and over capitalization to the absence of taxation on valuable lands they own; these are each examples of a sub-class interested in unearned increment. Some make unearned increment their "business," notably the Astor type; such would be heavily affected by the Single Tax; others are interested equally in monopoly and industry, and so would perhaps gain more in industry than lose in monopoly, which shows how the Single Tax would, while driving an individual out of the monopoly business, thus compelling him to engage in legitimate business, offer him business in-

ducements by relief from taxation, thus more than offsetting his losses, making a *wholly* useful citizen of him, and setting up in the community for its general benefit, an industry in place of an obstructive monopoly.

To sum up, those injured, would be solely those who make a business of land speculation or whose industrial monopoly rests on landed privileges; all others who engaged in this only incidentally or even equally to other interests, would be benefitted as much or more in their other legitimate interests. And broadly the pure monopolists would not in the end be sorry for the change, though it would cost them dollars, as when they saw the general benefits to civilization they would join in justification of what to them seemed injustice.

It is but human to worship, or at least respect success, and it is natural that questions should occur such as these: "Will the Single Tax be accepted?" "Is it one of the beautiful theories that will never be?" It is sometimes remarked that in nearly thirty years since "Progress and Poverty" was given the world, no apparent progress has been made by the movement.

But let us see if this is not more apparent than real; that the works of George have had wide circulation and thoughtful attention is unquestioned, and that they are and have been consistently regarded with respect is unquestioned; that his position has not been successfully or even pretentiously challenged.

His ideas have generally permeated the thinking mass in all civilized countries, is shown by daily development in political, social and educational life. Some of the evidences I will mention, and if my statement is correct there needs to be but a crystalization to place the movement in effective form.

First to consider are the personal representatives of the movement; these are variously estimated at from 250,000 to a million in this country today—men who have accepted the George principle, and among these are prominent men in every walk of life, such as Tom L. Johnson, Brand Whitlock, Mayor Taylor of San Francisco, Ex-Governor Garvin of Rhode Island, Congressman Champ Clark of Missouri, Mayor Rose of Kansas City, Wm. Loyd Garrison, John DeWitt Warner, Geo. Foster Peobody, Judges Seabury and Ford (New York), Poultney Bigelow, Hamlin Garland, Elbert Hubbard.

The next evidence is that in every progressive political or social movement Single Taxers will be found in the foreground, and as a rule their measures are in evidence as forerunners of the real work to come; they have been the principle promoters of Municipal Ownership, of the Initiative and Referendum, of ballot and primary reform, of franchise taxation, of "equal taxation" in New Jersey and "just taxation" in Wisconsin, involving mainly the principle of the Single Tax.

That they are the acknowledged authorities on taxation is evident by the fact that at all conferences relating to the subject, they take the leading part; Lawson Purdy, a leading Single Taxer, is in charge of the assessments of Greater New York, the most responsible position of its kind in the world.

In all of the great reform movements—in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis and San Francisco—the Single Taxer is always found in the front or in fighting ranks, and many prominent members of our present federal administration are Single Taxers; they have full credit for the Free Alcohol Bill, and for killing the ship subsidy, and are now pushing Parcels Post with success in sight. In the language of a wise Republican politician when asked what he could see in the future of politics, "the Single Tax crowd are the only ones with a definite aim and who are getting anywhere."

Their work is chiefly by indirection at present, and they appreciate that years may pass before a direct issue may be presented, but surely, if slowly, the great truths are spreading, and will one day be the bulwark of civilization's security. When our rapid evolution reaches a crisis and society is suspended on the brink of ruin, as it may some day be, it will be the Single Tax propaganda now going so quietly, that will supply the alternative to revolution or to a Socialism, worse even than the present order of inequality and concentration. Under favorable circumstances, however, the risks of any crisis need not be taken as with but slight constitutional changes, and in some states none, the change to the Single Tax may be made locally in cities or in whole states at any time, and efforts in this direction are being persistently made.

The movement in the old world is important to recognize as indicating the universality of the principles. In England, in 1907, I

listened to a clear cut debate of the Single Tax in the House of Commons, which would pass a full adoption of it, but for the House of Landlords, as the full Cabinet and a majority of the Commons were elected for that purpose, and therefore, this movement must first change that survival of feudalism, the House of Peers, before the will of the people can find expression in a Single Tax law. In Germany the Single Tax principle is in full operation in over 300 cities. In New Zealand this principle has also been recognized in a general law, though in both these cases but a small portion of land value is taken which minimizes the results shown.

So if the progress of our Remedy is slow, so also has been that of the disease. "Rome was not built in a day," is so often repeated that it should be also a reminder of the *fate* of Rome, following conditions almost exactly duplicated in our present civilization; that these conditions are not, in all their worst respects exhibited in our own great country should count but slightly because, first, our fight should be for humanity, not for a nation, and second, there is no quarantine strong enough to protect us from the fate of any other nation and decades, even centuries count for little in the long run of time. We cannot shut out the spectacle of the tramp, the starving and slaving women and children, and the multi-millionaire even here at home. At all events every decent citizen is dissatisfied with conditions, however little inclined to pessimism or radicalism and to such I humbly appeal in this article.

BALLADE OF RICHES

WHAT care I for the treasure isles
Enskyed where purple oceans are?
I have the sunlight's golden smiles;
I have the silvery gleam of star;
Daily beside the pasture bar
The daisies flash me radiance free —
Poets are rich, or near or far,
For wealth abides with poverty!

Roses have I for daily bread:
Why should I crave a richer fare?
Who eats of beauty, he is fed;
Who drinks a draught of sweet pure air,
He has wine of a vintage rare.
Yea, naught have I but youth and glee,
Yet always I have joy to spare —
For wealth abides with poverty!

Science shines like moon on the mind;
The soul is thrall to starry art;
I covet not their cold unkind
Splendor of death in whole or part.
I have love in a true pure heart,
And nevermore on land or sea
Can summer from my life depart —
For wealth abides with poverty!

Edward Wilbur Mason

LOVE IN OVERALLS

By L. B. Kinder

THERE are in the Smokapolis directory some forty pages of Smiths. When, however, anyone spoke of Smith doing this, or Smith bringing about that, or quoted Smith, or denounced Smith, or lauded Smith, everyone intuitively knew that John P. Smith was meant. With the latter, the "big bug" of his section of the state, who now mouldered beneath the biggest tombstone in the cemetery, this story is little concerned, save that he left to his only son, John P. Smith, a mortgage for seven hundred dollars upon the Withrow girls' home in the manufacturing suburb of West Smokapolis.

This, notwithstanding, is no melodrama of mortgage and revenge. With Smith it was merely an impersonal seven per cent investment made through his attorney, Kendricks, who repeatedly gave the girls extra time in which to pay the interest. The only ill-feeling exhibited was by "Sister," who kept house for the three. Sometimes Polly, the in-between sister, who taught, protested when she contributed her share of interest, that a mortgage was worse than a hole in one's pocketbook; but Camilla, the youngest, uncomplainingly contributed her portion.

Camilla never grumbled. She had the equable temperament of a flower. When the the sun smiled she smiled; and she nodded her head in the wind, blow it balmy, blow it cold; as demurely bloomed beneath a cloudy as beneath a sky of lapis-lasuli; and contentedly turned her petals to receive the daily dew and such showers as Fortune deigned to bestow.

Camilla's one vexation was a lack of beaux: that is of the quality which she deserved. For she was pretty with the prettiness of hazel eyes and slightly brownish hair; and cute with the cuteness of a dimple and a plump little figure; and charming with the charm of an amiable disposition. Moreover, she was of "good family." According to Sister, the Withrows were responsible for the successful landing of the Pilgrim fathers; the inspiration of the Revolution and the cause of the Civil War; while the other side of the house, always of good stock, had recently distinguished itself by marrying the widow of a seventh cousin of the president.

On a Wednesday evening of the June that she was twenty-three and of the week that Attorney Kendricks under instructions from young John P. Smith to call in all mortgage loans, had foreclosed upon their home, Camilla was most pleasantly surprised. Dutifully dragging herself out to a church lawn fete, she had her anticipations of a stupid time dispelled by the appearance of a superlatively "nice", young man, whom the rector introduced with the injunction: "We must all help and make it pleasant for the strangers." Most literally Camilla obeyed. Mr. Paul Smith, who said that he had arrived the week before from Boston, perceiving her to be the most attractive girl in sight, devoted his attentions entirely to her, to the discomfiture of the other West Smokapolis girls and of Camilla's customary admirers.

"You must be sure to come and see me, Mr. Smith," urged Camilla, when they parted at her picket gate. "And come soon. Yes, on Friday, if you like."

The next morning Camilla's heart fluttered quite as lightly as the crimson hollyhock rosette on her white waist. With cheeks flushed from recollections of last evening's enjoyment and with eyes brightly alert she flitted down the squalid side-street that led from the car line to the Crown Manufacturing Company, where through the medium of hen-tracks and a typewriter she transformed the superintendent's drawling, unfinished sentences into pithy, well-paragraphed letters. Watchfully she scanned the few business-suited men, drifting along with the flood tide of factory laborers until the secret hope expanded into the murmured "Wouldn't it be nice if I should meet Mr. Smith this morning?"

Now, there is an evil fairy, an extremely spiteful fairy, who spies upon our wishes and cajoles us by repeated disappointments into uttering them in some equivocal form, which he malevolently grants. This spiteful fellow

chuckled, as he watched Camilla's hopes go glimmering and when the clatter of footsteps behind the brick tenement that stood guard on the corner across from the factory entrance caused her to incautiously exclaim: "I do wish that were Mr. Smith!" he slapped his wishbone, whereupon the wish was perversely granted.

"Oh, dear," pouted Camilla at a glimpse of a slouch hat, old coat and overalls. "It's only a mechanic."

But *was* it only a mechanic. Camilla's knees wobbled at an unpleasant similarity of build and of bearing, and when the dreaded happened, the mechanic politely lifted his battered felt, the color left her face.

"Good morning, Miss Withrow," said he in the pleasant voice that had so agreeably thrilled her not ten hours before. "I see we are both a little late this morning. Too good a time last night, I'm afraid."

"Yes," she choked. "Do you—do you work here?"

"I'm in the assembling shop," he answered. "I'm a machinist."

"Oh!" she gasped unconsciously quickening her steps.

She felt the eyes of the entire office force upon her—her, Camilla Withrow, who had scorned them all, now escorted by a machinist in ragged coat, black, tateen shirt and in overalls.

Overalls! How suggestive they are of red underwear and white socks; of the sooty engine room, the muddy sewer ditch, grimy machinery, the intimacy with all that is besoiling; of swearing Irish "paddies," of greasy "dagoes," of sweating negroes, of dirty laborers in general! Of what availed it for Mr. Smith to be immaculately clean in person and raiment, for he wore *overalls*. Though his brown eyes beamed intelligence; though his every feature bore the imprint of refinement; though his manners and grammar were above criticism; though he gripped a fashionably curved briarwood between his teeth, it profited him nothing in Camilla's eyes, for he wore *overalls*. By *overalls* he was judged and by *overalls* he was condemned.

How she wanted to tell him that he must not call but the right words would not come, so instead she abruptly turned towards the office mumbling: "I'm awfully late."

In the office Camilla silenced open comment by a glance that awed all but the superintendent, to whose bantering she retorted that she had met Mr. Smith the night before at a church social and felt it her duty to at least be civil. When, however, she added that Mr. Smith seemed a shade superior to the average factory hand, her employer chuckled.

Had she met Mr. Smith again she would have undoubtedly told him not to call, but Friday's six o'clock came with the alternative of his coming or of her going into the workshop to see him—which she would not have done for the world. Well, let him come. She would not tell Sister nor Polly about his occupation and indirectly she could give him to understand that he was not to call again.

When at three minutes past eight the well-tailored Mr. Smith appeared, she received him with a courteous reserve, which he interpreted as the cold wave frequently following the unseasonable warmth of a short intimacy. He therefore devoted himself to pleasing her sisters. Polly liked him at first sight because he was good looking; and his intelligent following of Sister's rambling, braggart geneologies earned him her regard.

"He'll certainly be a fine match for Camilla," the latter asserted to Polly, when the two were in the kitchen arranging cake and mixing raspberry shrub. "I'm sure he's got money," she declared, her usually worried features aglow, her sharply critical eyes shining. "I wonder what his business is. I'm going to ask him."

Since the sweet days, when at Camilla's age she was engaged to a fine young man who had died six weeks before the day they were to have been married, Sister had not felt so happy. Except for excursionary glances about the familiar furnishings, including plumply pleasant Polly, temporarily classed with the inanimate, her gaze flitted from the good looking caller to her pretty sister.

"Do you expect to make Smokapolis your home, Mr. Smith?" she demanded, putting him through the "Third Degree" with a rapidity that would have aroused the envy of sweat-box detectives. Smith answered that he was; denied that he was going into business for himself; asserted that he was in the employ of the Crown Mfg. Co.; stated that he was not in the office but in the shops; denied that he was a mechanical engineer but hoped to be some day; denied that he superintended the work; admitted that he was simply a workman—a machinist.

The "Aha!" with which Sister acknowledged Smith's replies in the same breath that launched another question, became more tense as step by step she forced him into the last damning admission. Like the crackle of the northwind that precedes a frost bite, the final "Aha!" preceded a perceptible drop in the room's temperature.

Camilla, prepared for the disclosure, exerted herself to cover up her sisters' discomfiture. But the young man could not fail perceiving the hard glint in eyes that had previously smiled and the paleness of the peaked face so recently aglow with cordiality; nor fail to read the horror photographed on Polly's features. Quickly winding up the small talk Camilla was endeavoring to sustain, he departed.

Outside in the balmy, starlit night he chuckled. Clearly he understood his occupation to be the cause of his disgrace. Yet instead of taking offence, he seemed to consider the occurence irresistibly funny. When, however, Camilla displaced the others in his thoughts, the setness of his laughing muscles relaxed.

"She is a sweet girl," he declared; "and I want to know her better. But I'm going to know her in my own way."

Meanwhile the temperature in the Withrow parlor had leapt to fever heat.

"The idea of my giving this room a special cleaning and of Polly's hurrying home from school to make a nut cake, to entertain a fellow we wouldn't speak to on the street," boiled Sister. "Poverty has ground us down, Camilla, but I never thought to live to see the day when we'd sink so low as to associate with common laborers."

"You thought at first that he was as nice as he could be, yourself," Camilla finally retorted, the prolixity of Sister's indignation having weakened the justness of her cause. "I don't care if he is a machinist, he's a gentleman. I think he's awfully nice too;" with which she stalked upstairs leaving Sister and Polly to put the room in order.

For a week Camilla did not meet Mr. Smith and she was congratulating herself on her success in avoiding him, when one afternoon on leaving the office, she saw him passing out of the machine shop door. That he saw her she could not doubt yet he stepped back. It looked as if he were avoiding her! Two days later a similar occurrence made her sure of it. She flushed and was (for her) cross at supper.

Many times during the next fortnight her thoughts centered upon Smith, not upon the stylish gray suit or upon overalls but upon a pleasing personality with brown eyes and a mellow voice. When, coming early one morning, she discovered him inspecting some machinery in the factory yard, she resolutely walked over to speak to him. As he stood statuesquely gazing at the entrails of a wrecked locomotive, he seemed to her a matinee idol acting the hero-mechanic's role rather than one who lived through the clank of the riveting hammer and whirr of drill and of metal lathe.

During their fifteen minute chat workmen and office employees gaped as they trickled by. But overalls had shrunk to *overalls* in Camilla's eyes. Disdainfully she acknowledged her acquaintances' greetings or turned her back to avoid them. At the superintendent's jocular assertion half an hour later that he feared she had designs on his new machinist she blushed without replying.

"Well, he's a nice fellow in spite of his position," he laughed. "It's a lucky girl that gets him!"

By "his position" Camilla inferred *inferiority of position*, but her employer may have meant something else for gazing admiringly at his pretty stenographer, he mused: "He's old enough to cake care of himself. I won't interfere. She's good enough for anybody."

"I've asked Mr. Smith to come up to supper tomorrow," Camilla announced that evening.

"Camilla, you haven't!" gasped Sister. "You poor child, you never have had any decent society. That's the worst of poverty. It isn't the scraping along and doing without. It's the being shut off from meeting congenial people. Poverty is a desert that keeps the best of this world from coming into our lives. I beg and pray you, Camilla, don't take up with this common laborer."

"He's not a common laborer," retorted Camilla. "He's a skilled workman. He gets three and a half a day—twenty-one dollars a week. Joe only gets eighteen, don't he, Polly?"

"Joe Harris!" sniffed Sister. "You would take him, Polly, in spite of all I could say. Still he's in a bank. Smith works in a dirty factory and wears greasy overalls and prob

ably chews tobacco and drinks. Camilla, you must give up this low fellow."

"He's not a low fellow," defended Camilla. "He's gentlemanly both in his manners and appearance. Mr. Hartley thinks he's nice, too. He won't wear overalls long either. He's too smart to stay a machinist."

"That's so, Camilla," averred Polly. "Joe says that by marrying him as a clerk, I'll get in on the ground floor and be a bank president's wife ten years from now."

It is the chroniclers duty to record riffles in true love's course. Where the stream runs smooth his pen needs little ink. That winter under skies of varying clouds and sunshine Camilla's and Smith's friendship flowed as through a meadow, uneventfully but with increasing volume, constantly though imperceptibly approaching the plunge to a different level.

Like a cold wind Sister checked but could not blight the budding of that hardiest of perennials, love. Yet between her hostility, Camilla's misgivings lest she be in truth "throwing herself away" and Smith's frequent wobblings in devotion, Cupid wandered between doors as futilely as an unavailable manuscript.

One Saturday afternoon the two picniced on a grocery, pick-up lunch beside a woodland brook beyond the factory. It was in May, when as Sir Thomas Malroy says: "every lusty heart beginneth to blossom and to bring forth fruit; for like as trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in likewise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds." Dallying with the flowers in Camilla's lap, Smith caught the deft hand that sorted violet, yellow bell, anemonies and trillium into boutonnieres and bouquets.

"You like me pretty well, Camilla," he insinuated.

Camilla noded.

"How well?"

"Really, Paul, I don't know," she answered inadvertently speaking her thought. "Whether well enough to marry—"

"I haven't asked you," he interrupted.

It was the tone rather than the words that made Camilla cry. Withdrawing her hand, she sought to rise, her lap spilling blossoms upon her shoes, when Smith detained her with an arm that drew her nestling to his shoulder with cheek so close to her cheek that Cupid's bowstring could not have slipped between them.

"Sweetheart," he breathed.

Sweet word! Sweet brook that moistly kisses boulders between grassy banks; sweet vine embracing maple that overspreads the brook; sweet unplucked flowers beneath the new leaved trees; sweet bird, whose love note echoes through the wood; sweet, shadowy, crescent moon, that waits the setting of the sun to blossom into light; sweet sun that lingers on the exit of this sweet day—you and these lovers convincingly bespeak the lustiness of May, wherein all nature bourgeoneth, in forest life not only, but in the human heart.

As twilight scattered mystery about the woodland paths, the two at a lover's sluggish pace, walked back the way they had come, intending to stop at Smith's boarding-house for him to leave his overalls. For truth compels the admission that Camilla's head rested against a blue denim shoulder strap, and that the hand, which Paul had held, was stained with typewriter ink; and yet in no prettier spot did Tristram woo La Belle Isolde, and latent romance flavored this seeming commonplace love.

Very naturally they preferred to prolong their walk than to ride to Withrows' in the prosaic glare of a street car. Very naturally, too, overalls were never thought of again. Polly, who rushed forward to kiss Camilla crying: "Oh, Camilla, you look so happy—I know, you and Paul are engaged," did not notice them. But Sister, attracted to the parlor by the commotion, did.

"What do you mean, Paul Smith, by coming to my house in your coal heaver's clothes!" she shrieked.

"I—I forgot to change," stammered Smith dropping Camilla's hand and advancing. "I've come—"

"You've come in your dirty old overalls," snapped Sister; "and disgraced me before all my neighbors. Yes, I know you don't see any harm in them. That's what I can't understand about you, Paul. You seem to glory in your greasy occupation. Most fellows in your position try to keep their overalls and grime in the background, but you—"

"Sister," interrupted Smith.

"Don't 'sister' me, Mr. Smith!"

"Camilla has promised to marry—"

"Camilla, you haven't!" choked Sister and at a beaming affirmative burst into tears

To Smith's surprise Sister did not shrink from his appealing hand on her arm. Instead she leaned limp against his shoulder.

"I knew it would end in this," she sobbed; "but I kept hoping that Camilla might not—I can't help liking you myself, Paul. I haven't acted as though I did, for I felt it my duty towards Camilla. To think that after our ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and signed the Declaration of Independence and were corporals and colonels in the Civil War, that the youngest and prettiest, a cousin by marriage to the president, should marry—"

"I may not be as low-lived as you imagine," soothed Smith, in the sirup of whose tones a suspicious ear might have noted a sarcastic tang. "I don't expect to remain a machinist all my life."

"Forgive me, Paul," she pleaded. "I know that you're a good boy and quite gentlemanly. Perhaps it's just as well that Camilla's going to have somebody to take care of her. Next month our year of grace is up and we'll be turned out of our home. Really, Paul, I'm half distracted at the way our affairs have been going—"

"Your home is mortgaged," ejaculated Smith. "Camilla, you never told me."

"For seven hundred dollars to old John P. Smith," said Polly. "You must have heard of him, even if you haven't been here long. He's dead now. He owned the factory and half of Smokapolis. His son had the lawyer foreclose last summer."

"There's the bell now," said Sister mopping her eyes. "Polly, you go and let him in."

"We're expecting Mr. Kendricks," Camilla explained. "He promised to try to get young Mr. Smith to give us more time, or if not, to get somebody else to take up the mortgage."

Dumbfounded amazement flooded Smith's countenance and swamped his inner faculties. Speechlessly he stared at the rotund little man with a shiny, bald crown, who preceded Polly into the parlor.

"I'm extremely sorry, Miss Withrow," he suavely began. "But—"

"You've failed," said Sister bravely.

"So far I have been unable to find anyone willing to take up the mortgage and I have been unable to communicate with Mr. Smith—"

Perceiving Paul behind thin, trembling, pallid Miss Withrow, he stopped short to stare. His long, fat-wrinkled mouth gaped and his eyes bulged out, as he incredulously scratched his gray-stubbled chin.

"Mr. Smith!" he exclaimed. "You have then come personally to settle this affair."

"Mr. Smith!" echoed Sister.

"I am John Paul Smith, son of old John P.," asserted Smith. "Unknown to myself I seem to hold among other securities a mortgage on this house."

When one at a time those present had emerged from the tidal wave of astonishment, Camilla first of all and Sister last and still sputtering, Smith untangled matters.

"I feel that I owe you an explanation, perhaps an apology," he said. "Father, who was a practical man, left a clause in his will that before I could come into his property I must spend a year learning a trade. In order to escape notoriety I kept this out of the papers and came to work out here at West Smokapolis, where nobody knew me."

"You must forgive me for having deceived you, Camilla; and you, Sister; and you, Polly; for it was sweet to win friends under a handicap instead of being pushed ahead by money and father's position. I'm a happy man, Mr. Kendrick. Last week the shop foreman recommended me for promotion and this evening Miss Withrow confessed that she couldn't help liking me despite my grimy occupation. And best of all I'm to marry the daintiest, sweetest pretty girl—"

"Oh, Paul," said Camilla nestling closer in his embrace.

What Sister said and what Polly said and what Mr. Kendrick said would require a box of paper, three months and a new typewriter ribbon—putting a low estimate on the verbal flow of a lawyer and two excited women. But "He's a millionaire! He's a millionaire! rang like an Easter Alleluia through Sister's heart; and Polly's face glowed in anticipation of the fine position Paul would find for Joe. From a different standpoint Mr. Kendricks, who had known Smith as a dressy college man, covertly glancing towards the corner, where his roughly clad client caressed his pretty sweetheart, murmured: "Overalls! in overalls! Smith in overalls! Love in overalls!"

THOROUGHBREDS

By James McLeod

SOFTLY blow the spring zephyrs across the bay, while on the sand the still waters reflect nature's peace.

Moored along the rotting piles of the old wharf, with the odors of the wares of the Ind yet lingering, idly rolls the hulk of a ship, with her tall to'gallants proudly flaunting the yards that no more shall give life to the spring of the sail.

Painted ports shown in line above the waist tell of days agone, while creaking chain and the pungency of oakum tell of hoary age beyond the strident call of youth.

The shipyard is deserted, with years of dank moulting the chips that fell in showers from the adz in the hands of those who sleep till Doom.

Bits of iron long ago wrought by sons of Vulcan at the forge now moss-grown are buried in the sand, with here and there a bit of the old chain with links good and true, that held. And in the ancient loft, where even children's footsteps no more dare to tread, are strands of the hempen shrouds that tautened the clipper which carried the flag when the nation was in the Crisis; all tell of Rugg's Harbor's past.

Over in the big house, with its great dormers ranging the sea; with the aged careman stringing the lines for the early vines, hobble two old men. Feeble, yet with the fire of old New England still sending its reflection in the eyes dimmed with years, they stand, with arms locked, looking down on the town and its water.

Chiselled as in marble, with the stern lines of a sterner nature softened with the blend of love, they look their part—Thoroughbred.

A sigh escapes the taller. The other brushes a tear.

"Horace," quotes the first, "I am glad we played the man."

"Seth, so am I."

And the old careman sighs as he tones—"Thoroughbreds both; game to the end. God bless them!"

And this is the story of it.

Not always were they thus. Time was, when they were bitter foes. Not that either struck a blow. This was not in their scheme of arbitrament. Neither would strike in the light nor in the dark; in the back, nor in the open. Neither even ever breathed hatred of the other.

But Rugg's Harbor knew. And in the banks at Boston, when grizzled men of gold sized human nature from trade, wise looks told of hazards that hit the mark.

And the feud was one of inheritance.

For Horace Porter's father had built the first ship that slid down Rugg's Harbor ways, while Seth Todd's father had cut the first timber back of Rugg's Harbor, long before the steam horse had advanced beyond its protoplasym.

Todd senior shipped his lumber to Europe in Porter's ship. The ship was lost.

Todd said that Porter's ship was not half-built.

Porter's assertion was that Todd's lumber was not properly stowed, and lost the ship.

Both were wrong. The rocks of Bantry Bay are no respecter of men or ships, and the northwest gales like man's puny works for toys and playthings.

The old men died, and the sons kept the faith—for a time. Each bore his sire's surname.

They succeeded to the estates at equal age. Neither had any equipment not possessed by the other. In head and brain they were parities, and the lamp of learning had burned alike on each table as they mastered the books of knowledge.

At school their ranks were equal.

Each studied the game of life, and in the yards and warehouses learned how to battle the world and conquer. But neither could conquer the other. The spirit infected the town.

The inhabitants were rent in twain in allegiance. They either were Porters or Todds. True, the feud was only in the doing. On Sunday the sturdy lungs of Porters and Todds

welled praise from the old hymn books in the Union church, where the masters worshipped.

But the motto of Rugg's Harbor and its men was alike in each camp—"Excell."

In the late fifties the gaunt frame of a clipper ship was laid out in the Todd mold. The tidings went to the Porter yards. Soon, steam boxes tempered the oak for a Porter frame. And then came plank and copper and iron, as bilge rose on keel and bulwark surmounted all.

Then lofty pines, the pride of Maine, reared their pinnacles toward heaven, that smiled encouragement to the artisans below.

Theirs was a double launching. Each was in silence.

"They're goin' to call that one the 'Horace Porter' after Horace's father," so Joe Smith told Seth Todd.

"That clipper shall be the Seth Todd—after my father," was the grim response, and letters of gold glistened in the sunlight, as the two noble craft, all ignorant of the spirit in every bolt, rope and stitch of rag, drove the foam.

Gaily they sailed away to the great metropolis. Charters were quickly secured for London and the Orient. And two months from the launch, Sandy Hook observers saw two fleet craft, jewels of the sea, close hauled, shiver the brine as they sped toward the sun.

Four weeks later, the observers at Deal, in the English channel, saw the self same clouds of canvas sweep up the Goodwin sands and the Thames pilots picked them up off Ramsgate.

When the news reached Rugg's Harbor that the first test had resulted in a tie race across the Atlantic under lashing skies, and that the Horace Porter and Seth Todd's stock sheets showed cash earnings of dollar for dollar, there was a general murmur of unrest. Each skipper, Johnnie Martin and Billy Anderson, came in for censure. Not that the trip was not near record time, nor that the owners had not netted heavily; but each faction felt as if its sea-idol ought to have won.

Strange to relate, the two clippers received discharge and sailed for Far East on the same day, going out on the same tide, and catching the same slant out of the channel, that sent them flying across the Bay of Biscay and well in to windward of the Western Islands.

On they sped, through the tropics, down Capricorn, and then came the Cape of Good Hope.

Driving night and day, with every stitch of canvas drawing, and with every bolt rope holding true to its spinner and lasher, the clippers rounded the dread of mariners, and then tore through the Indian Ocean, thoroughbreds in every fibre.

The typhoon struck them the same night, but Yankee seamanship drove them through without the loss of a bit of marline.

They stood off for Bombay, and tied up at the Quay together.

Two grim crews lined up at the U. S. consulate, to hear the news from home.

Each ship had a charter from Calcutta to New York, and the discharge and trip around the India peninsula, and up to the White City by the Ganges was made without incident. Two steamers of equal power could not have raced more evenly than these two black beauties, with their snowy wings. Each skipper, although he did not tell it, had received practical orders to beat the other. "I trust to see you make a record for your ship," was the note from Horace Porter, while "Hoping that favoring breezes and good weather will bring you in port with the broom at the mast head," concluded the letter from Seth Todd.

The trip home began in June, in time for the full of the Antarctic winter, and within three weeks time, the clippers hove in sight of Cape Horn.

There the tempests that for centuries have tested the tensions of stout-hearted mariners unleashed themselves upon the sprayed and spindriffed figure-heads that were striving, with all the skill of man behind them, first to reach the Atlantic.

They came through without serious mishap. Then came the race for the Brazils. Never out of sight of each other, with canvas straining at the bolts, the mad race kept on.

Up past the Windward islands they ranged, and then off the Bermudas. Gaunt race-fevered mariners had to be forced from watch, so intent were they upon not missing a moment of the grand play.

On the morning of the hundredth day's run, the crew of the Porter saw smoke curling up from the Todd. Through the glass they saw the Todd's crew valiantly trying to extinguish flames, and at the same time sailing the ship as if the fire was but an incident.

The Porter kept her course. At noon, the flames were seen to burst open the deck of the Todd.

Johnnie Martin then saw that the ship of his rival was doomed. Baser thoughts were banished in an instant, and the helm was almost jammed and the back-stays buckled, so quickly did the Porter spin on her short keel.

With the wings of the frigate bird, she sped on her new course, straight to where Billy Anderson and his crew were making their last stand, leading a forlorn hope against destruction.

Off to the windward the Porter was jock-eyed, and her long boat put over.

Captain Martin quitted his quarter deck to go at the head of the errand of mercy.

Over the lee quarter of the Todd her crew dropped, one by one, with the brave Billie Anderson, brushing away a tear and holding to his heart his precious papers, chronometer and sextant, the last to leave his pride and joy.

Barely were the rescuers and rescued around to leeward of the Porter, when, with every spar and rag ablaze, the Todd disappeared, in a blaze of glory.

Not a word was spoken till the rescued crew lined up on the deck of the Porter.

Then Captain Anderson, as formal as if at execution, addressed the other. "Captain Martin, on behalf of my crew I thank you. It is fortunate that my ship was within hail of you, and that you had not outsailed us."

Proud, yet not without reason, in the hour of his woe!

"Captain Anderson, it is indeed fortunate that my ship had kept company with yours. We did our duty!" was Captain Martin's response.

Sails were flattened, the southerly trades caught again, and with keel throbbing with life, the Porter squared away for Sandy Hook.

But scurvy had broken out among the Porter's crew. It spread with fearful rapidity. Captain Martin was stricken. His mate was helpless in his stateroom, and Captain Anderson, late of the Ship Seth Todd, was asked to navigate the namesake ship of Horace Porter.

He took command, and his crew filled the places of the men who had rescued them.

The voyage proceeded without incident, till Sandy Hook was sighted. Two pilot boats came out, having been dispatched by the two owners.

Rugg's Harbor hasn't yet got over its shock.

Horace Porter's ship came into port, navigated by the crew of the Seth Todd, abandoned on fire at sea, with the crew rescued by the men whom they later saved.

Anderson and his men went home, while Martin and his crew recovered in the hospital.

Horace Porter commended his men, and, although they were told to keep their mouths shut about it, it later leaked out that he gave every man jack a gift of gold for saving the crew of his rival.

And Seth Todd gave every man of the Seth Todd a bit of gold for saving Horace Porter's ship when her crew was sick.

But the feud, softened, perhaps, still smouldered, with occasional fitful blaze.

The Porter was ordered to Rugg's Harbor for calking and general tuning up.

Down where Monhegan rises from the sea, the fog shut in. The Penobscot with its warm waters from the wilds of Maine mingled with the icy breath of the eddies of the arctic current inside the gulf stream, making fog so thick, as Dick McKay the steward of the Porter said, "that you could lean against it."

With a grinding crash, the Porter fetched up on White Head, at the entrance to the Mussel Ridge channel.

She brought up hard and fast.

Five weeks later, with gaping holes in her sweet bilge, she was patched, battened, and pulled into deep water. Then she started home—for the last time.

Horace Porter surveyed her, and the insurance companies' men came down from Boston and New York.

This one figured one way, and that one the other.

"Gentlemen," sternly declared Horace Porter, "this ship hasn't been abandoned to the insurance companies, nor am I a beach comber. We haven't asked your aid, and shall not. That ship's got life and shall have a thoroughbred's rest!"

Thus it was that she was tied up at the dock, to begin her long creak and groan, with royals slanting to the rising sun and pennant still flaunting.

There was a suspicion that Horace Porter didn't care to rebuild her, with the Seth Todd gone forever. There was no glory in sight, nor satisfaction, either. So she strains at her hemp and manila.

The other Porter and Todd ships kept on their way, but the clippers had gone forever.

Like great hearts, the two owners could love but once. They buried their sorrow, and pursued life's pain and pleasure as if their idols had not fallen.

But there was a general change in Rugg's Harbor. Young folks will grow up, and will think of homes of their own. And when a boy whose father for years had been a Porter man, loved a lass whose father had borne the Todd armor, well, there was many a voice that sighed for peace, the end of strife.

That the bread and butter came of competition keen did not worry them. They were sick of it all.

Pat Breen, whose stable was the gossip-mill of the town, communed long and earnestly with himself. The parson long ago had given Pat up as a sinner not to be reclaimed. Still, he knew, as man to man, that Pat was a man, from the heels up.

And strangely enough, it was to the parson that Pat confided his scheme.

"Parson," he whispered, in a voice long ago huskied through weary drives of the stage from the mills, five miles across country, "its up to me an' you to stop these two foolish old men."

"Patrick, we must," came the firm reply.

Over by the fair grounds Pat had rolled and furrowed and rolled again the sweet clay track, springy as para, with golden fields of ripening grain nodding in the pocket.

Since the wave of religion at the Harbor, there had not been any of the "hoss-trots" that had made Rugg's Harbor famous.

So when Patrick announced that Rugg's Harbor was to have a little harness racing, the pastor's voice was silent. Encouraged, members of the flock got together, and old times came back.

Charlie Clerke, Johnny McGibbon, Fred Waterson and John Johnson planned it all with Pat; he, however, insisted upon being allowed to run the Gentleman's driving race for silver mounted harness. He was given his way, and thus John Hamilton, known throughout the country as a horseman who never missed fire, drove into Rugg's Harbor one day with the sweetest pair of Morgans that ever had stepped in the east land.

He quietly slipped into Pat's stable, and put up the trotters in opposite ends of the stable.

Then Patrick's plan began its unfolding.

With shoulders hunched, with his eyes glistening, and with honest heart beating hard in anticipation, he ambled up street to Seth Todd's office.

"Mister Todd, I have something to show you. Come with me."

Mr. Todd went.

Patrick led the way to the box stall at the upper end of his stable, and entered. Seth Todd's eyes sparkled, for he dearly loved a horse.

"Can trot in :30, sound as a nut, and eight years old. And I can lave you have him for four hundred dollars. They's two of them, but I understand that old man Porter's bought the other one," commented Pat.

In three minutes the horse had a new owner, and was started over to the Todd stable.

Then Pat started down street to Porter's wharves. Horace Porter gladly accepted an invitation to "come up and see a horse I have for you, Mr. Porter," and at the stable, Patrick repeated the same story, with the solitary change, "I hear that old man Todd has bought the mate av him."

And in three minutes more, Jerry Burns was leading a handsome beast over to Porter's.

"The saints be praised; glory be," murmured Pat, as he started to tell the parson of the first move.

The horses were all that Pat had claimed, and again the feud cropped out. The Porter men "'lowed that the Todd horse was a mighty fine beast, but couldn't trot quite so fast as the Porter hoss." And the reverse idea was bruited in the Todd fold.

Then came Pat's second step.

He got his entries for the driving race. He persuaded Seth Todd to enter the horse Sir Charles. He intimated that it would be a good chance just to show the harbor and the city crowd that the Todd horse simply couldn't be beaten. Seth yielded to Pat's subtlety.

Then psychic force prevailed over Horace Porter, who was told by Pat that here was the opportunity to show that the Todd horse wasn't exactly in the Morgan Knight class. He, too, fell to "hoss" sorcery.

Then Patrick got ready for his coup. It was a week before the race, and Pat counselled with the starter and judges. His talk evidently prevailed, and then, as a clincher, he finalled: "If it don't come out as I say, there'll be no more hoss racing in Rugg's Harbor."

Nature never was more kind to man and beast than on the late September day when the races were to be run.

Sky blue as fairy-land, with the sun a burnished ball, fiery with the drip of Indian summer.

A whisper came from the sea, in the gentle southerly zephyr that barely stirred the pennant of the Horace Porter, motionless on the top of the tide.

The grand stand was packed, and the pocket was filled with rigs of all descriptions.

Somehow or other the news had got around. The curtain raisers were tame.

Danny Smart and his chestnut romped away with the $200 purse for three-year-olds, and traditions of horse racing were set at naught by all other races being quickly disposed of, before the driving race was called, in which Morgan Knight and Sir Charles were to mettle.

The crowd chafed and chaffed. Finally came the call from the starter. In his best show tones he bellowed that this and that horse had been drawn and scratched, and that only Sir Charles and Morgan Knight would start.

This surprised the crowd. It didn't surprise Pat. In fact, he had racked his brain to invent names for imaginary horses, and he hadn't figured on more than two starters.

It seemed as if the horses knew, too, that something was afoot.

John Hamilton hadn't told any person but Pat that they had been bred together, matched and mated, and stepped in unison no matter what the pace.

Chicken Towers and Al Mitchell were driving. Pat had told them what might happen if certain other things didn't happen.

After a little preliminary warming up, the race was called.

"The first heat of the silver mounted harness race is to begin. Gentlemen, get ready," bellowed McGibbon.

Down the track they jogged, and wheeled below the distance pole.

Like streaks they gleamed away toward the wire, and never a start came prettier.

"Go," yelled McGibbon. And "go" they did!

Neck and neck they sped. The quarter was snapped at 40, and the horses were moving like clock work, side by side. Pat grinned, with just a shade of apprehension in it.

At the half, the split watches caught it 1:20. It was marvellous. With even stride, never a falter, the patter of feet passed the three-quarter pole, true as time-beats, in two minutes flat. Wonder of wonders!

Into the stretch they swung, and tore away for the wire.

Nigh fore foot cliked with nigh fore foot. Nose flattened with nose, and with a swirl of dust the trotters true dashed under the wire abreast totally, so the grandstand thought, in 2:40 flat.

Silence, intense, was followed by cheers and then more silence.

The judges appeared to be deep in grave consultation.

McGibbon stepped to the edge of the box. He called:

"Results of the silver harness race: First heat, won by Seth Todd's Sir Charles; second, Horace Porter's Morgan Knight; time, 2:40."

The crowd gasped. The Todd men couldn't and wouldn't cheer. The margin of victory had not been gauged by them, and they were true sports.

The Porter men, too, were true sports. The judges had called, and they were final. But Michell and Towers were eyed closely. They did not speak.

The horses were sent to the paddocks, rubbed and blanketed, and then the band tried to still the tingling nerves.

Half an hour slipped by unnoticed, when the starter called for the second heat of the silver harness race.

In a few moments the racers reappeared.

The get away was sharp and quick, like the ping of a Mauser. And before the crowd caught its breath, the horses were striding neck and neck, at the quarter. And the time was just 40 seconds.

What was the spell? Whose, the witchery?

Mitchell and Towers were on the level, and seemed to be getting all possible out of their beasts, as the spokes flashed past the half in 1:20 exact, and whirred to the three-quarter in two flat, again.

The crowd was dumb. Mutely, it watched the noble pair round the lower turn, and then square off for the wire.

Nose and nose, eyelash and eyelash, they came under wire, seemingly together as if glued, in just 2:40!

Again that bated silence; again the brain confusion.

Again that whispering in the judge's stand. And then came the hand of the starter, silencing the buzz in the grand stand, as he called:

"Result of the second heat of the silver harness race: Horace Porter's Morgan Knight first, Seth Todd's Sir Charles second; time, 2:40."

Solemnly he sat down, while the crowd could not understand.

Of course, the judges were right at the wire, and could see better than the crowd. Any way, if the Todd horse had been given the first heat, when he really hadn't won, as many thought, the Porter horse had been evened in the second heat decision.

But such talk! Such confounding of "hoss" sharks. Nothing like it ever was known.

"It beats me, all holler," observed Lem Trott, "an' my granther driv the fust trottin' hoss in this section, tew."

They all vummed it was "mighty great hoss-racin'."

Again the steeds were blanketed and walked out gently, and nearly an hour sped.

Back of Carberry's Hill, the sun was sinking, ever so slowly.

The grass on Blair's meadow waved in the rising wind of the ebb tide. The air smelled of the sea, and blood raced through veins parched with age.

McGibbon's call was short.

Rigid faces saw the horses slowly jog up the track. Then just above the hole in the fence where it was broken for the old gate out the back way, a chirp to Knight and a click to Charles started them toward the wire.

If the two other "goes" were pure, this one was crystal itself.

With the rythm of the brook in spring, two long backs straightened out, and the quarter was passed—again in exactly 40 seconds.

This truly was queer.

"Vummed if I ever see anything like it," again observed Lem, while Jed Prouty seconded the motion.

At the half—well, what's the use! The half was 1:20, the three-quarter 2 minutes, and the mile, neck and neck, was just 2:40.

This time the judges did not linger in their deliberation. They, too, felt the strain.

Local history was in the making. And the history of a nation is the history of individuals.

McGibbon stepped nervously.

Not a man, woman or child but on tiptoe, awaiting and expectant.

"Result of the third and last heat (surprise here) of the silver harness race: dead heat; it is apparent that these horses are so evenly matched that neither can beat the other. In justice to man and beast, the race is finished, and the judges award two harnesses each with the real thing in silver, to each hoss. I might say—" here roars of approval rolled over the track and reverberated from the hills beyond. The cows in Talbot's field turned around, and ran; it was all new to them.

The decision was approved. Bets were off, and the crowd melted.

Down by the stables, Horace Porter, under escort of John Johnson, unseen by any, slipped in to stroke his horse, which, though not a conqueror, was yet unbeaten.

Pat saw him. "Mister Porter, I have something to say to you," and Horace Porter went over the harness room. Pat excused himself to get something he had forgotten. He figured that if Charlie Clerke had done his duty, Seth Todd would be just about arriving, to show his unbeaten horse.

"Mister Todd, may I have wan word with you in here, by meself," urged Pat. Seth was willing, and he, too, entered the harness room. Pat followed, and closed the door.

Not for years had Horace Porter and Seth Todd been in company. Hats were raised with stiff formality.

Pat broke the spell, with something of auburn hue, and of bronze in its shadowy depths. He withdrew the stopper.

"Mister Porter, and Mister Todd; Mister Todd, and Mister Porter, it's me that wishes to observe that Rugg's Harbor raises thoroughbreds. We have the two best men, and the two best horses in the country. One is as good as the other, and the other is as good as the wan. Wid these three little bits of glass, gentlemen, we'll remark that all's well as ends well." It was Pat's longest speech.

Haughty stares wilted.

"H-Hod" (he hadn't used the word since Horace Porter whaled him at grammar school) piped Seth, a little unsteadily.

"Sethy," faltered the other, with all dignity gone.

"Gintlemin, to oursilves," and Pat's chest expanded.

Hands clasped, and Rugg's Harbor's feud ended, forever.

THE WRECK OF THE LIMITED

By Walter L. Sanborn

FIFTEEN four, a run of five is nine and a flush of clubs is fourteen," said Langdon Merrill, with such a show of interest as could be expected in a blase man of the world who was whirling away the tedious hours of a Nova Scotia railroad journey playing cribbage at ten cents a point.

"That does me by one point," returned G. Wilder Smith, known in his home city of New York as the shrewdest reporter on the Inkling, said fame being largely due to his instinctive ability to follow the moves of a criminal in flight.

Merrill, who, by the way, represented the Boston Morning Planet, had met Smith by chance, or, perhaps, one might say, had fled to him in his necessity, for back in the Pullman, clad in a close-fitting suit of bright blue, was the girl who, in the past few years, had given Merrill all the trouble with his heart that he had ever known.

You see it was this way. When Langdon Merrill knew Helen Lessing best, she was a stenographer in little old Boston, forced into the hurly-burly of business by her ambition to aid a father who had placed his whole store of this world's goods on a promising looking copper chance, that produced nothing beyond a couple of million tons of crystal disappointment. When the receiver walked into the offices of the Bad Lands Mining & Construction Company, Helen wept for two solid days, and just as Papa Lessing was beginning to figure how he had lost, along with his dollars, the gentle art of comforting a sorrowing woman, the lady herself wiped her tear-stained face and got her to a shorthand school instead of the nunnery, to which Hamlet would have probably directed her.

She worked bravely away for a good three years without serious injury to her pink complexion, or her soft, white hands. It was during this period that she met Langdon Merrill, and as dinner followed dinner, theater chased theater, and dance succeeded dance in the fleeting course of the months, each became interested until neither was completely happy out of the other's company.

Helen cherished the stories of the wild, broken life her lover led perforce, she admired his genius, she loved his whole-hearted generosity—and all wise men's sons know the rest.

As for Merrill, he was perfectly frank in his admiration for the petite stenographer from the Back Bay, and more than once he blessed the day that the Bad Lands bubble burst, even though he was obliged to work forty-eight hours without sleep among the most secretive men in State Street in order that the Planet might carry the "most detailed story" of the crash that swamped thousands, and brought the ugly six-shooter from many a desk of mahogany and oak.

But there came an evil day for their romance, for Papa Lessing was not easily downed, and after a few short years of activity in the market, he again provoked Dame Fortune's smile and Helen resigned her place to enjoy the good things that the income of a few stray millions is supposed to fetch.

Langdon Merrill had ideas of his own regarding men with weekly stipends who marry rich wives, and one night the pair dined at the English Room, rode to the Lessing home in a turnout befitting the lady's station, and said their last "good night."

That was three years previous, and Miss Helen Madeline Lessing had moved long since to New York, to brighten with her smile in Father Knickerbocker's city, the balls and parties to which her father's millions were her never-challenged passport.

Langdon Merrill had set his face grimly to his work. His smile became a trifle less real, but his zeal for news increased a thousand fold, until now he was known as the cleverest and most bitter reporter in the whole Boston field.

A hundred times in New York he had cut short his business in order to hurry back to the Pilgrim capitol, least in the leisure of an

evening he might yield to the impulse to seek out the Fifth Avenue home of J. Rudolph Lessing. A dozen times he had written a tender message of inquiry to Miss Helen Madeline Lessing, only to spank himself soundly in a figurative manner, and throw the shredded fragments upon the open grate in his apartments. And now, bound for Halifax to visit his aunt, the girl had entered the car in which he was riding and greeted him with the smile that he had tried years to forget. Is it any cause for wonder that he smiled back half-pleasedly, spoke a few words and fled to the smoking section, G Wilder Smith and his cribbage board? And back in the rear of the car a little figure in blue tried to read the latest story of the stockmarket maze, with her optic nerves crossed in a way that blurred everything, and her brain in a wild dance such as nightmares are made of.

Smith laughed at his ill-luck, and remarked that Billie Murphy, who keeps a saloon on the Bowery when he isn't playing "crib," always said that the man who gets trimmed by a neck in a game will lose at everything he touches for a week to come.

"Anything in it?" asked Merrill, with interest, for he believed both Smith and Merrill were in Nova Scotia on the selfsame errand, though neither had referred to the matter at any time during their brief acquaintance.

"How could a neck be a point?" returned Smith, non-commitally. "Who's the loser in the whole tally?" Then he stared into the blinding blackness of the starless night. He, too, appeared to have his suspicions.

Answer to Smith's inquiry never came, for as Merrill was running his eye down the column marked "S," the Atlantic Limited, which had been pounding iron toward Halifax at forty miles in sixty minutes, suddenly began to bump furiously over the ties. The brakes shrieked, and back in the car a woman uttered a little piercing cry. The cumbrous vehicle seemed to hang for whole seconds in mid-air, only to sink with a breath-snatching drop that ended in oblivion for Langdon Merrill and scores of others.

Half an hour later strong arms pulled him through a window. Both hands were helpless with fractures above the wrists, yet they troubled him only by their numbness and their uselessness. His legs, too, were bruised and there was a long gash in his scalp that had ceased to bleed of its own accord, leaving a great clot of blood matted into his hair.

High up on the bridge he made out the outline of a familiar little figure peering down into the glare of the rescuer's torches. He heard a little spontaneous scream of relief, and he knew that Helen, too, was safe. He turned toward the other bank of the stream and saw where the forward end of the coach ahead disappeared in the wildly rushing waters.

"Must have drowned like rats in a trap," thought Langdon Merrill, as the seriousness of the accident swept over him, and the newspaper instinct asserted itself, driving every other consideration from his schooled mind. The conception of what the story, and most of all his personal experience, meant to the Planet, was an instant spur to his still reeling brain and his aching limbs.

But what could he do?

Smith was his only hope, a composite story. Even as the thought entered his mind his late opponent at cribbage leaped to his side.

"Heavens, man, you're safe," shouted Smith, in his excitement. "Your arms are broken," he declared, in the next breath.

"Yes," said Merrill, quietly. "How about a story to both papers?"

Smith's eyes shone, greedily.

"If I were to do that, I might as well stay in Halifax the rest of my natural life. The Inkling won't stand for the presentation of exclusives to the lazy, the slow, the halt or the blind, as the old man would say. I'm sorry." Then he stood there looking as near to ill at ease as he knew how.

Merrill took the rebuff without outward show of feeling. He had dealt with the individuals of Smith's calibre before, more than one of whom had paid heavily for instructions in just a curve or two.

"It's was then, is it? What's the time?" he asked, quietly. He was already trying to formulate some scheme, but his expressionless face gave no hint of the activity of his brain.

"Just ten o'clock," said Smith. "You were lucky to get out, old man, and so was I. So long." Then he started down the track toward the end of the bridge.

Langdon Merrill spent an hour gathering details, which he stowed away in his mind. He looked for the cause of the disaster, and

with his sharp eye took in the results. He paid no attention, however, to the fast growing list of dead and injured, and when he started for the little station, thronged with woe-stricken, dazed, human beings, he passed through long rows of bodies stretched on the platform. But he paid no heed; he had seen such sights before.

Crossing the threshold, his eye caught sight of a tiny figure crouched in a far corner, and he made for it in a hurry. His plan for a story was complete in an instant. A minute later he knew that Helen was suffering from bruises and a slightly sprained ankle. She looked at his helpless hands and tears welled to her eyes.

"You've got to help me with the story," he said, desperately. "Will you?"

"May I, honest, Jack?" she answered, enthusiastically. No one had called him "Jack" since a certain unforgetable night, for that was Helen's name and Helen's privilege. It brought the flush of color to his pale face, which the press of business drove away as quickly as it came.

"Well, then," he went on, "just you take that little Testament from the right outside pocket of my coat. I bought it for my sister, but I haven't seen her yet," he added, with a touch of his now famous pessimism. Wonderingly, she drew forth the little volume, neatly bound in morocco.

"Get my pencil, too, and turn to the gospel of Matthew. That's it. Now write at the top 'To the Planet, Boston, Merrill, Bushville, N. S., Oct. 21.'"

This accomplished, he led the way to the telegraph office where two men were pounding away busily at the keys.

"How many wires west?" asked Merrill, abruptly.

"One commercial," replied the man nearest the window, without looking up.

"How long is it busy for?"

"'Bout ten minutes on these messages," came the reply, as the operator pointed to the half dozen brief notes that lay before him.

Send that right away, please," said Merrill, and the operator stared down into the open book that Helen thrust in through the window. Merrill was about to walk away when an idea struck him, and he demanded, in a tone that expected yes for an answer, the use of the desk in the railroad office, à privilege that the operator, who seemed to think it best to humor a lunatic, granted with alacrity.

Ten minutes later, Helen Lessing was in the midst of a graphic depiction of the wreck as it fell from the lips of G. Wilder Smith's crippled adversary, while hundreds of miles away the Gospel according to St. Matthew, with Merrill's name in the guide-line, was beginning to pour into the Planet office at the regular newspaper rate.

At eleven thirty, when Smith of the Inkling, New York, entered the office to file the "starter" of his story, he found the only wire busy with some very old news, while a pair in the corner of the grimy office were working away as fast as tongue, restrained by pencil, could put thought into words. He took in the situation at a glance and the color mounted to his face as he turned fiercely on Merrill.

"How long are you going to hold that wire?" he demanded.

"Please do not interrupt. It will be after press time in New York when I release it. There's an hour's difference between here and there, anyway, you know," he added, tauntingly.

"Well, it will be a beaut of a story without a list of the dead or the injured," sneered Smith. "A swell bunch of words for a news-hungry public!"

"That's my hunt," returned Merrill, without looking up.

Smith pulled his watch from his pocket with a show of nerves as he noted the approach of the hour when the presses must start, the only hour in the twenty-four for which the real newspaper man has the slightest respect. He tugged hard at his moustache and scratched his head while Merrill's thoughts continued to take form, as evidenced by the growing pile of "copy."

Suddenly both men turned their attention to the telegraph instrument. The operator at the other end had "broken in" and shortly the following message lay on the desk before Merrill:

"Boston, Oct. 21.

"Langdon Merrill,
"Bushville, N. S.
"Bust that Bible-thumping proposition. Crazy?

Griscom."

"Don't bust it on your life," ordered Mer-

rill, and the operator, who seemed to be in doubt, suddenly saw a great, white light.

Then this reply shot back to the night editor in the office of the Planet:

"Bushville, N. S., Oct. 21.
"J. C. G., Planet, Boston:
Terrible wreck. Must hold wire. Four thousand coming. Merrill."

The operator resumed his Matthew without interruption for ten minutes, at the end of which period the Boston man "broke in" again with this:

"Boston, Oct. 21.
Merrill,
"Bushville, N. S.
"A. P. drool coming in. Few names from Montreal office. Facts meager. Havanas on me. Rush story. Late now. "Griscom."

"They are getting the names by the Associated Press from Montreal and the railroad wire," Merrill explained to his fellow-worker, in tones intended to reach the ears of Smith. That was the straw that cracked the strained back of the figurative camel. To be neatly trimmed out of what looked like an exclusive was bad enough, but to have his opponent's crippled chronicle made complete was too much by a lot. Smith approached the victor, sulkily.

"Composite offer still open?" he asked.

"How many names have you got?" Merrill replied, Yankee fashion.

"Forty dead and seventy-five injured with a few unidentified," Smith answered, with pardonable pride, for he had worked like a trooper to get the list together.

"Names of those doctors that came through on the special I suppose?"

"Of course."

"You've bought something. Miss Lessing, this is Mr. Smith of New York, also in the business. Take his list of dead and injured and write at the top: 'Merrill,—Lead all Bushville wreck—Dupe to New York Inkling on receipt by agreement—filed 1.30 a. m.' Say, operator, substitute this for that matter in hand and get it through, too. There's $100 in it for you if it goes O. K. Suppose I can't have the railroad wire?"

"Nope. Sorry."

"About $100 worth, perhaps," observed Merrill. "Here, partner, you'd better look over the starter of the main story," he continued, turning to Smith, and the latter thought he caught a slight accent on the "partner," somehow. He picked up the pages and started to read:

"Bushville, N. S., Oct. 21. Forty-six lives were snuffed out and seventy-five persons were maimed here at ten o'clock last evening when the Atlantic Limited, racing along at a forty-mile clip, rushed into an open switch, and an instant later plunged from a bridge into the wildly whirling waters of Otter river. Of the injured," etc.

Smith read on critically, making here and there a correction, and passing each sheet to the operator as he finished. Occasionally he furnished Merrill with some fact, or explained a detail, while the latter talked on quite regardless of his aching wrists, or his triumph over the gentleman from the land of Father Knickerbocker.

As for Helen, she had forgotten everything else in her almost mad enthusiasm. The gruesomness of it all, her own nerve-rending experience, the pains from a dozen bruises—all slipped from her mind. Was she not absolutely essential to Jack's story, and was it not one of the "scoops" she had heard so much about in the days gone by?

At last the story was ended, the finishing touch was placed on the terrible picture, and the last "personal experience" was on its way to editor, type and a waiting clientage. Once more the Gospel according to St. Matthew was pouring into the office of the Morning Planet over the only wire out of Bushville, and the operator had orders to hold it until the clocks struck six in the American Athens.

The principals in the newspaper phase of the tragedy boarded the special, bound for Halifax, and a surgeon was set at work on Merrill's swollen wrists. Miss Helen Lessing, heiress, of New York, bathing his torn scalp in a solution the doctor gave her, seemed intoxicated with the joy bred by a realization that she was of real use in a busy world. G. Wilder Smith, also of the Empire State metropolis, congratulated the Planet representative on his clever work in forcing the surrender of an Inkling reporter, "fresh from the great gateway to America."

"Bully good story," he said. "But it was the little girl that did me up, after all. You

needed her, old man, didn't you? Now own up."

Langdon Merrill said "yes" very quietly, and he added to himself, "And I guess I need her yet."

* * *

Friends of both parties were surprised, and something more than a dozen rich, eligible and somewhat conceited bachelors in and around the ancient abode of Father Knickerbocker, were seriously jarred one spring morning, and it was the following spring, to read the following in a well-known New York daily:

NEW YORK HEIRESS IN RUN-AWAY MATCH

HELEN M. LESSING WEDS BOSTON REPORTER.

EFFORTS TO CONFIRM MARRIAGE OF COPPER KING'S DAUGHTER OF NO AVAIL.

Providence, R. I., May 20. A couple giving their names as Langdon Merrill of Boston, and Miss Helen Madeline Lessing, daughter of J. Rudolph Lessing of New York, presented themselves at the office of the city clerk here today, and asked for a marriage license. The groom gave his occupation as that of a reporter, and it is declared in newspaper circles here, that he is the man who, with both arms broken, pulled off for the Boston Planet the famous exclusive on the big wreck at Bushville, N. S., last fall.

The bride, who is a woman of striking beauty, gave her occupation as that of a stenographer, and this raises serious doubt as to whether her father is identical with the famous copper magnate and millionaire stock operator of New York and Montana, although the Fifth Avenue residence of that personage is given in the application.

Merrill gave his age as thirty-five, while his bride owns to twenty-nine summers.

After securing the necessary license, the pair proceeded to the office of John L. Milliken, justice of the peace, where the ceremony took place.

They went at once to the station where they boarded a train for New York City. Their baggage, consisting of a steamer trunk and two suit cases, was checked to San Francisco.

Efforts to ascertain whether the bride in the Providence wedding was really the daughter of J. Rudolph Lessing, the bear of Wall Street, availed nothing, the reporter being informed by the servants at the Lessing mansion on Fifth Avenue, that the family was in Los Angeles, where, it was presumed, so the butler said, that Miss Lessing was also.

This same gentleman, who seems to be in charge of the Lessing home during the absence of the family, and is evidently a trusted employee, stated to the reporter that he had never admitted a man by the name of Langdon Merrill to the house during the two years that he had been on the job. Neither had he ever mailed any letters to a man of that name in Boston.

"I handle mos' a' ther mail, one time an' er nother, an' ther ain't much gets by George Washington Adams," he added, with a grin that threatened the foundations of his ears.

A BROKEN BUTTERFLY

By Harriet Rogers

"LORD, man! What's this? You're not getting ready for the last sad exit yet, I hope."

I was wandering about Channing's big living-room and had come upon a small granite tomb-stone. I was quite used to skulls, grinning idols, strange mounted bugs, and even fairly accustomed to live lizards and harmless snakes in Channing's apartments—all in hopelessly close proximity to delicate ivories, quaint bits of pottery, rare books and tapestries. But the tomb-stone was new and so horribly incongruous that I confess I came upon it with a shock.

Channing strolled over from the fire-place where he always "officiates" as he says. I have thought sometimes that the fire he makes corresponds to the mood he is in. At any rate that night it was already roaring like seven devils. He offered me a cigar and a light and laid his hand caressingly on the little stone.

"Poor little stone!" he said. "Oh, no, it's not for me." He pressed a button and the corner flooded into light.

"Arabella May Jilson, Aged 16 months." The letters were worn by the weather and were besides a little tipsy as if carelessly cut in the first place.

"Been robbing church-yards long?" I enquired pleasantly. "Where did you take this up?"

Channing laughed. "I didn't take it up. I took it down."

"But it isn't new."

"No." We were making our way back to the fire. It was a wild night, I remember—wind and rain. As we settled into our chairs he went on.

"No, it's about ten years old, I believe." Then I saw a far-away, seeing-visions look slipping into his eyes and I knew there was a story.

"Where did you go up north beside San Francisco?" I queried cautiously, looking straight into the fire. For Channing, though he loves to tell stories, has to be led into it gently and by not too obvious ways. He must not be urged and above all, he must not be watched—at least, not until he is well under way and lost in the excitement of the tale. Then it doesn't matter. I have often wondered what makes him such a queer chap. Ordinarily he has perfect ease and great charm of manner, but about some things he is like a girl (an old fashioned girl, I mean)—sensitive, you know, and self-conscious. There is nothing effeminate about him, though. He is tall and athletic, but rather spare. Women go crazy over him, but he doesn't seem to return the compliment. I had always imagined there was a tragedy years ago, but no one seemed to know.

A stick fell. Channing replaced it with a skillful touch.

"I went on up north," he said, "—Trinity County. Fished a little. Looked up some timber interests of Billings and mine. Ever been up there?"

I shook my head.

"It's a great country—all through there—if you like roughing it and hard travel. I do. It does me good. I like a horse under me, and I like the smell of the pines and hard riding and hard sleeping and hard eating. It's all good for a man. Do you mean to tell me"—he straightened suddenly—"that you don't know how a mountain meadow looks, or snow on the Divide in August, or the mountain pines, or how the water tastes?" And as I shook my head, "Man, you haven't lived! Go to the mountains."

"Take me—where you went this summer."

"Well, there's a sheep-ranch up there. I camped there one night. It's deserted now. It's just a cabin, some tall pines, a broken-down corral and a stretch of wild country." He settled back in his chair. I pulled at my cigar contentedly. The story was safely launched.

"Fifteen years ago the ranch belonged to a man and his wife, mountain folk—at least they had been there for years. They built the little cabin and made a hard and scanty living.

They had three children. Somehow they got diphtheria—the children. The woman was ignorant. It was seventy-five miles to a doctor. They died—the three—one after the other, and the man buried them. He stuck little wooden crosses up at the heads of the little mounds. The woman moaned and cried for her babies, but the man buried them.

"Then one night she rose up beside him, shook him awake and told him that they'd got to have gravestones for the children's graves. He was heavy with sleep and objected gruffly enough that the thing couldn't be done—they couldn't scrape enough money together. But she—she was something of a termagant—kept at him until at last he caught fire too. He was easy-going and accustomed to follow her lead.

"Do you know, Knight, have you any idea what simple terms life can be reduced to? They had dirt floors, you know, and just a bunk to sleep on. The cabin must have let in the rain, even at its best. And in the winter—I'd rather not imagine how they got through the winters with the snow five and six feet deep. Neither of them would have any new clothing And the woman patched things —great rough sewing—the kind a man would do. It took them four years, my dear fellow. They came to be obsessed with the one idea and lived for nothing else.

"At last they had enough money in an old sack. And in a rickety wagon with a team of horses they set out for the hundred-and-fifty-mile drive down to the nearest valley town. It must have taken them three days, for the roads were steep and precarious. They drove day-times and camped at night. The crazy little town, of course, bewildered them, but at last they found their way to the stone-yard. When I think of that bent and grizzled man making his bargain and counting his silver out of the old sack and of that woman, worn with work and hardship, sitting there in the wagon watching—why, I—well, it's pitiful."

I nodded, but I kept my eyes on the fire.

"They went away while the stones were marked with the names and the ages. The man, you know, started to give the names, but the woman had to help him out. Her voice was quite steady.

"Then, after a day's rest for the horses, they set out for home, the little stones in the back of the wagon. Those people are so silent. It's true of all country folk, I suppose, the disregard of talk as a means of companionship or mark of courtesy. Howells says somewhere that in the country mere propinquity is companionship and there is no need of talk to make it complete. These two rode in a more unbroken silence than you or I would dare to have with a living soul—for fifty miles at a stretch.

"At last they reached a beautiful meadow twenty miles below the cabin. The woman straightened up and spoke.

"'Kin we git 'em daown tuh-night' she said. The man roused. I think he was encouraged for the thing he had to say by the fact that she had deferred to him by asking a question.

"'I reckon,' he replied dully, then added, 'Them's got tuh be pit daown facin' th' eas'.'

"The woman—she wore a kind of a hood thing the mountain women wear, and she pushed it back from her ears and lifted herself like one receiving a challenge. Her voice was harsh.

"'Them'—she jerked her head back toward the stones—'ain't a-goin' tuh be no way but facin' whur I c'n see them letters. Fr'm th' door I got tuh see 'em. Tuh th' eas'! What fur tuh th' eas'? Ain't that turnin' fr'm me? An' ain't I th' mother uv 'em—what bore 'em an' nussed 'em an' lost 'em?'—she sobbed a hard, dry sob—'An' ain't them stuns got tuh look tuh me? Ain't it me what's got tuh say?' Her voice now was high and hysterical. It was a usual thing for her to silence him with just such onslaughts as this. But now he grew a little white about the lips and looked straight ahead. You know—if a man has to stand off a thing like that?"

"Yes, I know." The fire spurted out vicious little tongues of bluish flame. Channing watched it a moment then went on with the story.

"'I dunno,' said the man quietly, 'I reck'n yuh's got's much tuh say 's me. But dead folks 's got tuh be burried so 's tuh look tuh th' eas' tuh rise up tuh th' glory o' th' Lord wen 'e comes, an' them there stuns 's got tuh stan' by they head. An' them—they didn't have no chanst tuh be baptize an' they got tuh git this 'ere las' chanst. An' it's got tuh be that-a-way.' His tone of finality held her quiet while it sunk through her slow mind to enrage and harden her.

"When they pulled up at last beside the

little shanty she climbed down with stiffened muscles, and then she turned upon him.

"'Ef yuh tech one o' them tuh turn it lookin' away fr'm me, I'll—I'll—kill yuh,' she said.

"'Not one uv 'em 'll come off 'n this 'ere wag'n tell it goes tuh be pit daown tuh th' eas'.'

"And so, my dear fellow, they're there still," Channing went on.

I found myself suddenly on my feet.

"You don't mean, Channing, that—after all that—they never set the stones?"

"I certainly mean just that. The wagon stands there still. The wheels are rotting and sinking into the earth. The stones are slowly sliding to the ground—the others; I brought this one down to stand as a monument to lost ideals and diverted purposes—or rather, perhaps, as a warning against the sins we sin against each other."

"But what ever became of them—the man and the woman? Did they go away? They couldn't have stayed there and seen it go on like that—months and years."

"They died. They wouldn't speak, they say. And after a little the man died of a fever. Before he was buried, she was raving in delirium. Somebody—a sheep-herder, perhaps—found her so and the dead body. At any rate, whoever found her nursed her till she seemed better, went for help, but coming back, found her dead."

We were quiet for a little, then Channing went on musingly.

"Can't you see how they must have done? When he was off on the range, she would cry over the little graves and rail at him. He would only go to them stumblingly at night when he thought she wouldn't know. Of course—of course—they died of fever, but—I'm rather inclined to think they needn't have had the fever if it hadn't been for their hate—if they had been decent, you know."

"What did you mean about our 'sinning against each other?'"

"I mean just that." He spoke very quietly, but he sat gazing on steadily into the fire, which had fallen to a pale glow. His face was stern and very sad—sadder than anything I had ever seen. I wondered if anything in his own life—a quarrel——He sprang up, brought the fire to life and rang for beer. Later, over the last of the rarebit, I returned to the story.

"Did they tell you about the stones—those people in the mountains?"

"Why, yes—part of it—as much of it as they knew."

"But all that about how that man and woman felt and what they said—they didn't tell you that?"

"No,"—he smiled rather shamefacedly—"I'm afraid I made that part up. You see the thing took a great hold on me somehow. I couldn't forget it and I couldn't help imagining it all out. It was rather foolish, perhaps."

"Foolish! No. It puts you away ahead of all those scientific fellows who find bones and reconstruct the animal. You find some little bits of granite, a few bare facts, and you build up human lives—a tragedy. How do you do it?"

"How do I do it? A tragedy? Because I know it so well." He had flung himself over to the window. I heard the rain beating against the panes.

"My dear Channing, I beg your pardon—I didn't know—I didn't mean—" He came back with his hand out—his usual quiet self.

"I beg your pardon. I lost my self for a minute. But—I'm older than you, Knight. Let me tell you. Don't ever be a fool. Don't—no matter what comes—tamper with your happiness. Don't 'break your butterfly on a wheel.'"

MY ROCKY MOUNTAIN MILK RANCH

A MEMORY

By N. S. French

HOW cool it was up there in the shade of that great pine-clad mountain! The shade was always dark and heavy over our log cabin for hours after the peaks of the snowy range away to the west of us were bright with Colorado's own and only brand of sunlight. What grass grew in those little mountain meadows to the south of that dark forest, and what a spring was that bursting forth from under the big rock close to the cabin door! The ice we quarried from the gulch nearby would scarcely melt in the spring, and a crock of butter placed in the water over night came out so solid that it took a warm knife to cut it.

Our cabin was of logs or poles so straight as to need almost no chinking at all. An axe was the only tool needed or used in building it. A blanket was the only door until one day, when Jack was out with the herd and I was delivering milk in the mining camp two and a half miles away, a hungry old she bear stole in and appropriated about all our grub, including a kettle of choice beans that Jack had cooked up for a midday lunch. 'Twas a light lunch we had that day, for what is a mountain lunch without beans? After that we built a door, of "shakes," split from a straight pine, and fastened it with a miner's lock—a strong wooden bar that was pulled back and forth by a thong that hung in the cracks between the logs at either corner. A written notice over the door told any human being that could read, which string to pull, but bears and mountain lions, not being able to read English, were barred out.

The same axe that built our house made our furniture, except one rickety table and a "rockin' cheer" that we secured at a bargain along with two cows that had come from Missouri under the yoke, and thus had helped to pull the wagon containing the said table and "cheer."

All our milk was sold at good prices, 20 cents per quart, or six quarts for a dollar's worth of tickets. Any that was left unsold was brought back to the cabin and churned in an old dash churn.

The cows were surely a mixed lot. The most of them were triple purpose cows, since they had helped to pull wagons across the plains in addition to performing the usual functions of maternity. The time was the early sixties, and the steel trail for the iron horse had stopped at the Missouri River, some 500 miles away. The Overland stage

brought us our mail once a day, though over a week on the trail, and the long "bull trains" brought us our flour, beans and bacon semi-occasionally. But the cows—what a wild, mixed lot they were! Of all colors, ages and sizes, from "old Tex," whose long slim horns were proof of her birthplace and her right to lead the herd, down to little "Buffie," so called because her color and shape gave ample proof of her wild bison ancestry. "Buffie" was not much of a milker, but as a kicker she holds the world's record even to this day. There was "Spot" the hard milker, "Whitey" whose great long teats I have never seen equaled, and "Shorthorn," so called, not on account of any pedigree, but simply because her horns were only about one-tenth as long as those which "old Tex" carried. And "old Granny" was so old that the wrinkles were ready to drop from the ends of her horns, and whose milk was so rich that the butter globules would gather on top of it as it was milked into the pail on cool mornings. Three pounds of salted butter per day was her record, made in the old-fashioned churn. She might have had Jersey blood, but if so, her ancestors came over a long time ago. But we gave her a churn test just the same, and such butter as that was—the very essence of the rich bunch grass of that mountain peak. And the color! 'Twas the concentrated color of all the Junes since the dove brought the first green leaf to Father Noah. No record was kept of the score, but it must have been about 103½.

Our cows were slowly driven up to the "milk ranch" in May and back to the "home ranch" in October. It was at the mouth of the Cache la Poudre, and the town of Greeley is there now, where they raise potatoes, alfalfa sugar beets, and perhaps a few other things. But never, either there or anywhere else, will man's wisdom figure out a better balanced ration than that with which the Great Creator has carpeted the plains and mountains for the use and benefit of His children—the red men and the buffalo. The western march of our so-called civilization had swept them both away and nearly destroyed the "short grass," yet still there is no milk that has as much body; no butter that "stands up" as well as that made from the native grass of the plains and mountains. We may improve on nature in some things, but not in all. We made some butter in the spring and fall which sold readily for from 50 cents to $1 per pound, only our money was gold dust, so called, which passed current at $16 an ounce or 80 cents a pennyweight. Everyone who did any business had a set of gold scales to weigh the precious stuff with, and it took a pretty good judge of dust to keep even in a business way.

We raised the calves after a fashion, usually by putting two on a kicking cow, a breed that was quite plentiful those days. Cows that were gentle and kind to milk were scarce and hard to get, and the high times we had roping and breaking others in would make a "wild west show" of today take a back seat. Sic transit Gloria Mundi—a liberal translation of which means that I am not as young and spry as I was then.

Our milking hours in the summer were from 2 to 3 a.m. and from 4 to 5 p.m. The night's milk was set in the cold spring water and at 4 a.m. both that and the morning's mess was loaded into a spring (?) wagon that had seen better days a long time ago. Then with one foot on the brake and one hand on the reins I would watch the "broncs" pick their way down to Clear Creek over a trail that would make a prairie raised boy dizzy. Then up Clear (?) Creek through mud and water to the Black Hawk mill, then up Gregory's Gulch to Central City, and woe be unto him who dared to speak of this string of miner's cabins as anything but a city, with a big C at that. Ah, there was scenery for you! Could I but paint it now as I saw it then and also portray my customers as they stood around the milk cart in the light of the slowly rising sun, my fortune would be made.

Our customers were about as much of a mixed lot as were the cows. There was Big Tom, the Cornishman, boss blaster of the night shift in the Black Hawk mine, who always took a quart of milk to drink at one draught as a "night-cap" when he laid down for his day's sleep. And Pat Casey, the lucky and good natured Irishman who had struck it so rich on the Burroughs Lode that his new 48-stamps mill was said to be cleaning up for him a bushel of "dust" every twenty-four hours. Pat's appetite for butter-milk was insatiable, and had he never drank anything stronger, his millions would have done him more good than they did. Poor Pat, the Judge of All has given him his award long ago. And good Mrs. Farley of the Michigan

House, who always had a kind word for everyone, and especially for the milkman, though her sister, Miss Betsey, always tasted and smelled of every measure of milk, though they all came out of the same can.

Dutch Sam kept the city bakery, and wanted ice every Saturday, and no wonder, for he sold his Sunday ice-cream for $1 a plate, and small plates at that. We quarried his ice from a small dark canyon where it had lain for years, possibly for centuries.

In this rough and rustling camp of miners, there were few babies, but these few all drank milk, when they could get it. Pretty Mrs. Dalton, the wife of the superintendent of the Gregory mine, had come from Boston with her three babies; two girls and a boy about 8, all riding about a week, day and night, in an Overland coach. Think of that, ye who cross the continent in palace cars! How thankful she was when she found that she could get the "pure stuff" away out there in Pike's Peak, as all that country was called, those days. And how those babies did grow in that pure air and drinking nature's own food—milk. Could I but picture them as my mind's eye sees them now, what an advertisement the picture would make for some patent baby food.

And there were two Mexican babies, near the Garrison tunnel, whose mother "spik not Inglis," but who loved her black eyed babies in all languages.

And that blue eyed dreaming boy, whose father was engineer in Casey's mill, and whose mother slept in an unmarked grave way back on the Santa Fe trail. He lived—yes, literally lived—in the black engine room of that great roaring mill, and the milk I poured into his battered tin pail was the first real cow's milk that he had ever seen or tasted. Did he like it? Said he, "That's gooder than pap's coffee!"

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the little helps found suited for use in this department, we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again.

We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

HOW TO WASH COLORED BLANKETS

By Mrs. Chas. W. Wells, Juneau, Alaska

In reply to Mrs. S. B. W., New York, in current number of National just received, asking how to wash blankets so the colors will not run, use *rain water* whenever practicable, (in this country, like the poor, "we have it always with us") with a half-pint of ammonia to a tub of water, by a happy combination it "sets" the colors while loosening the dirt.

CURE FOR GRIPPE

Garlic eaten raw will cure a cold in the head, grippe or influenza in the first stages, but in cases where prejudiced people refuse to test its virtues, Irish moss lemonade made after the well-known flaxseed lemonade recipe and taken for both meat and drink stands next on the list. Pineapple juice will relieve inflammation of the throat in the most advanced and chronic cases, and cure all ordinary attacks. In both membraneous croup and diphtheria, pure pineapple juice either raw or from the canned fruit will cure when the entire apothecary shop has been tried and found wanting.

A USEFUL MENDING HINT

By Laura Owen Abbott, Bisbee, Ari.

When mending stockings having large holes, if a piece of mosquito netting is placed over the hole and then darned through the meshes, it will make a disagreeable task much easier.

WHEN BAKING

If a handful of salt is put on bottom of oven under pans when baking gingerbread or any cake easily burned, it will prevent burning.

Putting a pinch of salt in the coffee improves the flavor.

SAVE ENAMEL WARE

By Mrs. C. A. Wilcox, Hartford, Conn.

If any food has stuck on or scorched on the bottom of kettle or other utensil used do not scrape it, but rub hard soap all over it and put cold water in and cover, setting on the stove to heat, when all can be easily washed off and the kettle be as smooth as new. If very badly scorched on, it may need two applications of the soap and cold water. Just try it, and you will be so pleased when you see how easily it becomes clean.

BRIGHTENS STRAW MATTING AND OILCLOTH

By Mrs. M. L. Carson, Chino, Cal.

Wash matting twice during the summer with salt and water, say about a pint of salt dissolved in about a pailful of warm, soft water, drying the matting quickly with a cloth. The salt will prevent it from turning yellow. After oilcloths are scrubbed and dried, they should be rubbed all over with a cloth dipped in milk. You will be surprised at the brightness.

CLEAN FLOUR SACKS

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Savanna, Ill.

Put a tablespoonful of kerosene into two quarts of soap-suds and boil up your new flour sacks in the same, and they will be left white, with all the colored lettering gone.

MAKING A RESTAURANT OF A HOME

By Miss Lee McCrae, Birmingham, Ala.

Statistics say that only fourteen per cent. of American homes have hired help. If the figures be correct, eighty-six married women out of every hundred are getting their own meals and puzzling more or less over the same problems.

Doubtless the majority of them labor self-sacrificingly and unselfishly, keeping house as best they know how or as best they can under their conditions; but often there is a sad lack of applied common-sense. For instance, many consult only the comfort and pleasure of their families, leaving themselves entirely out of the calculation. She's just as foolish and short-sighted as the selfish woman.

Any number of these overly-kind mothers serve breakfast and sometimes other meals as though they were running a restaurant, allowing each member of the family, young and old, to come down stairs at his or her own sweet will, clamoring for a *hot* meal at once. The results are many and all bad. The children form habits of selfishness, laziness and irregular rising; good food is wasted or spoiled by standing; the mother becomes literally a servant; the day's work has a broken beginning; and the family has missed the cheery gathering that would have had a strong influence for good upon the whole day. A happy breakfast, during which plans for the day are discussed, means much to the harmony of feeling and action among the members of a home. We need to know where each will be and what each is doing; besides, how do we know what may happen to our scattered flock ere the sun goes down?

Of course when the children are mere babies, it is better for them and for the mother's work that they sleep as long as possible; then the parents can have the first meal together undisturbed; but when a child is old enough to go to school, he should be up at the usual breakfast hour. Indeed, if he has any home studying to do, it is far better to get an hour for it in the early morning when the mind is fresh and the recitation time nearer than to sit up, tired and sleepy, endeavoring to do night work. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the wisest of rules for the school boy and girl. Good health demands a regular, reasonable hour for rising, and we all realize that our *best* work, be it mental or manual, is done before ten o'clock.

But I am pleading for the child's early, regular rising for the mother's sake rather than its own. To serve a meal "on the installment plan" is really a difficult thing. It is also unnecessary (except in unusual cases), and a mistaken kindness to the members of her family. It is rank injustice to herself as well. A housekeeper's work is wearing enough under any circumstances, so there is no sense in prolonging the meal-getting and dish-washing, and thereby adding to her burden of care and worry.

In the average American home, be it mean or "of means," we have no place for either "ladies of leisure" nor for slaves. Our households must be managed in such a way that burdens are shared and equalized as nearly as possible, each member consulting the comfort and welfare of the rest as well as of self. Only so can our homes be the refuge of which we dream, the quiet harbors into which all can float at nightfall for anchorage, where the ugly barnacles gathered out in the open sea can be rubbed off, and a fresh cargo of new courage taken on board.

—

COLD TEA PUNCH

By Mrs. S. T. Lisk, Grahamville, Fla.

Among good old temperance drinks the following is a fine recipe, often tried. The tea which forms the body of this drink may be Ceylon or Oolong, carefully selected. For the flavoring, prepare early in the morning. Pour one quart of cold water in a small saucepan; add the juice of two lemons, and three oranges, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of the rind of a lemon and orange. Let this come to the boiling point. Strain it into a pitcher, mix with the strong tea; let it cool, and serve cold in a punch-bowl with slices of orange and pineapple.

FOR THE ARTIST

By Lettie M. Kennedy, Lenox, Iowa

When the paint has been allowed to harden on the pallette, put the board in the oven long enough for the oils to soften, when it can be scraped off with a knife and then cleaned with some sort of scouring soap and polished with boiled oil.

When you are through with your brushes for the day, wash them thoroughly in soap and water.

IN THE LAUNDRY

In doing laundry work whether you wash on a board or with a machine, cool the water so you can bear your hand in it before you put the clothes into it. Why? Because by putting white clothes in hot or boiling water for the first suds, a tinge will be left on them which cannot be washed out.

When you launder your fine table linen, never wring it through the wringer; if you do creases will be pressed in that cannot be ironed out; always wring it by hand.

—

A REQUEST

By W. B. Robinson, Knoxville, Iowa

The administration building of the State Hospital for Inebriates where I am librarian, is overrun with little red ants, from the basement to the attic. They are among the offices, among the books in the library—everywhere. They will swarm like a hive of bees around the carcass of a dead fly. Various destroyers have been resorted to, but without effect—in fact, they seemed only to improve the complexion of the ants. It has been suggested by a reader of the National Magazine that an inquiry in "Little Helps for Home-Makers Dept." would lead to information that would lead to the discomfort, if not the extermination of these pestiferous insects. I will look with pleasure for the next number of your valuable magazine.

—

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER

By E. T. S., Washington, D. C.

To keep sweet potatoes through the winter perfectly, line a barrel with warm dry newspapers, side and bottom, then wrap each potato in paper and pack into it, till full, cover well and keep in warm dry kitchen or any warm dry room. A smaller quantity may be packed in a box in the same way, and kept in warm dry atmosphere. To keep Irish potatoes in the cellar, sprinkle air-slacked lime among them; it seems to keep them dry and healthy. (As they are sorted sprinkle a little in every layer).

—

WHEN USING CANNED GOODS

By Cynthia Lawrence, Tarrington, Conn.

Much of the danger which we anticipate from using canned vegetables can be avoided by washing them thoroughly. All kinds of course will not admit of a bath, but beets, peas, spinach or string beans I always empty from the can into a colander and hold it under the faucet until they are well rinsed, after which I heat and season them and serve fearlessly.

—

TO MAKE A HOLE IN GLASS

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Cal.

Press upon the glass a cake of wet clay and make a hole the desired size through the clay, laying bare the glass at the bottom. Pour melted lead into the hole and it will drop through the glass and leave a perfectly smooth, round hole.

AUNT DINAH'S RECIPE

By Olive Johnston, North Jackson, O.

(Given before the war)

Yes, chile, dat cake *is* good to eat,
But shuah you doan want no receet,
Still, since dey say yous'e goin' orf,
To lib in dat cold frozen norf,
I'll try an' see if I kin fix it
So yo'se pore white trash gal can mix it.

You takes some butter—jess enuff—
Too little makes de mixin' tuff;
Den aigs—now wait, an' le' me see—
Sometimes its two and sometimes free,
Jess as de hens to lay hab chuse;
One cup or mo' of suga' use;
'Bout half a cup o' milk den add,
An' stir it roun' an' roun' like mad,
But jiss one way, for doan you see
De bakin' else will heaby be.
Raisins and currants, citron, too,
A berry little brandy'll do;
Somehow dat allus seems a waste,
Special if I once gets a taste.
Right smart o' spice a pinch o' salt,
An' now you'd better call a halt
An' see if somefin dere be not
Wich in you're haste yo' done forgot.
Law's, yes! Some bakin' powder sift in,
Or else your cake will hab no liftin'.
Stir berry hard, turn out an' bake,
An' honey'll hab Aunt Dinah's cake.

—

FOR WEAK EYES

By Mrs. Agnes Haskell, Lowell, Mass.

To one quart of cold water add one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one ditto of sugar (white). Let settle and bathe the eyes freely, flooding the liquid into them. This is excellent.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE

Bayberry root or bark is a sure cure for jaundice. Steep well and extract all the goodness possible. Drink freely of this bitter liquid. Many years ago this cured the writer's mother of the severest attack, and of recent years a lady residing in Lowell, Mass.

—

SAVING ON LONG GLOVES

By Mary E. Gardner, Dorchester, Mass.

Long gloves are costly and often wear through on the finger-tips after a very little time. If one cuts off the glove at the wrist, a pair of ordinary length gloves can be sewed to them, and the seam being almost imperceptible, the gloves are practically as good as new at one-third the cost.

—

TWO WAYS TO COOK EGGS

By Mrs. J. M. Lemons, Rayborn, Mo.

First way:—Cover the eggs with cold water, put over the fire and when they come to the boil they are done.

Second way:—Pour boiling water over eggs, set on back of stove for half an hour. They are tender and delicious.

—

MOIST COOKING UTENSILS

By Mrs. O. E. Hensel, Frankfort, Mich.

If on taking up vegetables, etc., one has not time to fill utensil with water, turn upside down on a table, and it will keep moist for hours.

TO CLEANSE A SKIRT

By Mrs. T. E. Farrall, Sheboygan, Mich.

Having the misfortune to buy a black bunting skirt which seemed to have been improperly cleansed of the natural wool grease, I tried *completely immersing* and thoroughly washing it in a couple of gallons of gasoline; then I let it drip dry on the clothesline; since when I have had no trouble whatever with it catching the dust. After the first few wearings I felt it was ruined, as it looked gray with dust and the more I brushed the worse it looked. but since cleaning with gasoline, it keeps as free from dust as any goods possibly can. and best of all, the gasoline never wrinkles the goods, as water does, so every crease in the pleats was as perfect as before wetting it.

—

TO PREVENT A RUN-AROUND

By Mrs. A. N. S., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

When a throbbing pain is felt at the corner of the nail, with needle or sharp point of a knife; do not use a pin; open it close to the nail and squeeze until a little moisture exudes. If, in a few hours, the pain is still there, repeat and there will be no run-around.

TO PREVENT A FELON

On the first sensation like the prick of a briar, wind the finger tight (a few long hairs are best). When very red press hard with fingers of the other hand, as long as it can be well borne, loosen, and repeat if necessary and there will be no felon.

—

THE EVER-USEFUL MEAT-CHOPPER

By Mrs. C. M. Haney, Traverse City, Mich.

Having some blackberries that I wanted to use for jam, and my fruit-press being out of commission, it seemed to me a big undertaking to rub them all through a collander, as there were ten quarts of them, so at the suggestion of my daughter, I put them through the *meat-chopper*, and it answered the purpose well. No stained hands nor soiled sleeves.

—

BAKING SODA ON THE TOILET TABLE

By Mrs. H. S. Case, Chelsea, Mass.

If a pinch of baking soda is applied under the arm-pits after washing, it will positively eliminate all odor of perspiration. This is much more economical and effectual than some of the high-priced powders.

—

FOR BURNS

By Mrs. Luther Crossman, Cushman, Mass.

Save your egg-shells until through cooking. The white left in the shells is one of the best things to apply to a small burn. Apply two or three times. You will have no trouble from these little burns.

—

CATNIP TEA FOR COLIC

By Mrs. F. E. Johnson, Lapeer, Mich.

A little weak catnip is very good for the little baby's colic. It is also a slight laxative.

ROSIN FOR WORMS

Give your child a piece of rosin to eat, a little every day, if he is troubled with worms. It is perfectly harmless and will destroy the nests as well as the worms. An old Indian doctor recommended this, and I have found nothing else as effective.

THE HAPPY HABIT

HAVE you ever thought of the sea of letters floating over the country all the time; now ebbing, now flowing, like the waves of the wide ocean itself? Have you ever thought what vivid reflections are enfolded between these written pages? In one are the notes of joy, the outbursts of happiness going with the wedding cards or the news of some equally joyful event. Then there are the disconsolate notes of sorrow; the last wail of the suicide is committed to paper; the last words of the dying to some loved one, penned as the last bit of strength is ebbing—or it may be the message of death is written by a stranger's hand, and speeds on its way to bring darkness into some home or heart;—sometimes it is the sad story of disgrace that jostles the wedding cards in the mails. There are the business letters: the note demanding payment, the drafts and the exchanges that keep the marts of the whole world busy, the financial letters that must pass to and fro between the money centers, to say nothing of the sharp-tongued collector's note. Every phase of life is indicated in these leaflets, from the "ill-omened page that spreadest gloom along life's erstwhile happy way," to the stirring call to be up and doing, for "man's life was not made for men's creeds, but men's actions." How directly associated with every-day life are the little white messengers. Sometimes, it may be, the telegraph or the telephone overtakes them, and the harsh notes, "the song of the iron wire," bring the message in terse, cruel words that is being more gently told by the dove-like, fluttering pages of the letter. How often such a message changes the whole trend of a situation or the course of a life!

The telegraph is like the crest of the wave, the rough upper water of the sea; but the mails are as the deep, strong tide below, that moves on resistlessly, regardless of wind and weather,—but telegraph, telephone and letters all alike repeat the refrain of human intelligence and human life.

How often the postman, in his sober gray, walks up and delivers that which is likely to change the current of a day, making it bright and sunny, despite the clouds in the sky out of doors; or gloomy and dark, no matter how brightly Old Sol may shine; or perhaps he brings the missive which shifts the destiny of a life. You never know what the mail may bring—for a moment you balance the letter in your hand and think of the possibilities inside; and how often a few hearty written words, that might be miscontrued if spoken, bring delight as the reader sees the meaning expressed between the lines, even to the simple "yours truly," which seems to fitly express the temper in which the letter was written; it often happens that the wind-up of a letter is a sort of test-mark of the writer's disposition.

* * * * *

LETTERS are an excellent safety-valve—it is said that the best thing to do when one is angry is to sit down and write a letter to the offending party, saying all the savage things that are in the mind and heart at the moment; lay it gently aside for perusal the next

morning, when one finds the indignation has abated, the savage spirit has exuded during the night, and when the letter is read over it is quite likely we are ashamed of ever having such thoughts, and we hastily tear and re-tear it and consign it to the waste-basket—it has performed a real mission.

Much harm is done by letters written in the heat of temper; many a business house has lost deals worth thousands of dollars by an impertinent word from an indifferent employe—either written or spoken. More trouble is caused by impudence than incompetence—merely ill-considered impudence. Some employes who feel in a measure fortified in their positions, working for a weekly wage rather than because they wish to work and be of some service in the world, consider themselves privileged to be independent to the public whom they are supposed to serve. There is an impression that this is permissible and justified by "fool questions," but it doubtless arises from a certain form of human vanity. Lincoln understood it—that is why his favorite poem was "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

This is where the Happy Habiter plays his part. No matter how irksome or onerous or disagreeable his work, he feels impelled to throw in just a little light touch of human feeling or a cheery word, or at least he will as far as possible carve off the corners of stern officialdom and sacrifice his dignity a trifle rather than give annoyance to those with whom he comes into contact. A little courtesy in a letter means so much to the recipient; a pleasant word may make all the difference in even a small business transaction—no one is insensible to courtesy and appreciation. There are times when one is prone to believe that there is no such thing in the world as gratitude, but that is the very time when the severest introspection will probably reveal a personal reason for the apparent ingratitude that has been manifested.

* * * * *

A RARE pleasure indeed is a chatty, hearty letter. What a fund of happiness can be dispensed in this way at the cost of but a few minutes' effort—and a stamp! What unhappy and even lifelong misunderstandings may be avoided by a few lines of cheery, kindly correspondence! Sometimes such a letter is even better than a personal talk, because there is no danger of saying too much; words are more carefully chosen and expressions are less likely to be misconstrued when the sentiment is written.

There is a thrill of real sterling happiness when we can look straight into the face of one long round of adversity and trouble and yet clearly behold through a rift in the clouds the meed of deserved success and the gleam of future prosperity. In the financial reaction that has convulsed the world during the past few months, there has been, even on the darkest storm-cloud, a silver lining visible. While our hearts are wrung with pity and sympathy for the distress that follows in its wake—men out of work, and hungry, despairing women and little ones lacking bread, ragged and uncared for—yet the situation demands of everyone the exercise of the broadest sympathy and the noblest impulses that ever poured kindly assistance into the hands of those who needed it—assistance that is hesitatingly taken by these honest, hard-working men who are straining every nerve to weather the gale without making shipwrecks of their little homes.

In all the gloomy features of this situation there is one beneficent result, as truly helpful as any wealth or pleasure gleaned from bright fields or the somber woods; the waving boughs of primeval forests, or the adamantine cliffs of majestic mountains. In human history, as in every phase of life in nature, there is the same lesson:—the survival of the fittest, the endurance of the strongest, wisest and most skillful. It seems cruel, but it is very apparent to those

who have studied history and the development of the race. In every instance, wherever one race has exterminated another, though it be done with needless bloodshed and cruelty and crime, yet the vanishing race, it will eventually be conceded, has not availed itself of the rich gifts laid ready to its hand; or perchance it may have been handicapped by some form of government or religion that could not stand, as witnessed in the nomalous institutions of unfortunate Poland or the red man's fall of empire in America. The conquering race lets in the light and brings advancement in its wake. Although we may shudder at this immutable law, yet when we look closer into its workings we perforce recognize therein a wisdom that transcends the human judgment of that time. Nature, however kindly, is, after all, a rigid economist, and no one can continue to wantonly waste her blessings and not suffer; and although the beneficence of the law may not always be seen immediately; it is there nevertheless.

* * * * *

DURING the late financial reverses, even in the homes of many rich men, it has suddenly been discovered that the good wife, who seemed *blase* and weary of a continual round of pleasure and social engagements, possesses other and nobler and more endearing qualities than those with which she graced the home in a social way. When money could not be obtained, such women developed a capacity for finding and conferring happiness in their homes by doing their housework in the good old homely way. In this way the family was drawn more closely together—the boys would not leave things lying about if they knew "mother" had to pick up after they went out; the girls suddenly discovered that it was possible to wash dishes without spoiling one's hands. They learned how much sugar the family liked in the pies and puddings, and just how salty father liked his soup; the meals, though much plainer than of old, had a flavor not known before. Like the child with his toys, it is discovered that the simple and inexpensive modes of living are, in the long run, the most satisfactory, and the dinner of salt fish and potatoes and the dessert of boiled rice taste mighty good—a diet of the good old times, that put bone and muscle into the hardy pioneers. Besides, when that family keeps a maid again, they will understand more of what her duties are, and will be less given to complaining and more ready to "help out" instead.

* * * * *

TALKING of plain food brings up recollections of that wholesome dish—"oatmeal porridge", and recalls the fact that to the power of the Scotch people to subsist chiefly on that simple, hearty food is attributed the constant defeat of the English efforts to enslave them. The hardy Scotsman, armed with his primitive weapons and bag of oatmeal, "took to the heather" in the Highlands. He did not need a fire, even: all that he had to do was to pause beside a stream, dip up a little water to mix with his meal, and a satisfying diet was at once provided. Lean, muscular, inured to hardship, they were formidable foes to the imposing, beef-fed armies of England, whose plum-pudding-and-beef larder could not be transported up the hills, so they were fain to sit down in the lowlands until the Scot was ready for battle. The racial type that grew from that stern climate and simple diet have dominated the world and are found everywhere.

More recently, we have seen the little Jap, with his diet of rice, contesting on the plains of Manchuria with the proud Russian. That simple commissariat was bound to win the day. In every instance the man who cannot get along without a plethoric pantry will be beaten when it comes to living on hard fare. It is a question whether intemperance in food is not as prevalent as intemperance in drink, and whether the one does not as surely blind the perceptions as the other.

FAMOUS AMERICAN CONCERT ARTISTS

By Bennett Chapple

UP to a very recent period, we were accustomed to turn a cold shoulder to the concert artist who lacked a foreign name and a foreign manner. The more remote his birthplace, the more outlandish his name, the wilder his mane and mien, the more American dollars were poured into his pockets. For our native-born artists, we had only a good-natured tolerance. We hired them to play and sing for us, only when we couldn't get the foreigners, or when we couldn't pay the foreigners' price.

As we began to outgrow the swaddling clothes of our musical culture, the knowledge dawned upon us that the American artists whom we were neglecting at home were being made much of abroad. We first learned from Europe how to appreciate our great opera singers. Then Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, a Chicago woman, created a furore from one end of Europe to the other by her pianistic genius. It was European appreciation that first brought us a realizing sense of the greatness of our foremost composer, Edward MacDowell. A constant repetition of such instances has begun to have its effect, and today, in the wide spread of musical culture throughout the country, the old unpatriotic prejudice against the native artist is fast disappearing.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER

Musical art, throughout all its manifestations, is becoming more and more a domestic industry. Time was when Americans received their musical instruction exclusively from men and women of foreign birth. Today the native-born teacher is in the majority. We are at the dawning of the day when those ambitious of a career either as singers or virtuosi are content to make their advanced studies here at home. The change has already gone far enough to check the annual exodus of American music students to Europe, and millions of dollars that would otherwise have gone into the pockets of European teachers are now being spent for musical instruction here at home. Once we learn to accept the American virtuoso at his true worth, we will be forced to accept him as an instructor. Those we esteem as artists, we must deem capable of producing artists. The converse of that proposition explains why all our talented and ambitious young musicians have been going abroad.

The vital interest of a well-planned movement to force proper recognition for the American artist is therefore apparent. It must be recognized as the final step—the crowning movement in behalf of native art.

Such a movement is under way, and it has been inaugurated by Steinway & Sons. There is a logical significance in this leadership by a house which was the first to produce an American musical instrument which forced an acknowledgement of absolute superiority throughout the world.

The fact remains, however, that, to a large

extent, in the less highly cultivated communities throughout our country, and to some extent in all communities, the tendency to underrate the native-born artist still exists.

This sentiment will meet a direct challenge during the coming season, under the leadership of a firm which has always occupied the foremost place in the country's musical activities, commercially and otherwise, and which in over half a century of experience in the concert field has never been convicted of an error of artistic judgment nor a lack of business acumen.

That there may be no struggle between the patriotic sentiments and the artistic conscience of the American musical public, the house of Steinway has enlisted and marshalled for its campaign four American pianists who have achieved genuine and enthusiastic endorsement from the critics and the public of Europe. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, who heads the list, although a lifelong resident of Chicago, is a pianist of international fame. She is the dean of our American virtuosi, and universally acknowledged to be our greatest living artist. In Europe she is held to have few living equals as a pianist in either sex. She has toured Europe repeatedly, and a few years ago created a world-wide sensation when with her American grit she conquered a Parisian mob that tried to break up the concert at which she made her Parisian debut because the impressario had the "effrontery" to present an American pianist who insisted on playing an American piano. Incidentally, she insisted on playing a concerto by Saint Saens, who was just then under a boycott by the Musicians Union of Paris. The gend'armes had to be called to quell the rioters, but the plucky American played right on throughout the tumult, and in the end those who had come to insult and jeer her, recognized that she had the stuff that heroines are made of, and gave her an ovation.

RICHARD BUHLIG

In Richard Buhlig, a pianist who, though little known here, has made the greatest sensation of the decade abroad, we are promised the most interesting personality in the piano world since Paderewski's debut here eighteen years ago. Buhlig is a Chicagoan by birth, was educated in the public schools, and studied music in that city until his seventeenth year. He finished his studies under Leschetizky, and began concertizing in Berlin in 1902. He has a faculty for doing unusual things. He opened his public career, for example, by making the Berlin critics listen to his playing of Schubert's greatest but most neglected pianoforte work, the Sonata in B flat, Schumann's Fantasia, and Chopin's twenty-four preludes. Any music student can realize the daring of that in a young man with his entire future at stake. But he won the Berlin critics. Then he went on to London, and dared more by performing the unparalleled feat of giving both of Brahms' piano concertos in one evening, and sending his audience away enthusiastic.

A recent interviewer discovered Buhlig reading an Italian copy of Dante, and drew from him a confession that one of his ambitions was to study Greek, so that he could read Plato in the original. He is conversant with all the continental languages and literatures, and he admits that he is as fond of literature as he is of music. Buhlig is described as a strikingly handsome young man

with a most magnetic personality, two attributes which ought to go a long way toward helping him to mount the top rung of the ladder of fame.

In 1905, one of the most interesting figures in the piano world here was Ernest Schelling, introduced as Paderewski's only pupil. His romantic career was much discussed in the press, particularly when he wound up his visit by marrying into a wealthy and prominent Knickerbocker family. Schelling's life has been the opposite of the disappointments and struggles that are commonly believed to be a concomitant, of artistic success. He was born of wealthy parents, near Philadelphia, where his family still resides, his brother being professor of literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Schelling was a concert pianist when he was in knickerbockers. After his prodigy days he was sent abroad to study. Paderewski heard him, and was so taken with him that he invited him to his home, made him a member of his family, and taught him for years. Then Schelling was taken up by the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, and installed as court pianist at their Castle Willegrad. He composed and studied here for several years, and then began to concertize. He has played in every country in Europe and across South America. While here two years ago, he appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and all the other great orchestras and musical organizations. After his marriage he went abroad, and for two years past has been appearing with all the great orchestras of Europe, principally in the production of his own compositions.

ERNEST SCHELLING

Ernest Hutcheson is the fourth of the Steinway pianists. He is at the head of the piano department of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. Although an Australian by birth, Hutcheson is an American citizen and unlike a great many of our musicians of native and foreign birth, he does not run off to Europe annually for his vacations. He works, studies, composes, teaches and plays entirely in the land of his adoption. And America ought to be proud of him as it should be of every artist who, after achieving high position and great honor in the artistic life of the old world, voluntarily chooses to cast his lot among us and be one of us.

In a recent issue of the Steinway Bulletin, Mr. Hutcheson discussed from the standpoint of a virtuoso and teacher, some of the identical points that have been under consideration here. He says for instance: "There is no good reason against our turning out concert pianists in this country. I may mention Harold Randolph as a conspicuous illustration of the possibilities of American musical education. Best known as a concert pianist, he is also a good organist and singer, conducts a splendid mixed chorus (the Bach Choir of Baltimore) and is director of one of our finest conservatories, yet he has never had any tuition outside of America.

The question is one into which three elements enter: teaching, opportunity of hearing good music (especially orchestral music) and 'atmosphere.'"

"It seems to me that piano instruction stands very high in the United States. On the whole, we have fully as good teachers as can be found anywhere in Europe. Many of them, too, are of American birth. This applies both to the conservatories and private teaching.

"The opportunities for hearing music are fully sufficient in the large cities. In Germany many small towns support permanent orchestras, and this cannot be found here, though good choral societies are numerous. It is more or less an artistic disgrace to us that we have so few first-class orchestras, but it must be remembered that those of Germany commonly receive pecuniary aid from the state, the town or reigning princes.

"In this connection it should be said that most students who go abroad hear far more music than they can possibly assimilate, and, consequently, suffer from serious mental indigestion.

"The much talked of 'atmosphere,' too, is often breathed too freely. Still, it is in this matter that we are most deficient. The young American musician usually lacks the discipline, the lifelong patience, the veneration for his work, irrespective of its result and the poetic imagination of the great artist; and the surroundings of continental study certainly tend to supply these deficiencies.

ERNEST HUTCHESON

"To the young pianist who has completed his studies and is willing to begin his career in a small way (as, for instance, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler did) instead of regarding the top rung of fame's ladder as his first step, America offers perhaps better openings than any other country. Nor is even the top rung unattainable to real merit,—witness the great and immediate success of Olga Samaroff in the United States when practically unknown elsewhere."

The campaign that the house of Steinway has inaugurated in the piano field is going on in other lines of musical endeavor. American-born prima donnas are filling the opera houses of Germany, France and Italy, and eventually they will catch the attention of our American impressarios.

Among our leading concert singers American women predominate. Before the approaching season is ended it is most likely that the prejudice against our native-born pianists will be forever swept away, and they will no longer be forced to go abroad for financial support and artistic appreciation.

VIEW OF A PORTION OF RUMSEY & CO.'S PUMP WORKS, TAKEN FROM SENECA STREET BRIDGE

SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

By E. T. Hartman

NESTLED in the midst of the lake region of Central New York, and midway between the twin lakes, Cayuga and Seneca; on both banks of the fair and winding Seneca River, whose pleasant reaches of clear water are broken at this site by a series of falls and rapids, is situated the village of Seneca Falls. It is an overgrown village, too large really to be called such, and not quite large enough for a city. The location of this place is an ideal one, and nature has been lavish in showering her gifts upon it. It is only the hand of man that has marred and stayed its development.

The water powers on both sides of the river, and the land surrounding the same were acquired by a large land company, who failed to develop her rich natural resources themselves, to lease or to sell. Consequently, for many years Seneca Falls stood still, while many villages that materially lacked in location and resources became places of considerable importance before these lands passed from the possession of the Bayard Land Company.

Seneca Falls lies midway between Rochester and Syracuse, on the Auburn branch of the New York Central. The Lehigh Valley also enters Seneca Falls, and has purchased and is preparing to extend the line to Auburn, fourteen miles to the east. Seneca Falls also has a finely equipped electric line making connections every thirty minutes with points to the east and west. Another trolley connects the northern and southern towns of the county.

The Seneca Falls and Cayuga branch of the Erie Canal passes through the heart of the manufacturing and business industries, giving ample dockage and low-rate water shipment from the coal regions of Pennsylvania to tide-water. Along the northern bounds of the village runs Niagara power, which is to be used to run the new Ithaca & Seneca Falls Electric Railroad.

Seneca Falls is the largest municipality in Seneca County, and her industries have made her name a household word in all corners of our own country, in the Orient, and beyond.

She has been dubbed "pump town," and

GOULD'S TRIPLEX POWER PUMP WORKS

her leading industries that take water power from the falls of the Seneca River have been largely devoted to the regulation, utilization and development of water. The Gould pumps and Rumsey hydraulic engines are exported to all countries of the civilized world, and are utilized in something like a thousand different patterns, allied to all known powers of steam, electricity, etc.

Seneca Falls is the birthplace and home of the Silsby Steam Fire Engine, the Seneca Woolen Mills, the extensive manufactures of the National Advertising Company, and the Westcott-Jewell Manufacturing Company; the iron and wood-work machinery factories of the Seneca Falls Manufacturing Company; the Iroquois Motor Car Company; the Cast Thread and Fitting Company; the Ingersoll Paper Mills; the Seneca Falls Milling Company, and the Roberts & Briggs Milling Company; the Seneca Pattern Works; the Ontario Jobbing Company; the Climax (plumbers) Specialty Company; the metal letter foundries of Knight & Sons and A. W. Brim, and a number of other industries.

The Goulds works have been making their specialty for fifty-nine years, or until the "Goulds Pumps" are known the world over. They employ over 900 hands and occupy 375,000 square feet of floor space, producing over 1500 kinds of pumps, from the small "bucket pump" to the large pump for water works with a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons daily.

In 1901 the power pump business had assumed such large proportions that the Triplex Power Pump Works were built, and this plant was believed at the time to be amply large to handle the increase of business for a long time to come, but already two extensive additions have been made to the machine shop, which is now over 500 feet long. A new foundry, 500 by 144 feet, is under construction, and other large additions are planned, to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand for Goulds Efficient Triplex Power Pumps.

These works have a central power station generating electricity which drives the machines in various sections of the plant which is equipped throughout with labor-saving machinery, electric cranes, pneumatic hoists and tools. The works are carefully kept up to the best modern practice in every particular.

The Westcott-Jewell Company's output of rules runs into many millions every year, and are sold in nearly every civilized part of the world. Special machinery was invented to

do away with the slow process of engraving each line of the scales and to cheapen the cost, until now no child in school but can afford at least a "penny rule," and no offices so finely equipped that their fine desk rules do not fully match in quality and finish. Millions of rules are now made for schools and office use, while other millions are used by large advertisers as the best medium for effective advertising. Not only were the Westcott-Jewel Company pioneers in cheapening rule manufacture, but equally so in producing beautifully polished rules in natural wood, and many lovely colors, and they are now the largest exclusive rule manufacturers in the world.

Another prominent feature of Seneca Falls is the immense factory of Rumsey & Co., Limited, manufacturers of pumps and hydraulic engines.

The business was founded in 1840, and is the oldest factory in its line in the world. Over a thousand varieties and sizes of hand and power pumps are manufactured, including house and well pumps, ship pumps, deep well working heads for hand and power, triplex power pumps for water works and factory use, electric triplex and centrifugal pumps, and electric underwriters' rotary fire pumps.

SENECA FALLS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The factory contains floor space of nearly 400,000 square feet, and is equipped with every improved modern facility for the manufacture of the highest grade goods. The company market their product in every country in the world.

Besides their factory in Seneca Falls, the company have large branch houses and distributing agencies in the principal cities of the United States, in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Pittsburg and in Mexico.

The Seneca Falls Manufacturing Company, established in 1879, is located on the Seneca River, which furnishes fine water power. They employ over 150 men and manufacture engine, speed, wood and foot-power lathes, also foot, hand and light-power wood-working machines, which are shipped to all parts of the world.

OFFICE OF THE GOULD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Each church denomination of Seneca Falls has a handsome and commodious church building. The church aid and auxiliary societies are active and efficient aids in the well-being of the community. The village has recently, through the liberality of Wilhemus Mynderse, become the recipient of a handsome public library building. Through the bequest of the late Albert Cook, an imposing soldiers' monument adorns the park, and through the endowment left by the late Justin B. Johnson, The Johnson Home for Indigent Women gives home comfort to aged women.

Mynderse Academy ranks among the leading academic schools of the state. The several ward schools give abundant educational facilities to the different wards.

Seneca Falls has a well-equipped, paid fire

department, and an efficient police force; three banks, two newspapers, three large and several smaller hotels, and good public buildings. It has substantial society and club buildings, and a large number of secret society organizations. Its residence streets

CAYUGA LAKE PARK, SENECA FALLS

have many elegant and costly homes. Its business streets are broad, well laid out and lined with substantial business blocks. A comprehensive sanitary sewer system is now nearing completion. The village is also about to build its own water works system. Since its incorporation under the general village law, it has jointly built with lot owners eighteen and three-quarter miles of stone and cement sidewalks.

During the last decade the place has shaken off its lethargy and shown a spirit of enterprise. There is a pushing, promoting pub-

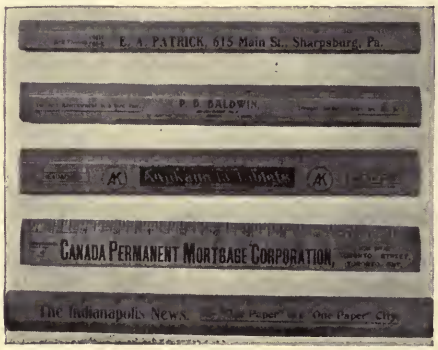
HOAG HOTEL, SENECA FALLS

lic spirit which animates the resident of Seneca Falls, who has awakened to a spirit of civic pride and home loyalty and realizes that there is no better condition elsewhere than in growing Seneca Falls, made up as it largely is, of the homes of its wage-earners.

All that goes to make up a happy contented community, favored by nature and supplemented by man's efforts, centers here. The Board of Trade of Seneca Falls would be glad to supplement this brief sketch by supplying additional information.

* * *

No reference to Seneca Falls is complete without speaking of that beautiful sheet of water lying at her eastern threshold and reached every few minutes during the summer season by the trolley—"the fair Cayuga Lake." Along its shore for forty miles on either hand stretch the summer homes of its inhabitants and those who come here each year from all parts of the country to spend the summer. The center of lake life is that



ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES MANUFACTURED BY THE WESCOTT-JEWELL COMPANY

well-known lakeside resort, the Cayuga Lake Park. This fine summer resort is located three miles east of Seneca Falls, directly on the shores of Cayuga Lake. It contains fifty acres of wooded land and is the most popular resort in this region.

The park, besides its natural beauty, has many artificial attractions, such as are found at resorts of this kind. During the summer season a fine orchestra is in attendance. It is owned and operated by the Geneva, Waterloo, Seneca Falls and Cayuga Lake Traction Company, and is the summer terminal of that road. Connections at the park are made with Cayuga Lake Transportation Company's steamers for Ithaca and other points on the lake.

WOOD'S SQUARE. TRANSFER AND TERMINAL OF STREET RAILWAYS, HUDSON, MASS.

HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HUDSON lies in the valley of one of the many beautiful streams of Massachusetts, surrounded by the varied foliage of water-loving elms and more distant copses of oak, chestnut and cedar. Rich in pastoral tradition and natural beauty, it is only during recent years that the good town has taken her rightful place among the enterprising, enthusiastic and prosperous manufacturing districts of the old Bay State.

Incorporated as a municipality March 16, 1866, the growth of Hudson was slow at first, but today there exists an unusually active co-operation among those business men who, by untiring energy, have established her varied industries, and have placed the prosperity of Hudson on a solid basis, not only enduring but creative, and promising even greater things.

HUDSON TOWN HOUSE

Closely identified with the history of the town for some years past, is the Honorable L. D. Apsley, who, in 1852, at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, began his struggle with the world for recognition and success. He is the founder of the great company bearing his name, which has become so powerful a factor in the prosperity and steady growth of Hudson.

Mr. Apsley, early in his career, became a traveling salesman for what was then the largest rubber manufacturing concern in America, and represented it in the best territory covered by its agents, the Middle and Western States. Not content merely to sell big bills, regardless of future business and reputation, he helped greatly in building up a demand for tasteful, comfortable and durable rubber clothing and footwear, which vastly benefitted his employers and ultimately his own business.

In 1885, his connection with the Pioneer Rubber Company ceased, and he determined to manufacture and put upon the American market improved styles of rubber clothing and footwear. Having made a careful study of rubber he saw many chances to improve the class of goods then being manufactured. He, therefore, went to Hud-

son and after satisfying himself that conditions were favorable for the establishment of his proposed industry, he secured the building, formerly occupied by the Hudson Fabric Company, and there organized the Goodyear Gossamer Company, and went to work. The business policy of the new

HOME OF HON. L. D. APSLEY

manufacturer was terse and admirable in spirit, his motto being: "The production of goods of high quality, and honorable dealing in all business relations;" a sentiment which underlies and sustains the business career of many a successful American manufacturer.

Mr. Apsley's old customers in the jobbing centers and large retail concerns favored the new enterprise, and the Goodyear Gossamer Company soon found it necessary to enlarge its plant, the business having increased so greatly. In 1888, when one of the buildings of the company was destroyed by fire, it was not only decided to rebuild, but the demand increased so rapidly that two large six-story buildings have since been added, with a capacity of 20,000 pairs of boots and rubbers daily. The goods manufactured by the Apsley Rubber Company average in value over $3,000,000 per annum, in marked contrast to the comparatively small output of the little, old factory of 1885.

It was an intensely warm day in July (and who can forget a really hot day?) that I visited and surveyed these great brick-walled factories, surrounded by well-kept avenues and expanses of emerald lawn, which have replaced desolate wastes and the ragged cedar-growth which so often covers the foothills and sandy plateaus of Central Massachusetts.

It was high noon, and I stood for some time on the great stretch of inviting green-sward, while the workmen were having their mid-day rest, but when the whistle blew for work to begin again, I set out to go through the factory with Mr. Bailey.

We saw the hot dried sheets of rubber taken from the "baking pans"—so to speak—in the vacuum ovens, which accomplish the work formerly done in tedious and cumbersome drying lofts more perfectly and in much less time than by the old process. The dried rubber comes from the driers in many shapes, and almost every color, from yellowish white to nearly jet black, and some that looked like cinders. The better class rubber is known by its yellow tinge, purity and resiliency, the distinguishing marks of high-grade, crude rubber. It comes in lace-like sheets, balls and lumps like hams. The cheaper rubber comes in hands like figs, rolls, and even in links like sausages.

The rubber is milled or run between rollers and mixed with various compositions previous to manufacturing the goods. There are many formulas, according to the work to be done, but all are subjected to the vulcanizing process—Goodyear's great discovery, when he accidentally dropped a piece of sulphur on the stove and found out that rubber

THE R. B. LEWIS BLOCK

could be almost deodorized and deprived of its stickiness without losing its resiliency and other good qualities.

For certain uses, pure rubber is reduced to almost a liquid, and run over the back of cloth, which is spread in rolls. From these rolls it goes on an embossing machine and is run out in sheets about twelve feet long and a yard wide. These are put on stretchers,

HON. L. D. APSLEY OF HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS, FOUNDER OF THE APSLEY RUBBER COMPANY

THE ABOVE SHOWS THE APSLEY RUBBER COMPANY'S FIRST
and it will require four more trains of the same size to complete delivery

and each one is called a "book." Later we went up stairs and found a veritable Carnegie library of "rubber books," ready for active use.

The Apsley Rubber Company makes its own lasts, over which the materials are stretched and molded. The style of the Apsley lasts has long since distinguished the work of the company among discriminating buyers, so that an "Apsley rubber" is a standard for all purchasers.

* * *

It was a busy scene, and paradoxical as it may seem, on this hot day preparations were being almost wholly made for the cold rain storms and snows and sleet of winter. How many colds and illnesses are saved by this vast output of waterproof garments and footwear, no one can estimate. Even as I stood among the busy workers, I seemed to hear the familiar admonition, "Now Johnnie, be

THE LAPOINTE MACHINE TOOL COMPANY

sure to put on your rubbers," and the later call that comes from railway brakemen, "Don't leave any rubbers or articles in the car," for at all ages it is recognized as advisable to have the rubbers in safe keeping.

As I travel about the country, I find that rubbers are very seldom worn out—they are "left." In my own collection I think there are about sixteen kinds of rubbers of various kinds, but no two are mates, rights and lefts, for one is lost and the other is of no service. This common carelessness accounts, perhaps, for the tremendous increase in the consump-

NEW HUDSON LIBRARY AND FIRE STATION

tion of rubbers in late years, since the people began to go about so much more than formerly by means of electric and steam cars. It was recently estimated that in every rainstorm a doctor's bill is saved by the timely investment of seventy-five cents for rubbers, but for which a much heavier expense would have been incurred by the household.

* * *

In the shipping room was a glimpse of a device showing a minor detail of Mr. Apsley's salesmanship and genius. On the end of all the boxes a checker-board was depicted. Anyone who remembers the old-time country store, or is familiar with its lineal descendant of modern times, will recall the great popularity of the game of checkers —I venture to say that Mr. Apsley knows all about it—and these boxes are designed to gratify a long-felt want. The folks who

SHIPMENT THIS YEAR TO THEIR AGENTS, M. D. WELLS COMPANY
of their first detailed order of 1907 for Apsley Rubber Boots and Shoes

gather about the stove of the little store in the long winter evenings, and desire to play a game of checkers, merely tilt up the end of the box that holds the rubbers, and there is a checker-board! There, too, is the name of Apsley, and so throughout the ages and across this great country the name of Apsley

HUDSON HIGH SCHOOL

and the box that held the rubber goods of his make shall keep alive innocent recreations and the pleasant associations dear to all ardent checker players who indulge in that good old enticing game.

In the private office of Mr. Apsley were many evidences of a busy life. A portrait given a very prominent position is that of the man to whom he sold his first bill of goods. Another photograph shows a train-load of Apsley goods on its way to the markets of the world.

"Here," I said, "is the evidence of 'doing things.'"

Mr. Apsley enjoyed the intimate friendship of the late Senator Mark Hanna, President McKinley and other prominent public men; but what impressed me most was the supreme affection in which he is held by his employes. A big-hearted, generous, just man, it is no wonder that on every side I found these pronounced and refreshing evidences of the old-time cordial relationship between manufacturer and employes. When the chronicles of these times are adjusted, the men who have created that greatest blessing of men—work—will be given their just meed of praise; for the waste and desert places that have been converted by them into the homes and factories of industrious and prosperous men and women, and the great achievements of the age.

The homes that may be seen in and about the works are not owned by the Apsley Rubber Company, but by individual workers, who have paid for them out of their earnings, and are still making a prosperous and comfortable livelihood under the direction of that indefatigable salesman who knew how to manufacture and distribute a product throughout the world, directly from the charming town of Hudson, in Central Massachusetts, not far from that historic Wayside Inn, in Sudbury, Massachusetts, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

HOME OF THE HUDSON NATIONAL BANK

It would seem that Mr. Apsley's energies must all be absorbed by this immense business, but such is not the case. In 1892, the same year in which the Apsley Rubber Company was incorporated, his election to Congress occurred, and he was returned again in 1894. His activity and excellent

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF HUDSON, MASSACHUSETTS, FROM MT. BELLEVUE

judgment inspired his appointment as vice-chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee in the campaigns of 1894 and 1896, but his increasing business cares forbade his further essays in the domain of politics.

Since those days Mr. Apsley has become the president of the Rubber Manufacturing & Distributing Company of Seattle, Washington, and has assumed other important duties in connection with industrial and financial corporations.

Mr. Apsley is a man of broad and refined tastes, and has made his home in Hudson, in not only a beautiful and costly mansion, but one embodying personal and artistic features, which add the charm of the owner's individuality to the work of the architect and decorator. In general design the home is dominated by the heavy porticos, with the fluted Corinthian columns, so largely used in Colonial mansions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The grounds and approaches, viewed from any point, make a charming picture, and the electric lighting system, both in and outside the house, brings forth the beauty of many stained glass windows and the contrasts of tree and pillar, wall and foliage.

The great hall, with its handsome furniture, splendid Colonial clock, Japanese vases and trophies of the chase; the treasures of rare glass and china, exquisite statuary and rare volumes in salon and library; the luxurious billiard room and bowling alleys, and the comfort and perfect equipment of boudoir and chamber, make the Apsley home a place long to be remembered by all who visit it and enjoy its princely hospitality.

Mr. Apsley's greatest success, the success that has most benefitted mankind, is his rubber industry. He has built up new methods in rubber manufacture, has utilized new ideas, until now this trade is one of the most important in the United States. His industry has meant more for the town of Hudson than anything else, for it has given employment to hundreds of well paid wage earners, and has made the name of the town almost a household word throughout the length and breadth of our land. L. D. Apsley, the man, stands high among his fellowmen; L. D. Apsley, the politician, is a splendid example of the sterling worth of a business man to the State; but L. D. Apsley, the builder of an enduring industry, has won perpetual fame, not only for himself, but for the fortunate town in which his business is located.

* * *

The list of manufacturing industries also include several large and prosperous corporations engaged in the manufacture of leather shoes of all grades, shoe machinery, tool factories, elastic goring and suspender works, foundry and special machine works, wool scouring and blanket mills, wood and box factories, printing and book binding establishments, and a variety of smaller and kindred industries.

Modern retail establishments are everywhere in evidence, also a splendid electric light system, furnished by a municipal plant.

Excellent water and sewerage systems all add to the facilities for convenience, comfort and business.

It may be truly said that the banking facilities of Hudson are unequalled, and offer the business man every accommodation needed in business and finance.

With an active Board of Trade always alert for business enterprises, seeking new locations, and a citizenship always speaking words of praise for the community, Hudson is steadily gaining in prestige, and offers excellent advantages to the progressive man or corporation.

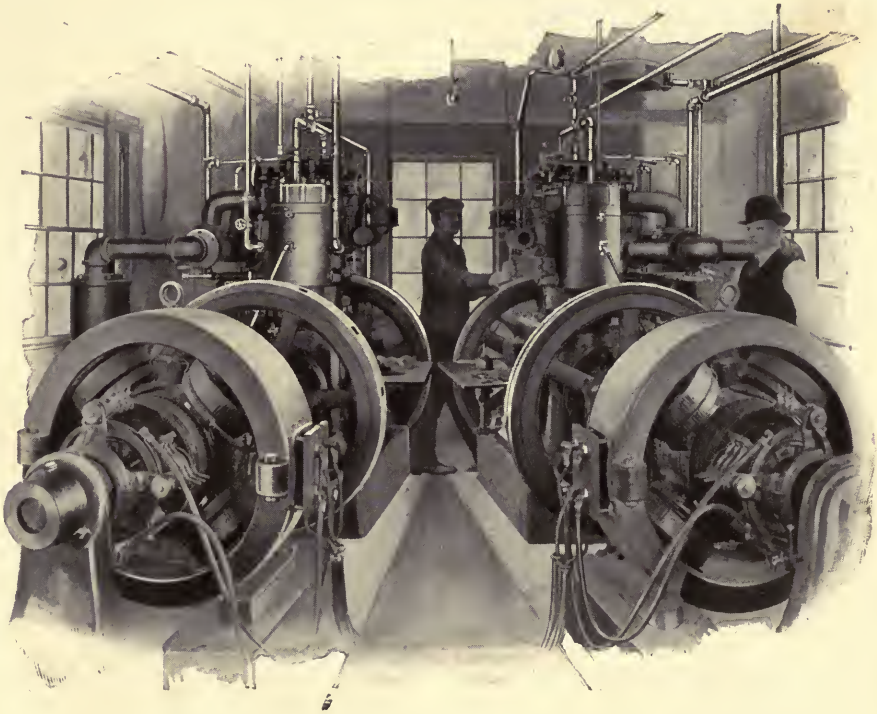
THE POWER THAT PUSHES

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the enthusiasm of new possessions, we must rise to tell about our power plant, just installed. The growth of the business necessitated either a large increase in presses, or operating those in service night and day, which made it essential to possess a power plant of our own. The subject was gravely discussed and thoroughly investigated. Every sort of power, from electricity and gas down to windmills and horse power for the old corn sheller, was thoroughly canvassed. It was finally concluded that the National should have its own power plant, and operate gas engines.

There is an irresistible potency and charm in that word "power," especially when it means a concrete force to run all the small army of individual motors allotted to each separate machine in the plant of the National.

In Boston there lives a man named J. P. Eustis. He is experienced in the gas engine proposition, because he has tried the method in his own plant. He enlisted as a representative for a manufacturer of gas engines. Mr. Eustis is at the head of an establishment known as "Brass-crafters," and when he takes up a project he manages to obtain results. He made up his mind to sell Jack and Jill, two gas engines, to the National, because he felt that they were just fitted to "pull the load up the hill." He came to our office armed with a contract, and in less time than I can tell it, he had it prepared for the signature.



HERE ARE THE TWO BRUCE-MERIAM-ABBOTT GAS ENGINES "JACK AND JILL" AND THE HOLTZER-CABOT MOTORS

"There it is," he said, "all ready when you make up your mind—I have made up mine."

During the evening, we called by telephone a representative of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, who appeared in the person of the secretary, Mr. Wrightington. He joined the consultation in earnest; for if the first thing to be considered was gas engines, the important point was the cost of gas with which to run them. It did not take long to discover that the Boston Consolidated Gas Company thoroughly understands the question of economic power. It became apparent that, as surely as two and two make four,

IT LOOKS LIKE A BANK SAFE—IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS BOSTON GAS COMPANY'S GAS METER

with the gas down to eighty cents by July first, we could not do better than take this means of generating power for our plant. After we had finished the conference, there was no longer any question. Gas was the most economic fuel possible for our purpose.

* * *

A trip to Cleveland was made, to visit the plant of the Bruce-Meriam-Abbott Company, who manufacture gas engines that are attracting wide attention because of their simplicity and efficiency.

The large establishment at the foot of the hill, in Cleveland, was inspected in company with Mr. Bruce. At the outset it was evident that here gas engines were manufactured which had the fundamentals of efficiency, economy and durability—the three cardinal points desired. Mr. Bruce is a veteran steam engine and foundry man, and has succeeded in putting into iron castings his idea of what is needed for good factory equipment. When I saw some great castings simply pushed aside into the scrap-heap, because they were not absolutely perfect—as his exactions demanded—I thought: "The kind of machinery we need is certainly made here."

* * *

In the drafting room was a thoughtful young man, who has devoted his life to the study of gas engines. He began his work when a student of Oberlin College, in connection with an equipment for blowing a pipe-organ, and there are few details about gas engineering that have not been thoroughly wrought out by Mr. Meriam, to whose genius the perfection of the Bruce, Meriam & Abbott engines as a mechanism is due.

Then there was Mr. Schowe, the financial man, and Mr. Abbott in the sales department—all enthusiastic over the splendid success attained in producing and selling perfectly-operating gas engines. The enthusiasm was contagious, and when I returned home the conviction that we had found just what was required was firmly rooted.

It was decided to put in two units, that is two engines of twenty-seven horse power, each directly connected with generators, which, of course, meant Holtzer-Cabot generators, long recognized in the National Magazine, as well as in the United States navy, and by discriminating purchasers everywhere, as the highest standard of electric efficiency. There is something interesting in the way in which business relationships are begun, and how one becomes attached to an equipment when it operates just right and fulfills to the letter every requirement just as promised by the men behind the product—you can pardon the enthusiasm that possesses the owner of a good horse or automobile.

After all this, there was the new building for the power house to be thought out. No matter whether it is a ten-story skyscraper or a modest National Magazine power house, there is always just so much to go through—the building permits, the specifications for foundations, the water, gas and other connections—those who have done any build-

ing in Boston know all about the yards of red tape that have to be unwound; but the building took on form before many days.

* * *

The day of "starting up" or christening arrived. We gazed on our beautiful twain of gas engines with the same unabated enthusiasm that we view the Miehle presses, Monotype equipment, Dexter folders, Holtzer-Cabot motors, and all the other machinery of our plant. Now, no visitor to the National Magazine office leaves without a peep at the power plant, where, like the waves of the sea, "endless motion never ceases."

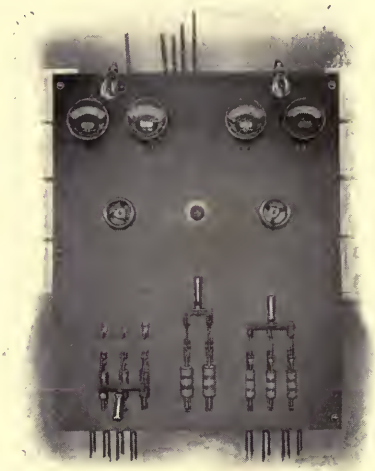
There were the early, trying moments of adjustment, when the initial explosion of the gas in the cylinders, giving evidence of its latent strength by starting the ponderous wheels on their rapid but peaceful flight, brought us to feel that we too, perhaps, had liberated the genii from the bottle. who might be the master untamed, whose will could not be easily broken and bent to subservience as

WHEN IT COMES TO STORING UP COMPRESSED AIR —THESE THREE TANKS HAVE IT

his foster brothers, fire and water, had been. But in an incredibly short time, adjustments were complete, the generators were humming their minor rhythm of industry, electric currents darting to the switches, ready like Puck to circle the globe in less time than it takes to write it, giving out light and power, each component part losing its individuality in a harmonious unison of effect. The drive-wheels speed at a pace of almost a mile a minute — faster than the Twentieth Century Limited.

* * *

The most remarkable attribute of our power plant is its simplicity. One day ill-



WITH AN EYE ON THE DOUBLE SWITCH BOARD THE ENGINES CARRY THE LOAD

ness prevented the engineer from reporting for work, and the simplicity of the engines is exemplified by the fact that one of our boys who had never before operated a gas engine went down and started the power in good season, to the whistled accompaniment of "Let the Lower Lignts Be Burning"—for the electric light burns steadily when the engines start. If anything is wrong, the engines have sense enough to stop automatically and wait for it to be fixed.

We have begun to feel as though the Bruce-Meriam-Abbott engines were human beings and had a place on the weekly pay-roll. It is true, they don't come to the desk on Saturday nights for an envelope, but when the gas bills come in once a month, it seems as though the engines took pride in having lowered the expenses and increased the efficiency of the plant, as they "sing their song of sixpence, with belts full of power."

When the massive fly-wheels first started, it was difficult to fully understand the story

of economy told by the great iron safe in one corner, where stands the 150-light gas meter of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company. Here the gigantic drive-wheels roll away as if in an eternal race with Old Father Time himself, heedless of his sharp-edged scythe. The electric current for power and light is generated in these racing revolutions of the wheels, which move along as noiseless as the tread of the Indian hunter. Not a tremor in the building; and yet fifty-four horse power was flying over the wires—sufficient to run ten street cars on an air line to Worcester, or furnish electric light for a town of two thousand people. The air compressor has already harnessed the east wind. We must have compressed air—even in a magazine office—and our woman readers will like to hear that these compressors can be used for sweeping and dusting and blowing the whistles. Westinghouse, with his air brakes, is not the only inventor who has used compressed air in industrial activities.

The power plant is visited by manufacturers from all over New England, and by many others who are looking into the question of economic and efficient power. Visitors are always welcome; for the little power house shines like the engines that were the pride of Kipling's engineer, McAndrews, who was wont to exclaim, as he looked at them:

"Eh, mon, they're grand, they're grand."

Those engines seem so human—in the twinkling of an eye, with the movement of a few levers, fifty motors are loaded with power. The individuality of the engines suggested the names of "Jack" and "Jill." One sometimes scolds a little—so I leave it to the reader to decide which is Jack and which is Jill—but both are always ready to pull their load "up the hill." Of course, compared with the mammoth equipment of some great factories, our power plant may be diminutive, but it is so arranged that it is the foundation for all the power that may be required for future magazine production—for as more power is needed, another unit or engine can be added as the Bruce-Meriam-Abbott engines push the growth of the National Magazine—by power economy.

'TIS A MODEST LITTLE BUILDING—THAT POWER HOUSE—BUT HERE IS WHERE THE GAS FLOWS TO GENERATE FIFTY-FOUR HORSE POWER IN THE TWO ENGINES JACK AND JILL—BOTH PULL UP THE HILL

CONCERNING THE MODERN FUEL

WHEN the subject of "power—more power" was presented for the consideration of the National Magazine, in connection with its increasing equipment, nearly everything burnable was investigated.

Then there appeared upon the scene Mr. Wrightington, a young man, secretary of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, who came to call one evening. In a few minutes, it was evident that he knew his business. In the next half-hour it was conclusively shown that he knew much more about the power needed for our work than we did ourselves. By making tests, considering conditions of our plant, and giving personal attention to all details, he showed where we could economize by using gas engines, and economy and efficiency in power is the one thing which is bound to appeal to every manufacturer. We talked far into the night, not only on the matter of gas as a power producer, but on general subjects that did not specially concern, apparently, the question of producing gas—but all matters growing in and out of the production and use of gas were familiar to him. He clearly regarded it as part of his business that the public should be correctly informed.

Mr. Wrightington's square, candid statement of the fact that he considered his corporation as being in partnership with the public, showed that he lived up to his ideals, and had the courage of his convictions. A year ago the sliding scale was put to the test, the principle being to provide a maximum of service at a minimum of cost, allowing the company to increase its dividends, because of the increased consumption, which also meant the reduction of prices. This arrangement was of financial benefit for both partners—the company and the public—and has already proved successful. The first proposition was to have all the partners, or consumers of gas, increase the consumption, and proportionately as it was increased the price of gas was reduced on a sliding scale.

Preparations for the increased use of gas were made forthwith, and the advantages of gas as a fuel and for lighting appealed to the people, so that the sales have become much larger than in former years. Last year's reduction, bringing the price down to eighty-five cents, has been followed this year by another reduction, and now gas can be obtained all over Boston on an eighty-cent basis. During the coming year this price will be a saving of $800,000 to the consumers of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company's product, as compared with a few years ago, but the financial benefits of this act also accrue to the company itself, by earning the public good-will and making it possible for them to realize a larger dividend because of increased production. The many favorable comments which I have heard from consumers of this gas are certainly interesting, and Boston today is noted as having gas at a lower rate than any other city equally far removed from coal and oil fields.

All over the city of Boston courteous and energetic representatives are ready to demonstrate, in about fifteen minutes, just what economy can be effected by the use of gas as a fuel, even for a single day. Once demonstrated, the busy housewife realizes that a great consolidated gas company may prove a blessing in the home. The expressions of confidence which its personal contact with customers has brought forth are scarcely paralleled in the annals of any gas company in the country.

One of the peculiar features of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company is that they consider it a favor for a customer to notify them if there is any defect in the gas, or in the service rendered by employes. All complaints receive prompt attention, for there is a constant and earnest endeavor to rectify any shortcomings.

The success of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company is not merely the success of a great corporation in one city. What they have done has outlined definitely the policy by which the public utility corporations may reap a brilliant success and also become public benefactors, while, at the same time, they

insure for their own investments a larger profit in the way of dividends.

The public, as a rule, are disposed to be fair, and nothing less can be said of the management of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company. The consumer of gas now feels that every just claim or complaint receives all possible consideration from the company. In fact, they have a little force of forty expert, alert representatives who are constantly going about the city, looking after the needs and interests of old customers, as well as getting in new ones. The slogan which they cry to the Boston people is, "Use the modern fuel!"

They are always ready to demonstrate their claims, and the increase in consumption in the past year is only an indication of the tremendous increase of the years that are to follow. If all public services and corporations were managed and pushed with the same aggressive force, and with the spirit of justice which animates the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, there would be little attention paid to the cry for municipal ownership. In fact, the people who deal with this company do actually control its business and participate in all benefits accruing to the company, by means of the sliding scale and reduction of rates.

The power and purpose of the management, in the exercise of their commission, is to have every representative as courteous and alert to the interests of the company's customers as possible, because one satisfied customer brings another, and it is their ambition to make the consumption of gas in Boston outclass that of any other city in this country. Certainly, if the campaign inaugurated is carried to its logical conclusion, the merits of Boston gas will be as well known to the world as the charms of Boston culture are at the present time—without any suggestion of irony, gas is recognized in Boston as *the* modern propulsive power.

* * *

Whoever has looked upon our snug little power house, beneath the office windows, realizes the comfort of using gas. There is only one thing to watch—the little electric light glimmer, which shows that "all's well." The machinery never costs us a thought, and we have no worry on fuel supply or power. It just "goes itself," with the steady flow of Boston gas, that flows in as naturally as Topsy "growed."

THE WIRE WALKER

By Edward Wilbur Mason

HIGH balanced in the air above the crowd,
His calm face with the sunlight all on fire,
Behold with princely grace and movement proud
He walks upon the wire.

What daring twinkles in his winged feet!
The gazing thousands spellbound hold their breath,
The while, like Hermes, confident and fleet,
He spans the gulf of death.

So confident of thy immortal goal,
With dauntless bearing and with courage brave,
Walk the thin wire of life, O thou my soul,
Above the yawning grave!

A DUEL WITH A MOOSE DOWN IN MAINE

By A. A. Hunter

WE were coming down from the Allagash country in three canoes, bringing four deer and one moose head, when a chance meeting with several old friends at Chesuncook Lake Camps caused us to stay over for a few days and try for another shot at a monster moose we had seen on our way in. He had been seen near the camps by a "tote team" driver only a few hours before, leisurely riding down the young poplar trees as he browsed their twigs and foliage.

STRINGING UP BIG MOOSE

Night was already coming on, and all was animation and expectancy as we unrolled our blankets and prepared to "camp" in such spaces as the members of those already established in the old lumber shanty were not occupying.

It was a crisp evening air, and as the sunlight faded from the distant sky-line of dark evergreen forest, the evening star appeared as a companion to the waxing crescent moon in the low southwest. It was just such a night as one feels a longing to keep astir, and the awesome heavens seem to hold animation in suspense.

A supper of lake trout, crisp bacon, hot biscuit and coffee put renewed force into my veins; so, slipping down to the lakeshore with my rifle, I sat for a few moments contemplating the spreading circles where a fish had just broken water near-by, and watching another wake which a muskrat or otter was making as he swam swiftly across the cove.

Without going back to camp to tell my plans, I stepped into a canoe on the beach, and, laying my rifle at full cock before me, pushed out and paddled noiselessly down the lake.

There is a strange feeling of the imminence of life if you are all alone on dark water at night. While there is nothing tangible, still one instinctively feels the presence of the mysterious in air and water. An occasional phosphorescent flash is seen as some fish is frightened away by your paddle coming down beside him; and one cannot help picturing the uncanny things that are swimming beneath the waters or crawling stealthily along the banks. Above my head a bat

CHESUNCOOK LAKE CAMPS

CALLING THE MOOSE

was zig-zagging in yanky movements, in quest of the smaller insect life.

After paddling for fifteen or twenty minutes, I was getting somewhat more attuned to the isolation of my surroundings, when a low but gradually increasing, plaintive call came from the point of land toward which I had been heading. In a moment it sounded again—that langorous, lovelorn call of the cow moose that sounds so weird to those who chance to hear it in the deep forests when the frosts are falling.

The moon was casting a mellow ray across the lake, and my eye caught a flash of light as some big animal entered the water with a jump some quarter of a mile or more across on the other shore. Whatever it was, it was coming on at a rapid rate, and I felt both fear and courage at the prospect of a possible shot at the monster. I brought my paddle back with a swift, strong pull, and, with a sweep of its broad blade, headed the canoe on a course to intercept the animal before it reached the landing toward which it was swimming so fast. I could hear the snort of the creature blowing the water from its nostrils, and I needed no better sign to understand that here was a big bull moose—perhaps the very one I had set my heart on shooting; but I confess I had built my plans on doing so from some safe vantage point on dry land. Although almost lifting the canoe out of the water at every stroke, yet I could see that the moose was already aware of my object, and was swimming with powerful efforts. He passed some hundred feet ahead of me; so, with a swift turn of the paddle, I brought my canoe into his wake and, exchanging paddle for rifle, brought it to bear on his huge head just below where the broad antlers emerge. Zip—but I didn't hit him. In my excitement, my aim had been bad, and the ball had gone over his head. Another shot, and I heard the thud as my bullet struck the bones. The man who invented repeating rifles was gratefully thanked, and with a calmer deliberation born of confidence in success, I sent another shot that also gave back a good report of itself as it struck the huge fellow in the brain.

I exchanged the rifle for the paddle again, for the moose was not going so fast now, and if I could bring myself a hundred feet nearer, I could certainly place a few shots where they would perhaps count him out.

So I was paddling ahead with might and main when my head seemed to chill with frost as the blood was driven back to the heart. The brute was emerging from the shadows; coming back at me with a sweeping of the huge armed head and a break of

his fore feet above the water that boded trouble for me and my frail craft.

Again I blessed the man who invented the modern repeating rifles, and planned to give the moose a great broad "turn out" in shooting my canoe by him and at the same time try and place a ball at a vital point behind his shoulder. But the moose turned almost as quickly as my canoe, thus keeping head toward me, but his momentum carried him past at a considerable distance.

How that distance did cheer me, for now I was in the position where it was sink or win—it was he or I—shoot straight or—well, I shot again, aiming for his wicked old left eye. His nose sank for a moment, and when it rose again it was to blow a spray of water over me that was warm from his lungs.

I was just wondering whether the old bull would sink or come to life enough to come at me again, when I noticed that he was raising himself out of the water more and more, and with his feet on the bottom, was wading ashore. Now was my time to hit the vital spot, if ever I expected to; so, with suspended breath, I peeped over my rifle again, and aimed at a place below his backbone that seemed to be where his heart should be located. The shot brought him down again in a mortal struggle that made the water fly. Blood and foam and sand from the bottom of the lake covered him for a moment, but he grew fainter and quieter until only an antler and a black hump on his back remained visible.

In the meantime the moon was getting low, and I was completely turned around as to the way to camp; but after a few moments there came a shot and a shout from my "rescue party," who, missing me and the canoe, were out looking for me with a lantern.

Reproofs for my rashness in attacking a belligerent moose under such dangerous conditions were mixed with hearty congratulations for luckily having killed the monarch of the region came thick and fast. I think the latter were more acceptable, though not so practical.

A SUCCESSFUL TRIP

After dragging my quarry ashore and bleeding him, we left a blazing fire to keep away the wildcats, and returned to the camp.

It was bright and early next morning that our whole concourse of canoes were in line going up to finish the work of decapitating the finest antlered head that was secured by any hunter that season in the Maine woods. That experience stimulated my love for the hunting of big game, and I am only awaiting the Ides of October to repair again to the greatest big game country and withal the best sanitarium for gaining health and strength that is known to the Brotherhood of American Sportsmen—the happy hunting ground of the north border —where the ticket over the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central and Bangor & Aroostock routes carries one for the fall moose hunt in the woods of the Old Pine Tree State.

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VERANDA OF THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

SUGGESTIONS *on the* RAILROAD PROBLEM

By C. H. McDermott

THE importance of railroads in promoting modern industrial development is so obvious, that any questions affecting railroad regulation or management must demand serious attention from all, because all are more or less directly interested in the results. Is there danger from the power in the hands of the railroad managers? Can regulations be enforced to prevent misuse of such powers, or should the government assume full control or ownership of the railroads? It is easy to advocate partisan views on one side or the other, but what are the economic principles involved, and how do they work out?

The argument for government ownership holds that misuse of the great powers cannot be prevented by regulation, and hence the conclusion that the only safety for the interests of the public lies in the direction of full government control. In detail, the usual argument would be something as follows:

1—One of the obvious functions of organized government is to provide for highways for public travel and traffic. Farther than this, the full power of the government must be exercised to afford protection for the travelers and the traffic.

2—Railways are essentially public highways, with certain features of improvement, and are as necessary as the highways for the public welfare.

It is therefore, only a question as to when or how the government should proceed to fulfill its duty of owning and operating the railways, as public highways for the benefit of all the people.

While this seems plausible enough, yet there is an element of confusion of ideas or false logic which cannot be overlooked. The first statement refers to public highways as highways, with no consideration of service on the highways. The roads are open to all for walking, riding, or driving, as well as for push-carts, wagons, vans, carriages or stage-coaches. The public have a choice of conveyances, for traveling or merchandise, and such service was always left for individuals to furnish at their own terms, subject only to the common carrier restrictions.

The essential difference, when it comes to railroads, is that the service is entirely transportation to be paid for, and there is nothing in the nature of a public highway, free to all. The railroads do not even use the public highways, but buy and pay for their own routes, as well as for the equipment of rolling stock, stations, terminals, and all that is necessary for the railroad service. The only suggestion of a public feature lies in the fact that the government lends its authority for condemnation proceedings, where property-owners along the line would not otherwise make reasonable terms of sale. Aside from a sort of obligation for this government aid, the ownership of the railroads and the equipment is as absolute and positive as the ownership of the vehicles that use the public highways. The railroads supply improved transportation service, and not improved highways. A more logical and reasonable proposition therefore would be that as an abstract principle of right or justice, there is no reason why government should discriminate against railroads by undertaking to fix the rates for service, while the owners of vehicles furnishing like service of transportation on the public highways, are allowed to make their own terms without restrictions. It would follow logically, also, that, if government undertakes to own and operate the railroad transportation, it should equally find it necessary to own and operate all vehicles that serve the people on the public highways.

There is, of course, the common carrier principle which applies to railroads and vehicles, and means government control to the extent of enforcing equal terms for service to the public, without unfair discrimination. There can be no question as to the wisdom and benefit of such regulations, and a pretty wide extension of this power would be admitted as reasonable for legislation concerning railroads. But at present we are considering ownership, rather than regulation

by the government, because the power of regulation is conceded up to the limit of fixing rates, which is on the edge of confiscating the property without compensation. Now we are told that all such regulation is useless, and does not relieve the people from the horrible oppression of the railroads, and that nothing but full government ownership and control will be satisfactory.

A discussion of the economic principles involved in the question of government ownership and control, as against individual ownership, would necessarily open up the whole controversy of socialism vs. individualism, with the familiar ranting about wage-slavery, the robbery of capital, predatory wealth, and all the other reverberating vituperation which so often passes for reasoning wisdom. It is enough to say, at this point, that, when the sound and fury dies, the facts remain in mountainous evidence, showing that all the progress of the world from primitive savagery can be traced directly to the work of individuals seeking for profit or personal gain. In all the world's history, not one step of progress ever came spontaneously from the masses, but on the contrary, at every step the inertia, indifference or open hostility of the masses had to be overcome. The whole socialistic theory aims to suppress, or rather prevent individual initiative. Both in theory and from what examples we have had in history, it is almost self-evident that public ownership at any stage of industrial development must mean an absolute bar to all future progress.

The apparent success of some government work is due to the fact that methods were adopted that were previously devised and developed by individuals. But then other individuals go on to further improvements, while the government equipment becomes antiquated, and the results drop hopelessly behind. When little improvement is possible, as water works, for example, or work for water ways, government management gives fairly good results; but this is the exception which proves the rule that government control is wasteful, extravagant, and opposed to progress. Imagine government ownership of transportation in the stage-coach era; what chance would there have been for railroads? If government owned horse-car lines, how could inventors get a hearing for experiments with an electric service? Who will dare to say that there will be no future radical changes in transportation service; and why should not the people have the full benefit of all such possible improvements?

Waiving this phase of the question for the present, however, the philosophic inquirer or a visitor from the planet Mars would ask, "What is this railroad problem, and what is it all about? What are railroads; how did they come; what have they done, and why should they be taken from their present owners or managers?"

The answer, in fairness, would be, that railroads at first were individual experiments, undertaken in the face of almost universal ridicule and contempt. Under any system of socialism or initiative and referendum, deciding off-hand by popular vote, the men who, hardly more than fifty years ago, proposed to make an exaggerated tea-kettle pull wagons along a track would have been sent forthwith to the padded cells of insane asylums. Horses and oxen had been the safe and reliable means for transportation through all the centuries of human history; the tea kettle suggestion could come only direct from the devil. But the tea-kettle men persisted, and proved their theories by the results. Then other men were attracted by the chances for profit. "If we can give such astonishing reductions in cost," they said, "we will have an enormous volume of business, and make big gains." There was no suggestion then of government ownership, but rather a sort of good-natured toleration, which said: "Let the idiots blow their money, and see what they can do." The horse-owners at first laughed, and later became panic-stricken, but were wrong both ways. The railroads developed. They opened markets and also created business opportunities that did not exist before, because of the prohibitive cost of transportation. And who profited most, the railroads with their freight charges, or the producers of the products for which the markets were opened? If there was no inducement for the producers to ship the products, how would the railroads get business or profits?

When the visitor from Mars would suggest: "With such splendid results, you must have given the highest honors and rewards to the men who made them possible."

The answer again must be: "Well, that is a little different way of looking at the mat-

ter, and, come to think of it, there are some curious features in this railroad question. Fifty years ago, when railroad lines proved their value, there was a popular craze for railroads. All the cities and towns of the country wanted them at once. Land grants and cash bounties were freely given, and towns ambitious to become great commercial centers voted bond issues as an inducement for railroads to come. The national government subsidized transcontinental lines by lavish land grants along the routes, and everywhere railroads were favored and railroad men exalted. But the railroads could not come anywhere near meeting the extravagant expectations. Industries were developed, it is true, but the growth had to be gradual. Ambitious towns saw little prospect of quick returns for indebtedness assumed, and it took time to build and equip the lines. Railroading being an entirely new form of industry, there were, necessarily, mistakes, blunders and disasters, and there came a reaction in public sentiment from the first wild enthusiasm.

"But the development in railroading was going on. The service attracted the brightest men, who studied out the problems of better service at lower cost, and improvements in all the details, always with an eye to the big rewards from profits if the ideas were valuable. Then there was fierce competition, and railroad wars, with destructive results. There were high-handed proceedings of the Jim Fiske, Jay Gould order, for wrecking roads in order to get control. Old laws did not seem to fit the new conditions, and railroad officials and employes took on airs of authority that were offensive to the public. Later on, real leaders came to the front, with broader views, better methods and better systems. Short lines were united, through routes established, and rates reduced, with better service in every detail. But the public sentiment had changed, and the more the railroads developed, the more bitter became the hostility. Demagogue politicians were quick to see the chance for ranting attacks on the growing monster of railroad monopoly, whose aim was to rob and enslave the people."

"But," says the Visitor from Mars, "what have been the net results? Has the service improved, and has it been a benefit to the people, or not?"

The answer must be: "Well, in that view, the benefit to the country from the railroad service is so stupendous that it would stagger human imagination to attempt to put it in figures. Why, if, from any cause, the entire railroad service was suspended for one week, the ruin and disaster would be too appalling to think of. Then, as to the service, the improvements up to the present in every detail, from road-bed to car equipment, car furnishing, running time and lower cost, have been far beyond the wildest imaginings of fifty years ago. But much always wants more; the improvements are accepted as a matter of course, and at each step is more carping criticism from those who have so soon forgotten the previous conditions of travel and transportation, as well as the cost of the same. Instead of the honors and rewards for the railroad men whose brains and money have given such magnificent results, there is no limit to the abuse and vituperation. These men, if results are accepted as evidence, have proved an ability far beyond any equal number of men ever engaged in any branch of industry in the world's history. And yet, such is the curiously abnormal and perverted public sentiment that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that no railroad official and no attorney employed by a railroad could today be elected to any prominent public position, either national, state or municipal, in all the country. The animosity against railroads and the bugaboo of railroad domination, have been worked to such an extent, that it is almost political death for any public man to be suspected of anything like a friendly feeling for railroads or railroad interests.

"It is assumed, also, that the railroads have some mysterious way of getting unlimited capital for any outlay that may be demanded. Legislators have a way of ordering expenditures that are ostensibly for public benefit, but really more for the purpose of soaking the railroads. Grade crossings must be changed, safety appliances furnished, block-signal systems established, better cars furnished, more men employed with more pay and shorter hours, more trains run, and at the same time reductions are ordered in rates for freight and passenger service. Is it any wonder that when railroads thus singled out from all other industries for condemnation as quasi-criminal in their management, that

investors hesitate about putting their capital into the business? Finally, to crown the absurdities of the public hostility to railroads, it is proposed to punish the roads for not giving better service. The roads have not been able to get money needed for increasing their equipment to take care of the larger volume of business. But if a thousand shippers along the line call for a thousand cars, when the road has only five hundred available, penalties are to be enforced for the failure to supply the cars that are not on hand, and which the road has no money to buy!"

Says the visitor from Mars: "What must be the result of all this? If you drive capital from railroad investments, how are you going to keep up your transportation service, and what will become of your industries?"

The answer must be: "That is what we are up against, right now. Farmers in the West have grain to market, and want coal and other merchandise. Manufacturers in the East want food products, and have merchandise to sell. Railroads see their opportunity, and are trying, by every expedient, to get the money for the needed equipment. If they undertake to increase the capitalization and sell stocks, there is a howling all along the line about stock-watering, and then investors have no use for stocks that do not give adequate returns. If they sell bonds; it means an increase in the expenses to meet the higher interest rates that must be paid. It is self-evident, as the leading railroad managers of the country have pointed out, that if the products cannot be tranported to markets, the production must be limited. The fact of the recent railroad congestion, and the inability of the roads to handle the business offered, is a rather forcible object lesson as to the importance of the railroad service."

The visitor from Mars will finally ask: "What reason can anyone give for changing from the present management of the railroads, which has given such wonderful results, to an unknown and untried management of government officials?"

The answer would be, that the demands for a change come mostly from those who have the least knowledge of railroad business. They see large consolidations and a few leaders looming up as powerful magnates, and they tremble (in a professional way) for the liberties of their country. These magnates can levy unlimited tribute, and can build up or ruin as they see fit, any individuals, corporations, cities or sections. Why not add, also, that they have power to run train-loads of dynamite to destroy everything along the lines, and to mount long-range guns on the cars, for wider destruction? If these alleged greedy magnates have a modicum of business sense, they cannot be destructionists. Contrarywise, if they have destructionist ideas, they never could have worked up to the position of greedy magnates. Would any congressional committees or government officials—taking them as they run—that have control of rates and rate-making, be any more free from the sordid influences that would discriminate against individuals or localities? The magnates want profits that come from the best service. The committees would have nothing to lose if personal or political bias influenced rate-making discriminations. There is a chance for protest and appeals with the magnates, but what could be done with congressional committees or government officials?

When Abraham Lincoln was president, he had an object to accomplish, in ending the war. He had a lot of generals, and for three years generals were working in what was equivalent to open competition. Finally, one general named Grant showed some good results in the successful campaign at Vicksburg. President Lincoln decided that Grant was making better use of the men and materials than the other generals, so he called General Grant to the command of all the armies. That is, he suppressed competition, and made General Grant a monopolist, in the military business, with the results as known. In the meantime, it will also be remembered, that there was no lack of protests from the other generals whose opportunities for glory were thus cut off. In fact, there were patriots who demanded more power for the congressional committees, and foresaw a military dictator in General Grant, with the usual destruction of the liberties of the people.

In the industrial world, whether railroading or other lines, there are some men who naturally develop leadership. They have the same means in capital and labor as the others, but they get better results. The investing public, in place of President Lincoln, recognize the ability for management which

brings the results, and the successful ones are given control of more capital and labor, which is withdrawn by failure or otherwise from those who could not make the profitable showing. President Lincoln wanted the war to end. The public in industrial enterprises, want the best service and best products at lowest cost. President Lincoln rewarded General Grant by promotion to larger commands. The public rewards the successful industrial leaders by the larger patronage, which means the larger volume of business and the larger profits. General Grant, with his monopoly of military command, had power to destroy the Capitol at Washington, or wipe out cities at his will. Industrial leaders have power for destruction and injury, but is it reasonable to argue, or even to fear, that they will use their powers in this way? When General Grant, after his successes in the West, was given command of the Army of the Potomac, President Lincoln was not worried by any fear that he would proceed to surrender the armies to the enemy.

Is it any more likely that industrial leaders, who have won larger control because of their ability to give better service to the public, would turn round and attack the public by extortionate methods?

In short, with all allowance for all the evils that have been proved or suspected against a few individuals in control of large capital or corporate interests, is there not, in the broader view, an immense amount of humbug in the professed fears of the professional fearers for the danger to the liberties of the country from the great majority of the industrial leaders who have won their commanding positions by their ability to give best results in serving the public in their respective lines?

THE FUTURE

THE blue-domed day dawns fresh and fair,
By beach with pearl and pebble set;
The south wind softly whispers where
I spoke the words. And yet — and yet?

The blue, blue sea with restless waves,
With sigh and surge and crooning fret,
A requiem chants above the graves,
Of sweet dead hopes. And yet — and yet?

One glance, and all the past returns:
The golden dreams, the vain regret;
The future veiled from eyes that yearn
To read Fate's scroll. And yet — and yet?

In days to come, some sun may rise
To glad the paths where first we met;
And ere the hope within us dies,
Change dross to gold. And yet — and yet?

Willis George Emerson.

I WAS a fascinated spectator at a complete demonstration of the telegraphone, a new invention by the Danish Edison, Paulsen, in New York, recently. A group of keen-eyed business men were already seated about the room when I entered. Before us was the little invention, with its two little spools of wire, winding and unwinding from one to the other in obedience to the operator's touch. As I spoke into the receiver, the wire, magnetized with the sounds, spun, and when I had finished the operator pressed a button and reversed the running of the spools. Giving me one of the ear pieces, he said:

"Have you ever heard your own language backward?"

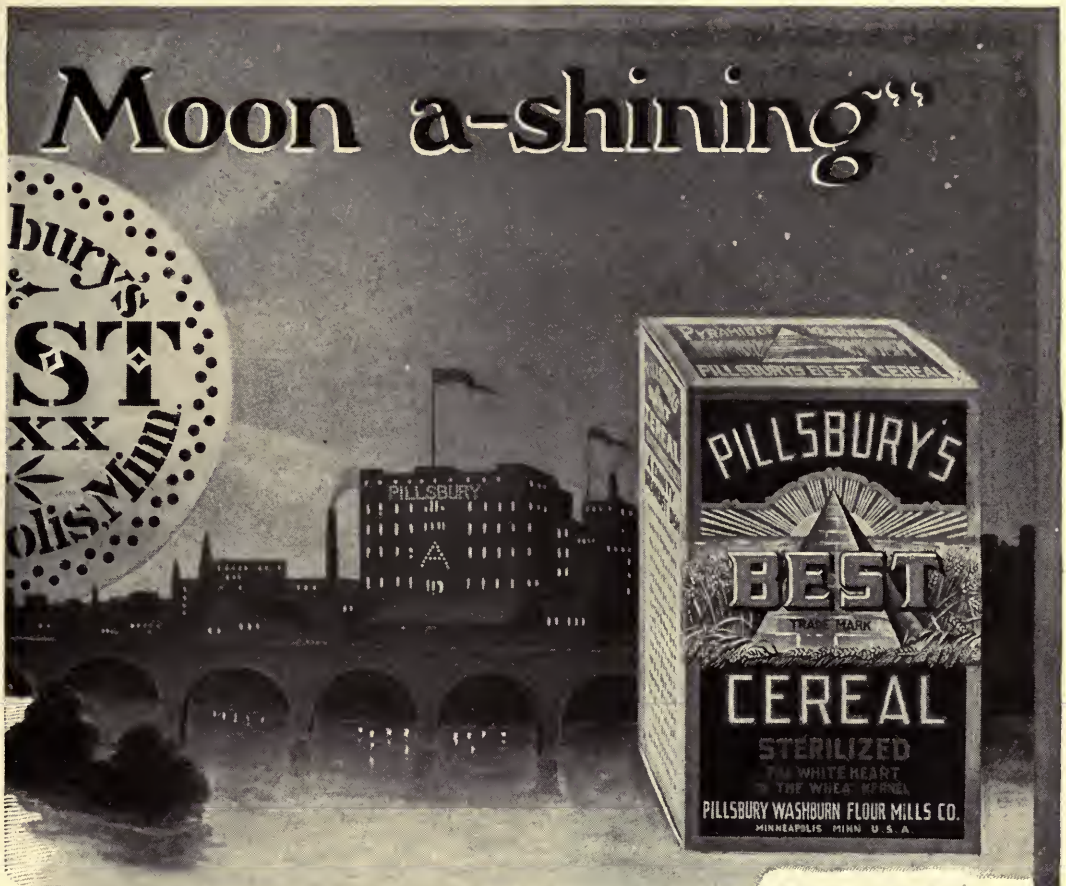
I confessed that I never had, nor ever expected to hear such a thing, but now, with the receiver at my ear, I listened to the most peculiar speech I had ever heard, and could hardly believe that it was English, even though I knew that I was hearing my own remarks "hind side afore." In a few seconds, the wire had reversed to the beginning, and then the pressing of a button sent it spinning along "right side up," and I heard every word with astonishing clearness.

The operator then slipped a harmonicon out of his pocket, that we might hear music as rendered by the telegraphone. The selection played was "Yankee Doodle," and that patriotic and soulful melody performed backward, produced sounds hitherto undreamed of.

"It's about as good backwards as frontwards," said one of the listeners, "only it isn't 'Yankee Doodle.'"

For a peculiar fact is revealed by this wonderful little machine; music rendered backwards sounds almost as well as "right side up;" the marking of the time is as perfect, and harmony is harmony irrespective of how it may be reversed. I have no doubt some startling melodies will be the result of the telegraphone revelations, for the themes of the old masters, when reversed, ought to have a significance all their own, though they may have a meaning, when thus rendered, never thought of by their composers. Probably the next thing we shall see will be "reversed melodies for the organ and piano, by the telegraphone," and quite possibly the next fashionable fad among the "upper ten thousand," will be the performance of music backward. To say the truth, I cannot help wondering how "Lohengrin" or some of the other well-known operas would sound if given upside down.

The practical uses of the telegraphone are said to be many. Men who run small offices, or have telephones in their own apartments in "Bachelor's Hall," will be charmed to have a reliable friend who will stay all day anchored to the telephone while they are out, and on their return deliver up an automatically correct record of every call that has come during the absence of the owner of the telephone. We shall no more have to worry because our good old friend, Opportunity, has no "back hair," because our faithful servant, the telegraphone, will have grasped the old gentleman's forelock ere he has time to pass us by. We shall miss no more important business appointments because there was a mistake in, or we did not receive, the telephone



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message; and the ladies of our household will mourn no more spoiled dinners because we did not receive the message stating that the hour for dining had been changed. My! what an age this is!

* * *

THE yacht regetta on Lake Winnebago, near Oshkosh, is one of the notable events of the Middle West. On the shores of this beautiful inland lake, the handsome buildings of the yacht club and many private piers and boat houses are features of a charming landscape, and indicate a lively interest in water sports. Here, too, motor boat manufacture has become a prominent, if not the chief industry of the city.

On the day that I was there, a test was made of a boat only twenty-four feet long, whose engines indicated twenty horse power.

THE NOISELESS NEVILLE

She was daintily designed and decorated, and made a charming picture as she shot like an arrow across the lake, cutting the crystalline water before her, and churning the wake behind her into foam. The incessant discharges of her exhaust were like the quick spatter of a Gatling gun, and spoke volumes anent the demand for speed in these modern days, and the wonderful degree to which this demand has been satisfied.

A drive about Oshkosh, with my good friends, the Hollisters, was a great treat. It certainly seems as though the people of Oshkosh know how to enjoy life to its full limit, and civic pride and loving loyalty to their home city in plainly displayed in many ways.

An automobile ride was suggested by Colonel Hollister, who was eager to show me what his white-winged Neville runabout could do. It seemed to me that it pranced up and down the roads, as gaily as a young colt, and with no suggestion of weariness. With the reputation enjoyed for years past by Wisconsin's great carriage manufacturer, there seems to be good reason to anticipate that the "Neville Noiseless" will soon become one of the most popular autos in the country, and bring added distinction to its well-known maker. Colonel Hollister told me that Mr. Neville was given a commission to make this machine absolutely without restriction as to cash or methods, and now, when the white car goes about the city it is proudly pointed out as the latest triumph of Oshkosh skill and enterprise.

* * *

"DA SWEETA SOIL," a poem published in the National for July, by permission of the Catholic Standard and Times, of Philadelphia, carries a moral with its tuneful dialect; and the gifted author, Mr. Daly, has certainly struck a new key-note in this artistic production. The National regrets that, through inadvertence, the credit to the Catholic Standard and Times was omitted.

Nothing could be more poetical than the "Dagoman's" ingenious philosophy on environment. It excites the sympathy at once. Then the cry of joy as the drudgery of street work is exchanged for life in the country rings in the ears long after the reading:

"But yestaday! O! yestaday,
I leeve, I breathe again!
Da boss ees sand me far away
For work een countra lane."

There is in the intrepretation of the song of the bird a flood of feeling which has never found more forceful expression—the soul of the "Dagoman" fairly bursting with his mingled joy and reverie:

"Ees com' a pritta bird an seeng
Hees music een my ears.
*
"Ees spreeng, ees spreeng een Italy
So sweeta, sweeta, sweet!"

* * *

THE American violinist, Francis Macmillen, who had such a sensational tour last season, in which he played over ninety concerts, is returning to America again this autumn for a tour of one hundred and fifty concerts. He promises to carry away the lion's share of glory in the violinistic world in this country next season. He will be assisted

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* * *

THE Prudential Insurance Company of America has just announced an important change in its plan of doing business, and it is issuing a new life insurance policy, which the company states is unexcelled in its attractive features. The Prudential will issue policies on a non-participating basis exclusively hereafter.

Former United States Senator John F. Dryden, president of the Prudential, in discussing the subject, said:

"During the last two years the insurance business as transacted in this country has been subjected to thorough and searching investigation, and has been made the object of considerable legislation in the various states.

"The Prudential emerged from the investigation with unsullied record and unblemished reputation, and has continued on the successful career which has made it a leader among life insurance companies throughout the world.

"The company has watched the trend of events, and after most thoughtful consideration, the directors of the company decided all ordinary business written on and after August 1, 1907, be issued on the non-participating plan. This will give the best life insurance protection at the lowest cost consistent with safety.

"The new ordinary non-participating policy of the Prudential eliminates all question as to dividends; nothing is estimated. The policy contract is one of absolute certainty, and its payment is guaranteed by the great resources of the company.

"The public is today looking for life insurance at lowest cost, and for a policy in which the dividends are anticipated, and The Prudential is issuing a policy which meets this demand. The new policy has been put in such plain English that it can be understood by anyone, and every rate, value and feature is absolutely guaranteed. The policy, furthermore, is sold at a reduced rate, which will make it popular.

"An entirely new feature, which we believe will commend itself, is that the loan value of the policy may be used automatically to keep the insurance in force should the policyholder be unable to meet the payment of premiums, the length of time, of course, depending upon the number of years during which the premi-

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"Should the insured a any time desire to accept a paid-up policy, or one on which he will have to pay no further premiums, this paid-up policy will contain one of the newest provisions in life insurance—a definite cash value. The new policy also contains the entire contract, which means, in a broad sense, that everything in it is absolutely guaranteed. It is non-forfeitable after one year's premium has been paid, and has liberal cash loan, cash surrender and extended insurance values.

"It is always the aim of The Prudential to deal liberally with its policyholders, and while this company will not issue dividend policies in the future, all dividend policies now in force, both on the Ordinary and the Industrial plan, will be carried out the same as if the company had continued to issue participating policies. All Industrial policies issued since the beginning of the present year have been on the non-participating plan, and there will be no change in these policies at the present time.

"The company will be pleased to send a specimen of this new policy to persons who will write to the Home Office, Newark, New Jersey, stating age and the amount of money they would like to invest in life insurance each year.

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PACKER'S TAR SOAP IN INDIA

* * *

NEXT to the joy of meeting a friend, or greeting the old flag in some unexpected quarter of a far and distant country, comes the pleasure of seeing and recognizing some well-advertised American goods. Americans who travel extensively have often remarked at the extent to which our export business has grown. We reproduce here a picture snapped by an enthusiastic American tourist while journeying in the depths of India.

Trade Mark
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Necco Sweets
New England Confectionery Co
BOSTON

The Necco Seal on a box of confectionery is full assurance that the contents are good, wholesome, fresh and clean. These qualities are embodied to the highest degree in the five hundred and more different kinds of confectionery made and sold under the Necco Sweets Seal. That you may know how good Necco Sweets really are, try a box of

Lenox Chocolates

Their many charming flavors will delight you. Every piece, daintily covered with rich chocolate, is a sweet surprise.

Necco Sweets are sold by all dealers who sell high grade goods. If your dealer does not have them, send us 25 cents for an attractive package of Lenox Chocolates; or, better still, order one of our special $1.00 packages in a handsome art box. Either package sent postpaid.

The best assurance of the goodness and wholesomeness of all Necco Sweets is that they more than meet every requirement of the Pure Food Law. Your attention is called also to Peerless Wafers and Necco Tablets. Try them.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY.
Summer and Melcher Sts.,
Boston, Mass.

The Greatest of Musical Inventions—the **Two-Horn**

DUPLEX

PHONOGRAPH

FREE TRIAL

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

IT is the phonograph that gives you all the sound vibrations. It has not only two horns, but two vibrating diaphragms in sound box. Other phonographs have one diaphgram and one horn. The Duplex gets all the volume of music; other phonographs get the half. The Duplex gives you a better tone — clearer, sweeter, more like the original. Our

FREE Catalogue

will explain fully the superiority of The Duplex.
Don't allow any one to persuade you to buy any other make without first sending for our catalogue.

Save all the Dealers' 70% Profits

The Duplex is not sold by dealers or in stores. We are **Actual Manufacturers**, not jobbers, and sell **only direct from our factory** to the user, eliminating all middlemen's profits. That is why we are able to **manufacture** and deliver the best phonograph made for **less than one-third** what dealers ask for other makes not as good.

Each horn is 30 in. long with 17 in. bell. Cabinet 18 in. x 14 in. x 10 in.

Freight Prepaid

Seven Days' Free Trial

We allow seven days' free trial in your own home n which to decide whether you wish to keep it. If he machine does not make good our every claim—volume, quality, saving, satisfaction—just send it back. We'll pay all freight charges **both ways.**

All the Latest Improvements

The Duplex is equipped with a mechanical feed that relieves the record of all the destructive work of propelling the reproducer across its surface. The needle point is held in continuous contact with the inner (which is more accurate) wall of the sound wave groove, thus reproducing more perfectly whatever music was put into the record when it was made.

The Duplex has a device by which the weight of the reproducer upon the record may be regulated to suit the needs of the occasion, thus greatly preserving the life and durability of the records. These are exclusive features of the Duplex and can not be had on any other make of phonograph. Plays all sizes and makes of disc records.

Our Free Catalogue explains everything

DUPLEX PHONOGRAPH Co., 187 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

It was as a letter from home to see these boxes of Packer's Tar Soap, for, like the traveler himself, they came from "little old New York." There is a close relation between soap and the 400,000,000 natives of India, for it is part of the Hindoo religion to wash each day, although it is not permitted to use a soap made of anything but vegetable oils, as animal fats comes under the ban of the religion. It is seen that the manner of transportation by bullock carts is crude, and shippers to foreign points give extra care in the boxing, that the goods may reach their destination without damage.

The consular and trade report to the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington last February makes a very good caption for this picture. It is as follows:

"The demand for soap in India is on the increase, as it is also reported to be in China. An agent of tar soap made in America recently went through India and placed orders for tons of this soap, which I understand is giving good satisfaction."

For thirty-two years Packer's Tar Soap has been known for its great healing and antiseptic properties.

* * *

AWAY back in the days of 1866, when the Advertising Agency was largely a theoretical institution, and an experiment, Mr. J. W. Barber entered the field and has been a prominent factor in the advertising agency business ever since, remaining within a stone's throw of his first location, never once severing his connection in forty-one years.

Such a life has, of necessity, been full, not only of the romance of modern business, but also replete with varied and interesting experiences, which have stood him in good stead to the better guidance of those firms who have come to consider Mr. Barber as much a business adviser, as a factor in advertising.

The modern advertising agent comes into close touch with an infinite variety of business and must be constantly alert and comprehensively broad-minded. Such names as the L. & G. Agate Nickel-Steel Ware, "No Poison;" Baird-North Co., Mail Order Jewelry, "Direct from Workshop;" Goff's Braid, "Best Made;" Tower Oiled Clothing Slickers; Parker Bros. Games; Le Page's Liquid Glue, are household words, and the J. W. Barber Advertising Agency have handled the advertising for these firms for years.

When Chocolat Menier, "thirty-three million pounds annually," came over from France, and went into the American market, several agencies were tried in quick succession, until Mr. Barber took the account which he held continuously, up to the time when the McKinley Tariff made it impracticable to import chocolate for this market.

Associated with him in the business is his son, H. F. Barber, who has been brought up in the advertising atmosphere, and who had considerable experience in placing advertising, before entering the agency field; also Mr. H. W. Curtis, formerly secretary of the American Advertising Agents Association, in New York.

I can never forget the kindly way in which Mr. Barber interested himself in the National Magazine, and in my plans for its future. On a recent visit to the agency, it was interesting to find a large list being made up including papers and magazines in New Zealand, every country in Australia, South Africa, and Canada, besides a host in the United States. The enormous number of rates which the up-to-date advertising agency must carry, together with the varied knowledge and experience which is necessary for the best conduct of an advertising campaign, is little understood by the lay-reader. The more one knows of it, the more he realizes that while advertising is not an exact science, it is certainly an art, and constant study and experience will go very far toward making an advertising appropriation a profitable investment.

The agency is installed in very comfortable offices, in the Penn Mutual Building, Boston, and a visitor is always given courteous and gentlemanly attention.

Photos by Geo. H. Monroe

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

AS A CONVENTION AND MANUFACTURING CITY

By Attorney Ernest Cawcroft

PRIMARILY, Jamestown is an industrial center, teeming with more factories than a majority of New York State cities twice its size. Incidentally, it is a convention city, and the depot of one of the most famous summer resort regions in the interior of the United States. Located at the southern end of Chautauqua Lake, which for twenty-five miles on either side is lined with cottages and camps, hotels and groves, bathing beaches and broad promenades, Jamestown is seventeen miles from the world-famed Chautauqua Assembly, with its summer institutions for teachers, its splendid musical and choral programs, its addresses by leaders of contemporary thought in Europe and America; one mile from Celeron, long known as the Coney Island of the interior; five miles from Lakewood, whose magnificent Country Club attracts men of wealth from many communities; thirty miles from the well-known Chautauqua grape belt, whose vineyards and orchards furnish millions of dollars' worth of grapes, fruits and wines each year; thirty-two miles from the quaint, picturesque Barcelona harbor, whose fish dinners on the shores of Lake Erie at the sunset hour appeal strongly to the romanticist and the epicurean. Twenty miles away to the south are the Allegheny River and Mountains, the former a favorite haunt of the trout fisherman, and the latter a rendezvous for knights of the gun. Excellent transportation facilities and unusual advantages in the way of climate combine with the factors already mentioned to make Jamestown the summer mecca of more than a quarter of a million people, from North, South, East and West.

Along with these tourists have come, from time to time, many conventions worth while, and the men who have placed Jamestown foremost among all the cities in the manufacture of art metals and third in the manufacture of furniture, along with those engaged in textiles and many other lines of production or sale, have given a ready, hearty welcome to the city's guests.

The city has been a most convenient convention place for nearly all the fraternal orders, and especially during the past season.

The business section of the city is built up with substantial blocks offering the tenants every modern convenience necessary to carry on a successful business.

Just away from the business section a few blocks is the Jamestown Club; a little further away, in another direction, is the James Prendergast Library, built not by the generosity of a Carnegie, maintained not by a tax burden, but both builded and endowed by a distinguished Jamestowner—Honorable James Prendergast, one of the pioneer men of this region.

Beautiful St. Luke Church was also the gift of a member of the Prendergast family.

The Elks, Masons, Sons of St. George and I. O. O. F. each maintain excellent and well-furnished halls.

Birdseye View of Celoron Chautauqua Lake

Y. M. C. A. Building

Photos by Geo. H. Monroe

Ten minutes from the Sherman House by trolley brings one to the famous Lake View Rose Gardens, largest in the world.

Directly in the heart of the city is the city hall, an imposing federal building, and a little further away the high school and also the principal church district of the city. Here, in a small radius, are located the First M. E. Church, the First Baptist Church, the First Congregational Church, the First Lutheran Church, the Unitarian Church, the Swedish M. E. Church, the Swedish Zion Church, the Swedish Mission Church, the Immanuel Lutheran Church, the Christian Science Church, the Swedish Baptist Church, and the Danish Congregational Church. The building and gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association is located four blocks from Main Street. About three miles from the corner of Main and Third, on Second Street, is the Gustavus Adolphus Orphanage. Samuels Opera House is just east of Main, on Second Street.

Below the railroad tracks, as an enlargement of Main Street, is Brooklyn Square, the terminus of the Warren & Jamestown Traction line. All the trolley lines within the city, except those of the Warren line, start from the depot on West Third Street, just west of Main. Passing through Brooklyn Square, Main Street leads past the well-equipped armory of the Fenton Guards, a branch of the New York State militia, and the stately residence once owned and occupied by Honorable Reuben E. Fenton, war governor of this state, afterward United States senator, member of the United States Monetary Commission, a distinguished citizen of the republic. Where Main Street begins its ascent of the hill, Allen Street runs to the left, one of the most beautiful residence streets in the city. On this street is the W. C. A. Hospital, and just beyond this is the new South Side grammer school.

Manufacturing Jamestown is mainly in the valley along the banks of the Chadakoin River, the outlet of Chautauqua Lake. "Industry," the Pittsburgh magazine devoted to industrial investigation, thus sums up Jamestown's commercial situation:

The city is on the main line of the Erie Railroad, which is fast becoming the leading frieght route between New York and Chicago. Jamestown is also the western terminus of the Buffalo & Southwestern division of the Erie, which runs into Buffalo, seventy miles away. Jamestown is the southern terminus of the Jamestown, Chautauqua & Lake Erie Railroad, which runs north to Mayville, twenty-three miles away, connecting there with the Pennsylvania line between Buffalo and Pittsburgh, and to Westfield, thirty miles away, connecting there with the Lake Shore, the Nickle Plate and the other great trunk roads running along the shores of Lake Erie. Adjoining the city on the east is Falconer, a thriving manufacturing suburb, and an important freight point on the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburgh, which is part of the Lake Shore sys-

tem, which also connects with the Pennsylvania system at Warren, thirty miles to the south, and thence to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Erie. It seems certain that at a very early date the Lake Shore will build a spur up from Falconer, through the valley constituting the manufacturing district, which will be a great boon to local manufacturers. Application has been made for this franchise. The valley is now traversed by the Erie, and a part of the way by the Jamestown, Chautauqua & Lake Erie. The former has been liberal in building switches, spurs and terminal facilities. Jamestown is also a terminus of two large interurban trolley systems, the Chautauquan Traction Company, and the Warren & Jamestown Traction Company. Low freight rates and fairness of treatment enforced by assured permanent competition have always been factors in Jamestown's commercial prosperity, and, while there have been occasional grievances over the rates or demurrage, the railroads have, on the whole, been most favorable to Jamestown.

A municipal water plant, purchased by the city a few years ago for $600,000, and which obtains an unlimited supply of water from a subterranean river at a depth of over two thousand feet, furnishes water to manufactories at a specially low rate. Some manufacturers near the Chadakoin River obtain water for flushing or rinsing purposes by gravity from that stream. Jamestown's water rate was, at last investigation, the lowest in any city of twenty-five thousand in this state. A municipal lighting plant and a private plant supply electricity for commercial lighting at prices made very low by the spirited competition. The nearness of the city to the Pennsylvania gas fields leads to extensive use of gas for light, heat and power, including the use of gas engines. The rate is approximately twenty-five cents per thousand feet. Many concerns use electricity generated by gas engines, which is very cheap power and light. The nearness of Jamestown to the Niagara Falls power plants has led to the formulation of plans for the introduction of electric power from the great cataract into Jamestown, which would give even cheaper power than is now available. Several conferences of the power companies with the municipal authorities have already been held, at the instance of the former.

Pier House Chautauqua, N. Y.

Up Main Street, from Third

Jamestown Club

Swedish Lutheran Church and Parsonage

Prendergast Library

City Hall and Fire Department Building

Photos by Geo. H. Monroe

Jamestown has direct transportation with the Pennsylvania and Ohio coal fields, and competition between coal-carrying roads. The coal for local factories is purchased collectively through the Manufacturers' Association, which is able to get a very advantageous rate for so large quantities. It is a noteable example of collective buying in such quantities as to make real competition possible. Water power is used to some extent by concerns immediately on the banks of the outlet, but is found less advantageous than the cheap, reliable power afforded by other agencies.

It is the fifteenth city in New York State in population. In 1870 its population was 5,337. The population at the present writing is approximately 27,500. The area is 5,410 acres, or 8.45 square miles. The revised charter adds about 100 acres of lake front property to the city area. The assessed valuation of the city is regarded as very low, the total for 1906 being $13,364,632. The valuation for 1907 is increased approximately $600,000, which has about the average ratio. The actual ratio of increase has undoubtedly been considerably greater. In 1900 the total capital invested in local factories was $8,552,740. The value of the annual product was $8,219,922. The total capital now invested is approximately $14,000,000, and the total value of the annual product is estimated by the Manufacturers' Association to be approximately $15,000,000. Why Jamestown's industries multiply and grow larger is eloquently and accurately indicated by the excess of the annual product over the total amount invested. Capital placed in Jamestown's industries reaps a profitable return. In how many cities does every invested dollar produce, in the course of twelve months, more than a dollar of output? Over a million dollars of paid-in capital stock was represented in new manufacturing corporations formed in Jamestown last November.

Local banks center their interests in manufacturing, for the most part, and pursue a liberal policy in this regard. The National Chautauqua County Bank, the Union Trust Company, the Bank of Jamestown, the First National Bank and the Farmers and Mechanics Bank have a combined capital stock of $703,300, with an aggregate surplus of $462,000, which makes an aggregate banking capital of $1,165,300. The total deposits of the five banks are $6,410,000. A prominent member of the American Bankers' Association, after an inspection of local banking conditions and methods, declared that in Jamestown one dollar is made to do the work of seven, and that money is more active here than in any other city of its size in the country. The banks are very loyal and attentive to manufacturing interests. More money is needed in Jamestown, and investors could place it through the banks or through the Chamber of Commerce on advantageous terms.

The Jamestown municipal government administration is economical, conservative, yet progressive. The tax rate ranges from twenty to twenty-four dollars on a thousand of assessed valuation, and that valuation is very low, as already shown, inasmuch as the total assessed valuation of the city is less than the estimated total of capital involved in manufacturing alone. In case charter amendments now pending in the legislature are enacted, the tax rate is regarded as certain to fall at least two or three dollars per thousand. Under the present charter, and likewise under the new one, the common council cannot make an expenditure of more than $5,000 except for certain current expenditures of administration and such improvements as streets, sewer extensions, fire department, etc., without submitting such appropriation to vote of the taxpayers at a special election. This is an effective check on municipal extravagance or malappropriation of funds. Paving, sidewalks, curbs, gutters, etc., in Jamestown are built by assessment on the abutting owners, and these betterments have been generally constructed already through the main districts of the city, so that the continuation of these improvements in other portions of the city will put no appreciable burden on those who own property.

In addition to these tangible attractions to capital, investors and workmen, comes a large class of advantageous features about Jamestown which go to make the general conditions of life and the desirability of Jamestown as a residence city. It is the largest city and principal market town in a district composed of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Allegheny counties, New York State, and Warren county, Pennsylvania, having a population of over 225,000. It is the center

of an extensive dairying and agricultural region, and an important butter market, over a million pounds of the famous Chautauqua county butter being sold on the local board of trade each year, and Chautauqua county butter being especially quoted on the New York markets. Chautauqua county is the second county in the state in its enrollment of members in the New York State Grange, and it is also the principal county in the world-famed Chautauqua grape belt, the home of Welsh grape juice and kindred products. Jamestown schools rank high in upstate New York, there being a high school and eleven branch schools, with a new grammar school completed on the south side of the city. St. Peter's and St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church has a new parochial school. The Swedish Lutheran churches conduct summer schools, and the public schools and the Young Men's Christian Association conduct flourishing evening classes, the latter organization specializing in the industrial branches. The Jamestown Business College is one of the leading commercial schools in the state. The Y. M. C. A. has a new building, with a gymnasium, swimming pool, etc., which does an important duty to young workingmen and others. The James Prendergast Free Library occupies a handsome fireproof building valued at $150,000, and contains an art gallery and nearly 25,000 well-selected volumes.

The interests of the city are actively espoused by a well-conducted press, headed by the Jamestown Morning Post and Jamestown Evening Journal (both Republican), and including the Union Advocate (trades-union), The Vart Land (Swedish), the Weekly Herald (Democratic), the Sentinel (Prohibition), the Country World (agricultural), the International Women's Union Label League Journal (trades-union). The Thirtieth Separate Company of the National Guard of the State of New York, named the Fenton Guards in honor of the former governor of New York, has a well-equipped armory in Jamestown. Chautauqua Lake is lined with summer resorts, big and small, ranging from Celeron, "The Coney Island of the Interior," to the quiet, shaded bungalow or farm house which takes summer boarders. A large part of Jamestown's population live by the lakeside during the summer. Seventeen miles away by boat or trolley is the world-famous Chautauqua Institution, the summer assembly founded in 1874 by Bishop Vincent and Lewis Miller, and ever since the home of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle and the whole Chautauqua movement which has been so potent for popular education. Here is conducted the great summer assembly, and the most famous summer school in the world, bringing thousands of tourists of the best sort into Jamestown and the lake region. The cultural influence of Chautauqua is manifest in the whole country. The death rate in Jamestown is the lowest in the state.

Jamestown, municipal, commercial, fraternal, extends a most hearty welcome to the stranger within its gates, whether he comes individually or as a member of a convention. Fraternal Jamestown is especially cordial, and in most of the fraternal orders, including Odd Fellowship, Elkdom, Masonry, the Pythian Kingdom, as well as the assessment orders, Jamestown is exceedingly strong. Its lodges are famous throughout their respective orders. This has been the basis of Jamestown's standing as a convention city.

WE want the Heart Songs book to be as complete and perfect in its way as the Heart Throb book has been pronounced to be by critics. It is destined to contain the real heart favorites of the people. In going over thousands of favorites and old songs received, we do not feel that all the songs that ought to appear in this book have yet been received. There are the usual time-honored and popular selections, but we want to get those which are not quite so widely known, but have the elements of heart interest in them, and that have endured the test of the years.

A number of such songs have recently come to us from readers, and lead us to believe that by holding off the publication of the book a little longer, we shall secure just what we need. In fact, it will be impossible for us to produce this volume for some time to come, as the setting of the music alone will occupy a period of four months, without any allowance for the unlooked for delays.

If you have any favorite selections now is the time to look them up in those old music books—send those old refrains that ring in your memory, and how amazing it is to find, as one strikes a few notes of an old song, that all the air and even the words come back to memory. That was the experience that we had, when, with the judges, we tried over some of the pieces a few nights since. There may be great songs, picturesque songs; but what we want is the real heart songs of the people, which take hold of the memory and live—it maybe with all their little imperfections of musical technique and form—forever in the heart. You will find that once that mystic chord is touched, these songs return with added force, bringing with them a flood of associations. You remember certain songs that you heard under specially touching or delightful circumstances? These are what we want—they appealed to you; they will appeal to others; and each one will have for that song his or her own associations and memories—send us those sweet songs that are bound up with your own life. There is time yet before the book is all compiled.

This volume will not be edited, but simply published, just as soon as we can get all the material we desire for it. Make one more search, and send us that old song that you have been so long intending to look up. Don't—as so many intending contributors to the Heart Throb book were—be sorry you let it slip until it was too late.

"I had just the thing that you ought to have included in the contest, but I put off sending it until too late," is what many write.

Just as soon as the judges make their decision as to the most suitable pieces for the book, the prizes for the songs will be paid, and we shall be all ready to publish such a book of heart melodies of a nation as has never before been gathered between two covers.

* * *

SINCE the old colonial days, there has always been one question paramount in interest to the people of New England—"How shall we go to New York?"

It is not a long journey now-a-days, it is true, and the opportunity for a little ocean voyage and sail down the Sound is neglected by few travelers. Recently I made a trip over the Enterprise, or New Line, leaving

TOR

The *Victor* besides bringing to you the actual voices of the leading operatic singers, entertains you with the best music and fun of every kind by the world's best talent.

Sousa and his band; Arthur Pryor's band, and many famous instrumental soloists make records only for the *Victor*.

May Irwin, with her delightful humor; the celebrated Haydn Quartet; and those ever-popular favorites Clarice Vance, Vesta Victoria, Alice Lloyd and Harry Macdonough are among the artists who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

No matter what kind of entertainment you want, you get the best and hear it at its best only on the *Victor*.

Go to the nearest talking-machine dealer and hear the *Victor* and you will understand why this great array of talent makes records only for the *Victor*.

Write today for catalogues.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Company, of Montreal
Canadian Distributors

the new Victor records for the following month are placed on sale. The latest music and the best.

Boston in the afternoon and boarding the ship at Fall River, where the good steamer Frank Jones was at the wharf. On board we found those comfortable state rooms about which one reads so often but does not always encounter in traveling.

After a night of refreshing sleep we awakened early in the morning, to enjoy the fine sail down East River, under the bridge which is one of the sights that the tourist from New England never forgets. Three handsome ships make these trips in different directions

MR. A. W. CROMWELL, AGE 95 YEARS, AND MARY ELIZABETH FORD, AGE 2 YEARS, NORWOOD, PA.

every night over the "New Line," which is becoming the popular favorite with the traveling public. In addition to the charm of the scenery, and the restfulness of the water, there is the satisfaction of saving a little money, a consideration that never comes amiss to the thrifty New Englander.

* * *

DURING the past century, the study of genealogy has engaged the attention of the public so largely that, at the present time, one prominent Boston newspaper has a department devoted to this subject. Nor is this interest in New England alone, where the lineal descendants of many early settlers live, but is manifest throughout every State in the Union.

Many volumes have been published on this subject, but "The Ancestors of My Children," by William Copeland Clark, Bangor, Maine, is certainly among the most attractive of these biographical works. The book is handsomely illustrated and bound; and although the blood of the Copelands, or the Clarks, may not course through the veins of every reader, the volume will be eagerly perused by all for the great amount of historic information contained in its 200 pages, and the curious facts which it brings to light regarding the multiplication of population. The marginal notes, in the unique form of the sign, plus, call attention to those points especially noteworthy in the record.

The author undertakes his work with a boundless enthusiasm and painstaking care, patiently tracing the lines of the various families in the histories of many important old towns throughout the country. The evolution of the various names is given, as the dropping of the final *e* in Clark, and the men and women of each family who have won distinction are all given special mention, while glowing among the abundant leafage of this genealogical tree are the rich flowers of many a romance, such as the charming story of John Alden and Priscilla Mollins, when Captain Standish thought "the breach in his family would be happily repaired," by mating himself with Priscilla. Or the story of the wedding at Westboro, December 7, 1779, when "a great depth of snow having rendered the roads impassable, and embargoing all ordinary vehicles of conveyance," the wedding guests drew the bride three miles across lots to her new home. "The wary husband followed on rackets after the sled . . . . . for there were mischievous rogues, even in those days."

But across these same pages trails the blood-red banner of war, and the story is told of how the young sons of the Rice family were captured and carried off, all but a child of five who was promptly tomahawked. One of these lads became chief of the Cognawaga tribe, and later returned to see the haunts of his childhood near Westboro, but though he remembered many of his

Horlick's Malted Milk

Original and Only Genuine,—

is a food-drink—a powder, soluble in water—no cooking—made from pure, rich milk and malted grains. *A sample, free, upon application.*

It is nourishing, sustaining, satisfying, and is a complete food for infants, convalescents and the aged, as well as a healthful, invigorating and delicious food-drink for every member of the family. *All druggists.*

Horlick's Malted Milk 1908 Calendar

depicts C. Allen Gilbert's conception of Shakespeare's Heroines—*Rosalind, Portia* and *Juliet*—costumed in the fashions of their own times, and bringing to us the romance, love and humor they so aptly portrayed. Each portrait bears the artist's signature.

The calendar is exquisitely printed in colors, while the reverse side displays a series of illustrations of Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, each age being represented by a noted character from the plays of the great poet.

Mailed to any address for 10c coin or stamps.

This superb art panel, 9½x35 inches in size, makes a charming decoration for the library, living room, boudoir or den. An artistic gift to any friend.

Horlick's Malted Milk Company
709 N. W. Avenue, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

old neighbors, he did not desert his adopted tribe but returned to end his days in Canada. Many other interesting details are sprinkled through the pages, down to the days of 1845, when Lyman Frisbie Rice enlisted in the Union Army at the age of 17, and captured a stand of colors.

The homestead of Ichabod Clark is pictured, and is of double interest, being an example of quaint architecture and an illustration also of the old Puritan custom of dwellers in Maine, who seem to have been especially fond of affixing scripture names to their children, unless they called them by the name of some virtue which they expected the little one to strive after in later years. It has been facetiously remarked that the name "Silence," which finds a place in this book, under the photograph of a worthy lady of that name, is no longer popular among the ladies. What most impresses an outsider going over these pages, and not one in quest of his family tree, is the charming portraits of those good, old-fashioned mothers and grandmothers, with strong, grave faces, whose influence always stood for the best and truest in our national life.

The author has evidently taken great pains to verify every statement, from the initial record which shows how the original Joseph Clark came from England in 1630, and located near Dorchester, where he was given a "grant of six acres of land for their small and great lotts, at Naponset, betwixt the Indian Field and the mill," to the closing concise genealogical table. He also brings out the curious fact that "any one, in tracing, ancestorially, no farther back than to the eleventh generation preceding his own, will find, if there has been no intermingling of the lines by the marriage of parties related by consanguinity, 4094 persons from whom he is descended." 2048 of these would be grandparents nine times removed, and the remainder would be distributed through the intervening generations, "according to the rules of geometrical progression. He would have two parents, four grand and eight great grandparents, and so on, doubling at each generation, as the search extended backward or on up the lines."

The little book has nothing of the air of "blue blood," or "claims of long descent," but is simply a painstaking search into the lives of by gone generations. It is full of the breath of true democracy, showing that no matter what the multiplication of famous ancestors may be, the boys and girls of today and of the future must still depend on the old, tried and true rules of conduct and living, which have proved themselves of the highest value ever since those early days when the pilgrims and puritans landed at Plymouth and Boston.

* * *

AT the present time no question vies in general and vital interest with that of the Republican presidential nomination for 1908. It is of paramount interest to the people, and collateral to this is the other question, whether or not Theodore Roosevelt will succeed himself?

In discussing this matter with Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, and Mr. Scott Bone of The Washington Herald, the other day, the senator at once, in terse, concise language, expressed the conviction that Theodore Roosevelt must and would be elected in 1908. He evinced a desire to hear directly from the people on the subject, and turned to me stating that he would make an award of one thousand dollars for the best written argument on the proposition.

The senator's assertions on the subject are as follows:

First: That the sovereign people and not Theodore Roosevelt, the individual and public servant, will decide who shall be his successor.

Second: That Theodore Roosevelt cannot decline a second elective term, or attempt to name his successor without making his own personal desires or egotistical opinions paramount to the combined wishes and intelligences of the Republican party and the electorate of the nation.

Third: That Roosevelt's honesty, courage, initiative, imagination, versatility and tremendous capacity for work, with heart and brain constantly attuned to the people's rights and commands, and his insistence on the enforcement rather than the avoidance of laws and the protection of the rights of men and property, have, to an unparalleled degree, gained the confidence of all people; that in the popular mind, Roosevelt, during his executiveship, has demonstrated his ability and determination to make good as the people's chief public servant, and not

To be guided in your choice of confectionery, look for the Necco Seal—the mark of goodness and wholesomeness. Over five hundred different kinds of best confectionery are made and sold under this seal, which is placed on every box for your guidance and protection. The high standard of these five hundred varieties is fully represented by

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a revelation of the confectioner's art. Their many delicious flavors are daintily concealed by a coat of rich chocolate. The best assurance of the true wholesomeness of Necco Sweets is that they conform to all the requirements of the Pure Food Laws.

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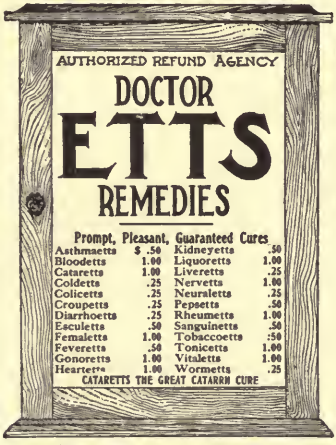

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ETTS Remedies are prepared by skilled pharmacists from the formulas and under the personal direction of experienced and successful physicians.

Our guarantee of their efficiency is ABSOLUTE. Our druggists are authorized to refund the purchase price without question, if you are not more than pleased with results.

The freshest, purest ingredients are used, compounded under modern methods original and exclusive with The Dr. Etts Drug Co.

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Etts Remedies may now be had at all drug stores displaying the Etts Cabinet illustrated herewith.

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If in doubt as to what you need, write us today.

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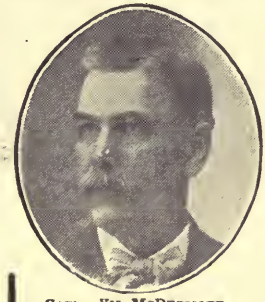
Where Senator Clark Made His Millions



CAPT. WM. MCDERMOTT

and the life story of the man (Capt. Wm. McDermott), who made the fabulous Clark fortune, is an interesting book every enterprising person should read. It also tells about an investment in the phenomenal resources of one of the wealthiest sections of the U. S. An opportunity no one but Senator Clark could have offered you until now. It gives facts and figures not usually published for general distribution. How to use your judgment and foresight in selecting for investment, enterprises that can show satisfactory profit — How to use other people's knowledge to make money like Senator Clark did. We have arranged to distribute a limited edition of this book free. To be well informed on a subject of so vital interest, you should write for a copy to-day and read it thoroughly. This means more to you than you can realize until you receive it.

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O. B. STANTON & SON
1534 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia

their dictator; that this confidence, being a brain deduction and not a heart emotion, is impossible of destruction except by his betrayal; that by the selection of any other man, business contraction and restriction must exist during the period necessary for him to demonstrate to the people's satisfaction, his ability and determination to make good, and, therefore, that barring death or serious illness, President Roosevelt must and will be selected and elected for a second elective term. * * *

It is hoped that those readers of the National, who concur with the senator in his

MRS. JULIA SHERMAN UPTON, HURDSFIELD, N. D.

opinions, will at once write 1,500 words on this subject and hurry it in for the inspection of the judges. The manuscripts will be received up to February 15, and the awards made on March 15. It is to the interest of all readers to send in their contributions as early as possible. This will furnish a symposium of ideas on this subject.

The readers of the National have in prospect some lively and pertinent discussions on the situation in regard to presidential nominees. On the other hand, these articles are in consonance with the spirit of the times, which is to seek information direct from the people, rather than through the medium of leaders or writers. It is in accordance with President Roosevelt's own policy to go direct to the voters. The new order is well inaugurated in this campaign for information, on which the National Magazine enters in launching this unique proposition.

The names of the judges will be announced next month. They will be men of high standing, and we hope every reader of the National will be prompt in expressing his or her views. The people have the real power of molding public opinion and making the destinies of political candidates, and now the doors are thrown wide open, so let us have your views.

* * *

OF all the phases of editorial work, nothing is so sweet and inspiring as to receive letters from subscribers indicating that they have a warm welcome for the National at their own hearthstone. Time and again I have had letters telling me that father, mother or sister had found the magazine a delight and a pleasure in their last illness, and in token of affectionate regard for those who were gone, it was desired that the subscription be always continued.

Sometimes I am favored with photographs of these dear ones, and I cannot express the tender sweetness of such mementoes. I have looked with tear-blinded eyes on faces of beautiful young girls, noble men or sweet motherly features; loyal friends of the National, though I had never met them face to face. Recently, one came to my attention; the pathetic sweet face of a young girl who had so many times expressed to her family the kindly feeling she had for the magazine. On her death her family wrote us asking for its continuance always—for her sake.

These things come and go in the swift ebb and flow of every-day life, but they leave a deathless memory behind them; and if the National can only continue to grip hold of these uplifting and enduring affections that lie at the root of all family life, we feel that we are fulfilling its mission, and will far surpass anything that might be accomplished by brilliant and sensational articles, or even by faultless typography. One thing our readers seem always sure of, and that is, that, whatever else may be said of the National,

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SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

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IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

No button to press, no lever to set before you can shoot. The safety feature IS the mechanism itself. When you pull the trigger, the rest follows—swift, hard and SURE. Our FREE Booklet "SHOTS" tells all about it and will convince you.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge, **$6.00**

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Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

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Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.

"The Sweet-Toned Emerson"

¶ It is economy to buy a Piano with a good reputation — one that is known to be perfectly reliable. For fifty-eight years the EMERSON PIANOS have been sold into the homes of music lovers, and more than 90,000 purchasers could declare their preference for the "Sweet-Toned Emerson." ¶ Investigate—strike the keys from deepest bass to highest treble and you will find the tone delightfully pure and well sustained.

¶ *See that the name "Emerson Piano Co." is cast in the plate.*

Every EMERSON PIANO Carries a Certificate of Guaranteed Durability for FIVE YEARS

¶ Prices and terms will be made to satisfy, no matter where you live. ¶ Write for catalog. No. 42 here shown is but one of several popular styles, including our *New Short Grand.* Sooner or later you must have an Emerson.

EMERSON PIANO COMPANY
560 Harrison Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

it must be put down as genuine and sincere.

Many people call at the office. The other day we had a little visit from an elderly subscriber who has been with us for over ten years. He told us that he became a subscriber by finding a few stray leaves of a National in a waste-paper basket; and they proving of interest to him, he felt that he would like the magazine each month. He sailed in early years on board a New Bedford whaler,

GRACE ROMINE

but he has a happy and comfortable home in Massachusetts. He certainly insists that he is a member of the National family, 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston,—and I need not say how heartily he was welcomed.

* * *

THE current numbers of twenty-five leading magazines contain an interesting advertisement pertaining to the value of rubber heels for your footwear.

A study into the merits of these rubber cushions has led to the conclusion, after careful figuring, that a person who weighs 150 pounds and who walks say three miles a day, including going up and down stairs, lifting their own weight at every step, lifts, in the course of a day, 1,188,000 pounds.

This figuring has been arrived at by e nent scientists—there is no question as its accuracy. It therefore becomes a qu tion why it is that all do not have their b heels equipped with cushions of new rubb It stands to reason that the weight of body, be it 150 pounds, more or less, co ing down at each step on hard leather he paved with iron nails, unnecessarily jars each step, whereas, if the same weight co down on a cushion of new rubber the pact is less, the fatigue less, and the wo is less at night. It is claimed that m energy is thus saved by persons who rubber cushions on their heels, that th backaches are less, their ability to tra over greater distances is more.

To this may be added the eliminat of the noise nuisance. It is no longer c sidered in good form to create so much c ter on public walks and indoors; it is p fectly objectionable to wear hard leat heels on fine polished floors. It is su objectionable to make a noisy clatter go into church. To avoid this, some pe have to walk on their tip-toes, especi when they get in late.

In hospitals and sick rooms hard leat heels have no place. On the parade grou they are objectionable, because they dist from the clear sound of the word of co mand by the officers. In the counting ro the noiseless tread is appreciated. No is allowed to wear hard leather heels board the gentleman's yacht; the huntsm has no use for hard leather heels—take use that you can name, even down to school room; teachers object to the cla of hard leather heels. In apartment hou real estate dealers have ordered that oc pants shall have all their shoes equip with O'Sullivan's heels of New Rubber, that the noise and clatter of walking o head may not annoy the tenants underne

* * *

THE "Happy Habit" book will be re to send to your friends at Christm It is a handsome bound gift book, in illuminated cover, and will be mailed to address for $1.50. This volume will be preciated by every subscriber of the Natio Magazine. To meet the demand, spe prices on quantities of six or more copies be quoted.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PEOPLE

ABSOLUTISM BEING REPLACED BY CO-OPERATION

By W. B. Barr

HARKING back to the days when E. P. Vining ruled the traffic movement of the Union Pacific Railway under the skilled tutelage of Jay Gould, and remembering the absolutism that was then a railway policy, it seems impossible to imagine the sentiments expressed by progressive thinkers today. When F. A. Delano, president of the Wabash Road under a younger Gould, can conscientiously say what he does, it is a change as modern and as radical as any upheaval we have known. To the representative of a railway magazine favoring the greatest publicity, he recently stated his position in this forcible language:

"I agree entirely with your attitude in this matter, and I think that there is only one certain and sure way of overcoming the feeling of distrust against corporations: namely, by what (to quote scripture) is called, 'patient continuance in well doing.' For people who have been in the attitude of 'free-booters' all their lives to turn around and say, 'now, we intend to be good,' may be a nice indication of reform, but it does not carry conviction with it. Towards those interests the only way to change public sentiment is by 'actions, which speak louder than words.' It is a lot easier to talk than to perform, but the public is finally going to be convinced by performance rather than by talk."

In referring to scriptural precepts as pointing the way for correcting evils that have existed, there is a recognition that must appeal to the most sinister reasoner, of unwarrantable impositions upon the rights of the public in the past and intent to remove them. The whole tenor of his position is that of frankness, a clear understanding of what is necessary in future, and entire absence of excuse by justification of what has gone by.

Another evidence of favorable conditions, when compared to those that are disappearing, and worthy the attention of the most radically disposed, whoever they may be, are the sentiments voiced by W. B. Biddle, vice president of the Rock Island-Frisco System, whose advanced opinions are presented in these clear terms:

"Referring to the agitation of railway affairs, which has occupied so much of the public's attention during the last two years, would say that I believe, so far as national legislation is concerned, that it is the natural result of the feeling on the part of the public at large, that the railroads were pursuing, and had always pursued, as a matter of principle, the policy that was credited with having been advocated a good many years ago, by an unfortunate exponent of independence.

"I believe the railroads themselves are largely responsible for this feeling, because, either through indifference or press of business, they have never made any attempt to take the public into their confidence, or to reply to attacks made upon them through the press or other sources, and have never attempted to explain their conditions and difficulties so that the people generally might know their side of the case.

"So far as any national legislation that has been enacted up to this time is concerned, I believe that, strictly adhered to, it will be of equal advantage to the shipping-public and the carriers. I believe it affords a protection to the carriers to which they are entitled, and which they have never heretofore had.

"I also believe that it is a protection to the business man who wants to pursue honorable methods in the handling of his business, and also affords adequate means for redress in case he feels that he is not receiving fair consideration.

"The legislation that has been enacted in the various states is of an entirely different character, and aside from the effect on the revenue of the carriers, which no one is able to measure at this time, but which every one admits to be serious, I fail to see how the

railroads are going to be able to handle their traffic affairs satisfactorily and intelligently under the varying conditions that have been established in the different states. I believe that the adoption of the principles of the Interstate Commerce Act, as amended by the various states, would be far better for all concerned than the conditions under which we are now obliged to operate."

F. A. DELANO, PRESIDENT WABASH RAILWAY

Coming from a man who directs the traffic interests of an enormous mileage, under the most varying conditions, proof seems to be cumulative that a new school of thinkers is analyzing the situation to its real improvement. There is, in this second instance, an entire absence of effort to disguise causes of complaint or to obstruct reform. No attempt to justify the past is apparent.

One of the most important reasons given for the underlying antagonism to railways is "the public be damned" policy, which Mr. Biddle tells me is still quoted in the West, as an excuse for their hatred, by those who felt themselves most grievously insulted by the author of this expression.

The foregoing illustrations are sufficient to establish the intent of the more modern thinkers, although I might give others of equal importance who are of the same faith. Having faith, however, must be followed by works to make belief a utility. Can the people hope for this? In my opinion they can accept the promises of such men, as they read. So long as railways were regarded as private concerns, just so long was the monopolistic element paramount. The monopolistic power was not national, but it was strong enough to invade large regions, to give life to its favorites, and invite, and perhaps effect, the ultimate disaster of those who were not in the "charmed circle." The public, as a common interest, was not the recipient of the best and most reasonable service of the carriers, but individuals in constantly increasing power, when compared to general growth, were made millionaires and autocrats.

It matters not that railway men were first induced to follow this policy by the insidious appeals of shippers. The results which followed brought strong influences to their support, and these soon developed in many men in authority pride of office of a personal nature, and dictatorial methods, which utterly ignored the rights of the masses. With no control over rate conditions by any authority of known power, the monopolistic and exclusive character of transportation was shown by its restriction of favors to a few.

It must not be inferred that this meant great net returns to the railways, but it certainly meant no fair distribution of privileges, and possibly a large loss to the carriers. When the situation grew to the limits of forbearance, thoughtful men of influence in legislative matters, realizing that the rail-

ways were public servants created by the laws of all the people, began to agitate efforts to control these highways, to whom they had given much in the way of right of eminent domain, land grants, cash bonuses, terminal facilities, and the necessary authority to conduct business. In the consequent efforts to improve conditions, the private and exclusive character of such enterprises was given a body blow, and their public responsibility was most thoroughly explained. In the first instance, the railways regarded as insolent any suggestion that they ought to be or could be controlled. The ablest men they could summon were called to show why they should be let alone, and every conceivable financial disaster was predicted from federal interference.

These views were less impressive because they were not presented by conservative exponents, of breadth of thought, not to mention impartiality, and the contest between the interests involved became that of "log rolling" or political manipulaton.

Intelligent opinion, however, prevailed, and has given to the public protection from oppression, and has protected the railway from demoralizing commercial influences, that railway officers had become subservient to through fear of losing their business. This was easily accomplished by making the shipper responsible with the carrier for violating the interstate law.

The present conditions are a great improvement over the past ones, and while yet in a state of incomplete development, are shaping themselves into a practical and effective working policy. They have abrogated special privileges, and have brought about equality in a more general way than ever before. The railroads are getting better returns, and if a greater amount of earnings goes to operating expenses, the cause is business expansion and high prices of all materials entering into operation and construction, and not federal supervision It may be, perhaps, a better distribution of money in so far as the number of people who are beneficiaries is concerned, than were it to go to those who now have millions they in no way require. If the railways were on the old basis of secret rates, producing little if any net returns, there would be few, if any, dividend increases. For the present then, the conditions are satisfactory so far as evolved.

Basing future prophecy upon results that are apparent, the outlook is hopeful and optimistic. The Federal Commission has shown no tendency to recklessly reduce rates, and the shipper is beginning to accept tariff rates as a normal conditon. The Commission has power to decide when inequality exists, and can protect both shipper and carrier by the necessary legal steps after a careful investigation of complaints. Unless consumption of material of all sorts is interfered with, rates are presumably not unfair, and complaints will be few.

W. B. BIDDLE, THIRD VICE PRESIDENT OF THE ROCK ISLAND-FRISCO SYSTEMS

The shipper now knows that the lowest cost of production controls his market, subject, when costs of producing competitive

articles are the same, to geographical limits as to rates. This stable condition invites industrial development rather than restricts it, because manufacturers believe that uncertain and also unknown conditions are not likely to prove obstructive.

Passing from the business phase of transportation, so far as it affects the shipper, it is of interest to consider the speculative character as it affects the investor.

So eminent and usually so conservative an authority as E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe, opposes regulation of securities as a species of paternalism, and believes that the government ought not to meddle with this branch of railway affairs. Mr. Ripley is evasive of the moral consideration, undoubtedly by oversight. In the regulation of quasi-public interests the government is warranted, without deserving the charge of paternalistic supervision, in restraining their operations within the limits of the greatest public good. Through a proper commission paying due attention to fair compensation for the hazard of an enterprise, the federal government can justly prevent the over-issue of securities in the interest of the investor, who has no knowledge of their value and no way to secure proper information. Such regulation may not be brought about by legal enactment apportioning a certain amount of money to be applied per mile of railway built, for it may result through publicity and uniformity in accounts having the same effect, but the right to prevent evasion, deception and fraud is as inherent as is the right to regulate banks, and to give the protection thrown about the issuance of a government bond. If an issue of railway securities is reasonable and can, without detriment to its normal valuation stand investigation, what is the objection to some regulation? If its values are subject to manipulation, without any regulation to business conditions, it can scarcely be contended that to leave the situation without any control is in any other than class interest.

Investment in railway securities as now provided for in Wall Street, it is stated, is optional with the man who buys or sells, so that the responsibility is a purely personal one with the individual so disposing of his money. This is true, and yet public interest may, and I believe does require, that the the risk the individual takes must follow the fullest knowledge of values that the government can guarantee to him. The main contention of those who oppose any curtailment of stock or bond issues, is that it is an invasion of private rights. This seems, in the light of grants of land, bonuses in cash from individuals, townships and counties, as ignoring the real issue, and oratory of the most glowing character is frequently called upon to arouse the public to generous subscriptions when new lines are being projected. At such times they are called "public interests," but subsequently, when liberality has gone to its utmost limits, and the property passes into the hands of those who made the appeals, the private character of the enterprise is apparent, and the public interest in it disappears.

The future can easily be one of harmony, if those in control of railways are willing to build at an honest estimate, and accept as compensation a liberal salvage. Such burdens the public will cheerfully carry in the interest of general growth. Publicity in the financing and admission of a common interest in railway development, as between the railroads and the people, are the plain path to a policy fair to both interests and along the lines of true co-operation. There is no reason for so much contention between two interests necessary to each other, and when mystery no longer envelops the dealings of large corporations, there will be none of the present hurtful agitation. The provincialism that can only consider what affects a small speculative population, must not be thought the consensus of opinion of the intelligent people of this country.

A president whose personal ambitions might induce the endeavor to adapt the Constitution of the United States to his own construction of what is best, could be a misfortune of the greatest sort; but a president who will see that the Constitution is applied to all classes alike, for the greatest good of all, is following the path of its heroic builders.

THE GOLD MEDAL HARVEST

By a Staff Contributor

THERE is always something exhilarating in visiting an exposition toward its close; in the harvest-time, so to speak, when the gold medals are held up before the eager contestants and the exhibitors feel that their outlay of money and effort is to be rewarded. The exhibits dwell in the minds of thousands of people who have passed that way. Who can tell what good will develop from these reminiscences? For it is at these expositions, meeting strangers face to face, that the strongest features of the exhibition are limned on the memory; and it is thus that the most enduring ties are knit between customer and consumer.

For myself, there is no period of an exposition that has the charm of these closing days, when I take my last ramble among the buildings and recall the happy days of summer-time, taking a final glance at all the beauty that will soon live only in the pages of history. Here on the parade grounds many notable speeches were delivered by President Roosevelt and other public men; and these grounds have witnessed splendid martial arrays of the standing army and the militia of the republic. On the historic waters adjacent have gathered the chosen squadron of the navies of all nations, a scene that will probably never be duplicated, and the vivid remembrance of which must ever possess a peculiar fascination.

As the exhibit of the National Magazine was located in the Liberal Arts Building, it was natural that it should be the starting point for my tour on that beautiful autumn day late in November, when I set forth to give a parting look at all the exhibits.

I made no notes during my trip, but am merely setting down what caught my attention as I passed—those things which left an impression on my memory. If every visitor at the exposition would sit down and make a list of everything which specially impressed his or her mind, it would be highly interesting reading for the various exhibitors, and would give them an opportunity to know how their work and effort and the expense incurred are likely to bear results.

* * *

A crowd gathered in front of the exhibit of the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis, Missouri, to listen to the lecture of Master Buster Brown, with his dog Tige looking on and blinking so earnestly that it almost seemed that he also was telling the story of the Brown shoe. This demonstration outdid even the eloquence of an expert salesman.

The six famous plants of the Brown Shoe Company, manufacturing over $12,000,000 worth of shoes per annum, were shown, and notable among them was the White House Shoe Plant in St. Louis. This exhibit has done much to attract attention to St. Louis as the great central shoe market of the country, and recalls Parton's well-known prophecy, "Fair St. Louis, city of opportunity, the future capital of the United States, the center of civilization of the Western Continent."

The Brown Shoe Company have issued a handsome booklet on the history of the White House in Washington, which is of unique interest and contains much valuable information.

* * *

After taking in all this whirr and bustle of machinery, I was tempted to sit down in the booth of G. & C. Merriam and admire the handsome assortment of Webster's Dictionaries. I saw several visitors looking them over, evidently intending to make some very useful Christmas presents. Webster's Dictionary is the Alpha and Omega of information, and at this booth thousands of school teachers and others interested in the dissemination of knowledge registered their names, feeling that they had a closer acquaintance with the standard work of the English language.

* * *

One of the first exhibits to be installed in

the Liberal Arts Building was that of the American Woolen Company. In their handsome display were revealed the triumphs of a great and rapidly growing industry. Perhaps there is no other one product that has so appealed to men of all ranks, and has thereby changed the strong preference that once prevailed for "imported" to domestic products, as the textiles made by the American Woolen Company.

Their interesting lines of worsteds and woolens are designed for almost every condition of men's wear, and they are also supplying some popular fabrics for women.

THE PAUL MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S EXHIBIT AT JAMESTOWN

No merchant or consumer could look at that exhibit and not be convinced that the time has come when American woolen goods should entirely supplant the foreign on American soil.

The highest gold medal award was voted the American Woolen Company for the finest exhibits of worsteds and woolens at Jamestown, as had been the case previously —at Buffalo, St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

* * *

Every time I wanted a cup of delicious coffee I went over to the White House Coffee exhibit, where the representative of the company, Mr. Greeley, had built a replica of the White House entirely of goods prepared by his firm. Many and many a passer-by will recall the cups of perfect coffee served in this booth, which demonstrated the superlative quality of the products of Dwinell-Wright Company, Boston.

* * *

Across from this exhibit the Paul Manufacturing Company demonstrated the merits of the Egyptian Deodorizer as a destroyer of fever-breeding mosquitoes and a means of perfecting sanitation in city and country homes; the Southern people were introduced to this product, as well as the old reliable, Cando Silver Polish, which has no peer.

* * *

In a handsome booth in the center of the building I at once recognized a familiar face, Mr. Engelhardt of Roth & Engelhardt, makers of piano players, St. Louis. At almost any hour of the day in this exhibit a piano player might be heard pouring forth melody. This firm has the reputation of making the finest piano actions in the country, which feature of the instruments was illustrated in open-work pianos wherein every motion of the mechanism that produces such remarkable results was revealed.

Many prospective customers came, heard and carried off as souvenirs not only sheets of music but the firm determination that if ever they bought a piano it would be a Roth & Engelhardt. This exhibit made many friends for that instrument, for the demonstration there certainly fixed the special merits of these pianos indelibly on the mind.

* * *

The pavilion of the Underwood Typewriter exhibit, raised on a dais, was conspicuous in the glow of many electric lights, and it was curious to note how many persons paused there simply to watch the typewriters at work. Thousands of visitors were attracted by this demonstration and by the work of the Revolving Underwood Duplicator, for the reproduction of letters. Hun-

dreds of the stenographers who visited this exhibit will return to work with the determination to secure an Underwood as the real armament for successful business operations.

* * *

There is something in the process of watchmaking that compels the attention of everyone. Prospective buyers who saw the Waltham Watch exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition will not easily forget that demonstration of the sterling qualities of these watches, which suggested Emerson's description of a model man, "He is put together like a Waltham watch."

The American Waltham Watch Company was the first institution to supply high-grade movements, and they sell more watches to railroad men than all the other watch-makers combined. In all, eight and one-third million watches are yearly produced, which means three per minute for ten hours, or 10,000 watches per day; and all the year the record goes right on.

At the Jamestown Exposition the working exhibit indicated the perfected system of that great factory at Waltham which has become world-famous. Many owners of Walthams met at this booth to pass the time o' day and look at the collection of watches that had come through the earthquake in San Francisco.

* * *

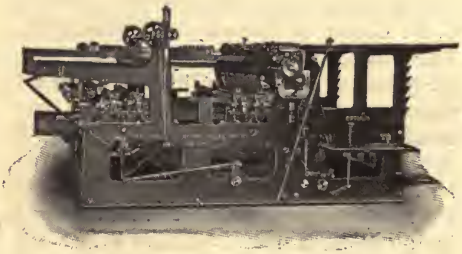
Majestic stoves and ranges have long established themselves as popular favorites in the homes of the people, and this has been especially the case since the "Majestic Boat" attracted the notice of exposition goers at the St. Louis World's Fair. This remarkable exhibit was ably supplemented by that at the Jamestown Exposition, and the various home-makers and brides who passed that way could not fail to be impressed with the fact that no dwelling could be completely furnished unless it possessed a Majestic Range in the kitchen.

* * *

The Stieff Piano is the official piano of the exposition, and has handsome quarters in the Liberal Arts Building, where it is demonstrating the superlative qualities of its tone and manufacture by discoursing harmony at all times of day. There are always listeners inside, charmed by the pianoforte productions played by different artists whom the company has engaged especially for concert work at the exposition, and to demonstrate the wonderful quality and tone of these instruments.

* * *

The Exposition literature at the various booths submits the case of each exhibit as completely and exhaustively as any lawyer's brief—in fact, I can think of nothing else so peculiarly appropriate for comparison with legal exactitude as the manner in which the modern business firm places its case before the people, with all the arguments pro and con. This view of Twentieth Century advertising was deeply impressed upon me as I went from exhibit to exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition.



THE BABCOCK PRINTING PRESS COMPANY'S EXHIBIT AT JAMESTOWN

The famous Optimus Press, made by the Babcock Printing Press Company, which delights the eye of the printers the country over, was seen in active operation, demonstrating the superb qualities of good press work.

* * *

The busy click of the Monotype Machines attracted many visitors. As I stood one day and looked upon a group of young men examining a machine, I thought of another young man who had inspected a similar machine at the Chicago Exposition years ago, and then and there decided that he must some day have a Monotype. Wherefore today the National is the proud possessor of a triple equipment, put into the office within the past year—that tells its story more strongly than any words. The Monotype is the machine that appeals to printers every time, because it handles real type.

* * *

The prosperity of the times was clearly evidenced in the many business men who visited

the exhibit of the York Safe Company of York, Pennsylvania, where was displayed an array of safes to delight the eye of any cautious owner of valuables, and the visitors looked upon them with almost the same admiration as the housekeeper regards furnishings which she desires to have for her home.

There were safes of all sizes and dimensions, including a veteran which had gone through earthquake and fire in San Francisco without giving up one of its secrets. The York Safe Company certainly won the honors which they received in their exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition. One's earthly possessions seemed more secure after these safes had been examined.

* * *

In a conspicuous corner was the exhibit of C. R. Carver & Company of Philadelphia. The handsome machines in operation gave the public an idea of how the fine embossed stationery, for which there is such a tremendous demand, is produced. When it comes to embossing, there is only one Carver machine and one Mr. Hewston to exhibit the machines, which in operation attracted the attention of many purchasers and left the fixed impression in the mind of many visitors that if ever such a machine should be needed by them, nothing better than the product of the Carver Company could be obtained.

* * *

An artistic corner was reserved for the exhibit of Albert L. Calder Company, of Providence, Rhode Island. The superlative qualities of their elegant dentifrice were advertised in a quaint and unique way.

Calder's Saponaceous Dentine, prepared by Albert L. Calder, was the first tooth powder made in this country, and the first to attain a national and foreign sale; it was, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that it should be exhibited at the Jamestown Exposition. Dentine has always been manufactured with the same care used in putting up prescriptions, and it has justly enjoyed such a reputation—since first manufactured in 1850—that many tooth powders since placed on the market have aimed at equalling its purity and quality, but none have succeeded thus far.

It is a noteworthy fact that it was owing to Mr. Calder's business integrity and abhorence of adulteration that a law was passed through the Rhode Island and Massachusetts legislatures, making it compulsory for all druggists to be examined before becoming registered pharmacists, thus safeguarding the public.

* * *

One of the most *restful* exhibits in the Liberal Arts Building is that of the Jamestown Lounge Company, where there is a display of the renowned "Simplicity Davenport Sofa Bed" in which appearance adds to the charm of usefulness. This convertible sofa is one of the growing necessities of the present day, when flats and apartments are becoming more and more popular and necessary. There is something homelike and hospitable in its proportions, and it is as serviceable at night as by day, when transformed into a commodious and comfortable bed.

The Davenport is handled by almost all reliable dealers throughout the country, and the factory is located in Jamestown, New York, that charming little city which is named after the original island settlement of Captain John Smith. It was peculiarly appropriate that at least one Jamestown, N. Y., enterprise should exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition. The exhibit has been visited by many home-furnishers, and has attracted much favorable comment. The exhibit also includes the conventional Davenport Adjustable Sofas, and Box Couches, all with mahogany framework, colonial in design and upholstered in genuine leather.

* * *

The Hoe Stop Cylinder Press was turning out lithographs by the thousand, giving a complete map of the grounds. Everybody carried off one of these maps as a souvenir.

* * *

A good stenographer can write 150 words a minute with a sharp-pointed pencil, and 125 per minute with a good steel pen; but the same hand can "take" 175 words per minute with a Waterman pen, owing to the fact that it has a spoon feed that flows just as freely with the last drop of ink as with the first.

The above bit of information was obtained at the handsome exhibit of the Waterman Pen, occupying a central position in the Liberal Arts Building. Here thousands of

stenographers paused during the exposition, to tell of the triumphs achieved with their "Waterman." A skilled reporter, accustomed to write shorthand for many hours in a day, assured me that he had never been threatened with that common affliction of his craft, writer's cramp, since he had used a Waterman pen instead of a pencil. He insisted that the really good fountain pen requires absolutely no effort to produce legible characters on paper.

* * *

In a certain conspicuous exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building I believe more people were entertained for a larger number of hours than in any other one part of the exposition. There was always "something doing" in the Columbia Phonograph Company's exhibit. If a musical phonograph was not giving forth a melodious selection of grand opera or ragtime, a business graphophone would be busy showing the great commercial advantage of these machines.

Here might also be seen the first talking machine made by Alexander Graham Bell and his partner. The educative work of creating demand for the graphophones is being steadily continued, despite the fact that the phonograph for home entertainment is almost a household necessity, and the commercial graphophone is rapidly claiming the same attention in the business offices of the country.

* * *

The prominence of West Virginia as a coal-producing state was further emphasized by the exhibit of the Davis Colliery, Number Two, located at Elkins, West Virginia, the home of Senator Stephen B. Elkins

The quality and magnitude of the coal beds of West Virginia have been immense factors in our industrial development, and the Davis Colliery exhibit gives a comprehensive demonstration of the superlative excellence and the fuel strength of the coal from these fields.

* * *

Not far from this exhibit was that of the Pullman Steel Car. From its very inception the Pullman Company may well claim credit as life-savers on the railroad trains, for even their massive wooden cars have, as a rule, withstood the effects of many serious wrecks, but, not content with this, the Pullman Company has gone farther in here exhibiting their steel car, which suggests such an evolution as marked that from the wooden frigate to the armored battle-ship of today.

There was George, the porter, just as trim and neat as ever, and it was felt by persons who spend a great deal of time in the Pullman cars that here they were viewing their new moving apartments, for no one factor has been more predominant in promoting travel in this country than the acknowledged superiority of American railroad equipment especially exemplified in the Pullman car.

* * *

In the Mining Building were abundant evidences of the rapid development of the nation year by year. Very appropriate was an exhibit of the famous C. C. B. Pocahontas Smokeless Coal—named in honor of the warm-hearted Indian maiden—which the United States geological survey has made the standard for grading all steam fuel. The reputation of this coal as being the best obtainable has secured a contract from the German government for all coal required by its vessels while at Hampton Roads. The exhibit of this symbol of quality and standard of excellence in the Mining Building attracted the comment of all those who passed through the building.

* * *

The fulcrum of all development in the past century is transportation. I think, from the time of the exposition in Chicago to the date of the Jamestown Exposition, there has been no one subject that has attracted so much attention.

The progress in methods of transportation is aptly demonstrated by the working exhibit of the Studebaker Company, on the Lee Parade Ground, where street sprinklers, trucks, dump, garbage and contractors' wagons, road wagons and Master William Ball, Jr., with his goats, Buster and Jim, hitched to the "Studebaker Jr.," all tell their own tale of advancement.

At the Studebaker exhibit thousands of people paused to look at the old coach in which Lincoln rode, or at the coach used by Lafayette, both owned by the Studebakers and loaned by them to the Jamestown Exposition Company. When not on exhibition at some exposition, these famous carriages may be seen in the display rooms

of the world's largest vehicle and harness factory, covering more than a hundred acres at South Bend, Indiana.

Across the way were automobiles, made by this firm, including the large touring cars, sight-seeing automobiles and trucks. In fact, there seems to be nothing left in the vehicle line which they have not made at some time —whether it be the sturdy old prairie schooner that played its part in the early drama of the development of the West, or the modern automobile. Studebaker is a name always associated with perfection in mechanical production. More of their wagons are sold than of any other make, for the democratic voice of the majority has pronounced in their favor, settling once for all the vexed question as to which is the best vehicle to purchase.

* * *

Visions of the days when I cut bands before a threshing machine floated before my mind's eye as I watched the straw flow down from the tail of the machine in the exhibit of the "Peerless" at the Geiser Manufacturing Company. The story of this company, with its fifty years of tireless energy and honest effort, perfect faith and dauntless courage, which developed an eight by ten wagon shop into one of the largest and best equipped manufacturing plants in the country, is indeed a tale of thrilling interest.

The great problem that now confronts this old firm in their factory in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, is to keep up with the demand for the new "Peerless Engines," which have found their way everywhere over the great stubble fields of the great Northwest. In fact every particle of this equipment seemed to explain the triumph of American farmers in commanding the markets of the world for their product; for it is with such labor-saving machinery as that supplied by this firm that the cultivator is able to produce mechanically crops in larger volume and at less expense than can be done by the older methods but cheaper labor wages of other countries. Other lands are finding this out, and the heavy export trade of the past decade in these manufactures is indeed significant.

The "Peerless" threshing machine is the triumph of the season's harvest time, and suggests the mighty leap of advancement that lies between it and the ancient flail worked by a single pair of weary human arms. In fact this machine, as every bit of machinery manufactured by the Geiser Company, sounds the trump of progress.

* * *

One of the marked distinctions of metropolitan life today is the sight-seeing automobile, first introduced in Washington, New York, Boston and Chicago; but where today is there a progressive city that does not aspire to possess its sight-seeing automobile? The natural inference is that if a city boasts a sight-seeing auto there are sights to be seen in that place.

The Rapid Automobile Company of Pontiac, Michigan, has an exhibit in the Transportation Building that has assuredly inspired among a great many progressive citizens throughout the United States an earnest desire to have one of the sight-seeing automobiles "for our own city."

This company has made a remarkable success in their work with automobiles, and the time is coming when they will probably supplant the good old-fashioned Niagara hack, especially if the report is true that horses are becoming so costly that soon none but the rich can own them. This rise in price is said to be caused by the rapidly increasing demand rather than by any unusual scarcity of horses. The automobile has in part met the new desire for locomotion, not supplanting the horse, but relegating him to a different sphere of activity.

* * *

Another exhibit that attracts the boys and young men is the Baldwin Locomotive works, and when conditions of past years were contrasted with the present development of this institution, this wonderful story of progress, written in solid metal, was indelibly printed on the memory. Where is there an American boy who does not love a locomotive and even baby's eyes will always brighten when he hears a "choo choo."

Here were electric locomotives similar to those built by this firm for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway; there were giant engines, to pull miles of loaded trains across the wide continent, and it is an astonishing fact that there seems to be no limit to the capacity of a locomotive in this respect. No sooner do railroads think a standard is attained, than the Baldwin proves it can again

be surpassed. Locomotives are shipped by this company day by day to all parts of the world, girdling the globe with the belt of progress.

* * *

Very few home-makers visited Jamestown Exposition grounds who did not call at the Larkin House. There was something homey and restful in that little cottage. Both young and old ladies went through the building with attentive eyes, pausing now and then as their fancy fixed upon this chair or that bedstead or other desirable article "for my room at home." The "Larkin idea" is one of the most distinctive phases of modern business life, and there are millions of "Larkin homes" throughout the country, in which the products of this firm are regarded as household necessities, and where the "idea" meets with a hearty welcome, encouraging thrift and industry, creating the co-operative spirit and furnishing very interesting facts for the close student of sociology. Anyone who saw the throng of visitors at the Larkin House, and heard them talk of Larkin products, readily understands the close and enduring relations between the firm and its clients.

* * *

A walk through the Pure Food Building was like a succession of joyous breakfasts, with the sun shining on white table-cloths and radiant silver and the scent of flowers floating in through the open window.

The delusion was complete when I encountered our old friend, Quaker Oats, that familiar slogan that is well-known to every household, and still carries its message of the strengthening properties of the diet that has supplied bone and sinew to the brawny Scot for generations past. I heard one sturdy old gentleman remark, in an unmistakable accent, "There's naething sae good as a bowl o' parritch in the morning."

* * *

Toasted Corn Flakes and its triumphs were being demonstrated by young ladies whose beauty and grace added to the charm of this favorite breakfast food. The Battle Creek health idea was pre-eminent.

* * *

Coca Cola and the machinery with which it is made were shown, and it required no further advertisement to impress upon the people the fact that it is a wholesome and refreshing beverage. Everybody was interested in seeing how it is bottled and prepared for the general market, and when they go to the soda fountains exposition memories will suggest a glass of Coca Cola, America's most wholesome and popular beverage.

* * *

It was the cumulative effect of seeing repeatedly the metallic parts of various exhibits being brightened up with something the caretakers held in little red enamelled boxes, that finally impelled me to investigate. "Flash" was the name it bore, with a streak of chain lightning running across the letters, and I learned from the caretaker that it was far above everything else he had used for cleaning his soiled and greasy hands, as well as for keeping all the machinery bright and shining. My interest in the Flash Chemical Company of Boston was intensified, and later, I visited Mr. Cleveland at his Boston office, and learned that the public has greatly increased its demand for this new household and factory dirt hustler. While "Flash" was not represented by any official headquarters at Jamestown, it was nevertheless well demonstrated at many and various places.

* * *

Here, too, was Egg-O-See with its suggestion of the rosy boy getting busy with his spoon, and beaming with content and delighted anticipation, and emphasizing the call "Back to Nature."

* * *

Following close upon the federal laws enacted in reference to pure foods, it is significant that one of the buildings of the exposition should be devoted to food products, and no one building of the exposition was more popular. There the machinery was in operation, showing just how Shredded Wheat is made from the clean, polished kernel of the wheat, coming out in Biscuit or Triscuit.

Near-by was an audience room, where, several times a day, moving pictures showed

the wonderful factory of the Shredded Wheat Company at Niagara Falls. The lectures and illustrations were very entertaining, and attracted thousands of interested auditors to see Niagara Falls in all its glory and majesty, in winter and summer, and mingled with the beauty and grandeur of the falling water is the impression of the cleanliness and wholesomeness of the product—Shredded Wheat—manufactured on the shores of the wonderful falls. None who saw the exhibit will ever forget it.

* * *

There, too, was the Jell-O exhibit, where many dainty desserts were prepared. There were throngs of people, anxious to learn from actually seeing it done just how to make these exquisite and toothsome confections. Every housekeeper wanted a dessert which could be kept "right in the house" for an indefinite time, and prepared when unexpected company arrived.

The keen interest indicated by the thrifty American housekeepers in the exhibits in this building showed that the home-loving spirit in America is by no means lessening, but is rather on the increase.

* * *

The wholesome fruit of the vine, as demonstrated in the exhibit of Welch's Grape Juice, brought visions of the rich vineyards of New York, Ohio and California; it was interesting to know that this delicious drink is manufactured in the famous vineyards of Chautauqua.

* * *

Around that pagoda on which flashed the message of the "Fifty-Seven Varieties," were gathered many enthusiastic admirers of the H. J. Heinz Company's products. Here were pickles, preserves, sauces and many other dainties that stimulate even the most jaded appetite. There were those famous baked beans—that have supplanted home baking even in Boston—adding their quota to the general enticing atmosphere which made one want to eat the moment he looked upon the towering sign of Heinz.

* * *

While I was at the Jamestown Exposition, more than a hundred people asked me the way to the "Snowdrift Hogless Lard" booth. I began by giving specific directions,—by drawing a sort of mental map. Soon I found a better and easier method, and said, "follow the crowd."

The "Snowdrift Hogless Lard" booth, in which were exhibited the many products of the Southern Cotton Oil Company, was without question one of the three or four most popular exhibits in the entire exposition. There was never a dull moment at the booth. Never less than a dozen people stood in front of it, and sometimes the crowd was ten to fifteen rows deep. All day long, expert culinary artists cooked doughnuts, croquettes, oysters, and everything else requiring cooking fat, in plain view of the audience, and the good things cooked were passed around. Really, it was the household economy center of the Exposition,—not a mere commercial affair, but a genuine object lesson, illustrating the healthfulness and economy of a vegetable cooking fat as compared with hog and animal products.

"Snowdrift Hogless Lard" does not contain even a trace of hog matter. It is a genuine product of the fertile fields of the Sunny South, made by Nature and uncontaminated by man. Wesson Oil, another product, is purely vegetable, refined by the secret and famous Wesson process, making the oil absolutely odorless and tasteless.

Opposite the booth was located the much appreciated "Snowdrift Rest-Room," with desks, letter-paper, postage stamps, easy chairs, and other things contributing to the comfort of the tired sightseer. The "Snowdrift" booth and its rest-room did credit to the enterprise of the South, and presented a vivid and tangible exhibit of what the South has done, and is doing for the protection of the modern American stomach.

* * *

About half-past four I was charmed to arrive at Lipton's Tea exhibit, where I dropped in for a cup of tea and some of those thin slices of bread and butter that recall the tale of hungry Nicholas Nickleby when he went "to tea" with two young ladies and made away with the thin bread and butter at a rate that left them dumb with astonishment and aroused the mirth of the jolly man from Yorkshire. After partaking of two cups of this tea one feels at peace with the whole world.

Here was the smiling picture of Sir Thomas, that genial sportsman and all-round gentle

man so much admired in America, who has certainly won himself a great name in connection with the superlative tea of the twentieth century.

* * *

It may be safely said that there is no better-advertised piece of present-day household furniture than the Singer Sewing Machine—the very name sings itself in symphony with cheery, home duties. If the genius of the age is business, and the genius of business is advertising, the Singer Sewing Machine Company has a right to celebrate its great achievement in that mammoth forty-story building in New York, with its towering dome which has added another to the gilded hemi-spheres which heretofore have been regarded as the landmarks of New York.

With tremendous momentum, and prestige gained by international advertising, there seems to be no bounds to the rising tide of enthusiasm with which, in confident strength, the Singer people are pushing forward and planning still greater expansion for the future. At the Jamestown Exposition the Singer pavilion told its message of restfulness. No buzzing machinery to distract the visitor, but a peaceful rendezvous for the ladies, where they might rest from the fatigues of sightseeing. This exhibit is likely to be more gratefully remembered than many apparently much more impressive scenes of the exposition.

While the Singer pavilion breathed the home spirit, the printed matter of the company contained pertinent and timely information. A little book called "Flag Talk," was issued, and in this small volume was compressed much information concerning the use of flags in the navy. These flags, as well as the Kentucky jean trousers of the farmer boys, are the product of the sewing machine which is associated indelibly with the universally-known trade-mark, the great letter S, which may be found the civilized world over. The pathetic flight of time has been less lamented by the housewife since she has had labor-saving appliances. The toil saved by the sewing machine, if it could be reckoned by the accomplishment of every individual who has economized precious moments, would reach far into the centuries, and form a bridge of hours, weeks and years that would connect the present day with the prehistoric ages when man drew the skin of some wild beast about him and considered himself amply clad.

It was in the California Building, whither I had gone to lunch with friends from the Sunset State, that another of the most delicious pure food products was discussed. The first (and principal) course that we all feasted on was "Deviled Ham" sandwiches, made of the daintiest home-made bread and "Underwood's Original Deviled Ham." And as the occasion was fitting, I could not but remind mine hosts of that former feast, when I was entertained by them in their own home, and we picnicked among the foot-hills of the Rockies. Then, as now, we regaled ourselves with Underwood's "Little Red Devil" ham sandwiches, and the bread was also creamy sweet, a "sampler" of milady's own inimitable cookery.

Of course I could not refrain from a bit of repartee, and reminded my good friends, who, like most Westerners, are "boosters"

for their own state, that Underwood's Original and inimitable Deviled Ham, like many other good things, is made in Boston.

* * *

Possessing more than fifty highest awards to their credit, Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Massachusetts, enjoy the distinction of being the pioneer exhibitors of international as well as national expositions. It is safe to say that not a single visitor passed the turnstile of the Jamestown Exposition who was not attracted by their charming cottage. It was one of the most distinctive exhibits at the exposition, and numerous visitors have pleasant memories of the hospitable exposition home of Walter Baker & Co., where so many delightful, restful hours were enjoyed.

The Walter Baker & Co.'s cottage was a perfect reproduction of a comfortable cottage of 150 years ago. The exterior was stained to imitate the weather-beaten boards, common at a time when paint was too costly

for mere outside use. There was the typical big, old-fashioned chimney, the long, slanting roof and small windows, glazed with that peculiar "bull's-eye" glass, secured for this especial purpose. In olden days such glass was the refuse of the factory, used to emit light because it was cheap and easy to get as compared with the finer product; it is a singular commentary on the change in manufacture that this imperfect glass was very hard to find when Walter Baker & Co. needed it for their quaint windows at the exhibit.

On the front and sides of the house were cool, commodious porches, screened from the heat by clinging vines, and furnished with old, colonial settles, very inviting to the tired sight-seer. On the chimney the figures, "1780," designated the year when Walter Baker & Co. began business on the banks of the Neponset River, in Dorchester, Massachusetts. In the rear of the building was a delightful garden, filled with the old-fashioned flowers dear to the hearts of our grandmothers; the lot was encircled by a New England ball and post fence.

The interior corresponded with the exterior. Entering the front door the visitor found himself in a charming reception hall, with inviting settles built on either side of the old-fashioned fireplace. The walls were covered with characteristic, antique paper and were hung with fine, old engravings of Martha and George Washington, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the march of Miles Standish, led by the Indians, and other pictures suggestive of the history of New England and the Southern states.

Leading from this hall, on either side, were rooms with antique panelling, paper and fireplaces. The furniture was genuine, old mahogany, and included a tall "grandfather's clock." The room dedicated to Virginia was hung with portraits of Robert E. and Fitzhugh Lee, the last birthday of Washington, and other pictures dear and familiar to Southern citizens. In the rear of the cottage, where the kitchen should be, was the main exhibit room, where were the wide, old fireplace and brick oven, with their associations of odorous roasts, baked beans, brown bread and pies. Overhead the reproduction of ancient kitchen rafters made a charming contrast to the rich, subdued yellow of the walls. Here young ladies, in costume representing the trade mark of Walter Baker & Co., served delicious chocolate and cocoa, and each day a professional cooking teacher gave short talks on the uses of these invaluable ingredients for dainties for the home table.

THE OLD COLONIAL HOUSE BUILT BY WALTER BAKER & CO., AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

No expense or pains were spared to make

this exhibit an exact reproduction of a colonial home; even the old-time knockers on the doors were not forgotten. Because of its historical accuracy, its homelikeness and its marked individuality, it was considered one of the most significant exhibits of an exposition where everything displayed was fraught with meaning; and it was justly awarded a gold medal for the "most admirable, effective and artistic installation of exhibit." The second gold medal awarded to this company by the jury on food exhibits was for chocolate preparations, breakfast cocoa and cocoa butter.

Under able management, the Baker Cottage made many new friends for the company, and in many more households their products will be in daily use. The impressive phase of the exhibit was that here Baker's chocolate and cocoa were an actual living presence, dwelling in domestic bliss in their own house. After all has been said, no higher praise can be given the Walter Baker exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition than to say that it adequately reflected the surroundings and conditions under which their famous cocoa and chocolate are made.

* * *

One of the best managed, collective exhibits was that known as the "pottery exhibit," in charge of A. Vere Shaw, which included the following well-known firms:

The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, O., manufactures pressed and blown glassware. Their factory is the most complete, up-to-date, and one of the largest glass plants operating in the world today. All kinds of commercial table wares, lamps, photographers' glassware, novelties, etc., are manufactured; the company makes a specialty of private mold work.

But the most popular and largest production is the "Near Cut," pressed glass. This ware is most brilliant; and for quality of metal and finish it stands unequaled. So much care is taken in the selection of material and the manufacture of the glass, and the methods and machines used are so nearly perfect, that there are but few people, except experts, who do not mistake "Near Cut" for "real" cut glass. This glass is susceptible of a very high polish and gives off a sparkle which fully completes the illusion. It has taken the *highest premium award* both at St. Louis and Jamestown. The designs are dignified and elegant. At the beginning of the year several new lines more attractive than any yet produced, will be placed on the market.

The company has kept pace with the rapid development of glass manufacture in the United States during the last ten years, and has broadened its product greatly within the last two years. The exhibit of "Near Cut" at the exposition is an exhibit worth while, and has received most favorable comment and criticism from all who have seen it.

The Cambridge Glass Company's is a National Plant, and has done its part in making Ohio the third glass manufacturing state in the Union.

* * *

The Knowles, Taylor, Knowles Company, East Liverpool, established in 1854, are among the oldest, largest, and most reliable pottery manufacturers and decorators in the world. They manufacture dinner and tea sets, toilet ware, specialties, etc., and turn out some fine art products. The table ware is of semi-vitreous china, not so heavy as the English china, nor so light as the French. By turning out designs between these two extremes, a characteristic style has been developed that is both dainty and effective, as well as popular. Only high grade ware is produced, and a better line of commercial pottery than that of K. T & K. can not be found anywhere.

This company makes the greatest display in the Ohio Ceramic Exhibit, filling three whole cases. Six standard dinner sets are shown and have been greatly admired. The largest case contains fine art pottery, and the whole exhibit makes a showing creditable to a great pottery and a great State. The Knowles, Taylor, Knowles Company received the *highest award*, a silver medal, for china and semi-porcelain specialties and dinner ware.

Many people on seeing this exhibit have asked, "why do Americans buy French china, when we have china just as beautiful here at home?" The principal reason is, that French china is imported. That makes a great difference to many people. Then some people do not know that America produces such fine pottery. But if you walk through a Knowles, Taylor, Knowles sam-

ple room, you will there see a line of goods that rivals the best and most famous china imported from old France. As more Americans buy American goods, Americans will be encouraged to produce better goods, and the results will be, America, an art country.

* * *

In the exhibit of building brick, The Ohio Mining and Manufacturing Company, Shawnee, makes a splendid display. This company owns over 600 acres of land underlaid with an inexhaustible supply of the famous Hocking Valley Shale. The most modern methods are applied in the preparation of the clay and the manufacture of the brick, resulting in a product that for finish of form and brightness of color is surpassed by none. They make buff, speckled buff, gray, speckled gray, and flash brick in Standard, Roman, and Norman sizes, and in a great variety of moulded shapes for ornamental purposes. The artistic qualities of this company's brick are recognized, as shown by its large use for fire-places and interior decoration; and public buildings, churches, and residences throughout the United States, East, West, and South bear testimony to its superior strength and weather qualities, its perfect shape, and its unsurpassed beauty.

In a few days the company expects to have finished a large addition to its present mammoth plant, which will give it a total capacity of 150,000 face brick a day, and enable it to meet any demand for either stiff mud or dry pressed brick. The product is at present shipped all over the United States and into Canada, and with this addition the facilities and general scope of trade of the company will be greatly increased.

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The Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati was founded in 1880 by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, and has always turned its attention towards higher art rather than cheaper process. No printing patterns are used and never a duplicate is made. The beautiful underglaze effects of Rookwood are rarely found elsewhere, on account of the expense and risk of manufacture. As command of material has strengthened, the beauty of the ware has steadily gained, until form, color, decoration, and glaze combine to produce those things of beauty which elude all attempts to imitate, and make Rookwood a complete novelty in the world's ceramics. Rookwood was awarded gold medal at Jamestown and took grand prizes also at Paris and St. Louis.

The earliest and best known variety of Rookwood is the "Standard," characterized by its low tones of dark color, with flower decorations painted in warm colors under a brilliant glaze. Later, came the "Sea Green" and "Iris," and in 1896 the "Mat" glaze, now among the Rookwood's most admired productions. The new "Vellum" ware, a variation of the Mat, and the famous "Tiger Eye," first made at Rookwood in 1884, are two greatly admired types. The Rookwood vases in the Ohio Ceramic Exhibit show all the different textures, glazes and effects. The Rookwood Pottery *has* its reputation; it stands preeminent as the first distinctively American Art Pottery.

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The "Clarus" art and dinner ware displayed in the Ohio exhibit has been admired by thousands of visitors, and it is unsurpassed. It combines pure colors and effective decorations with perfect glaze. Especially is the "burned gold" effect magnificent; and the softly glazed pieces in dark blue, decorated with lilies done in silver, are most beautiful. The "Clarus" ware received from the jury a gold medal, the highest award for decorated and plain china and semi-porcelain. It compares favorably with the best French china, and has even been pronounced superior in whiteness and gilding.

This company does a mammoth business and has good railroad and shipping facilities. It is not an old company, and has a modern plant, the newest appliances and skilled artisans, and no wares of their class made in America are superior to those of Pope-Gosser.

* * *

High among pottery manufacturers in the United States stands the Pope-Gosser Company, one of the largest and most trustworthy companies in the Potters Association. They make high-grade, white and decorated vitrified porcelain, and send their products all over the world. Masters in the ceramic art are employed and thousands of dollars have been spent in experimenting and getting the

wares up to the present high standard, where quality is what counts.

* * *

The Ohio Mineral and Ceramic Exhibit includes reports, samples of stone, clays, salts, limes, sands, etc., brick, tile, porcelain electric insulators, building blocks, grind-stones, oils, coal, glass, crockery and cooking wares, and pottery, of which there are thirteen cases, one large pyramid of crockery and cooking wares, and the finest exhibit of brick ever seen. It was awarded sixteen medals, five gold, six silver, and five bronze, justly due to Ohio, the largest pottery state in the Union. The exhibit is worth about $15,000.

* * *

Mr. Shaw is a college man of scholarly tastes, and he not only had the exhibits seen but understood. In passing I noticed at least four groups of ladies, listening intently to a description which he was eloquently and ably giving of the wonderful advancement made in pottery production in the past few years. He understood and pointed out the hidden beauties of the art. Mr. Shaw is certainly to be congratulated on the splendid results obtained, not only in securing gold medal awards, but in interesting thousands of visitors in the beautifying of their homes, as well as in the actual utility of pottery.

* * *

In recent years no product has grown in popularity more rapidly than yellow pine. Go where you will it is in evidence, representing not only a phase of utility, but an important feature in home building and inside finish of the new buildings of today. The yellow pine industry of the South has been a marvel in lumber development. Where, as many years ago, mahogany, birch and walnut were everywhere in the home, their gloomy colors are now displaced in inside finish by the cheery shades of the yellow pine, as demonstrated in the Flemish Room, which is part of the Yellow Pine Cottage that won a grand prize and gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition. This Flemish Room, since the close of the World's Fair, has been exhibited in seventeen cities by Miss Emma C. Allen, on behalf of the Southern Lumber Manufacturers Association. Despite the fact that it has so often been taken apart and put together again, it is still as perfect as when first exhibited, strongly demonstrating the durability of the wood. The room is twenty-seven feet long, with walls of heavy diamond-shaped paneling, and beautiful carved designs around the doors and mantel. The floor is of unstained, yellow pine, but the furniture is stained and brilliantly polished. Outside of the room are a number of boards showing stained and unstained effects in this wood. Expert hardwood finishers agree that yellow pine can be more easily worked up to a surface that defies criticism than any hard wood.

The exhibit was awarded a gold medal for installation and one for the merit of the yellow pine.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE TOY MANUFACTORY IN THE WORLD

WHERE SANTA CLAUS GETS HIS TOYS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

YES indeed! I was just as curious when a child as boys and girls are today to know where dear, old Santa Claus got his wonderful toys. Well, as I was coming down from Vermont the other day, when the train reached Winchendon, Massachusetts, a beautiful village with bright, cheerful-looking homes, I saw a great straw-colored building on the roof of which was a large screen bearing the sign, "Toys."

"That's it," says I, feeling sure there must be some interesting story to secure there for the National's boys and girls; and a tour of inspection through the establishment, proved my supposition correct.

As we walked up toward the great works, from the station, evidences of almost feverish haste were noted on all sides. A new brick building had just been completed; cars of lumber were being unloaded in one part of the yard, while from the store-houses were going many crates and boxes of toys, that by this time may be unpacked and displayed in many cities and towns, awaiting Santa Claus when he goes from house to house on Christmas Eve.

No one was busier than Morton E. Converse, owner and proprietor, and the man who, from an idea and quantities of pluck, has become the greatest manufacturer of all sorts of toys in the world. He was going about the yards when we entered, inspecting the carloads of lumber just arrived, and directing his men about unloading it. Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Converse came to Winchendon from New Hampshire; and it is safe to say his inventions in the toy line have brought more sunshine into the lives of our boys and girls than any other single manufacture. Here is the reservoir of childhood's happiness and Christmas cheer. Every room and department seemed to be hurrying to have toys enough ready to go around, when the millions of boys and girls awake on Christmas morning. The great saws were growling, and the smaller ones vied with each other with screams and shrieks—they were all so busy—cutting the boards and timbers into proper lengths before the wood goes on to other processes. Mr. Converse casually remarked, that a mil-

FINISHING ROOM—TRUNK DEPARTMENT

OVER FOUR ACRES OF FLOOR SPACE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF TOYS

lion or two feet of lumber, and many carloads of tin and iron, are always kept on hand, waiting its summons to pass the ordeal of saws and planes, and emerge painted in gay colors as playthings of all sorts.

A great many boys and girls must have told Santa Claus to bring them desks and drawing blackboards this year, judging by the sights I saw when we passed through the long room where men and boys were assembling the upright, easel-like stands, and girls, seated at long benches, were deftly nailing on the blackboards and hanging the scrolls that showed many familiar objects for drawing lessons.

One more door was opened and we passed into another immense room, where everyone was rushing as before, but making—what do you suppose?—I thought of my National Magazine boys, and wished they were all with me to catch the thrill of excitement which I felt—for here they were making drums; tiny ones to make merry at Christmas-time are here manufactured in quantities sufficient, it would seem, to provide martial music for the whole world. Here, too, were calf-skin head and sheep-skin head drums, and indestructible drums with steel heads, to retail at ten cents! When I saw those mountains of drums, of all sorts and sizes, all gaily decorated, it seemed as though the martial spirit came over me and I recalled pictures of the regiment drummer boys, as they march along tapping on their drum heads. Then there were fish horns, steel sail boats and all kinds of mechanical steel toys and building blocks, and a marvelous collection of "doll's furni-

THE DRUM DEPARTMENT

MEN'S RECREATION ROOMS. SIMILAR APARTMENTS ARE PROVIDED FOR THE WOMEN

ture," bureaus, china closets, tables, washsets—everything. Every one of these toys must mean a happy child behind it, or even several happy boys and girls—for there never was a toy owned by one child that others did not get pleasure from.

These steel-headed drums had steel sides also, and were beautifully ornamented with colored lithographs. I was interested in the fact that the popular sellers of today are those which have on them some pictures of national life, the stars and stripes, or the triumphant eagle. Each part of the drums is made by an expert.

Then we entered the stables, or what seemed to me at first glance a kindergarten of horses—rocking-horses of course. There was something comical in the steady gaze of the great herd of wooden equines, standing on their heels, waiting to be packed and sent off. It was surprising that they could be automatically fashioned so quickly from blocks of wood. When the shaping is complete they are dipped in paint, the eyes being afterward inserted as another branch of the manufacture. It was actually entertaining to see the girls tack on the tails, ears and harness, and how swiftly and deftly they worked, hammering on the finishing touches to the "fiery steeds." I believe that even the children who clamour for "a story, a story," at bedtime, would not close their eyes until they had heard over again all the details of the making of rocking horses, and of the places where Santa goes to fetch them, if their mammas had seen the wonderful things that I saw that beautiful October day.

* * *

Speaking of rocking horses—I remember one I knew long ago. It was a "real" horse with a "real" tail, and flowing mane of "real" hair. It seemed then almost as big as a real horse and his name was "Rarus".

On a certain day the mother of the little family was absent on business for a short time, and the owner of Rarus was left to his own devices, to ride whither he would during her absence—I must confess that it did not take him long to ride into mischief.

Scarcely had the old gate clicked behind the departing mistress of the home than the rider hastily dismounted, and with busy hand dug into the big pan of dough, giving Rarus a touch here and there that might have done credit to Phidias in the modelling of his masterpieces—so far as it went. The eyes of Rarus were filled with the white substance, his ears were "improved," and every nook and cranny in his anatomy and harness was garnished with white—for "What is dough made for if not to play with?" thought the chubby artist. A healthy child cannot conceive of anything having a more important use than to afford him amusement.

This mischievous trick was long remembered and the good mother was wont, in

INTERIOR OF MEN'S RECREATION BUILDING

after years, to tell of those childish pranks, which added many hours of weariness to her already well-filled day—a consequence never considered by the boisterous children. Yet, how sweet the memories are of the mischief wrought by little, busy hands and active young minds, as the awakening intellect unfolds.

* * *

Stretched on the beach in summer time, who has not looked upon a scene which thrills one with a rush of memories and visions of the old sand pile? We lie and watch the little tots with pails and shovels, taking their first lessons in industrial building—the sand castles are the precursors of brick and stone. These myriads of pails and shovels come from the Converse factory, and if their little owners could be put together, what an army of industrious and happy childhood we should look upon!

When we arrived at the little girl's trunk room, I had the impulse to trace the destination of each little receptacle. There they were, "just like mamma's," all ready for packing away the doll's clothes when she starts on imaginary, or real journeys. I remembered hearing one mother tell how her little girls learned, by packing the doll's clothes in just such a trunk, to care for their own belongings in later days, when she was no longer with them to "do the packing." Toys are not merely playthings in the family of the wise mother—they are educators. Even the beating of the noisy drum in the busy hands of the little chaps at Christmas time has its educative force and suggests the first idea of music,—percussion; and soon the child begins to distinguish one rat-tat from another, and thus the rudiments of music are inculcated in the budding intellect. Often a boy gains his first desire for study in a particular line from his toys—the old proverb might be paraphrased to say, "the toy is father of the man."

The indestructible drawing scrolls, with the blackboards and a roll above—already described—showing the drawing lessons, have also their educative influence, and teach, by easy stages, the rudiments of reading, writing and drawing.

There, too, were the little kitchen cabinets, teaching the lesson of system, order and good housekeeping in the home. The toy kitchens, with their tin stoves and perfect equipment, suggest to the mind of the child the requisites for the outfit that will some day be needed in the "real" kitchens that will be part of the homes ruled over by the little girls of the present time in years to come.

It is wonderful how these millions of rocking horses, drums and blackboards are produced, and how expert the help become in handling the work. Just the act of pasting the covers on the trunks, or handling the trays, is a trade in itself, and never have I seen girls

PAINTING ROOM, HORSE DEPARTMENT

handle anything with more dexterity than in this factory.

My first impressions, before going through the factory, were more than confirmed, when Mr. Converse pointed out, here and there, members of the "gold watch brigade," who had been with him twenty-five years. Then I understood the main reason for the splendid success here presented.

The business is owned and managed by Morton E. Converse and his son Atherton D. Converse; the latter is a member of the legislature or general court of Massachusetts, and the father has just served two terms as state senator. One cannot pass a day in the factory without obtaining a glimpse of old time, ideal relations between employer and employees, for Mr. Converse and his son maintain the democratic relationship which has had so much to do with the establishing and upbuilding of industry throughout New England.

It was a delight to tour about Winchendon with Mr. Converse, and note the public spirit evidenced in fine buildings and beautiful grounds. Mr. Converse has a handsome home in the best residential section, and in the stone columns supporting the entrance have been imbedded the old stone doorsteps—brought down from the hills of New Hampshire—that were once before the houses of his great grandfathers on both paternal and maternal side—reaching back to King Phillip's time in early colonial days. In his home Mr. Converse has a large collection of curios brought from Egypt, Greece and Italy, during a recent tour of those countries. Some of these were selected by the late Dean Shaler of Harvard, who was one of the party. This collection is one of the most interesting I have ever seen in a private house.

Do you know what I think of a man and his institution, who quietly and without ostentation is devoting his energies toward making children happy with his wonderful toys? I think he must be an optimist and lover of mankind—he must live in an atmosphere of contentment, conscious, as he looks at his own happy family of children, of having contributed more than his share to the basic principles of America's patriotism and domestic virtues.

THE MODERN MOUNT PARNASSUS

THE HOME OF CELESTIAL MUSIC IN THE NEW WORLD

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

HIGH up among the hills of old Vermont, I visited Brattleboro, where the Estey organs are made. Estey organs have for me a personal interest, for years ago there was a small boy just my size, who played an organ in a little village church out West. His fingers could scarcely span the octaves, and it was the perplexity of his life to play the four parts of a hymn at the same time—it was easy to take the soprano and the bass, but when it came to the intertwining of the tenor and alto, his troubles began, for the left hand thumb was never so nimble as the right one; so there he would sit hour after hour, practicing hymns, from "China" to "Nettleton" and the familiar old Doxology; and always before him, in gilt letters that impressed themselves on his mind in a never-to-be-forgotten memory, were the words in old English letters, "Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt."

So the recollections of those childhood days in Iowa account for my going on that beautiful September day up among the green hills of Vermont. How delighted I was when the train dashed into the rocky cut, lined on either side with moss and ferns, and what a joy it was to make my way up that winding road, passing the ravine where a mountain stream comes tumbling down into the placid Connecticut River!

A short but steep ascent from the station and we were on the main street, where the sedate air of this old town was here and there violated by the sounds of axe and hammer, where new houses and business blocks were going up. After quenching our thirst with a glass of delicious spring water, we boarded the electric car for a ride up through the handsome residential section, where the bright, freshly-painted houses nestling among the verdant maples gave testimony of the thrifty New England stock predominating here. Up, up we rode, winding and turning above the noisy brook in the valley below. It reminded me of Mt. Washington; for, leaving the sultry air and the dusty streets far below, we passed, as it were, the zone of deciduous trees and then came where the evergreen pines predominated. As we stepped off the car, what a panorama of nature was before us!

THE ESTEY ORGAN FACTORY, A MIGHTY OCTAVE OF INDUSTRY

Here in fancy I could see the crescent semicircle of a stage upon the hillside, and located in the very center, were eight precise-looking buildings, roofed and side-shingled

with slate, and with gabled roofs uniform in size and style; they suggested at once the giant keys on a great industrial organ; a mighty common octave, from C natural to C natural—there were no sharps and flats. Approaching nearer, we heard the singing saws and shrill planes within, sounds which bore out the poetic fancy.

As I approached along this winding road, passing behind imaginary footlights, it seemed

DEACON JACOB ESTEY, THE FOUNDER OF THE COMPANY IN 1846

to me as though I had come to the modern Mount Parnassus, the home of celestial music in the New World, for surely these hills are worthy to be the dwellings of the immortal Nine—those classic Graces who for centuries have presided over poetry and song.

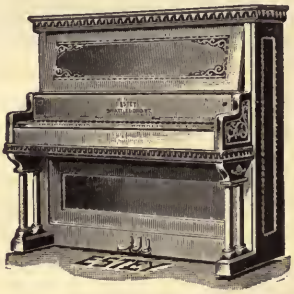
Just below, in what I called in fancy "the orchestra circle," was the city of Brattleboro, with its spires, homes and trees, as beautiful a bit of landscape as one could wish, and aptly representing the spellbound audience for the melodies presented by the Muses.

Across the broad Connecticut River was New Hampshire, and in the pulpit was venerable old Mount Wantastiquet, whose stern visage was leaning forward as though to catch each zephyr note from our wooded grotto. Like an echo, was the deep musical diapason of a distant thunder storm, that was rolling together the banks of fleecy summer clouds.

* * *

As I approached closer, the next thing of note that revealed itself was a lumber yard, with tall stacks of seasoned boards, and it was wonderful to realize that soon this timber—brought from all parts of the country—would be transformed into Estey Organs, which would discourse "American Music" in all climes. As we approached still nearer, the shrill treble of the busy mills mingled with the deep bass of the thunder, and we paused to listen to the harmony of organ making. Old scenes came back to mind, with all the enchantment of memory, and "old times," but the troublesome tenor notes no longer concerned me, now that I was actually in the place where the ivory keys of the Estey Organs are made. Even a cursory visit to this factory convinced me that the two deacons of the old church where I officiated as organist long ago made no mistake when they insisted upon an "Estey" to lead their choir.

When we entered the office, I was interested in seeing the picture of another deacon—Deacon Estey—who made the first melodeons which added much to the church services of olden times and imparted dignity and eclat to the home worship on Sunday evenings. I looked long at the sweet, patriarchal face represented in the picture; and it was indeed a pleasure to meet the two grandsons of the good old-time deacon. Colonel Jacob Gray Estey and J. Harry Estey are continuing the success which their grand-



THE NEW PIANO-CASED ORGAN

father began, and have done their part in aiding the evolution of church music from the early days of the "singing scule" and tuning fork to the gorgeous organ with its many ornate pipes that decorates our churches today.

Everywhere about the factories were the sturdy, bright, keen faces of Yankee workmen, for it struck me that every man there seemed to be an American—which is an unusual thing in these days; besides, they all

seemed to have an intelligent appreciation of the responsibility of their part in the preparation of the various pieces of the organs. What a variety of instruments there were—from the dainty little missionary organs,occupying only a few cubic feet of space, and specially prepared to be carried to the wilds of India, the veldts of Africa and other remote missionary posts of the world—it may be on men's shoulders part of the distance—to the plain little organs for the simple homes of our country districts, that have brought comfort and solace to so many thousands of hearts. Then, in sharp contrast, were the large pipe organs designed for city churches, where now-a-days pipe organs are as common as they were uncommon fifty years ago. Then only the largest cities and big rich churches had pipe organs, but today, in practically all cities, every church of moderate pretentions is not content unless a pipe organ has been secured; and inversely, the purchase of a pipe organ in a town or village is a sure and certain index of growth and prosperity.

Every process of manufacture, from the making of the brass reeds to the tiniest rivet, is very interesting. We learned that the thinness of the tongue near the rivet end decides its pitch, while the curving of the tongue at the other end voices the reed or declares its quality. And I also discovered for the first time, although I have played an organ all my life since I was big enough to span the octaves, that every stop in the instrument has a separate bank of reeds, and the pulling out of each stop introduces the playing of its own specially-voiced reeds.

As we passed on, I paused to try one of the tempting new organs, and played the first tune I ever learned in grateful memory of the old Estey Organ at home—it was "Mount Vernon," in the key of C, wherein I avoided the terrible dread of sharps and flats. Then I drifted along from the familiar old hymns to the "Rosary," not forgetting a strain of Mendelsshon's "Athalia;" and I was delighted at the effects obtained by the use of the Aeolian Harp and other new and improved stops which are truly marvels of manufacture.

A new piano-organ is made now, which is a complete organ in an upright piano case, an effective adornment for any room. In all the history of music it has always been declared by the masters that pianos were never quite so near the gauge, the timbre, of the human voice as the organ, and certainly such a sound as is produced by the Vox Humana, the stop which imitates the human voice, can never be brought from metal strings. More than ever, I realized that in an organ one has the entire range of musical instruments, all combined in one keyboard. The organ is a composite of the flute, the violin, the clari-

THE FAVORITE CHAPEL ORGAN

net—aye, the note of every instrument is here, and with the Vox Humana, under the hands of a skillful player the keyboard is capable of producing a wonderful diapason that can be equalled by no other instrument on earth.

Especially interesting was the voicing of the pipes for organs of two, three and four manuals. I was impressed anew with the fact that the organ has a close connection with the human voice—there is a similarity in the mode of producing the sounds. There were the lips and the tongues that make the "speaking" qualities of the pipes—in the aperture of the whistle there are delicate indentations, or teeth, which determine the

quality of the tone and decide whether it shall be soft flute or "reedy" oboe. At the top is another aperture rolled down; this determines the pitch, which can be changed by even a little indentation. At the mouth is the bridge, and across the bottom is the dam, and the tone is produced by setting in motion the air inside the pipe; the form of the pipe determines the quality of the tone. The test was made by striking a tuning fork and the moment it was placed at the lips of the pipe it sounded, because the note struck was in harmony with the key to which the pipe was set. If the tuning fork were struck and held off, no sound was emitted, but when struck and brought into contact with the pipe, it rang out clear and true. We saw pipes voiced from tiny little whistles that made a rivulet of sound, to great roaring bass which fairly shook the building when they voiced a response to the test.

One of the latest and most surprising innovations is a "reed" oboe, which seems a contradiction of terms. This is the achievement which has been dreamed of for years past by makers of musical instruments.

The making of the black and white keys, the long slender fingers for the pipe organs and the dainty little keys for the small, one-manual instruments, was of interest. The two-manual, church, reed organ is popular in many ways, supplying the desire for a pipe organ in volume and scope, without the cost of outlay and installation. In some of the instruments the keys were covered with celluloid instead of ivory. How daintily all were prepared for the touch of human fingers—who knows how many of these keyboards, with their old yellowed keys are now dispersed over the globe, the dearest possession of many a household, playing the glad, stirring strains of the wedding march as well as the funeral dirge of the departed soul, or the triumphant battle song for the victor!

All through the establishment, from the wood-working department where the cases are prepared, to the place where the most delicate reed is manufactured, there were indications of that ingenuity for which Yankees have ever been famous. Here were workmen who have spent their lives in this factory, happy and content in their work. To them it is an art. The wood-working department again suggested the symphony of manufacture, from the shrieking treble of some little fretful instrument to the rumbling bass of the ravenous big saw.

* * *

I wish every young musician could see a two, three or four manual pipe organ in process of manufacture. It seems impossible that all this has evolved from the principle employed by the boy who makes his whistle out of the sapling; yet this is more credible than that these perfect instruments are the lineal descendants of clashing cymbals—the first earthly music—and the rudely graduated Pan pipes, composed of reeds of varying size. How astonished those ancient lovers of melody would be if they could hear the octaves of the great Estey Organs of today!

* * *

As we left the factory, having seen these architects of symphony at their work, the picture of this mighty octave of industry on the mountain side was emphasized by the whispering music of the pines on the crest of the hill above the factory, as they swayed in the rising wind. Overhead were decorations on the ceiling of the temple of the Creator—the blue sky with its drifting, fleecy clouds. Listening to the soft strains were the adjacent mountains of New Hampshire, but who shall play the deep bass pipes in this great organ of Nature? Then down came the thunder storm, and, as though a mighty octave was struck by some giant, invisible hand, the thunderous diapason rolled forth down the valleys; and the deep, reverberating music of the echoing thunder mingled in one vast harmony with the tiny, flute-like treble of the swift-rushing rivulet below. The steady, trumpet tones went calling far up among the hills, proclaiming the unity and harmony between the works of man the wondrous agencies of the Creator.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

TELEPHONES

WHEN some writer undertakes the publication of the telephone history of the United States, that chapter which pertains to the organization of the Independent Telephone Companies in the East will be of more than passing interest. It will be of interest not only to telephone men generally, but it will attract the attention of every investor who desires to avoid financial pitfalls by studying the history of the past.

Now that time, in its gentle manner, has laid bare the naked facts, it seems almost inconceivable that such gross errors in judgment should have been made in the organization and conduct of the telephone business by men who are recognized among the leading financiers of the country; and in the history of many independent telephone companies, that of the United States Independent Telephone Company, and the Independent Telephone Securities Company, present a series of incidents that in future years will stand out prominently among the financial blunders of the period.

Seven years ago the Home Telephone Company was formed at Rochester. Local business men were induced to take stock in the new venture, and the name was changed to the Rochester Telephone Company. Several employes of the Bell Telephone Company were engaged to manage the details of the new organization, and an exchange was built. Prices were fixed at forty-eight dollars for unlimited business service, with twenty-four dollars for residence service within one mile, and thirty dollars for residences outside the mile limit. These rates have never been changed. Through some peculiar methods of financiering, the company paid dividends.

The Stromberg-Carlson Company, a telephone manufacturing concern of Chicago, was induced to remove its plant to Rochester under a separate organization. Later, the Independent Telephone Securities Company was organized to buy up a number of independent telephone companies, and succeeded in securing a controlling interest in several concerns, among which were the Utica, Syracuse and Rome exchanges. It also secured a controlling interest in the Utah Independent Telephone Company's system.

Appearances on the surface indicated success, and some of the financiers conceived the idea of organizing one big company to control all these smaller systems, and to take into camp the big Stromberg-Carlson plant. Accordingly, the United States Independent Telephone Company was formed, and the corporation started out with flying colors.

The New York Independent Telephone Company was urged into the new corporation, and, with some of Rochester's brightest business men at the head of the company, appearances indicated success, and it was not strange that the savings banks and trust funds were called upon for much of the capital needed to finance this immense enterprise. The people of Rochester became greatly excited over the new corporation, and those who did not secure some of the stocks or bonds were not regarded as being abreast of the financial conditions of the day. People in every conceivable walk of life hastened to place their money into the company's securities, believing that their investments would be profitable and secure. Many persons mortgaged their homes to obtain money to purchase these stocks and bonds. In every part of the country the promoters of independent telephone plants pointed to Rochester and Western New York as a locality where the Bell Company had met its Waterloo, and predicted similar victories in the Middle and Western States within a very brief time. The Bell Company itself regarded this independent movement in New York State with much apprehension.

The public was not aware that any grievous error had been made in this big independent movement until a year ago, when the dark financial clouds began to obscure the company's horizon. Bills were not paid

promptly, and every possible rumor was soon afloat. Stocks and bonds tumbled rapidly, and investors hastened to get rid of their holdings. At this time an effort was made to sell the entire property to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and a price was agreed upon which was satisfactory to the majority of the bond holders of the Independent Company. Certain interests, probably other independent telephone companies, induced the attorney general to bring injunction proceedings to restrain the

E. J. COOK, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ROCHESTER RAILWAY COMPANY

companies from consolidating on the ground that such a consolidation would violate the anti-trust law. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company withdrew from the negotiations and the proposed deal was declared off.

When it became apparent that a sale to the Bell interests was impossible, a committee was appointed to devise a plan for reorganization of the Independent Company's interests. This committee made its report on July 24, and its best efforts to save the United States Independent Company and the Independent Telephone Securities Company from bankruptcy was not accompanied by any guarantee that the proposed plan will bring the desired relief. The committee reported as the only alternative to winding up the business, a plan of reorganizing with a capital of six million dollars, and the issuing of three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in mortgage bonds. It is not a very cheerful prospect for the bondholders to put another three million dollars into an enterprise that has dissipated a capital of something like fifteen million dollars, and it is perhaps not strange that the bondholders are not unanimous in their approval of the proposed reorganization plan. No illusions are encouraged by the committee; they do not promise that the plan will be successful, and merely declare that the plan is the only feasible alternative to going out of business. In a very frank manner the committeee asserted that this curiously ill-assorted business was wrecked by bad management and by attempting to do business on inadequate rates. The Utah investment, and, as the committee expressed it, large credits to irresponsible companies, involved losses aggregating four million dollars, and cutting into the Bell Company's interests as they did, enabled them to cut their own throats at the same time.

The summary at the end of the report tells its own story:—

"What is required is, first of all a competent head for the Stromberg-Carlson Company; then a substantial increase of rates on the part of nearly all the operating companies, and finally, ample capital to pay the debts, complete construction and make necessary extensions."

It is apparent that the independent movements in the Eastern States have been conducted by a system of guessing. The Bell Company's years of experience, their ample statistics, carefully tabulated, have guided their operations intelligently, and, as a consequence, they are on a firm financial footing.

In no part of the United States has the independent system been so thrifty and general as in Western New York and Ohio. Much of this energy may be traced to a belief that in time the Bell interests will be driven from the field, and that investments in independent telephone plants will bring excellent financial results. Practically every city and village in Western New York has its independent telephone company, the Inter-Ocean Telephone Company holding considerable of the

securities of the smaller concerns. At Niagara Falls a corporation known as the Niagara Home Telephone Company is furnishing service to the cities of Niagara Falls, Tonowanda, Lockport and Middleport.

In 1902 The Frontier Telephone Company was organized in Buffalo. This movement followed an agitation on the part of certain well-meaning citizens, who believed that they should do their part in throttling the Bell monopoly, and at the same time furnish telephone service in the city of Buffalo at a much lower rate than was being given by the Bell Company. Accordingly, a franchise was secured, and prices fixed at such a low figure that it seems practically impossible for the independent company to continue many years as a competitor, judging by the admissions of telephone men in other cities who have made the grievous error of contracting to furnish service at similar rates in the past.

Although a feature of the Frontier Company's contract with the city was that it should pay three per cent. on its gross earnings, the corporation has recently refused to pay the amount, giving as a reason that this charge was double taxation on account of the levy being in addition to its franchise tax.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a franchise was granted in 1896 to a corporation known as the Home Telephone Company. The franchise was granted for a period of twenty-five years, the city to have the right to purchase the poles, conduit, wires, and equipment at the actual valuation of the plant, at the expiration of that period, without taking into consideration the value of the franchise rights. The rates established were those asked for by the company, and were forty-eight dollars for business telephones, and thirty-six dollars for residences.

The company was subsequently reorganized and came into the possession of the Everett-Moore Syndicate, and its name was changed to Cuyahoga Telephone Company.

In 1902, the company virtually admitted its inability to continue doing business on the rates embodied in the franchise, and on July 14, of that year, the management made a formal appeal to the Board of Control, and asked that it be allowed to raise its rates, declaring that unless permission was granted, it would be unable to continue operation. The rate of forty-eight dollars, the company declared, was altogether too low. A protest was made to the proposed increase in rates, and during the discussion, Mayor Johnson took occasion to say:

"I think the clause in the Cuyahoga Telephone Company's franchise, prohibiting its consolidation with any other company, should be abrogated. I believe that the consolidation of the telephone companies would be a great thing for the people. This business is unlike almost any other in this respect. Two telephone companies in the same city are an absolute nuisance, and

R. M. SEARLE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ROCHESTER RAILWAY AND LIGHT COMPANY

their consolidation would be a great accommodation to the people."

The Board of Control refused to take up the matter because of the fact, that some question concerning their power to act was raised in reference to the new municipal code, and also because the hands of the City Council were tied by an order of the Supreme Court.

The company later advanced its rates without permission of the council, setting up the claim that the council had no power to fix its rates. The city held the com-

pany's written promise to hold the price to a certain figure, but notwithstanding this promise, the rates were increased to seventy-two dollars per year for business houses and forty-eight dollars per year for residences.

The council passed a resolution looking to the repeal of the franchise grants of the Cuyahoga Telephone Company, and the city solicitor was directed to prepare the necessary ordinance. Pending this action, the supreme court of Ohio, in another case, decided that the municipalities of Ohio had no authority whatever to regulate the rates to be charged for telephone service, which, of course, prevented the city from making any further objection.

The Bell interests in this section of Ohio, and also Western New York, have made great progress during the past few years. In the main office of the Cleveland Telephone Company hangs an interesting framed document. It is the original contract list of the Cleveland Telephone Company, dated September 23, 1879. In 1876 the telephone was looked upon as a curious toy, and not until 1879 did anyone think it would grow commercially useful. It occurred to some Cleveland business men in 1879, among whom were Fayette Brown, and George W. Stockley, that Cleveland ought to have telephone service. An organization was perfected, and contracts for service secured, with the proviso that contracts would be void unless one hundred subscribers could be obtained. When the company secured seventy-six contracts they opened the exchange, and that little exchange of seventy-six has grown into one with thirty-three thousand telephones today, and connects by long distance with all the cities east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Gulf of Mexico.

The growth and progress of the Cleveland Telephone Company forms one of the most conspicuous successes of the entire system of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The company operates exclusively in the city of Cleveland and the county of Cuyahoga, and has a capital stock of three million one hundred thousand dollars, of which the parent company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, owns the majority. The company has no bonds, and its earnings have been most satisfactory. During the past year the company has grown very rapidly, and expects to make a gain of five thousand subscribers during the year of 1907.

Ten years ago the Cleveland Telephone Company had about five thousand subscribers, and this was practically the extent of its switchboard facilities. In 1897, however, the company erected a six-story telephone building, and at present operates eighteen exchanges in Cuyahoga County, ten of which are in Cleveland. The company is constantly adding to its facilities, and the manner in which it has progressed is shown in the fact that the various branches have maintained a tendency to outgrow their facilities. Not alone has the Cleveland exchange shown a wonderful increase, but the calls to and from suburban towns have also advanced in number.

Its rates are eighty-four dollors for business houses, and forty-eight dollars for residences.

The officers of the company are L. G. Richardson, president; John Balch, vice president; John Uprichard, auditor; A. H. Kirkwood, treasurer; Charles A. Grant, secretary; and P. Yensen, general manager.

The Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo is a conservatively managed corporation, and its relationship with the municipalities and with its patrons is most harmonious. The company's system consists of about sixty thousand telephone stations, twenty-three thousand of which are in Buffalo, and the balance in the fifty-five other exchange systems owned and operated by the company. To reach its present subscribers and to take care of the rapid increase, no less than one hundred and seventeen thousand miles of wire, in addition to that in its toll plant, are to be found in the company's exchange systems, over ninety thousand of which are in cables. An illustration of the remarkable development of the company may be shown by the fact that over eighteen thousand miles of additional wire were installed during 1906.

In order to connect all these exchanges, the company has created a toll line plant, recently greatly enlarged, and containing over fourteen thousand miles of copper wire. For the size of the territory served, it is conceded to be one of the most comprehensive systems in the United States. Like the other Bell companies, the Buffalo Telephone Company enjoys the privileges of connection with all long distance Bell lines in the United States and Canada.

The Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo furnishes its patrons through the measured service plan. The system has been in effect since the organization of the company, the officials believing that this method is the most equitable system to both large and small telephone users. The subscriber who has occasion to use the telephone a hundred times a day should pay more for service than the patron whose business requires but a dozen or less calls per day; in other words, the subscriber pays for what he receives. When the company was first organized the price per message was fourteen cents. This has been reduced on different occasions until a fixed charge is now made of sixty dollars for a twelve-hundred message per year service. Large users of the telephone are given a three-cent rate. The measured service system is in effect in New York and several of the large cities, and it is believed in time that the plan will be in general force.

BUFFALO STREET RAILWAY CONDITIONS.

The rapid growth of cities like Buffalo, makes the problem of rapid transit within urban and suburban districts the most important municipal question with which we have to deal. As the city grows, the area within which a man may live and easily walk to his work becomes overfilled, and rents rise to such a point that a worker must move away from the business center. The steam railroads attempted to solve the problem of rapid transit by running frequent trains to the suburbs, but for various causes it was impossible for them to meet the whole demand.

The first improvement introduced in urban transportation was the omnibus, which required no special form of pavement. This was soon followed by the street car drawn by horses on its own roadway laid in the streets. After this, in quick succession, came cable and electric cars, now supplemented in the large cities by elevated and underground railways. The effect of these changes have been to increase very greatly the area within which the workingman can find a residence.

If we assume that one hour represents the maximum amount of time that can be taken to go to one's place of business, a man who walks can have his dwelling within a circle of three and a half mile radius; or within an area of thirty-eight square miles. If he can use a horse car traveling at the rate of seven miles an hour, the distance which is open to him covers 154 square miles; if it is an electric car traveling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the distance will contain 706 square miles, and if he can be given a speed of twenty-five miles an hour by means of overhead or underground tracks, the distance within which he may live and reach his business in an hour will have an area of about 2,000 square miles.

The results of improved travel facilities in Buffalo have been of incalculable value to all whose business requires them to spend their days in the heart of the city. The tenement system with its overcrowded population has been eradicated, and conditions for the workingman have been greatly improved. The most prejudiced corporation enemy can see many evidences of improved conditions in the Buffalo street railway system. Many new cars of the latest design are being put into service, and new and heavier rails are being laid in the principal business districts; in fact it is the intention of the management to give the citizens one of the best street railway systems in the country.

The International Traction Company is a proprietary and not a holding company, and was incorporated in March, 1899, under the laws of New Jersey, for the purpose of effecting the consolidation of all the street railway systems operating in Buffalo and the territory north of Buffalo, embracing the cities of Niagara Falls, Lockport, the Tonawandas, Niagara Falls, Ontario, and vicinity, and to acquire and consolidate therewith two international bridges across Niagara River.

The International Railway Company was incorporated February 20, 1902, under the provisions of the railroad law of the State of New York, by filing agreements of consolidation between the street railways acquired by the International Traction Company. The company's franchises run from forty-five years to nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The International Traction Company owns all the stock of the International Railway Company.

The history of the street railway systems operating in Buffalo and adjoining territory is punctuated by many conflicts with the municipal governments. Many men have ridden into office on account of their pre-

tended anxiety regarding the alleged greed of the corporations, but in 1902 new agreements were made which seem to be satisfactory to the citizens in general and the corporation is now living in peace and harmony with the city administration. As a consequence, the railway company is spending immense sums of money in improvements. The rate of fare is five cents, with universal transfers.

THE SITUATION IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

There have been many corporation incidents of an interesting nature in Rochester, New York, during the past half-century. The citizens have paid out thousands of dollars to the public service corporations that might have been saved, had ability instead of incompetency represented the people in the common council, and it is no wonder that arrogance and independence for many years held full sway in the offices of the corporations. The managers fully realized the weak and vacilating characteristics of the city government, and trimmed their sails accordingly. Franchises were granted that permitted over-capitalization, insufficient taxation and a general lack of proper supervision and control. When the public woke up the actual conditions dawned upon them, but with the constitutional debt limit of ten per cent. of the assessed valuation and with a close proximity to that limit, any proposition to obtain relief by purchase of a public utility could not be considered. Therefore public ownership, even though it be recommended only as a last resort, was not available, and any agitation along this line produced no beneficial effect upon the conscience of the men who were in control of the corporations.

Time has changed many of these undesirable conditions. Men who realize that corporations cannot be placed upon any pedestal of permanency by any other method than honesty are guiding the affairs of the public service concerns of Rochester today. That progressiveness and up-to-date methods are characteristic features of the present efforts of the management of the Rochester Railway & Light Company is apparent to everyone who visits the head offices of the institution. Indeed it would be difficult to find a better organized force of employes or more general enthusiasm than can be seen in this corporation. Mr. R. M. Searle, general manager, is one of the best corporation men in the country. His manner of dealing with the public and in settling disputes, has won for the corporation a great many friends during the past year. Complaints are attended to promptly, and errors when they are discovered are cheerfully corrected. Last September Mr. Searle sent out thirty-five thousand postal cards to patrons, asking if their service was satisfactory and if they had any suggestions to make for its improvement. A large majority of replies received expressed complete satisfaction, others made minor suggestions, but the number of complaints received was very small. Mr. Searle has taken hold of the affairs of the Rochester Railway & Light Company with a view of making it a model public service corporation, in fact one of the best in the country. If he fails it will not be from lack of effort and intelligent direction.

STREET RAILWAY CONDITIONS.

The present street railway system of the city of Rochester had inception with the Rochester City & Brighton Railway Company, organized May 20, 1862. In 1868 this company was ended by mortgage foreclosure, and a new company of the same name was organized March 5, 1868. Later other articles were filed, organizing the Rochester Electric Railway Company, the South Park Railway Company, Crosstown Railway Company, and, finally, the present Rochester Railway Company on February 25, 1890. The Rochester Railway Company leased the Rochester City & Brighton Railway Company in 1890, and in the same year became vested with all the capital stock, franchises, etc. of the Rochester City & Brighton Railway Company by proceedings taken under the railroad law. At this time the corporation also secured the rights and franchises of the Crosstown Railway Company, South Park Railway Company and leased the Rochester Electric Railway Company.

Aside from the acts of the legislature, the rights and duties of the Rochester Railway Company are prescribed by various franchises, council resolutions and agreements with the company. Acting upon a special message of Mayor Cutler in 1904, the common council revoked the unused franchises

of the Rochester Railway Company, and in 1905 requested the attorney general to begin action to annul these franchises. It was tried last October, and the franchises in sixty-nine streets were annulled. No appeal was taken by the railway company. In 1904 the Rochester Light & Power Company and the Rochester Gas & Electric Company were consolidated under the name of Rochester Railway & Light Company. The Rochester Railway & Light Company now owns a majority of the stock of the Rochester Railway Company acquired under the consolidation agreement and operates its street railway system, but the latter company maintains a separate corporate existence.

The chief point of dispute between the city and the railway is in regard to the amount the railway should pay toward street improvements. In the old days of horse cars, the company was required to pave the street between the rails and two feet outside, but in the city ordinances passed between 1868 and 1890, a period of twenty years, the street railway company was not required to lay new pavements between its tracks when new pavements were laid in the streets. A distinction was made between keeping an old pavement in repair and laying a new one. Some of these disputes have been settled, while others are still in court. The present management desires to determine what its liabilities are and to settle accordingly. The legality of the claims is in dispute and goes so far into the intricacies of the constitutional laws that an appeal has been made to the highest courts for final decision.

The conditions in Rochester have undergone a remarkable change during the past five years, or since the present ownership obtained control. At the present time matters are conducted purely upon a business basis and devoid of political trickery. It is apparent that the rights of the public are being considered, and an effort is being made to promote a general feeling of friendship rather than to encourage hostility. Reasonable concessions, even though not demanded, have been given, and the rates, especially of the street lighting contract, are lower than those of most cities of its class. The price per light per annum is fifty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents. The street railway charges a five-cent fare, and, although its franchises do not make it imperative, the company gives transfer privileges. The cars are all of a modern type and the service is excellent. The motormen and conductors are above the average intelligence found among street railway employes.

Since the Rochester Railway & Light Company has been in control of the public service corporations of Rochester the company has engaged some of the best public utility men in the country to bring order out of chaos and place the affairs of the different concerns upon a broad and liberal basis. There is absolutely no identity whatever on the part of these men with any of the political parties or factions of the city or state. Their efforts are being directed toward the improvement of the service and reducing the cost. In this way they expect to obtain public approval, by attempting to build up their system rather than by entrenching themselves behind political breastworks of doubtful character. During my stay at Rochester I interviewed a great number of the leading citizens, who pointed with much pride to the greatly improved condition in corporation affairs. It is the general opinion that the Rochester Street Railway Company is one of the best systems in the country at the present time.

The officers of the Rochester Railway & Light Company are H. E. Andrews, Cleveland, president; W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. and C. A. Hollister, vice presidents; R. M. Searle, general manager. Mr. Searle recently made a trip to Europe to study all the latest improvements. J. T. Hutchings, assistant general manager, came from Philadelphia, and is one of the best electrical men in the business.

Much of the credit for bringing the street railway system to the present degree of efficiency is due R. E. Danforth who was identified with the company as general manager for five years. Mr. Danforth came to Rochester under the Clark Syndicate, and remained until last August, when Mr. E. J. Cook succeeded him. Mr. Cook was formerly chief engineer for the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, and understands street railway management and construction in its every detail.

Mr. J. C. Collins, secretary of the street railway company, was of great aid to Mr. Danforth in organizing the policy and caring for the system.

HEART THROBS socials are becoming very popular all over the country, if I may believe my friends and subscribers who write me very enthusiastic letters concerning "The Old Scrap Book." That curious and incomparable volume, made up by 50,000 people, has furnished more real solid entertainment, I candidly believe, than any other book ever published.

Its 840 selections have proved the "whole world kin" in sentiment, and everything in this book has a close personal connection with the people, and remarks made about it always arouse the greatest curiosity among those who do not already know the book. Readings from this remarkable collection embrace humor, pathos, sentiment and as wide a range of feeling as it is possible to compress into an evening's entertainment.

Heart Throbs socials have proved an excellent plan to raise money for various societies and churches. The reader informs the audience of the contents of the book, and they make the selections, indicating what they would like.

One reader records:

"I wish you could have heard old Deacon Stanton recite "Church Music;" his voice shook with laughter as he read of the comparison of Solomon with "the lilies of the field, somewhat to the former's disadvantage."

Then perhaps a younger member of the happy circle mounts the platform and reads "The Death of Little Nell," or some mother surprises her children with her knowledge of the elocutionary art; or a father startles his amily by his rendering of some favorite selection from Heart Throbs—these socials are indeed a revelation of hidden talent.

A number of students of elocution have made a great success by giving readings exclusively from Heart Throbs.

Ministers and others interested in Heart Throbs entertainments will find this a very pleasant way of providing unique amusement and raising money; they would do well to secure a copy of the book either from the Boston office or from 150 Nassau Street, Room 431, New York City. The New York office has charge of the entertainment bureau, and will send prompt information concerning the proposition.

In my continuous travels about the country the most welcome thing I see on entering a home is a Heart Throbs Book, lying on the table. The volume may be placed there by the hostess, in anticipation of my coming, and if so, she certainly succeeds in delighting at least one of her guests. I find the book in the homes of the Middle Western States, amid the Berkshire Hills, in the heart of the big cities, in the Rockies—in fact, all over the country.

Some time ago I had some friends to dinner; they came from the West, East, North and South. After dinner we had a little music, and then I studied the situation a minute. "We must do something that will interest them all at the same time," I thought. Around the library table we gathered, and a well-thumbed copy of "Heart Throbs" was produced and handed around from one to another, for each to make a selection, and then the reading began. Each poem was read by the person who had selected it, and

The Flour

Flour?
"Pillsbury's BEST"
—You Know the rest

The following

Special Recipe for Children

Takes a little more time and trouble than to prepare in the ordinary way. But it has been discovered that this makes the ideal food for little folks.

Pour one quart of boiling water into a cold pan, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, and then stir in slowly one cup (one-half pint) of Pillsbury's Best Cereal.

Cook thirty minutes, or longer, in a covered pan set in boiling water.

Cooking three-quarters of an hour will not injure, but rather add to its delicacy. In such instances, however, it is often necessary to stir in a little boiling water to keep it from becoming too thick. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

then we all discussed it, and related, perhaps, some circumstance in connection with it that had touched our personal experience. A stenographic report of that evening would have made interesting reading. We began our amusement at eight o'clock, and it was well past midnight before we ceased the entertainment that had grown exclusively from between the covers of a Heart Throbs Book.

To show how widely distributed the book is, I will tell how I wandered into a banquet at a late hour only a week or two since, and was called upon to address over 400 businessmen of Minneapolis; "King Bountiful" had arrived for the harvest festival of the Minneapolis Publicity Club, and was sitting enthroned. The banquet was held in the Donaldson Tea Rooms, and the decorations were all in character, stacks of corn, pumpkins and various other "kindly fruits of the earth" being displayed. It was the approach o' Hallowe'en, and the spirit of gaiety was abroad.

What to say I did not know; but I felt flattered that any "throb" of mine could be interesting after such celebrities as Adam Bede, Colonel Baldwin, Major Young, Milton Bucklin and other well-known men had spoken.

I arose with some trepidation, but the words of the toastmaster, Sir Arthur Warnock, "we expect a closing heart throb from Joe Chapple," gave me my cue, and set the wheels moving with a bit of autobiography in which Minneapolis was directly concerned, Let Ex-mayor Gray tell the story as it was printed in the Minneapolis papers:

ONE HEART THROB AT THE END

"Do you know Joe Chapple was at the banquet and handed out a single magnificent heart-throb? It was all about two boys who paid forty-nine cents to get to the county seat in an Iowa district and then beat their way to Minneapolis, where there was an exposition in blossom. In Minneapolis they waited on table at the Nicollet house and soon had acquired enough "dough" to essay a newspaper in North Dakota. One day when the walking was good they fled to Ashland, Wisconsin, where another sure thing in the way of a newspaper awaited them. From Ashland they made their way to Boston, riding this time on a passenger train in the regular way. There they found a disconsolate magazine which was simply yearning for heart throbs. They took pity on it, and have been feeding it affectionate breakfast food ever since.

From the way Joe Chapple told it, you might have thought he was one of these boys. It was a great story, and, told with gestures, made a mighty hit with the banqueters."

As I looked upon the clusters of golden corn stalks wreathed about the pillars of the room, I was reminded of the shocks standing in military array on the rolling fields of the prairie states, where they huddled together as though to protect themselves from the wintry blasts. They always reminded me of Indian tepees. This display of corn at the banquet recalled the thrilling lines of that epic of American verse, Columbia's Emblem, written by Edna Dean Proctor. The time is coming when this nation will realize that the appropriate and permanent emblem of this country may be found in the graceful leaves and waving tassels of the Indian maize. What is more musical than the rustle of a whispering corn field, or what fragrance is sweeter than the odor of the fields in the early days of June?

"With its banners of green and silken sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere."

* * *

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the Great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tassled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!

* * *

AMONG the pianists to visit America this season interest is centered largely in Miss Catherine Goodson. Miss Goodson visited America last season for the first time and made her debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck. Her success was immediate and unequivocal. She was at once engaged by Dr. Muck to play at his next concert in Cambridge, and by Mr. Franz Kneisel of the world-famous

The Edison Phonograph as a Christmas Present

NO single thing furnishes so much entertainment, amusement and enjoyment to a family, especially where there are children and young folks, as an Edison Phonograph. It supplies all kinds of amusement at little expense; it gives you a means of entertaining your friends and neighbors, and it keeps you up-to-date with every kind of music by the purchase of NEW RECORDS for a small sum, all of which combined, make the home the most delightful spot on earth. A small sum invested in an Edison Phonograph will do this.

Have you seen and heard the new model with the big horn? If not, go to the nearest dealer and see it, hear it and buy it. If you cannot do that, write to us for a complete descriptive catalogue.

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Kneisel Quartet for several appearances with that organization; she was also engaged by Emil Paur to play two performances with the Pittsburg Orchestra, and by Prof. Willy Hess to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Goodson is returning to America in time to appear as soloist at the Worcester Festival, which this season celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. She is then engaged to play with all the great orchestras in the country, in recital, private and public, and her tour is about to start under the most favorable auspices.

Miss Goodson is an artist of great temperament; her personality is charming, and wherever she goes she wins her way to the hearts of the audiences. She studied for years with the great Leschetizky, and in her the master took a very vivid interest. Her repertoire covers pretty generally the literature for the pianoforte. There is a remarkable charm about the playing of Miss Goodson, and in hearing her one feels the depth and beauty of music to a very great extent. The mechanism of her playing is simply a means to an end. It is her heart and her mind which give their message through the means of her mechanism and which stir her hearers.

* * *

SANITARY milk production is a question that will engage the attention of Congress, and was a subject discussed at the International Peace Congress with a great deal of interest. With the price of milk increasing, the experts at the Agricultural Department insist that a systematic inspection of dairy and farm produce and milk distribution methods cannot be too rigidly enforced, and so it looks as though even the farmer himself will be subject to federal inspection, which began at the packing houses in Chicago.

Investigation has brought out the fact that poorly lighted and ill ventilated stables are responsible for many of the defects in milk. With no attention paid to the stable yard, with swine, horses and other domestic animals scattered about the yard and stabled

DONALDSON'S TEA ROOMS, MINNEAPOLIS, DECORATED FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL HELD OCTOBER 30

with the cows; with manure often collecting for months at a time, it is no wonder that impure milk finds its way to the market. As another precaution, sterilized bottles will be insisted upon, and with the Washington supply as a test, some radical dairy regulations may be looked for in the forth-coming laws, one of which will provide for classifying dairies. A somewhat startling suggestion was made as to whether milk included cream, which seems like another phase of the problem in the boarding house, as to

MISS KATHERINE GOODSON

whether the liquid used to color the coffee ought to be called milk, cream or sky-blue water.

* * *

WE simply cannot help asking things of our readers. The readers of The National Magazine are active people, and they keep us just "doing something" all the time.

The next thing to be done is to send on a thousand words— or less—concerning the *happiest moments of your life.* Now think quick! No query and answer could be more interesting, for what has been fruitful in producing happiness in one life must be an inspiration to others.

After we had decided on having these contributions from happy habiters, on happening to take up a volume of Tennyson, I discovered that this was one of the amusements resorted to by the maids of honor of that unhappy woman, Queen Mary of England, in an endeavor to occupy her mind cheerfully, when health and hope failed her.

Now the idea is not to prepare for this too long, but just tell us what comes first into your mind in connection with this question, *for the happy moments* that flash to your mind first, are without doubt the happiest of your life, for they have left a lasting impression. Don't make it a matter of deliberation, but take what comes first. These contributions may be published in book form, after appearing in the National.

* * *

DON'T forget that this is the last month for the preparation of your Pleasure Books, on which the prize will be awarded in the beginning of the coming year. I hope you have been keeping them written up, and even if a day or two has been missed, it will not be difficult for you to run back over the year in memory, and recall what happened on that particular date.

Be sure and send the diaries along just as soon as the old year is out, as it will take some time to read them all over and give judgment as to which is the most interesting record. There has been a great deal of interest in the project. It will be a record of some pleasure recorded by readers of the National every day of the year 1907.

* * *

THE initial chapters of The Smoky God, by Willis George Emerson, in the December issue of the National Magazine, begin one of the most remarkable serials which will appear in any magazine for 1908. The story is a thrilling conception of the inhabitants of the interior of the earth, and relates to the discovery of the North Pole, a matter that has long received the attention of eminent scientists.

The story of Olaf Jansen, the Swedish sailor, as told by Mr. Emerson in selections from the papers left by the Swede, has all the charm of romance and adventure, and is a serial that will be eagerly looked for each month by the readers of The National. Each succeeding chapter will be of greater

A Few of the Contributors to The Companion for 1908.

Grover Cleveland, for eight years the Chief Executive of the United States; now the most eminent figure in private life in America.

Arthur T. Hadley, LL.D., President of Yale University; eminent publicist and educator; for many years student and teacher of political science.

Sir William Ramsay, D. Sc., Ph. D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry in University College, London; world-famous for his investigations and discoveries in chemical science; a scientific leader of his time.

George W. Melville, LL.D., Rear-Admiral and Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy (retired); famous as a leader of Arctic explorations; an inventor of many mechanical appliances; formerly President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; author.

Lady Henry Somerset, President of the National British Woman's Temperance Association; formerly President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union; formerly editor of the *Women's Signal;* active in philanthropic work.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph. D., United States Commissioner of Education, formerly Professor of Education at the University of California and President of the National Council of Education; author and efficient public servant.

H. Rider Haggard, widely known as a novelist; of high reputation as a specialist in agricultural economy; formerly in the British Colonial Service in Africa.

Charles D. Sigsbee, Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy; veteran of the Civil War; inventor of new methods of deep-sea exploration; Commander of the battle-ship *Maine* at the time of its destruction; valiant officer in the Spanish-American War; authoritative writer on matters of naval engineering.

Joseph W. Folk, Governor of Missouri, at the head of the successful movement for political reform in that state, and a strong supporter of civic righteousness in the nation.

Sir William Purdie Treloar, K. C. B., Lord Mayor of the City of London; historian; philanthropist; eminent public citizen.

Rodolfo Lanciani, D. C. L., Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome; his discoveries in Roman archeology have been extraordinary in their value to history.

Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., President of Clark College and trustee of the Carnegie Institution; once a soldier in the Federal Army; later famous as Commissioner of Labor for the United States; of long experience and usefulness in public life.

Ira Remsen, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Johns Hopkins University; formerly and for many years Professor of Chemistry there; through his invaluable researches and writings one of the most famous of modern chemists.

Beverly T. Galloway, LL. D., Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture; author of works on botany and horticulture.

Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Editor-in-Chief of the Boston *Transcript;* formerly personal secretary of President Cleveland; well-known Washington correspondent; author.

Elihu Thomson, Ph. D., inventor of electric welding process and many other important devices in electrical science; valued writer on technical subjects.

"Maarten Maartens," the foremost novelist of the time in Holland; widely and appreciatively read in America; a leader in the effort for political and economic betterment in his country.

George M. Sternberg, LL. D., Brigadier-General and Surgeon-General of the United States Army (retired); fighter of yellow fever and cholera; in command of the army medical service during the war with Spain; author.

Sir Harry H. Johnston, D. Sc., artist; traveller in many lands; explorer of the African wilderness; formerly Special Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate; biologist; author of scientific works and books of travel.

AND MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED OTHERS.

SEE CHRISTMAS OFFER ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

interest, and afford entertainment for the long winter evenings, and the reading of this story will provoke much lively discussion in the cosy corners of the household.

* * *

A FAMINE in the United States seems impossible; but it is evident that we are about to experience one. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the head forester of the United States government, is authority for the statement that on the highest estimate there remain but 2,000 billion feet of timber in the country, and that the annual consumption is 100 billion.

This means that we will have no lumber at all in twenty years, and the famine will begin long before the forests are gone. What are the paper mills to do for pulp; where will the railroad ties come from? The houses we can build of cement and brick, but where will we get the flooring and finished lumber? Who will supply our packing cases and our matches and tooth-picks, our barrel staves and our wooden furniture? What will become of our wood fires? Lumber is as essential to a nation as wheat or iron, and in twenty years we will have exhausted our supply.

A few years ago our farmers were clearing their fields of trees and burning them up. Timber was a nuisance. Scientific forestry that preserves a country's timber supply for all generations has long been practiced in Europe. In view of the experience of these older countries, our wasteful practice is nothing short of criminal.

* * *

A MERRY, merry Christmas to readers of The National. This is said with all the heartiness that can be expressed in those good old words.

If I might choose a Christmas remembrance, the one thing I would desire would be that every reader of The National should own a copy of "Heart Throbs." Not because of any pecuniary profit which might accrue to us from the sale of these books, but because it is my sincere desire to have every subscriber familiar with the book which is the essence of the splendid spirit of the National Magazine readers, a remembrance of at least 50,000 people. We have printed a great deal of matter about "Heart Throbs," and yet the half has not been told. If you could all see the thousands of letters that are pouring in, and realize the spirit of these letters, you would understand the reason for my enthusiasm over this book. I truly believe that every single copy of "Heart Throbs" circulated, and in the hands of the people, is more potential for the uplifting and stimulation of the best ambitions, than any educative literature ever published, outside of Holy Writ.

Remember, this book is not the work of one person, but the concentrated opinions of 50,000 people, scattered far and wide over the country.

* * *

A MEMORABLE incident occurred at Pilot Knob, Missouri, where the forty-third anniversary of Pilot Knob battle was commemorated, the exercises being in charge of the Veterans of the Civil War, an organization composed of survivors of both the Union and Southern armies. The exercises were attended by over 2,000 persons and addresses were made by Congressman M. R. Smith of Farmington and Dr. Rowe of Rolla. It is proposed to organize branches of this association in every state, and to make it national in scope. Such a league would go far toward eliminating any scars that may remain of the days of '61

Such a union has been a pet project since the days of boyhood, when I sat on the knee of a veteran of the Northern army, or walked hand in hand with a beloved relative of the South, and listened eagerly to his tales of the gray. A subscriber kindly sent me a memorandum of this organization, of which Colonel F. C. Sitz was elected lieutenant colonel.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY'S ANNIVERSARY

By John C. Chapple

JUST fifty years ago—it was in November 1857—the Macullar Parker Company, with splendid courage and audacity, launched a retail clothing establishment in Boston in the very teeth of the memorable panic of that period. The firm had been engaged in the wholesale clothing business; but as the retail merchants were all failing there was only one way to dispose of their stock, and that was to sell it themselves at retail. At that time it was possible to rent entire buildings on Washington Street, so many were vacant; and so the company secured an old tavern at Number 158, near Milk Street. Mr. Parker wrote a long handbill in the form of a proclamation, which told the story in plain English and with the utmost candor, and the public was referred to the new store to inspect the goods.

On the morning of the first day, crowds thronged in with money to buy those bargains; and bargains indeed they were at that time, for the actual cost only was the selling price, and that was one and unchangeable for all—no haggling and no "second price." Those sales were made without cash registers, cash boys or any other of the now common necessities of a bargain sale. At times the crowd became so dense that the salesmen were actually overwhelmed, and were obliged to close the front doors while they attended to the customers already inside; but when that delegation had been waited upon and passed out the back door, another lot were permitted to enter at the front. In this way the threatened crush was avoided. In fact, this great sale of clothing was one of the most interesting commercial incidents that occurred on the streets of Boston in 1857. It was a memorable and thrilling beginning to emphasize the standing and character of the Macullar Parker establishment.

After the rush of the first few days the great stock was pretty well reduced, and the proprietors had come to believe that a first-class retail clothing establishment was necessary in Boston.

The next move bespoke the indomitable push and pluck of the firm. Right in the teeth of the hard times of 1860, with the specter of war frightening capital, making prospects decidedly blue, the largest retail dry goods store on Washington Street—one that had been occupied by the predecessor of Eben Jordan—was rented at the heavy tax, for those times, of $10,000 a year.

"Ten thousand a year for floor space!" people exclaimed, dubiously. "And for a clothing firm, too; it won't do well." But the one-price system had been inaugurated and has always been strictly adhered to.

* * *

Mr. Parker started in as Mr. Macullar's porter and office boy, and working his way up to be salesman, then bookkeeper, buyer and general adviser, thus becoming familiar with every department of the business. Now he is to be congratulated on being, for so many years, at the head of a firm so widely recognized and respected throughout the country. He is still living to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the retail establishment of this well known and popular firm.

In those early days Mr. Parker saw by the light of his wide experience and ample knowledge, that a system of integrity must be devised to carry on the business successfully. Among other things he planned to have a tag put on every garment in the store, so that a customer might know at a glance what the price was. A man passing through the store, and catching sight of a suit that pleased him, did not have to wait for an attendant to be at liberty, he could look and see the price for himself. That way of doing business pleased the public, and it is highly probable that many suits were purchased on the spot. The system is still in use there today. You go in and look at a tag,—there it is,—the price plainly set forth, $22.50

$25, $35, and on up as high as the very best in clothing carries value. There are no mysterious "private marks,"—one price and everything marked in plain figures.

* * *

What first attracted me to Macullar Parker Company's was the fact that there Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, had purchased clothing. What a thrill of delight to buy one's garments in the very place where those great men have so often stood to select their apparel!

Next to that, what appealed to me was the distinction conferred by the Macullar Parker manner of doing business, which had something of the old-time gentility and courtliness—no unnecessary bustle or fuss, and an entire avoidance of the usual worry of shopping—the woman's delight and the man's abhorrence. Since then I have been all through that well-lit, airy establishment, not omitting the ideal work rooms, and have come to feel almost a part of the establishment. They have made a great fight against the sweat shop system, and insist on good quality and perfect cleanliness for all work.

For years past it has been a fixed habit with me to spend, perhaps, fifteen minutes several times a year in getting fitted out with a suit or top coat at this one place—no other. There is a clerk to whom I always go; he knows every fullness and measurement of my figure as intuitively as a skilled milliner understands the complexion and features of her special customers. "Must have a winter overcoat," I said the other day, entering hurriedly out of breath.

"An overcoat—about $25?" I could almost feel him size me up, "size forty—stout, dark blue goods for him," he said to himself, as he glanced over his stock.

I feel of this lot and that one, until the

AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER 9, 1872. RUINS OF MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY ON THE RIGHT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

clerk finds something he says is "about right"—I try it on and look in the glass. It seems to me a fine overcoat, but he says:

"How do you like these goods? Not so expensive as Melton but warmer, and this has the new finish—see these edges and feel the texture in it." I glanced in the glass again and I was convinced that his judgment was right. At home I am told it is "awfully becoming."

The silk lining and handsome workmanship of the garment are accepted as a matter of course—you learn to expect them at Macullar Parker Co.'s. The tailor comes up with his tape and chalk. He individualizes the garment to fit me perfectly, and I have the satisfaction of securing a *custom-made* garment.

At one time I thought that my easily-selected clothes were due to my own good judgment, but now I understand how habits and tastes are considered by the salesmen in suiting each individual customer— the sort of necktie usually worn,— their stoutness or thinness, also their age, weight and complexion—stripes for the fat, and checks for the thin—and other details that never occur to the ordinary masculine mind; in fact the Macullar Parker Company's salesmen are practically man-milliners, whose judgment should be consulted in all matters of dress.

The question arises in each sale,—how will the perfection of ensemble be obtained? How do these clothes get their "becomingness", their "chicness," that distinguishes them from the garments made without an idea of adjusting them to individual fit? The true idea of value, as defined by Ruskin, and always found in this establishment, recognizes that actual worth depends upon its usefulness and pleasingness to its owner. This is the result of fifty years experience and unchanging success in suiting the public with well-fitted, substantial valued garments. For fifty years the man who bought a coat or suit has been returning, and without worriment he knows that the quality, becomingness, and durability of every garment sent from the Macullar Parker establishment are equal to its represented value.

THE MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY'S CLOTHING STORES
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT AT NO. 398, AND READY-TO-FIT SALESROOM AND WORKROOMS AT NO. 400 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

It is a delight to hear Mr. Parker speak of his reminiscences. Many changes have taken place in fifty years, and this is one of the few business houses in Boston that has the distinction of operating both before and after the great fire of 1872. They built anew from the charred remains of that conflagration, and occupy now the same site that they did before they were burned out.

It must be a great pleasure to Mr. Parker to look back over all those years and see unvarying success attending the efforts of his firm, as merchants and makers of clothing for the people.

Nesmith's Freak Shoes

That is the way our competitors alluded to our rational FOOT-CONFORMING SHOES when we first made them for ourselves, and then for others who agreed that SHOES SHOULD FIT THE FEET—NOT VICE-VERSA

Freak Shoes instantly came into demand, and many factories are now trying to imitate our styles; but they have not discovered the true ratio of proportion that makes **Nesmith's Freak Shoes** the perfection, and at the same time the proper style for people of taste.

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We will send samples of leather and directions for ordering Shoes by Mail if your dealer will not supply NESMITH'S SHOES.

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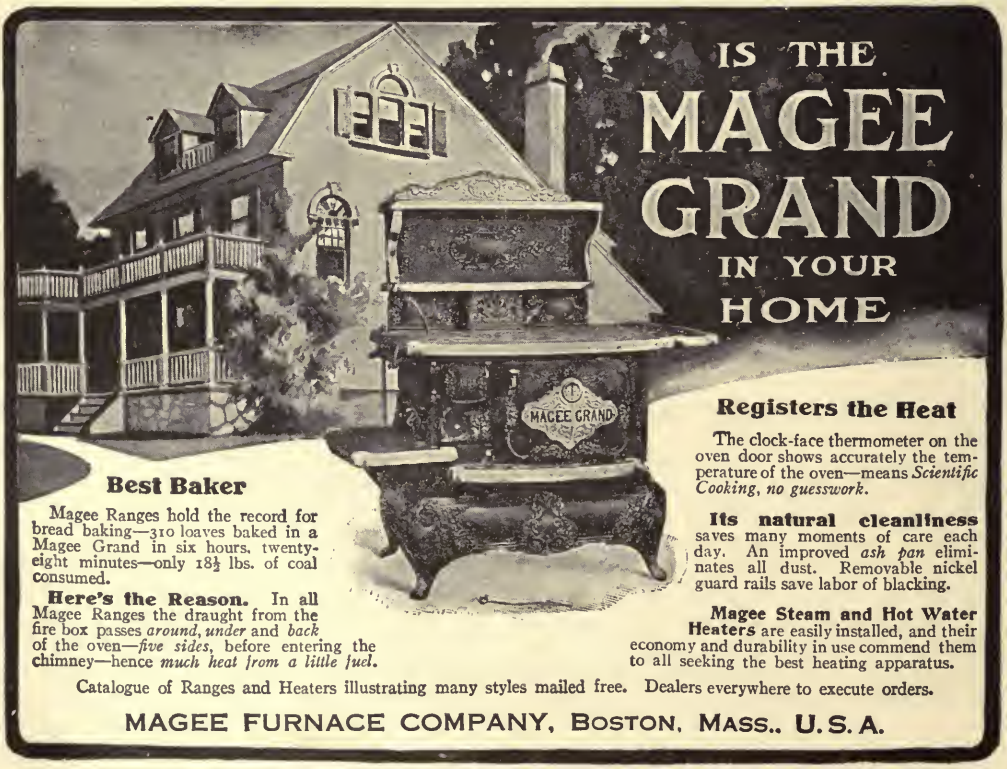
NESMITH SHOE COMPANY

BROCKTON, MASS.



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MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

A GOVERNMENT CURRENCY

SAFE, FLEXIBLE AND UNIFORM

By C. F. Latimer

Vice-President Northern National Bank, Ashland, Wisconsin

[It was at the earnest solicitation of my old friend Joe Chapple, that this article was written. I expressed my views to him upon the currency question years ago. The views have not changed materially since, and the article is *not* the outgrowth of the present flurry.—THE AUTHOR.]

THE recent financial flurry has evoked discussion of the present currency situation. In fact the subject has been discussed at different times for thirty years. Various "plans" have been proposed. Nearly every one of the so-called plans has contained merit, but not one has met with the approval of our people.

The old original greenbackers had a plan: it satisfied the man who wanted to pay his debts with cheap money, but it did not satisfy the business man. The greenback theory was not without merit. Its supporters put their trust in the resources of the government, but did not propose to back up their issue with a reserve such as the world recognizes as the only true reserve for the issuance of such money, viz, coin.

Later on we have had the "Baltimore plan," the "Fowler plan," and asset currency plans without number, but all failed to meet the requirements after thoroughly sifting them to the bottom. At this time a Central Bank of issue seems to meet with considerable favor in all parts of the country, but this Central Bank, owned and managed by the other banks of the country (as practically all the promoters of such a bank propose) would, in our opinion, meet with violent opposition on the part of the people, as it savors too much of monopoly, and would be liable to be used for private ends.

Our currency lacks the quality of flexibility and is not uniform. At the present time it is a patch work of seven kinds, it is like Joseph's coat, of many colors. The asset currency theorists propose to put another patch upon the coat. They propose to take from the assets of the National Bank, in which one deposits his money, sufficient of the assets to raise money with which to pay the other fellow.

The writer is a national bank officer, and has been for many years. He admires the national bank system from the banking standpoint. As banks of discount and deposit, in which men of moderate means as well as those of large resources can receive accommodations, they are without equal in any country. Any five men with $25,000 can start a national bank. Government supervision is excellent, and the loss to depositors is merely nominal. But the national bank as a bank of issue is a lamentable failure. The national bank note is an outgrowth of the war. It was created in order that the government might float its bonds. It has served its purpose, and like the war taxes, should give way to something better. It is wrong in principle, and would not float except for the guarantee of Uncle Sam; and he, out of the kindness of his heart, pays the bank two per cent. interest upon bonds deposited, for the privilege of going good for the bank's notes. Practically all that a national bank now does in the way of issuing these notes, is for the president and cashier to sign them, and this is more often done with a stamp than otherwise. We are today paying the national banks some twelve millions of dollars annually, as interest upon United States bonds deposited as security for notes that would not circulate at all except as guaranteed by the government. The only return is in the shape of a tax of one one-half of one per cent per annum. What other country is so generous with a special class of its people?

Our country and its resources are so great, the demand for a circulating medium so large and constantly increasing, it will be, perhaps, but a few years before the government bonds will be exhausted. The organization of new banks requiring bonds to secure circulation will probably exhaust the supply. At this time we are witness to the fact that our government is issuing many millions of bonds to be used in aiding the national banks to secure circulation, and not for the legitimate needs of the govern-

ment, as the government now has on deposit with the national banks over 200 million of dollars. Money which has been deposited from time to time to facilitate the business of our country.

The question naturally will be, what next? Shall we put another patch upon the coat, issue more bonds, more asset currency, or what? Someone may ask, "What plan is proposed that is better than the plans already brought forth?" In answer, will say the subject is so serious that one hesitates about advancing any theory. To our mind, a return to first principles is necessary. Before our Constitution was adopted the various nations of the world used gold and silver as a medium of exchange. As the world progressed it was found that a representative paper currency was more desirable and convenient as a medium of exchange. Today the average person takes a well protected paper currency in preference to either gold or silver, and *any paper currency not protected by a good coin reserve, or guaranteed directly or indirectly by a government meets with little or no favor.* In our own country we have a currency to the amount of 350 million issued directly by the government. Until there was a disposition on the part of the government to redeem this paper money on demand in coin, it was badly depreciated. Later on, when there was a doubt in the minds of the people as to whether the holder of the currency was to get gold or silver when the paper was presented, came the "endless chain," which nearly exhausted the gold in the United States Treasury, and would probably have done so, if the President had not issued bonds to protect the reserve. As soon as this was done, and it became known that the currency would be redeemed in as good coin as used by any nation on earth, the trouble ceased, and no one has since doubted the value of our legal tender notes.

Such being the case, why not enlarge upon the proposition, and by so doing simplify our paper money and place it beyond the realm of politics?

Have a board of commissioners or governors, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, of not less than nine or more than fifteen men, who, by experience in a financial way are qualified to fill a trust of great responsibility, men who will in no way be identified with the different banking interests of the country, and will, therefore, be entirely independent in their actions; to hold their positions for life, and to be paid salaries such as the responsibility and dignity of such positions are worth, placing them, as are our judges of the Supreme Court, above reproach; make the secretary of the treasury an ex-officio member of this body; place in charge of this body of governors or commissioners our entire treasury system, giving them power to issue government notes, backed by a coin reserve of not less than forty per cent; refund the legal tenders and treasury notes into a new form of government note; refund the national bank notes into government notes of like character; take the gold and silver certificates and do likewise. To do all of this and procure the necessary coin for reserve, it may be necessary to issue United States bonds to quite an extent, possibly 400 million dollars, but as some 600 million will be surrendered by the banks the bond issue will be reduced about 200 million. The ultimate saving to the government will be a large sum of money. The coin purchasers will be naturally from the banks, as they will have no further use for coin except for export, and it can then be procured on demand by the presentation of government notes, or by the presentation of securities, the kind of which we will mention later.

One might inquire, "What is meant by the word 'Coin?'" It may be said that coin should be construed to mean gold only; that gold is the only true measure of value; that everything should be measured by the gold standard.

We would not depart from that standard, neither would we wholly ignore silver.

Consolidating the gold and silver coined and in use in four of the most progressive nations of the world, viz.; the United States, Germany, France and the United Kingdom, we find that silver is used to the extent of 24½ per cent of the whole.

To do away with this metal as a part of our circulation, or as a part of our reserve would be a move in the wrong direction and tend to disarrange values to a great extent.

Therefore, as substantially twenty-five per cent of the coin held by four of the leading nations of the world is silver, we contend that our reserve should be held seventy-five per cent in gold and twenty-five per cent in silver.

That coin is both gold and silver.

Thus far we have procured theoretically, an uniform currency, protected by a coin reserve. How about its flexibility? How are we to issue new currency or withdraw the old as required?

The stock of money in the United States is something over three billion dollars. Of this some two and one-half billion is in coin or coin certificates, and of the coin one and one-half billion is in gold and some 700 million is in silver, 350 million is in legal tender notes and over 500 million is in national bank notes. All of the above should be converted into a new form of government note, excepting the forty per cent reserve to be held in the treasury, being practically the percentage of reserve now held hy the banks and the treasury. This could be done without the least possible friction or disturbance, and without the expansion or contraction of a single dollar.

To increase the amount the government could authorize the banks or others to deposit securities against which notes could be issued. Railroad bonds and bonds of other corporations, which are subject to great depreciation and appreciation should not be used as such security, but the class of bonds so deposited should be of a *public character, such as municipal, county and state*, all to be carefully selected with a *good margin of security*, subject to a *graduated tax* as the circumstances warrant, forcing their withdrawal when no longer needed. Public securities could be lodged in advance with the governors or commissioners that they could be available as security for circulation at almost a moment's notice.

To avoid an accumulation of funds in the treasury in excess of the amount required for the reserve and a working balance, deposit any surplus in national banks, under the direction of the governors or commissioners, taking as security the same class of bonds as would be acceptable for an emergency circulation. The governors or commissioners should fix a rate of interest to be paid upon deposits so that whenever there is a redundance of money the banks, in order to stop the payment of interest, could turn the deposits into the treasury where they could be held until again needed. *Its action would be entirely automatic.*

The process outlined above would enhance the value of all classes of bonds issued by the people, lower the rate of interest on the same, and would be a healthful stimulus to the development of all public works.

Our aim has been to formulate a plan whereby the currency of our country can be placed beyond the realm of politics, out of the reach of men who might manipulate it for private ends, to give an uniform and flexible circulating medium with a percentage of coin reserve larger than almost any other nation, and *backed by the God-given resources of a country unequalled in the history of man, the development of which is still in its infancy.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE.] In seeking expert and definite information on the financial disturbances that have occurred at different times for some years past, it was quite natural that I should turn to my "old home" banker—one who taught me to use my financial legs, so to speak. Some years ago, when chatting with him, he uttered words that I now recall as being a concise summing up of matters financial, which, in the light of recent events, seem almost like a prophetic forecast, with a remedial suggestion that was eminently practical.

Mr. Latimer has had wide experience in dealing with general business and industrial problems, and he has always kept in close touch with the expanding interests of the country. His wise counsel has developed a great many large business interests. He sees clearly and acts decisively, and while never allowing sentiment or friendship to interfere with the just demands of business, he is always humane, kindly and just. It is especially gratifying to note that his recent summing up of the necessity of government currency, to relieve the present situation, is simply the re-affirmation of his statement to me some years ago. Mr. Latimer's article on the new plans for banking has been widely read and quoted by such papers as "The American Banker," "The American Lumberman," and other financial and trade papers.

Mr. Latimer is comparatively a young man, and has been prominently identified, for the past quarter-century, with lumbering interests in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. He is an extensive traveler, is familiar with natural and industrial resources, and has been identified with the work of the American Bankers' Association.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS AND PROSPERITY

By Thomas F. Walsh

An address delivered at Trans-Mississippi Congress at Muskogee, Oklahoma

THERE are many great and important public questions engaging the attention of the American nation at the present time, but amongst them all, I doubt if there is one that so deeply affects all of our people financially, morally and ethically as does the theme assigned to me, and upon which it is my pleasure to address you, namely, the building, beautifying and maintaining of good roads throughout the broad expanse of our glorious country.

By good roads I mean roads that are not merely surveyed and opened, but such as are built. Not roads for temporary convenience, but for permanent use. Not roads which are good when the weather is pleasant and warm, but roads good in all seasons and all weather. Not roads which are adapted to light or ordinary traffic only, but roads which will carry weights that any extraordinary occasion may demand. Not roads established solely for the benefit of those living along their line, or in the immediate vicinity, but roads suited to the public who may have occasion to travel, or to haul loads over them. Not roads built for communication between one hamlet and another, but roads having a definite purpose for social and business accessibility and improvement.

Good roads mean to the toiler better filled dinner pails at a lessened cost; to the farmer an increased revenue from the products of his land; to the dwellers in the country freedom from isolation; to the residents of congested cities an opportunity of enjoying the glorious health-giving atmosphere of the country, to come in contact with nature, and to receive blessings and inspiration at her hands that they can never enjoy in the vitiated atmosphere of city life.

Good roads are the boulevards—the health promenades—and since the advent of the automobile, the railways of the people, they reach down into and touch every chord and fibre of human life, and, like the gentle dew from heaven, they bring blessings and benefits to all.

Strange to say, until the recent past, we have treated this great question with an indifference which, viewed in the light of our progress in other directions, seems astounding.

If our civilization were judged by our roads, we would be placed at the lowest mark in the scale; for among all the civilized nations of the earth, there is none so poor and backward in the march of progress but can boast of better roads than ours. As a matter of fact, we have neither roads, road systems, nor road government. We are barbarian in the abysmal impassable condition of our roads and in the semi-political bandit system through which we annually carry on the farce of caring for these mudways which we honor with the name of public highways.

Far and away in the lead of all nations in the material and ethical things in life, and I say it with conscious pride; keen to invent and utilize money-saving machinery; quick to build railroads and waterways that will lessen the cost of transportation; alive to advantages to be realized from employing the highest and best in all other of the great channels of industry—we are strangely indifferent to the building of public thoroughfares that would save us more money and bring more distributed blessings to all of our people than any other public work in which we can engage.

Look at Europe with its hoary age of experience behind it. See the netted maze of tree-lined, well-kept roadways, that traverse every hill and valley, every glen and canon and mountain in every place within its confines. It matters not where you go, be it along the fairy glens of the Emerald Isle, through the fields and valleys of Merry England, over the incomparable roads of La Belle France, through the winding canons and towering mountains of picturesque Switzerland and Italy, through the fertile valleys —so teeming with human life—of Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary and northern Spain, all are traversed with a system of magnificent roads that are as free as the air to their own, as well as the citizens from every clime, giving out pleasure and blessings to

the passer-by, as well as to those whose homes are beautified and made more valuable by these expanding arteries of commerce.

In all of the countries of Europe the care of roads receives the most constant and intelligent attention of any department of the different governments, whilst in ours it receives the least.

If the railroads of Europe were disabled, the large cities would suffer no inconvenience, because nearly all of the necessaries of life are hauled in wagons over their splendid roads, whilst were such a thing to happen in our country, a famine would in a short time rage in our cities, because only a fraction of life's necessities could be hauled over our impassable roads.

It may be asked why all the old and progressive countries of Europe give so much attention to the building and maintaining of such fine roads. To any visitor who gives the least attention to the subject, the answer is easily found. It is because centuries of experience has taught them that good roads bring more financial and ethical benefits to their people, beautify their homes, make life in the country a joy and a delight, and, in a word, give back more all around beneficent compensation to them than any other work which their respective governments can perform.

Ask the business men along the beautiful Riviera or those in northern Italy to what one thing they are most indebted for their prosperous trade and its continuance, and they will promptly respond, "Good roads." You may suggest that their beautiful scenery should have the credit. They will respond, "No, no; the scenery could not be enjoyed without good roads, nor could the vast army of visitors be kept here did we not have good roads."

Ask the thrifty and prosperous Swiss people to what they are most indebted for the fifty millions that tourists annually bring to their little domain of mountains and lakes, and they will give the same answer. Ask the farmers and the mechanics of the towns and cities of these countries (for they all share in the prosperity conferred) what part of the governmental work gives them the most returns for their taxes, and the same answer will be given. The people of Europe differ amongst themselves on many domestic questions, but in the desirability of building, beautifying and maintaining good roads they are a unit, and they give their roads that constant, vigilant care that keeps them always in perfect condition. Other public matters may be neglected—but the roadways—never!

In discussing this subject I have often been met with the excuse that we are a young nation, and that when we get old like Europe we will have good roads, too. As a matter of fact, the care of roads in Europe is old—and yet ever new. This care has been going on for centuries, but the work on the roads there is carried on with more thoroughness and science today than ever before. Had the people stopped work for, say ten years after Napoleon's time, the magnificent highways which that great soldier built would have been destroyed exactly as some of the fine roads that were spasmodically built by our governments, both state and national, which, having no provision made for their maintenance, were in a few years utterly destroyed.

Hide it as we may, the facts are that the Europeans are alive to the advantages of good roads and we are not; and we will never have good roads unless we make a beginning and go to work with the same intelligence, thoroughness and vigor with which we have accomplished our successes in other great undertakings.

It may be asked if we have the same inducements to undertake and carry out the work that Europe has. Yes—and a thousand times more inducements! We have a free citizen population—highest in the scale of intelligence. We have a country vast in its dominion and which the Creator blessed with more natural gifts than any other country upon this revolving earth. We have a country whose valleys, dells and glens, mountains and plains are incomparably rich in their fertility and indescribably grand in their scenic beauty, awaiting but the construction of good roads to open them to the full enjoyment of our own people, as well as to the people of all lands.

The railroads of our country are each year expending untold millions of dollars in cutting down grades, straightening curves and perfecting their roadbeds, to reduce tonnage cost per mile of freight haul, so that now the cost to the farmer of shipping by rail, his produce to market, several hundred miles distant, is often less than the cost of delivering it from the farm to the shipping station only a few miles away.

As the weakest link in a chain measures the strength of the chain, so the steepest grade in a road determines the limit of the load that can be hauled over that road.

In the improvements made by the railroads, in increasing the size of the engines and rolling stock, in perfecting the roadbeds, and in the elimination of curves and grades, our railroads have increased their freight tonnage per train load in the past twenty years from three to four hundred per cent., with a corresponding reduction in the cost of haul per ton, while our farmers, by reason of the failure to make improvements, continue to haul to market but a few more pounds of produce than was hauled by their ancestors over the same wretched road.

Our farmers, producing as they do so large a percentage of the wealth of the country, are entitled to the best possible results from their labor, and that they do not obtain them is due largely to the lack of information which will come to them from the awakened public interest upon the subject that it is the purpose of this organization to foster.

Permit me to cite one illustration of the loss to farmers from bad or indifferent roads: In an irrigated district in northern Colorado, comprising portions of Boulder, Larimer and Weld counties, careful estimates were made of the average load and total tonnage of beets delivered for shipment to the six sugar factories in that territory last year, and from the data thus obtained it was ascertained that the cost to the farmers in delivering those beets was $300,000 more than it would have been if they had had properly-constructed roads over which to haul the same tonnage.

It is only fair to assume that sugar beets were less than one-half of the total tonnage marketed, so that the $300,000 should be doubled, or trebled, to ascertain the total loss to that one locality, whilst in the entire nation the annual loss in moving the necessaries of life over our present poor roads reaches into the hundreds of millions of dollars, all of which becomes a direct tax upon the toiling masses of the people, to say nothing of the not infrequent loss of the whole crop in some localities because of the complete impassability of their present roads at some seasons of the year.

With good roads provided, our farmers would soon be marketing their crops with steam or gasoline motors capable of hauling two or three loads at the same time, and thus reduce the cost from one-half to three-fourths, and, too, they could market them when prices or other conditions made it most desirable to do so, without having to wait, as now, for the roads to become passable.

While the pecuniary loss to the country from the lack of good roads is something stupendous, the loss in a social, intellectual and religious way is even greater.

Good roads will be a greater factor in adding to the happiness, intelligence and prosperity of the people and will contribute more to their moral and social elevation than anything else that the state can do for them.

Nothing would be more conducive to civic pride than properly-constructed and well-maintained roads, and the artistic touches that would be given residences, gardens and farms would make a country ride one of the joys of life.

The good Lord never intended that families should live and children be reared in crowded tenements or even flats, away from shrubs and flowers and green grass and singing birds, and yet notwithstanding this, the tendency is for people to flock to the cities, and while the cities are growing with leaps and bounds, our rural population is increasing but slowly, and in many places barely holding its own

This condition is an unnatural one, and I am firm in my conviction that it can be traced directly to bad roads. Give the farmers good roads, and each community will soon establish its churches, schools, libraries, debating societies and places for recreation and amusement, the craving for which now causes the farmers' sons and daughters to dislike the farm and to rush to the cities.

Gentlemen, it is easy enough to criticise. When a man is ill, he does not require a skilled physician to tell him that he is ill. I know that the roads of this country are bad, and you know it. We are all agreed on this point, and we are all agreed upon the necessity for improvement. It is necessary that we diagnose the case and apply the proper remedy. My views are very decided as to why we are backward in road-building, and the remedies which I have to offer are by no means complex. Many able minds have in recent years been giving careful consideration to the road problem, and the most gratifying progress has been made in some of the states. I am making no new suggestions today, and am evolving no theories.

Now, a few words as to the defects of our road systems. A dispassionate study of the facts has convinced me that localization in road work secures the least possible return for the outlay. Nearly all of the states west of the Mississippi River have local road systems. To emphasize this point, consider what would be the result if, instead of having great railroad systems, we had the railroads in each county under separate jurisdiction. Suppose that instead of having one centralized administration for a great railroad system, at the head of which is a man selected for his peculiar fitness, we had an administrative head for each county. Suppose that instead of building a railroad system to develop the resources of an entire section of country, we built little sections of railroad according to the whims of influential citizens in small localities? On the other hand, suppose you abolish the thousands of petty road officials and place one man, infinitely more capable than any of the petty officials, at the head of one great system, and give him a corps of trained, competent men all the way down the line, who will be sure to obtain a dollar's worth of results for every dollar expended? I leave you to draw your own conclusions as to which system would yield the better result.

The laws under which the road work in most of the states is carried on do not require road officials to have any knowledge of road-building. This I consider the second weakness in our road system.

A third feature which is a decided handicap, is the use of statute labor. Nobody ever expects a day's work out of a man who is working out his tax. It is a burden upon him. A work to which he is unaccustomed, and if he hires a substitute the substitute feels in duty bound to act just as his employer would act under like circumstances. In our private dealings we never think of employing men to do for us that for which they are incompetent. Then why not apply the same rule to public affairs? A fourth weakness in this system is the laxity in the safeguarding of public funds. I believe that there are comparatively few counties that could give a clear, accurate and justifiable list of revenues and expenditures for roads.

We need only to compare results with expenditures to be convinced of the weakness of our present road systems. With an expenditure of over $79,000,000 in the year 1904, we could only show a mileage of improved roads amounting to a little over seven per cent. of the total mileage of the entire country. This seven per cent. does not represent the work done in one year, or five years, but all that we have to show for the roadwork which we have done since the white man first put foot on this continent.

Another ground for criticism is that under the county systems the burdens of cost are not equally distributed, and the great cities where the wealth of the country is largely concentrated are practically immune. Good roads are essential to the prosperity of the cities as they are to the prosperity of the country. Public roads are no longer mere local necessities. The traffic which passes over them is of value far beyond the confines of the county. So complex and far-reaching is our present commerical and industrial system, that benefits and burdens travel swift and far. And still another cause for our poor roads is that no provision is made for maintaining them, which is fully as essential as is the building of them.

The subject is too great to deal with exhaustively in a general address, and I shall content myself with stating briefly the measures which I believe will place our roadways on a more satisfactory basis.

I have already spoken of the splendid highways of France. A system which produces such results is worthy of the most careful consideration, although I realize fully that our plan of government precludes the adoption of the French system in its entirety. The national roads built and maintained by the French government are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Bridges and Roads, which constitutes what we would term a bureau, this department or bureau being under the minister of public works. The government at Washington maintains no bureau in any way similar to the French Department of Bridges and Roads. The United States office of public roads, with an appropriation of $70,000 a year, is engaged in purely educational and investigative work.

The second class of French roads, namely, the department roads, correspond to state roads in those states of the American Union which have roads built by the state. The third class, consisting of township roads, may be compared to our own county and township roads. The road and bridge service of France is a strong and effective or-

ganization, responsible men are employed in it, thoroughly trained, and the work is subjected to close inspection by government engineers. No part of the road system is neglected. The routes are divided into sections of half a mile to three miles in length, according to the importance of the road, each of which is confided to a man, or a number of men, so that every foot of roadway is inspected daily and kept in thorough repair.

It is well known that the system of raising revenues for the federal government is such as to make possible the raising of an enormous sum annually without imposing an unpopular burden upon the shoulders of the people. We could not, of course, have a system of national roads built and maintained by the national government, but we could have a great system of national roads paid for partially by the national government, partially by the state and partially by the counties and townships. The national government could afford to maintain a corps of the best engineers in the world, who could see to it that the government's money was being expended to the best advantage. Each state should have a highway department in charge of a thoroughly competent engineer, who would by and with the advice of a United States consulting engineer, make all surveys, plans, specifications and estimates and superintend the building of this great system of improved roads. The local autonomy could be preserved by having the assistant state engineers selected as far as possible from the local men available and stationed permanently within the respective counties, their salaries to be paid from county funds. Thus the assistant engineers, linked to the counties by sentiment and by necessity, would follow such course as would be to the best possible interest of their respective counties. At the same time being subordinates of a state highway engineer, they would necessarily conform to the wise regulations prepared by this central authority, and every foot of roadway improved in each county would be the result of plan and method, and be one more link in the great system of intercounty and interstate highways.

Instead of incompetent overseers, we should have assistant engineers and expert foremen, and every mile of road would receive the attention it requires just as the French roads, and just as our railroads are inspected and maintained by engineers and track foremen. I do not pretend that I have worked out the problem in all its details, and I would view with suspicion any cut and dried plan, however plausible, unless it carried with it the evidence that every possible source of information had been searched and analyzed and every feature of the plan subjected to the most searching comparison and the most thorough consideration. I am in favor of a commission to be authorized by Congress to make such thorough investigation and to recommend such road system as to them would appear to best solve all of our road problems. In the meantime, I urge every state to adopt some plan whereby the state will pay a portion of the cost of roads and require that they be built under state supervision, abolishing statute labor, providing clear-cut and simple means for safeguarding the public funds.

The improved roads should not be left in a bare, desolate condition. Trees and grass should be planted all along their borders, which would make them sheltering, picturesque and beautiful.

The United States stands first among the nations of the earth in material wealth, in its credit, in its varied commerce, and in many products of that commerce, and in the per capita wealth of its people, and it is regarded as the leader in all movements looking to the betterment of humanity, except in its public roads.

Let it but little longer be said of us that of all the civilized nations of the earth, we have the poorest roads!

I long for the day when the average size of the farms of the country will be much smaller than at present; for the time when the land for miles around our large cities will be cut up into fruit and vegetable gardens, because that will mean more intensive farming—more scientific farming. It will, also, mean that our rural population will have all the advantages without the disadvantages of urban life.

This cannot be accomplished without good roads, but with them it must inevitably follow.

The happy homes of its citizens and the contentment found therein are the best guarantees of the stability of government, and good roads will multiply such homes as will nothing else that can be done for our people, and if this Congress can in any way materially aid in its accomplishment, that alone will have justified its existence.

MAIN STREET, MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

By Harold G. Rogers

DELIGHTFULLY situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River, at a point sixteen miles south from the state capital, Hartford, and thirty miles from Long Island Sound, lies the historic New England city of Middletown, Connecticut, the county seat of Middlesex County. Surrounded by fertile valleys and wooded hills, and in a setting of natural beauty, Middletown lies stretched along the surface of a gently sloping hillside. The visitor's first impression is of broad, shaded streets with spacious public squares, skirted by a number of colonial residences about which the aged and imposing elms casting their shade over the wide lawns, are relics of the time that Washington passed through the town and was entertained at one of the mansions. Nursing the traditions of their revolutionary forefathers, the people of Middletown possess a patriotic love for their beautiful city which makes a lasting impression on all outsiders.

Middletown is practically midway between Boston and New York, and the Air Line Division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which passes through the city, is the shortest route between those points. This line, together with the Valley Division of the same road, connecting Hartford and Saybrook, and the line to Berlin, New Britain and beyond, offer exceptionally good railway facilities and provide easy and direct communication with other important points. There is an average, including both the summer and winter schedules, of fifty passenger trains daily at the Union Station. In addition to this, Middletown is connected with Meriden and Berlin by a fast trolley service, and a new line is being planned to reach Meriden by way of Guilford. The freight service also is prompt and reliable, and is amply sufficient for business demands.

The steamboats of the Hartford & New York Transportation Company maintain a daily service (except during the winter season and Sundays) between Hartford and New York, and quite a number of sailing vessels load and discharge at the wharves. Manufacturers and dealers thus have a choice of shipping facilities, and, owing to the choice being open between the railway and river routes, they gain the advantage of extremely low rates of freight. Vessels drawing eleven feet of water can pass from Middletown to the Sound during the driest season of the year. The city is on tide water and as a result the inhabitants are able to enjoy the delicacies of the season in sea-food as much as any city on the coast.

Middletown boasts of five hotels. One of these, the Chafee House, is a well-known landmark of New England. While strictly modern in its accommodations, it is nevertheless of the "olde tavern" type, and its old-fashioned fireplace, surrounded with curiosities and Indian relics, has attained a celebrity not entirely local. The motto over the hearth is that of the hotel "As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way!"

The main street of the city about a hun-

Hospital for the Insane

High School

College Campus, Wesleyan University

The Narrows

Middlesex County Historical Society

Berkeley Divinity School

dred yards back from the river and running parallel to it, is one of the widest streets in the country, and is lined on both sides with fine business blocks, bank buildings and stores. The residential section is west of the main thoroughfare, and the homes of the inhabitants are models of beautiful architecture. This part of the city is spread out so that none of the houses are cramped for lack of ground and the effect of the wide streets, shaded by monstrous elms and the residences set far back from the highway, is one of beauty and comfort. The people of Middletown are doubly fortunate, for not only is the city beautiful, but the scenery all around it is in harmony. It makes no difference which way one drives—along the river, or among the hills and woods west of the city—as far as natural picturesqueness is concerned.

RUSSELL LIBRARY

A fine drainage system, due to the admirable natural location of Middletown and a fully adequate pure water supply, contribute to the general good health and consequently a low death rate.

The Middlesex Theater, owned and operated by the Middlesex Mutual Assurance Company, is one of the finest in the state, and as it is on the direct line of travel between New York and Boston, the management is able to secure the best of attractions.

The famous Portland brownstone quarries are directly across the river, and furnish attractive building material for most of the large houses and public buildings.

As is usual in a college town, the citizens refer with special pride to the honored institution of learning whose name and influence are so widely and favorably known. Wesleyan University maintains the same

high standard of scholarship which has always been characteristic, and it offers exceptional advantages for experimental research. Its age, its list of famous alumni, as well as its reputation for clean and fair athletics, cause it to be regarded as in the front rank of the smaller educational institutions of the country. The university buildings are admirably located on spacious grounds in the highest part of the city, and command an extensive and beautiful view of the Connecticut River and Valley.

Another institution in the city deserving of its wide reputation is the Berkeley Divinity School which is connected with the Episcopal Church. It is the only school of its de-

MUNICIPAL BUILDING

nomination in the state, and its work is held in high esteem.

The Connecticut Hospital for the Insane, with its beautiful buildings and grounds, overlooking the river, is doing a great and noble work of which the city and state are justly proud.

Among the other public buildings, Middletown boasts of twelve flourishing churches, a handsome Y. M. C. A. headquarters, a new and up-to-date public high school, the Russell Public Library, and the Girls' Industrial School, and the Elks' headquarters.

Besides its natural beauty and urban advantages, Middletown is the home of many large industries which are known throughout the country for their manufactures. All of the factories are of that class which require

Birdseye View of Middletown

Elks Building

Middlesex Hospital

Holy Trinity Church

Psi Upsilon House, Wesleyan University

skilled workmen, and consequently tend to make up the population of well-educated and most desirable citizens. The following are the most notable manufactories:

The W. & B. Douglass Company is a large concern organized in 1842 and has gradually expanded until now they cover an immense tract of land and employ a great number of hands. They manufacture pumps and iron goods.

The Arawana Mills owned by the I. E. Palmer Company is another large plant, and is the largest manufactory of hammocks in the world. They also make crinoline and cotton tissues.

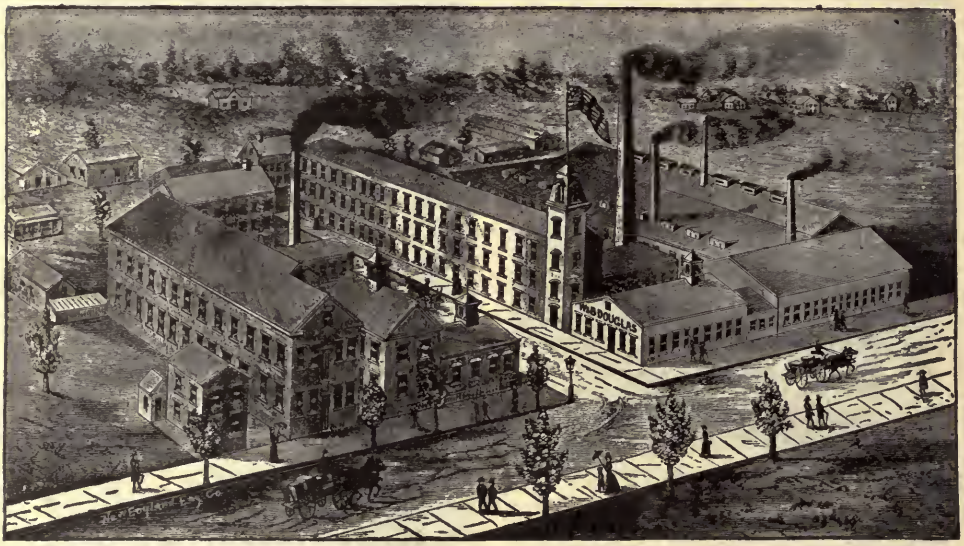
The Compound Motor Company are the makers of the Compound automobiles.

The Portland Silk Mills, a branch of the York Silk Mills of Pennsylvania, are located here.

The soap factory of Allison Bros. is a large concern.

The Beuvenue Granite Quarry is just south of the city, and furnishes excellent curbing and building material.

The Feldspar Quarries, southeast of the city, furnish the Trenton potteries a very large percentage of the material that enters into and makes perfect our American porcelain.



THE W. & B. DOUGLAS COMPANY PLANT

The Middletown Silver Company are manufacturers of silver-plated hollow ware.

The Goodyear Rubber Company manufactures rubber goods of all kinds.

The Omo Manufacturing Company manufactures dress shields.

The Wilcox & Crittenden Company is an old established concern and make ship chandlery hardware.

The Russell Manufacturing Company comprises seven mills and manufactures webbing, girths, belts and cotton goods.

The New England Enamel Company manufacture enamel household ware.

The Rogers & Hubbard Company are manufacturers of fertilizers.

The W. H. Chapman Company manufacture saddlery and harness trimmings.

The Middletown National Bank and the Middletown Savings Bank are two of the oldest and strongest institutions in the state.

Thus most every line of industry is represented here, and the factories are thriving. The city offers great advantages to newcomers, and manufacturers could not pick a better location if they desire a new site.

* * *

In mentioning the prominent manufactories and points of interest about Middletown, one should not overlook the following:

The Middlesex County Historical Society

has its headquarters in the city, and carries on historical researches and the lectures given by its members are open to the public.

The Middlesex Hospital is the best equipped institution of its size in the state.

The Middlesex Yacht and Canoe Club and the Arawana Golf Club furnish an opportunity to the people of the city to enter into the pleasures of yachting and golf and tennis as well as the social functions that the clubs give.

Middletown has the reputation of being a city of peace, prosperity and good order. This reputation is well deserved, for the city government is wisely administered, and the people are well-to-do and law-abiding. It is noted for its natural advantages and picturesque location, its railway and river facilities, and the intelligence, industry and prosperity of its people. It is centrally and healthfully located, and offers exceptional manufacturing and educational advantages.

THE CHEAPEST WAY TO WARM A HOUSE

[Copyright, 1907, by Louis Bruch]

THE advantages of warming a house by steam or hot water are now too well known to be doubted by anyone. It is only the question of costs that needs argument.

The lowest-priced apparatus for heating a house is a stove. Next comes the hot air furnace; next comes low pressure steam heating outfit, and then hot water.

That is, if you figure the cost of the outfit alone. If all owners of homes would figure further than first cost, stoves and hot air furnaces would be more rapidly abandoned.

The outfit itself is much the lesser part of heating costs. The outfitting cost comes but once in a lifetime, if you get the right method.

It is the fuel that counts—the constant expense that continues as long as the house shall stand.

THE EXPENSE OF HEATING IS NOT MEASURED ALONE BY THE FUEL BURNED

Strange as it may seem, the majority of people look upon heating costs from the wrong end.

If the building owner and the cottager could be brought to study this subject as *an investment* no house would be without modern steam or water heating, whether the building is old or new.

You will find steam or hot water now in nearly every home or building where comfort rather than first cost is held to be of most importance. Also all large buildings where fuel economy means much.

This confirms the truth of the statement, which is often taken in jest, that it is only the small building owner who apparently can afford to be extravagant in the necessities of life. Large owners do not make such extravagant mistakes.

OTHER IMPORTANT SAVINGS

There are other savings more important than fuel, but they cannot be so accurately figured in dollars.

Grates, stoves and hot air furnaces bring ashes and coal-dust into the living rooms. All housewives know how much extra house-cleaning they necessitate; also that they soon ruin carpets, wall paper and draperies.

Housekeeping and house cleaning must necessarily be toilsome and expensive where old-fashioned heating methods are used. But the health-saving of this way is most important. A house warmed by Ideal Boilers and American Radiators has no cold corners, no draughts—just sure, cozy comfort in every room and every nook.

Uneven heat is not only uncomfortable,—it is dangerous. Four-fifths of the colds of children are caused by playing on floors or near windows of rooms not uniformly heated. This protection to family health is a feature which figures cannot measure; the healthfulness, the comfort, the convenience of this way of warming changes any house into a home.

HEATING SHOULD BE CONSIDERED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN INVESTMENT

The fuel saving alone in warming by steam or hot water will pay ten per cent. annually on the extra investment for the outfit, and those dividends are perpetual.

The small amount withheld by putting in a hot air furnace or several stoves instead of a modern heating outfit is often banked at three per cent. or invested in four per cent. bonds. That isn't economy, is it?

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators are put in thousands of homes each year to replace stoves and hot-air systems which have been tried and abandoned. The waste of the old way is enormous, the principle is wrong—antiquated—unenlightened—found wanting.

Have you ever heard of anyone going back to stoves or hot-air furnaces, once they have tried this way? Any argument in that to you?

WHY THIS MODERN HEATING IS AN INVESTMENT

The average life of a stove or a hot air furnace is about twelve years. While the stove or the hot-air furnace may not be entirely replaced, the repairs in that period often equal a large portion of the original cost.

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators cannot rust out, as they are made of the finest grade of new cast iron. Cast iron does not rust or corrode, as do sheet iron, steel, etc. All parts screw tightly into one another, and all are of the most substantial character. Ideal Boilers will therefore continue to give best results, and as long as the house shall stand. They are made on the unit or sectional plan—therefore can be increased or decreased in size if building or rooms are altered—(sixty-five per cent. of all buildings are remodeled.)

STEAM OR HOT WATER ADDS TO THE REAL PROPERTY VALUE

If you equip your house with stoves or a hot-air furnace they do not add to your substantial building investment. Quite rightly, everyone regards such equipment as temporary,—certain to need replacing from time to time—losing investments. If you equip your building with an Ideal Boiler and American Radiators, their cost is added to the real permanent value of the property.

Everyone expects to allow the full price paid, or a higher rental. They are more valuable to the building than the veranda, bay-window or any other feature So, too, the little larger first cost could be quickly made up by omitting the useless inner doors, extra chimneys, mantels, fancy lamps that are never lighted, books which are never read, vases which contain no flower, etc., etc. In fact, a steam or a water outfit is *the* one improvement which will prove a dividend-paying investment. These dividends will long continue—dividends in comfort, coal economy, family health protection, household cleanliness, convenience, safety—low insurance rates.

COST OF A HEATING OUTFIT FOR ORDINARY SIZE HOUSES

The vast majority of houses cost between $2,000 and $5,000. A steam or hot water outfit of suitable size costs from nine per cent. to twelve per cent. of the total cost of the house. This only applies as a broad rule, some houses being so constructed with bay-windows, wings, etc., as to demand an unusual amount of piping and radiating. Then, too, frieght charges, condition of labor market, method of piping, etc., may somewhat affect the costs.

The saving of but one ton of coal in a year will meet the interest upon $100 and this sum will cover the difference in cost of a steam or water outfit as compared with a hot-air furnace for a good-sized house.

If one were to credit all benefits arising from use of steam and hot water to this cost difference, that amount would show dividend returns far greater than any other investment feature of the home. It is probably the only feature which in time repays its own cost—saves itself.

WHY A MODERN HEATING OUTFIT IS DIVIDEND-PAYING

It should be easy to decide between buying old-fashioned heating methods, paying a high penalty for their troublesomeness, wastefulness and short life, as compared with the durable, perfect heating by steam or water.

Some cottagers commence by putting in a few radiators only (as in dining-room, living-room, bath-room and children's bed-room), and later adding others as they can afford them. That is sometimes a good plan, but if the owner lacks capital and feels withheld from purchasing outright, he should consider whether he is not justified, nay, cannot neglect an opportunity to borrow the additional sum required at the usual low bank interest, when he takes into account the great dividends which this heating investment will bring.

It is better to delay buying extra fine furnishings. Ideal Boilers and American Radiators should be made the very foundation-post of the home investment. The savings they effect will assist to pay for fine furnishings.

COTTAGE HEATING

Ten years ago it was rare to find a residence costing less than $15,000 having steam or a hot water heating outfit. But largely through the work of the American Radiator Company in bringing out a great variety of Ideal Boilers and American Radiators in smaller sizes, though equally complete, suitable in capacity and price for cottages, small stores, churches and schools, their use has wonderfully extended. Even three or four years ago few houses of less value than $5,000 were equipped with steam or water; but as the public has rapidly come to learn of this greater living comfort, their use has extended into the $2,500 cottages, and even today into the $1,000 homes, and laborers' cottages of less value.

The rapidly increasing use of these outfits for all classes of buildings rests very largely on the investment features of their purchase, and on the present lower costs as compared with former years.

FIRE RISK REDUCED AND INSURANCE MADE LOWER

The statistics of large cities show annual losses running into millions of dollars from defective stoves and hot air furnaces. The tin pipes from a hot air furnace not only obstruct the cellar, but they are also frail. The settling of the building often loosens their seams and joints, increasing the danger of fire.

The substantial character of Ideal-American steam and hot water outfits practically removes all fire risks and not infrequently their use secures a lower insurance rate.

In heating with stoves, fires are kept up in several rooms with increased fire risk; whereas with this outfit one fire is confined in a tight iron firepot, having no connection with rooms above. As every inch of the fire surface is surrounded by water, there is no fire risk at all. That is why these outfits are used even to warm powder and dynamite factories, government forts, battleships, etc.

AN AID TO BREAD-WINNERS

There's nothing so discomforting as a cold house. To rise, bathe, dress and breakfast in rooms of varying temperature—each just short, or away short, of being comfortable—means a poor start for the day's work, either to the loved ones who remain at home or, especially, to the family bread-winners.

An evening in a cold house, no matter how brightly lighted or richly furnished, is a sad climax to the day's efforts. Then, too, there are vacant chairs in a cheerless room—the genial, cozy warmth of "other places" often lure family members away from what should be the place of all places—*home.*

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators will assist to increase the earning capacity of the bread-winners; will yield them comfort, convenience and health protection; will assist to hold together "the family circle."

CAPITAL SECURELY INVESTED IS MONEY PERMANENTLY SAVED

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators introduced into homes or buildings are permanent investments. They are quite indestructible, and will endure as long as the building stands. Their cost, therefore, is capital invested in lasting property. They enable the whole investment to command a larger rental, if the owner becomes a landlord—usually ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. increased rental. They enable the owner to secure a higher price for the whole property, if offered for sale. They enable the owner to raise a larger loan and more readily on property thus modernized.

Other and less reliable means for heating can be bought at a smaller first cost, but Ideal Boilers and American Radiators offer the only way to convert into an investment the money thus spent with the sure sanitary and economic advantages that follow.

IF every subscriber realized the scope of his own personal influence, I am sure there would be no hesitation in seizing every opportunity that presents itself to say a good word for his favorite magazine. While assuming that this favorite may be the National, even if it be some other, let me beseech you always to be ready to speak well of your favorite periodical. It deserves it; it does its best for you; why not give it the small return of appreciation. You have no idea how much this would mean; your championship might result in bringing to that periodical a contract for advertising which would be worth thousands of dollars—meaning thousands of improvements in the magazine; or your kindly remarks might bring in subscriptions that would remain as a solid asset for years to come; so don't fail to say a good word for your magazine.

If that periodical is the National, of course it would be especially gratifying to have that word spoken, or written to us that we may file it away in our Pleasure Book. At all events, let your words be spoken in season, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," as the wise Solomon said.

When you are speaking of the National, don't forget to let your friends know something about that wonderful book, "Heart Throbs," which is unquestionably one of the greatest books ever published. It cannot too strongly be urged that every subscriber should have a copy of "Heart Throbs," especially if there are children in the house, for it is an educative influence in the life of a child which cannot be over-estimated.

How well you remember those old books "at home." Perhaps it was "The Treasure of Poetry," "The Fireside Cyclopedia of Poetry," or some other valuable collection of verses to which you always went when you wanted a recitation or apt quotation. "Heart Throbs" is a veritable "treasure trove" of old memories, for it contains the favorite selections of thousands of people, and that is why I feel that every subscriber to the National ought to own at least one copy of this unique work.

In response to many requests, it has been decided to autograph copies of the book when desired with all orders received after the first of January, for one month. In this volume the name of the owner of the book and a sentiment will be inscribed by the editor. Let's have your orders for the "Heart Throbs" book, and secure this offer. I expect to be kept busy autographing books for hundreds of good subscribers and "Heart Throbs" purchasers—to begin the new year that way. It will be a great pleasure, even if I wear out my best fountain pen in the service.

* * *

AMONG the books of verse that have proved very popular as holiday gifts is "In Forest Land" by Douglas Malloch, widely known as "The Pine Tree Poet." Prosaic and practical as is the life of the average lumberman, in it there are always moments of leisure when he can read the poems of his favorite writer.

These verses have the sweet scent of the pine woods, the tingle and snap of the logging camp, and the rush and activity of the saw-mill.

It is one of those books which one delights to take up and read and re-read, enjoying free outdoor life while seated by the cozy fireside on a chilly winter's day. No vocation is so full of virile and picturesque interest as that of logging and lumbering, and this dainty book of poems will find its friends among all admirers of good verse.

* * *

AMONG the interesting innovations introduced in the Navy Department are the recruiting methods established by the Bureau of Navigation, under Captain Wilson. The work has been singularly successful in increasing the number of recruits and reducing the expense of procuring them.

Mr. J. R. Cox is in immediate charge of the work, and no advertising expert managing a costly industrial campaign takes a more enthusiastic interest in his work. The campaign was begun about a year ago, when advertisements were placed in a large number of agricultural journals. The principal feature of the advertising scheme is an attractive booklet, "The Making of a Man-O'-Warsman," which describes the life afloat and ashore of the men of the United States navy. Looking at the experiences portrayed in this little book, it would seem that our naval service offers about as attractive and profitable a career as any government position can offer. This mode of recruiting promises to be infinitely more successful and lasting in its results than the old time "naval rendezvous," which are still in vogue in European countries.

The great charm of this book is its appeal to the romantic as well as the patriotic side of human nature, and many a great name is recalled—Paul Jones, Lawrence, Decatur, Perry, Farragut, Porter and Dewey; all immortal names in American history, and all products of the United States navy. Many a thrilling sentence that fell from the lips of a hero on some notable occasion, is here reproduced: "I have only begun to fight"—"Don't give up the ship!"—"We have met the enemy and they are ours"—"Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!"—and Dewey's, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," all were uttered on the deck of some American battleship.

The book deals also with the social side of a sailor's life, and tells of his leisure hours spent in playing football, rowing matches, baseball, or it may be fencing and boxing. It tells of the little morning concerts during the breakfast hour, the dancing and the minstrel shows by the crew's own troupe—the American "Jack" has abundant variety of entertainment.

In addition to this, the book gives those solid facts that the hard-headed, dogged, young American wants to know before taking up a life-work or entering a business. In vivid colors, the opportunities of the navy are painted for any man who desires to obtain an experience that will be invaluable to him in any other life-work that he may later desire to undertake, though the great purpose of recruiting is to get hold of the "stayers," and it speaks well for the navy that the number of desertions is constantly diminishing.

MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE TWIN CITIES TO THE HONOR OF THE STUDENT SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The most attractive feature of the book is a practical suggestive analysis of the opportunities afforded to any man enlisting at eighteen, serving in the navy for thirty years, winning his promotion up to warrant officer, as he can and ought to do by paying attention to his work. If he is ordinarily economical and saves a fair proportion of his pay, he will be able to retire at forty-eight years of age with $23,923 in cash, and on a pension, both of which would yield him an income of $2,000 a year. In what career is

Ideal Heating

Cheerful Winter evenings of cozy family comfort—hours so dear to the heart of wife and mother and restful to the bread-winner—are assured by our ways of Low Pressure Steam and Water heating with

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

High winds cannot arrest nor chilling frost offset their ample, gentle, and certain flow of warmth. Do you know that the more any room or rooms are exposed to the cold, the more Steam or Hot Water will automatically move in that direction? Every nook and corner is thus made livable—enjoyable. No ash-dirt, soot, and coal gases to vex the tidy housewife, as with stoves or hot-air furnaces—the needless tasks which make slavery for women.

Savings in labor, fuel, repairs, and the cleanliness in the use of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators (made in many sizes for cottages up to largest structures) make them paying investments—far beyond 3% on bank money.

If your coal bills are large and burly and you have scant comfort, why wait longer with five months' Winter ahead? OLD buildings can be newly fitted while the old heater stays in place and without disturbing occupants.

ADVANTAGE 10: Correctly proportioned circulation spaces inside of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are a scientifically planned feature. Heat is taken from fire instantly by the Steam or Water; and the free, unobstructed circulation insures rapid deliveries of warmth to the rooms—which means full value of fuel money.

Note the thin water sheets surrounding the fire surfaces of IDEAL Boilers, which bring quick, sensitive, full heating value from every ounce of fuel burned.

Write for valuable heating books (free) telling of all the ADVANTAGES. Sales Offices and Warehouses in all large cities.

DEPT. 18 **AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY** CHICAGO

a young man sure of such results? If one out of a thousand young business men could have the certainty of half that sum annually at the age of forty-eight, and for the rest of his life, he would hasten to embrace that career.

This remarkable booklet is the product of Messrs. Street and Finney of New York, and does them honor. The drawings by Gibbs are effective, and were reproduced in the National for December. The Bureau of Navigation certainly ought to be congratulated upon the success of a innovation which is strictly in harmony with the business spirit of the age, and is effectively meeting the tendency to routine stagnation that had previously resulted from too closely following official precedents.

* * *

ON the sluggish yellow waters of the Ohio River pass acres of coal boats. These great boats are locked together so that they are veritable coal fields; eight to ten feet deep of solid coal finding its way down to the industrial markets.

A trip down the Ohio River, from Pittsburg, is certainly a revelation of the great industrial heart of the nation. On either side of the river, reflected in the water, were mighty furnaces belching forth lurid lights, and the twinkling electric lamps betokened activity by day and by night. No wonder that the people dwelling here understand the meaning and the stimulus of American industry.

When I arrived at Wheeling, West Virginia, the first thing I called for was a "stogie," and my next thought was of Senator N. B. Scott, for he is the most famous man in that locality. In him West Virginia has a devoted son who is always especially eloquent over its wonderful growth and development. He calls attention to the fact that manufacturers, mine owners and laboring men are all alike prosperous. When there was some talk of a revision of the tariff, the Republicans of West Virginia were well content with existing rates, and so were the Democrats.

The development of the great coal industry of West Virginia, the senator believes, is but in its infancy. Lands which twenty years ago could not find purchasers at two dollars and a half per acre, today are worth one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. This indicates something of the tremendous fortunes which have been made, and in this same ratio is the advance of other values; if things continue to rush along as they are doing in West Virginia, there will be figures in the future that will make even the profits of the Standard Oil Company look trivial. Such facts as are to be found in the history of Wheeling make one pause to consider that amid all the wonderment caused by the profits of industrial operations, there are few people who realize the tremendous multiplication of land value — how it doubles and trebles until certain land is worth four times what it was a few years previous.

* * *

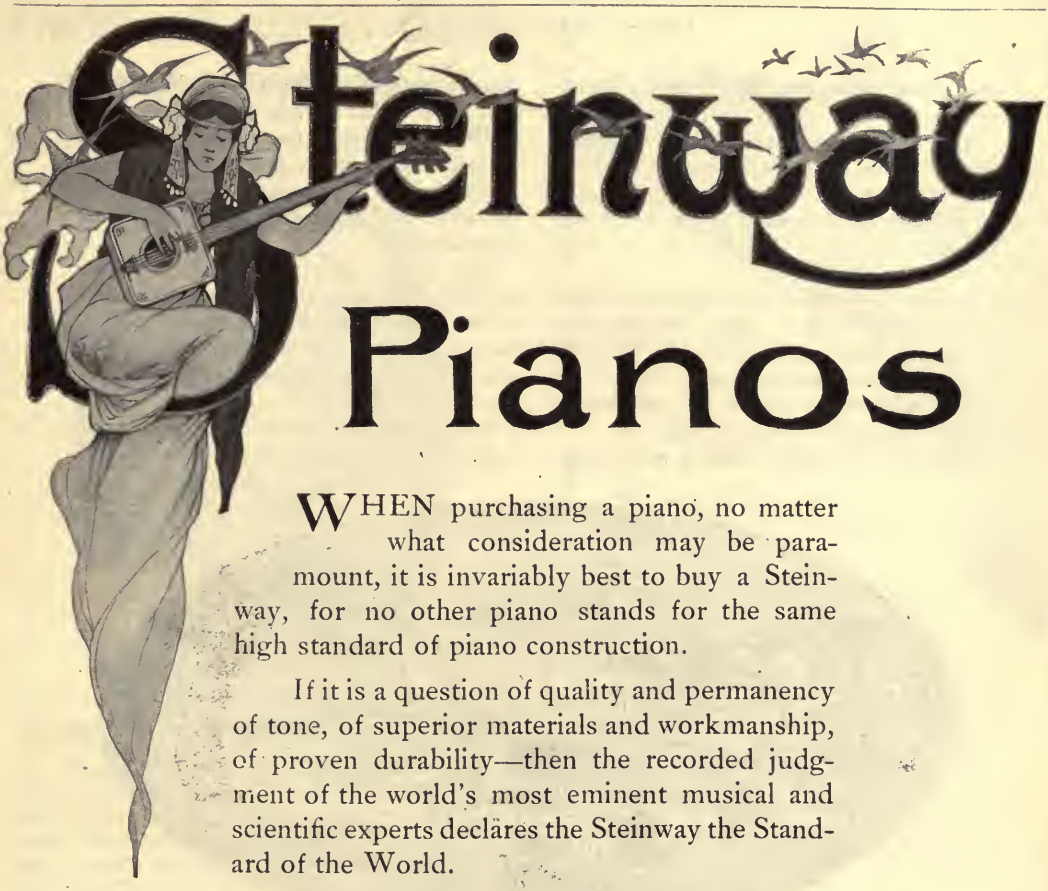
The senator came to Wheeling after the war, a young man full of vigor and enterprise, and has since become prominently identified with the development of the industries of the state.

Senator Scott was born in Ohio, and recently he attended the old home week exercises in his native place. He referred to the days in the old country school house in a way that was indeed touching. He began life as a clerk in a country store, slept under the counter, and in the meantime dreamed of the great things that he would do when he started out into the world.

Standing on the street car in Wheeling, one can readily see that, owing to the way in which the boundary lines on either side of the river curtail the actual limits of the city, the magnitude of Wheeling as an industrial center is scarcely done justice to in the records of the United States census.

Wheeling was the head of the famous national turnpike to Washington. Here Henry Clay came on his way home to Kentucky, and on his way to Washington. Here Elizabeth Zane carried powder in her apron to help in the fight against the Indians; for in those early days there were savage conflicts.

In the center of the river at this point is a large island, which is also an important port for Wheeling. Near-by is located historic Fort Henry. What interested me most were the iron and steel plants which it is said have made more wealthy men in Wheeling today than can be met with in any other town of its size in the country. Many of these men began as mill workers, and through their own thrift and energy, given the oppor-



WHEN purchasing a piano, no matter what consideration may be paramount, it is invariably best to buy a Steinway, for no other piano stands for the same high standard of piano construction.

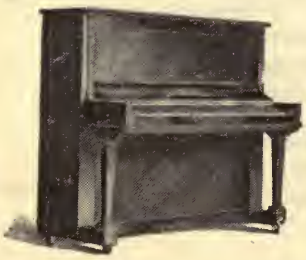
If it is a question of quality and permanency of tone, of superior materials and workmanship, of proven durability—then the recorded judgment of the world's most eminent musical and scientific experts declares the Steinway the Standard of the World.

If it is a question of price—then, all things considered, the Steinway is the greatest piano value for the money paid, for experience has proven that a Steinway Piano depreciates less both in intrinsic and market value than any other make, ebonized cases.

For visible, tangible proof of Steinway primacy, examine a Miniature Grand at $800, or a Vertegrand at $550.

Each piano the criterion of its class.

VERTEGRAND
PRICE $550



Steinway Pianos can be purchased from any authorized Steinway Dealer at New York prices, with transportation cost added. Illustrated catalogue and booklet, "The Triumph of the Vertegrand," sent on request and mention of this Magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th St., New York

MINIATURE GRAND
PRICE $800

tunity to advance, they have acquired a competence.

The Wheelingites have a river of historic interest. The old levee, which was the scene of great activity in the river days, has a touch of the picturesque romance of the river towns of yore.

* * *

At the handsome McLure House I began to understand why so many traveling men pronounce Wheeling the best place for headquarters. The handsome post office in the city is regarded as one of the monuments to the enterprise of Senator Scott.

The visit to the glass works, in which Senator Scott is interested, was a great pleasure. Here glass tumblers of all sizes are manufactured, and it was entertaining to stop and see the senator, in his attentive, quizzical way, pause to note the working of an invention recently made by him. Some of the embossing of the glass is done with acids, the designs being automatically placed upon the glass by machinery, but a great deal of fine cut glass is also manufactured.

It was his efforts to secure a bridge from one of his factories to the other that occasioned the entrance of Senator Scott into politics. He was first elected to the city council, and from that steadily won his way until he was honored with the highest office within the gift of West Virginia. There every man, woman and child seemed to know him, and even the street car men all had a word of greeting for the senator. One of the car men insisted that he worked for the senator thirty years ago. The Dollar Savings Bank which Senator Scott established twenty years ago with $30,000 capital stock, now carries deposits of four or five million, which is an index to the thrift and prosperity of West Virginia workmen.

The great pottery interests in Wheeling have found a world-wide market. Here, too, is the home of the famous Mail Pouch tobacco—you have seen the sign. Here is also a large wool warehouse which handles millions of pounds of wool.

West Virginia, with its rich and unparalleled resources, has proven a great revelation. Its mountains are filled with rich bituminous coal, which is shot down direct from the different levels into tipples on the river. There seems to be no limit to the future wealth and development of this new state.

CENTRAL GLASS WORKS AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

* * *

The state was the Whig section of the Old Dominion state and enjoys the distinction of being about the only commonwealth in the Union without state debt, and the resourceful, self-reliant initiative of the people is indicated by their grip on every proposition that comes along. Not so long ago, almost all wrought iron nails used in this country came from Wheeling, and expensive machinery was used in the manufacture. But, in the twinkling of an eye, wire nails superseded the chief product of the city, and thousands and thousands of

OPEN A SAVINGS BANK IN YOUR OWN HOME

Deposits Made Daily Interest Begins Monthly
Dividends Paid Yearly

Size of Bank, 4 x 3 x 2¼ inches.

THIS "HOUSEHOLD" BANK MAKES YOU SAVE MONEY

AND TEACHES THE HELPFUL HABIT OF SAVING

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED

A "Household" bank kept in your home is equivalent to having your city bank open a branch bank in your household.

Drop your pennies, nickels and dimes into this bank; once a month deposit the contents in your city bank where it draws interest; keep on doing this, and before you know it your savings and the interest will amount to money enough

TO PAY FOR YOUR BOY'S EDUCATION,
TO BUY A PIANO FOR YOUR GIRL,
TO LIFT A MORTGAGE FROM THE HOME,
TO PROVIDE FOR OTHER FAMILY NEEDS.

"DIME SAVERS ARE DOLLAR DEPOSITORS"

A certain boy wanted a book, skates and a sweater; his sister wished to take music lessons and a magazine. Everyone in the home dropped pennies, nickels and dimes into the bank, and in a month there was money enough in it to pay for all. No one had missed the money.

THE BANK SAVES MONEY AND YOU DON'T MISS IT

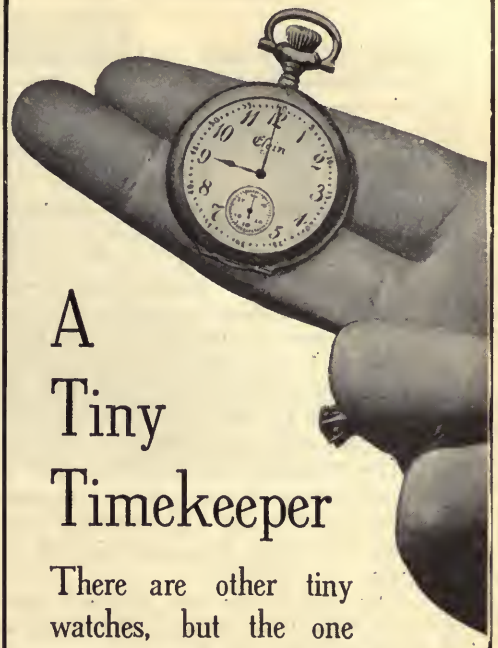
These banks are made of finest steel and drawn into shape from a solid piece. Beautifully finished in oxidized copper. Admits paper money and all size coins. A perfect safety lock. A Yale-style key with each bank.

Sent Postpaid. One Dollar Each

Manufactured and Sold by

BOSTON PRESSED METAL COMPANY
171-173 Union Street
WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.

Agents, our offer will interest you—write.



A Tiny Timekeeper

There are other tiny watches, but the one worthy to bear the name which always and everywhere stands for reliability and excellence must be a ***timekeeper.*** This dainty little watch is called the

Lady Elgin

It is in every respect a true Elgin—made as small as consistent with Elgin perfection. The smallest watch made in America—the illustration shows its actual size. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed—all jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

Elgin National Watch Co.,
Elgin, Ill.

dollars' worth of costly machinery was rendered useless, but it was promptly replaced with other suitable for industries of even greater magnitude.

* * *

"THE Prudential Insurance Company of America has changed to a non-participating basis because it believes that the man who buys life insurance today wants a policy at the lowest possible cost, with the best protection that money will purchase."

Former United States Senator, John F. Dryden, president of The Prudential, thus stated the reasons for The Prudential's change in its plan of doing business.

"The Company has taken this course believing that the general public now prefers low life insurance rates with liberal guarantees, rather than higher rates with estimated dividends.

"We believe our new non-participating policy meets these demands, and that it will be found equal to, if not better, than any other policy now offered to the public. It is issued in amounts from $1,000 up, and contains the entire contract, everything in the policy being guaranteed. It is a great success.

"In the Prudential's office and field administration," President Dryden continued, "many important improvements have been introduced, the effect of which will be to further reduce the expense-rate and bring about economies in management in other directions. This is in strict conformity with the Company's established plan for many years, each succeeding year indicating progress and success, as measured by the most rigid standard of sound economy.

"During 1906, The Prudential's general expense-rate, exclusive of taxes, was the lowest in the Company's history, the reduction being nearly three per cent. of the premium income.

"The Prudential has the well-earned reputation of thorough familiarity with every détail of office and field administration, and its complex business, financial, actuarial, medical and other expense now extends over more than three decades. Every precaution is employed to safe-guard the interests of policyholders against the admission of inferior risks, and the question of quality alone determines the business policy of the Company.

"The Prudential has now over 7,000,000 policies in force, and its new low-cost, non-participating policy is one of the best selling policies The Prudential has ever issued. Prudential agents all over the country are handling the new policy with great success, and reporting big business.

"In a table just published, the Prudential compares its new low rates with the average rates of one hundred and two life insurance companies of the world. The comparison is exceedingly instructive, and graphically

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UNITED STATES EXPRESS COMPANY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

emphasizes the assertion that the new rates of The Prudential are the lowest, consistent with liberality and safety, offered to the public by any company of corresponding size, importance and responsibility in either the United States or Europe.

"A specimen of the new policy will be sent,

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

In these days of stress, men do things that they would never do in normal times. Guard against marauders by having a good but a safe revolver.

The things you can do to an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without discharging it would keep you busy all day. The one thing you can't do to it is—fire it in any other way whatever than by pulling the trigger.

Handsome in appearance, made in many styles—like a rifle for accuracy—hard-hitting and speedy—but always safe to handle.

Send for **"Shots,"** *a booklet about absolutely safe revolvers, and our illustrated catalogue of superior firearms*

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32-38 center-fire cartridge **$6**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
3-in barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center-fire cartridge - - - - - - - - **$7**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 188 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK: 99 Chambers Street.
SAN FRANCISCO: P. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.
HAMBURG, GERMANY: Pickhuben 4.
LONDON, ENGLAND: 17 Mincing Lane, E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

Financial Possibilities in the Navy

A RETIRED INCOME OF $2,000 A YEAR AT 50 YEARS OF AGE, WITH NO MORE ACTIVE DUTY! THIS IS POSSIBLE IN

The U. S. Navy

if a man enters at 20 or younger and serves faithfully for 30 years—and most of us expect to keep steadily employed for that length of time.

WRITE FOR A BOOKLET explaining how this may be done and still live comfortably in the meantime.

THE NAVY offers better opportunities today than ever before. You are sure of steady employment so long as you are worthy; are given a chance to advance steadily, are furnished with GOOD NOURISHING FOOD and SANITARY QUARTERS; are given the best of attention if sick; are pensioned if permanently disabled, and if you remain 30 years are RETIRED on THREE-QUARTERS PAY and GENEROUS ALLOWANCES.

Address for Full Particulars:
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, Box 37
Navy Department WASHINGTON, D. C.

free of cost, to any person sending age and occupation to The Prudential, Newark, N. J., and we believe that upon comparison it will be found there is no policy in the world equal to the new policy of The Prudential."

* * *

IN all the years of the National Magazine's history, there have been only two instances in which the editorial department has suffered imposition from spurious story writers. "The Voice of the Conscience," published in our October issue, as has been pointed out to us, is clearly taken from a story published by McClure's Magazine in 1894, and we feel that it is only justice to our readers, as well as to McClure's Magazine, than an announcement be made of this imposition.

* * *

THE prohibition, through legislative enactment, of the sale of firearms in Tennessee, South Carolina and other Southern states, has aroused widespread discussion as to the constitutionality of state laws of this character. Fred I. Johnson of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, in presenting the situation from the viewpoint of the manufacturer, says:

"The movement by the legislatures of certain states to prohibit the sale of firearms within those states is, beyond doubt, unconstitutional; it is detrimental to the business interests of the states in question, without in any way restricting the quantity of firearms purchased and in use; it is intended to deprive those who live in rural districts where police protection is inadequate, or wholly lacking, of the means to protect themselves, their families, and their property; it is a hardship to an excellent class of merchants, for, while the law proscribes the sale of firearms by hundreds of hardware stores in the states affected, it does not prevent their citizens from buying such arms elsewhere, and the money thus expended goes, not into the coffers of the local merchant, but into those of great business houses in other states. Such a result is demoralizing to the trade of the state in question, and to the firearms manufacturing industry as well.

"It cannot be denied that firearms have been misused in many instances, and have caused no little loss of life. The same is true, however, of many utilities with which civilization could ill afford to dispense. The trolley car, the railway, the passenger elevator, the steamship, the automobile, and other modern devices cost thousands of lives annually, yet what sane legislator would introduce a measure prohibiting the use of any one of these? In its own field of usefulness the small arm is fully as beneficial as any of them, and exacts a much smaller toll in human life.

"The police force is an excellent institution, if only for the moral influence it exerts. In how many communities, however, is the police force inadequate! How many communities are there with no police force at all? And even in those communities enjoying the best police protection obtainable, how many instances are on record in which the police have arrived in time to *prevent* a robbery, instead of after the robber had fled? It is not the police that the housebreaker fears, but the defensive weapon of the citizen whose house he enters with criminal intent. Let the housebreaker and the second-story man feel assured that the houseowner is prohibited by law from purchasing or having in his possession a revolver or other small-arm, and he will work with impunity, for he will know that the greatest danger to himself —in fact, the only danger he fears—has been eliminated. The unconstitutionality of any state law prohibiting the sale of firearms is made plain by reference to Article II of Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which reads:

"'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the se urity of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.'

"The provisions of this section are broader than they would seem to the superficial reader. They permit not only the *militia* to keep and bear arms, but they permit the *people* so to do. Had it been the purpose to restrict this privilege to the militia, the Amendment would have been made to read, 'the right of the *militia* to keep and bear arms;' but it distinctly says, '*the people*.'

"The legislatures of Tennessee and South Carolina have acted hastily as well as unconstitutionally. Had they given careful consideration to both sides of the question, it is very doubtful whether such prohibitory laws would have been seriously considered."
(*From Success Magazine for December*)

THE HAPPY HABIT.

IT has been said that February is the dullest month of the year, and that even the active little rabbits are then strangely quiet, but I must confess that because of its fourteenth day this month has a special charm for me. As I look over the calendar, I realize that these words will greet the eyes of subscribers at a time when fluttering pieces of lacey paper and an air of mystery prevail among the young people, calling up, among the older folks, memoories of the sweet St. Valentine's Days long gone by.

That good old saint! What sweet and tender recollections of love and faith his name calls to mind! Again is felt the thrill of the maiden's heart as she receives that first message of love; she slips off to the house of her "chum," to whisper it with pretty blushing entreaties of, "Don't tell a living soul, Mary. I could not speak of it to anyone but you." And then, when they are safely hidden away in the chill attic, out comes the envelope, and the fat red heart pierced with an utterly "impossible" but suggestive arrow is disclosed. In the eyes of the two young girls the valentine is a marvel of artistic beauty and sweetly expressed sentiment.

Yes, I remember those old days when the crude "comic valentine" was in vogue, and we boys thought what a clever thing it would be to send a horrible-looking, big-nosed picture to a teacher whom we did not like because she had "called us down." We could not forget those sharp words that had cut to the quick. What a splendid chance to "get even" with her!

There was much practicing of "back-hand" and other modes of disguising our handwriting, and the caricature was finally purchased, addressed and mailed. We knew it would be received some time before school opened. Three of us boys assembled outside the window through which the teacher's desk could be seen by peering cautiously between the leafless boughs. A little pile of letters lay on her desk. She came in, sat down and read them one by one. Then came the envelope—*the* envelope—it was opened. She turned in a startled way to the handwriting, examined it, crumpled the paper in her hand and dropped her head on the desk; her slight shoulders shook with sobs. This form of revenge had never been anticipated. We had expected a towering rage; a mighty tornado that would shake the school and furnish us with amusement. We were not hard-hearted urchins; shamefacedly we crept in one by one and stood awkwardly about her; we thought afterwards that Bob kissed her, but were too agitated to remember clearly. After all that hideous caricature did good work and yielded its fruitage of love, for thereafter there was a better understanding in the old brick school house than had ever existed before between teacher and scholars.

Then there was my boyhood's first valentine, in which a magnificent sum, obtained by selling papers, was invested—to ask for money for such a purpose would disclose the secret. From February first to February fourteenth, the parental pocketbook was always safe from any demands from the boys, because "father would poke fun." The handsome valentine once chosen and the envelope addressed, the difficulty was to get it mailed. If I should be seen by any of the boys!—worse still, by any of the grown-up people! I skulked around to the mail-box after dark. No moon, no stars—the cat might see through that blackness, but no mortal eye could penetrate it—yet I passed and repassed the box before lifting the lid and dropping in the letter. It fell with a thud that sounded as loud as the report of a cannon,

and I even held the lid for several seconds, because I was afraid its squeaking would attract attention if I attempted to put it down. All this suspense was repaid next morning when a pair of blue eyes met mine with a quick expressive smile of gratitude.

The years went on, and there came a time when the first "composed" valentine—the outpouring of the heart—was written. How easily the words flowed from my pen! Ah yes! The secret of all the poets, of Byron himself, was discovered—they wrote sonnets to their "mistress' eyebrows" because they loved. The easy confidence of a young man writing his first valentine is astonishing; but he may feel justified in some measure when, after twenty years, he finds it carefully pasted into a book and treasured as the first message of love; even although he has lived long enough to know that doggerel is not poetry.

He no longer labors under the delusion that he wields the pen of Byron; versification is not a simple matter to him now, but he thinks kindly at least once a year of that first written valentine, and smiles at the conceit of the youth who found it so easy to be a poet and make "heart" rhyme with "dart" and "love" with "dove."

Saint Valentine's Day may be said to yield us the beautiful buds of affection, but to see the full-blown flowers one must look closely into life—those rich, red blossoms are everywhere; not alone in the palaces and conservatories of the rich man, but making cheerier the sordid homes of the poorest slums of our great cities.

Entrancing as may be the budding affection of youth, and its first shy recognition, Saint Valentine's Day stands for much more than this. There are many other meanings of the strangest and most wonderful word in the English language. From St. John to Count Tolstoi, great men of all ages have been convinced that the only enduring reforms in the world are accomplished by love; when the great heart of the people awakens, they arise with the determination to do right because it is right, not because it is expedient.

They are no longer cowed by fear. Law, codified compulsion, force of any sort, is a rope of straw when the heart of the people awakens. All legislation, all remedial measures, all the profound study of the philosopher, all the sweeping statements of the socialist and broad sentiments of great thinkers and scholars come back to the one fount of inspiration and learn that if things are to be set right the work must be fundamental from the inside out, not from the outside in. In the last analysis, we are recognizing that this is the solution of many vexatious problems, and difficult questions of the times.

* * * * *

LAST Sunday was "a high day" with me—I did what I confess I don't often do—devoted the entire day, noon and evening to church going. While weighing the attractions of various afternoon services, in passing the Tremont Theater my eye was caught by the uniform of a Salvation Army man who stood on the sidewalk. That blue and red always has an especial attraction for me because of its association with Senator Hanna and others who knew human nature and appreciated faithful work for humanity. How strangely incongruous were the footlights, the flaring advertisements, the gay scenery of Saturday night's play against the severe, dark garments of the Salvation Army. There they were, an object lesson in love, a great army banded together and working day and night without hope of earthly reward or ease; their highest guerdon the hope of aiding a fellow mortal; actuated by no hope of personal aggrandisement, they work only for love of humanity.

Miss Eva Booth, the girlish commander, held the people entranced that Sunday afternoon. There she stood, Bible in hand, her slight form swayed by emotion, her voice thrilling with a mighty purpose that carried its sweet-toned message to the farthest corner of the building, up to the highest seat in the balconies. No play, no "star" actress could have been listened to with more interest or emotion.

It was impossible not to contrast the willowy grace, the severely plain dark dress, the simple yet cultured speech of the young orator with some of the artists of the world's stage. Even Sarah Bernhardt and other great actresses, mistresses of their art, owe much to rich drapery, rouge, tinsel and staging; they must await the rise and fall of the curtain, the change in dress and scenery to aid them in interpreting the meaning of the author. Such actresses work for fame, for love of art; sometimes, perhaps, for money—but she who toils for pure

love of humanity needs no stage setting. Despite the most incongruous surroundings, her message lost nothing of its invincible force; its love and hope echoed in the hearts of the people.

As she told of a great military procession we heard the roll of the drum, the tramp of marching feet, the cheers of the men and the sobs of the women as they bade farewell to those who were prepared to die for their country. The orator swept us forward to greater heights; we saw the vast procession "that no man can number"—the redeemed riding "on white horses." We gazed with her on the magnificent steeds of olden days, when other animals were used for labor and the horse was truly "the noble animal" of victory and state occasions. Looking past the uplifted hand and the slight, swaying figure of the young commander, we saw through her eyes the great host of those who had truly and purely loved on earth, marching on to enter the realms of everlasting joy, where there shall be no sorrow nor death nor sickness.

It brought to mind, in strong contrast, Ibsen's play, "Rosmerholm," in which the white horse means death. While in my estimate of the greatness of Ibsen's dramatic power I yield to none, it cannot be denied that this distinguished daughter of a great family proclaims a message that far eclipses anything written by any dramatist, in its power over the hearts and lives of the people. Ibsen's play may sway the emotions for an evening, but that story of a great love has power to fill and round out a lifetime. What an appeal it was—no comparison with other churches, no suggestion of compulsion; nothing but an earnest, insistent request to aid in the uplifting of humanity. It went straight to the hearts of the people, and at the close of the service they responded as one man, by rising to their feet. No wonder that the work of that grand old man, General Booth, is undying, and gathers force as the years go on; it is built upon a sure foundation—Love.

* * * * *

THIS month I have had the pleasure of visiting many shut-in friends of the National. Hopeless invalids whose lives are an inspiration, an embodiment of love and cheeriness that never can be forgotten.

There is one little lady who spends nearly all her lifetime shut up in her house. She has a book in which she keeps a record of all her friends' birthdays, that she may send them a tender, sweet note—truly a valentine—to make them happy on their natal day. She reminded me of a bird in a cage, persistently singing despite the loss of its liberty. "With my books, my letters and my friends," she remarked, "I have all that heart can desire."

* * * * *

HAVE you not gone along the street and seen the vendors of little toys that are sold for a few cents each?—a workingman stops and buys one. It is the best he can afford for his little one, but what a sum total of happiness those few cents represent to the child, who will get more pleasure out of the little frail five-cent toy than many a man obtains from a $3,000 auto.

Down in Wall Street one Saturday, as the men were passing home from work, I stood and watched a plainly-dressed man as he paused beside the toy vendors and purchased part of their stock. A workingman passed him, swinging his dinner pail. "Have you children at home?" asked the plainly-dressed man of the workingman. For a moment the laborer drew back in doubt, but the smiling face of the stranger, the offer of the little toy made plain the kind intention; the cover of the dinner pail was removed, and the playthings were placed inside over the folded napkin—a surprise for little May and Tommy, when they ran to "meet father."

I approached the stranger, and entered into conversation; he would not even tell his name; "it pleased him to spend his money that way," and he went right on buying many a five-cent's worth of pleasure for children whom he had never seen.

How strange it seemed, as I watched the people hurrying from work, to remember that each one is moved in some measure by the power of love.

How little it counts, after all, whether we are rich or poor, have much or little. I know it is a pretty blue time when a fellow has not enough money to meet his obligations, but it is not adverse circumstances or environments that master us—it is our fears. The power of happiness is always with us, but the source is inevitably the same—Love!

TEMPERANCE IN AMERICA

By W. C. Jenkins

IN the following article I have attempted to make a fair presentation of the most momentous question now before the American people. I allude to the temperance question, which has been always an active subject of discussion and agitation in our country, but which recent events, especially in the Southern States, where it is involved with the racial question, and, therefore, difficult to estimate correctly, have raised it to a degree of overwhelming importance in the public mind. The subject is somewhat affected by prejudice and clouded with passion, and it seems next to impossible for many persons to approach it with an open mind. Yet when these elements are rejected from the discussion, it should not be difficult for reasoning men to come to an agreement or at least a compromise, the middle ground of tolerance and safety.

That is what has usually happened in this country with regard to the temperance question, when the wiser second thought, the better judgment of the people, has had time to declare itself. It is very likely to happen again, even where the recent Prohibition tidal wave (as the newspapers have been calling it) reached its highest mark, and the Prohibition victory seemed most decisive and complete. Human nature does not change essentially from age to age. The present may be predicated from the past, and the future from both, if you have the gift of seeing into the millstone. In this agitation, as in others of a kindred nature that from time to time engage the public mind, the hot fit is inevitably followed by the cold fit. This often confounds the prophets of the present, but it serves to maintain a due equilibrium in human affairs.

History has been well described as philosophy teaching by example. Certainly there has been no lack of such teaching as to the effects and consequences of Prohibition, wherever tried in this country.

I have no brief for either side, and so studied this question without prejudice and with the single view of accepting the lessons blazoned in the pages of our history. The American people have, at times, paid very dearly for these lessons, but whenever they begin to forget the experience, history is always willing to teach them anew. And that, it seems to me, is the process we are witnessing now in certain sections of the country.

That the American people are quite capable of changing their minds, is clear enough from the following statement of the experience of certain states with Prohibition.

Connecticut, for many years a Prohibition state, on a resubmission of the question, defeated Prohibition by an overwhelming vote.

Illinois, which in the early fifties experienced Prohibition in a mild form, soon tired of it, and adopted a license law.

Iowa is no longer a Prohibition state.

Massachusetts, which first adopted Prohibition in 1852, and later several modifications of the same, finally revoked it in 1867 and defeated a Prohibition constitutional amendment in 1889 by a majority of 46,000.

Michigan, which adopted Prohibition in 1856, rejected it by an immense majority in 1887.

Nebraska repudiated it by a large majority in 1889.

New Hampshire a few years ago obliterated Prohibition from her statute book.

Oregon, in 1888, defeated a Prohibition proposition by an immense majority.

Pennsylvania defeated Prohibition by an overwhelming majority at the ballot-box.

Rhode Island, after three separate trials of Prohibition, decided it a failure, and rejected it by a majority of 16,000.

Texas voted against Prohibition by a majority of 90,000.

Washington refused to embody a prohibitory law in her first constitution.

West Virginia voted a few years ago on Prohibition and settled it with an adverse majority of 40,000.

A few years ago Vermont repudiated Prohibition, and South Dakota in 1897.*

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* In the states mentioned above Prohibition seems to have been wrecked because of a supposition that it encroached on the personal liberty of the people.

Prohibition is in force at the present time in only five states, Georgia, Oklahoma, Maine, Kansas and North Dakota.

In my analysis of this question, I do not voice my own opinion merely, but that of many more competent observers. I have reached these conclusions only after the most thorough investigation, being favored, besides, with exceptional opportunities of studying the practical operation of Prohibition.

But I should not venture to offer my own judgment unsupported, and I may cite the highest authority in support of the views here put forward.

A few years ago the Committee of Fifty investigated the liquor problem in all its aspects, ethical, economic, physiological, etc. The reader doubtless knows what this committee was—beyond question the ablest, most competent, most representative and most impartial body that has ever addressed itself in this country, or perhaps in any other, to a sociological inquiry. It included in its membership such men as Seth Low, Bishop Potter, President Eliot of Harvard, Prof. Felix Adler, Carroll D. Wright, Charles J. Bonaparte, Prof. W. O. Atwater, Prof. Francis J. Peabody, Richard Watson Gilder—to name no more. It prosecuted its investigations with the greatest care and in the true scientific spirit, seeking only the facts and not attempting to make results jibe with preconceived conclusions. Where, in special lines of inquiry, it went outside of its own membership, it invariably selected agents of approved skill, judgment and competency. It performed a monumental work that will stand as a model for all future investigations of a sociological character. The report of its findings and conclusions has been generally accepted. Experts agree that nothing could be more thorough and satisfactory in our present degree of knowledge of the various questions involved. The committee itself declared its purpose "to discuss with absolute impartiality all the facts which it is able to collect, and thus to secure for the evidence which it shall present a measure of confidence on the part of the community which is not accorded to partisan statements."

Well, what does this eminent and authoritative committee find as a result of its exhaustive investigation of the workings of Prohibition in those sections of our country where it has been longest on trial?

I quote from that volume of the committee's report entitled "Legislative Aspects of the Liquor Problem":—

"Prohibitory legislation has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. . . . . In Maine and Iowa there have always been counties and municipalities in complete and successful rebellion against the law. . . . Prohibition has failed to subdue the drinking passion, which will forever prompt resistance to all restrictive legislation." . . . .

"Maine has struggled for more than forty years with the problem of preventing the transportation of liquor intended for sale, but with very limited success." . . . .

"Legislation to secure the ends of Prohibition intensifies political dissensions, incites to social strife and abridges the public sense of self-respecting liberty." . . . .

"Almost every sort of liquor legislation creates some specific evil in politics." . . .

"As to the relation of politics and Prohibition, it is a pertinent remark that politics have a double effect in Maine, weakening the opposition to the law itself as well as weakening its enforcement." . . . .

"It cannot be positively affirmed that any one kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than any other in promoting real temperance." . . . .

"The identification of great temperance organizations with party politics has crippled their influence as popular moral agents." . .

"Prohibition held the vantage ground for ten years in Iowa, a period long enough to demonstrate the wisdom or folly of the attempt to restrain and govern an animal appetite by law. The end was defeat." . . .

The foregoing extracts indicate the committee's position and would appear to support the contention that the progress of temperance in this country has always found its greatest opposing force and obstacle in the Prohibition idea.

I may also summon as a witness to the same effect the wisest and greatest man our country has produced, *Abraham Lincoln*, who declared his opposition to Prohibition in these memorable terms:—

"Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of in-

temperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation and in making crimes out of things that are no crimes. A prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles upon which our government is founded."

But enough of Prohibition per se. Let us turn to the more pleasing and attractive subject of true temperance, as it is viewed by those who see no evil in moderate, reasonable indulgence in all of what they consider the good things of life.

First of all, it must be conceded that the desire for stimulants is one of the strongest known to human nature. It is coeval with humanity, being written in the earliest legendary records of the most ancient races. Wine has been called "a precious gift of God," and such it is to those who know how to use it. But all human experience teaches that the best gifts of life and nature are easily abused. There are many sins of the appetite in which wine has no share, but for this reason the practice of eating should not be generally condemned or abandoned. The old adage, that "we should use, but not abuse," seems to hold the best solution of the problem so far discoverable by human wisdom. And it is a prime object of this article to show that right use, not abuse, in other words, true temperance, is as compatible with regard to wine, beer and other fermented beverages as with any article of the family diet. Physiologists assert that gluttonous indulgence in the solids of the table is more dangerous and hurtful than intoxication resulting from alcoholic excess.

Nothing is so good in itself that it may not be perverted to abuse. This simple truth is the sole valid argument of the advocates of total abstinence, which they are in the habit of wresting to unwarranted conclusions. As I have pointed out, it holds with equal force against the abuse of any article of food or drink as against the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

We know there are tea-drunkards and coffee-drunkards; that gluttony, or excess in eating cuts a larger figure than alcoholism in the bills of mortality. All intemperance is a conscious violation of natural law, and is essentially the same, whether a man shall make a pig of himself at the table or a sot at the saloon.

While human nature remains as at present constituted, we must expect to see drunkards and gluttons, but the number of these is constantly diminishing, with the advance of reason and knowledge and the ever-wider diffusion of the lessons of moderation. Men are learning more and more to partake with seemliness and temperance at the banquet of life. In our day, there are few repetitions of the saturnalia of old. The difference between him that eateth and drinketh to live, and him that eateth and drinketh to die is ever more marked. Appetite is being more and more subordinated to the nobler faculties of man.

This great change for the better in the habits of the people, this general recognition and observance of the laws of temperance, which is peculiar to our own time, is to be ascribed chiefly to the greatly increased use of the mild fermented beverages, lager beer, ale and wine, and the marked falling off in the consumption of distilled liquors.

In beer we have a mild stimulant supplying one of the needs of man's nature, yet rarely leading to excess; in short, what appears to be the most rational medium of temperate indulgence. In saying this, I by no means intend to discriminate against the milder wines, the moderate use of which is to be commended; yet it is indisputable that beer, if not actually supplanting wine, is growing ever more popular, even in the favorite countries of the grape.

I am concerned not to bore the reader by going too deeply into the history of the drink question, but perhaps I may be indulged while I note some significant things in the slow progress of our people toward true temperance.

It is tolerably well known that in Colonial times, as in the early years of the Republic, the policy of favoring grape culture and the brewing of malt liquors was more or less consistently pursued by the governing powers. I need only cite Jefferson's famous apothegm, "No nation is drunken where wine is cheap," and point the reader to the policy of Alexander Hamilton as secretary of the treasury, a policy of discrimination in favor of the fermented beverages. The statesmen of that time believed with Gallatin that "the moralizing tendency and salubrious nature of fermented beverages recommended them to serious consideration." The eminent Dr. Benjamin Rush, called the "Father of Temper-

ance," went even farther, for he aimed to popularize them by the total exclusion of ardent spirits. But political and other considerations so operated against the brewing industry that it declined almost to the point of extinction within the second quarter-century of our existence as a nation, and long remained so. During the Civil War public opinion was strongly influenced by official reports affirming the healthfulness of malt beverages, as is shown by sanitary inspection of the Union camps; and a sort of counter-reformation began, with some approach to a return to the true temperance gospel of the fathers.

This very cursory glance at the trend of governmental policy toward the liquor question in our country easily proves the axiom that a people's habits are molded by their laws. The consumption of beer increased to a remarkable extent as soon as the tax on whiskey was raised above sixty cents per gallon. As a result of an investigation conducted by the revenue commission in 1865-1866, it was made plain "that by far the largest proportion of the reduction in the consumption of spirits for drinking purposes has been on the part of the working or poor classes of the population, and has been very considerable."

In this country, as in Sweden, Holland and Belgium and in Switzerland, practical experiments have shown that legislation directed against alcoholism is of no effect, without discrimination in favor of the milder stimulants—often indeed it has but resulted in magnifying and intensifying the evil. And in this wise policy of discrimination we mark the growth of that true temperance idea by which our country is now in the very forefront of the sober nations.

Since the Civil War and the almost coincident setting up of the internal revenue system, the production and consumption of beer in this country have been truly astounding. To make this point clear, I beg leave to quote a few tabular figures, noting therewith that the production in 1863 (the first year of internal revenue) was but 885,272 barrels, and taking only the statistics since 1900.

1900	39,330,849	barrels
1901	40,517,078	"
1902	44,478,832	"
1903	46,650,730	"
1904	48,208,133	"
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The production for the last fiscal year, ending June, 1907, is something over fifty-seven million barrels—surely a marvelous and well-nigh incredible fact in view of the coincident tidal wave of Prohibition!

I am not writing this article to give aid or comfort to the brewer, and I should not myself care if there were never a barrel of beer drunk in this country; but this question is of such enormous importance and so bound up with the most vital of our liberties, that anyone desiring to understand it and to make up his conscience as well as his mind thereupon, must be prepared to face the facts boldly and candidly.

Commenting on the wonderfully increased consumption of beer in this country and the sensible diminution in the quality of ardent spirits used within the past decade, the New York Sun, in an editorial (August 22, 1905), reaches the conclusion that "beer drives out hard drink." The Sun also notes as a consequence that public drunkenness is comparatively rare in all the cities of America today, among all classes of society.

Mr. James Dalrymple, Glasgow's commissioner of municipal railways, who was recently in this country, was constantly struck by the same fact as contrasted with conditions abroad. Drunken workingmen are rarely seen in any American community.

Yet the time is not so far back when a different state of affairs prevailed in this country. It is hardly a generation since whiskey was the common drink and drunkenness the national vice. The change seems to have come through the substitution of malt liquors for ardent stimulants. As the Sun says, "beer drives out hard drink." Moderation and temperance are supplanting excess in the use of liquor. Can it be possible that the American people owe their present admirable sobriety to the brewer?

This is evidently the view of another great journal, the New York World, which not long ago expressed itself editorially as follows:—

"Government reports show constantly in the United States a decrease in the quantity of alcoholic liquors consumed in a year, and an increase in the amount of beer consumed. The malt liquor gain in 1905 over 1904 was over a million barrels. Beer is held up, therefore, as one of the great agents by which this country is to be kept among

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the most temperate nations. It would seem that even Prohibitionists might hold a reasonable interest in the improvement of the hop fields of the land."

Again I ask, do the American people owe their present high rank among the sober nations to the ever growing use of beer and the lighter wines? The reader shall answer for himself.

Remarking on the lesson conveyed by similar statistical evidence, Professor Henry W. Farnam says in his preface to "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," published under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty:

"Since 1840 there has been a steady substitution of malt-liquors for distilled liquors in the consumption of the people. While there has been an increase in the total quantity consumed, the substitution of light drinks for strong drinks has brought a diminution in the amount of alcohol consumed per capita. Moreover, though the per capita consumption of malt-liquors has been nearly stationary since 1890, the consumption of distilled liquors has fallen by nearly one-third in that time. How far modern methods of production have influenced this change, how far it is due to German immigration or other causes, cannot be stated with certainty. The fact remains that our progress has been in the direction of moderation."

Fifty years ago we were at the very head of the hard drinking, spirits-consuming nations. Today we stand at the foot of the list. If this beneficent and significant change is due, in any measure, to the brewer, prejudice should not avail to keep the fact hidden. Certainly it would seem from this hasty review of the history of the drink question, that the road to true temperance lies by the hop field and the vineyard, and that the American people, though sometimes diverted and led astray, have, in the main, followed that road, and are traveling it today.

There has never been a lack of brave, clear-seeing men to point the way, in spite of social prejudice. The late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, eminent as a thinker and reformer, declared that "the right way of dealing with the liquor traffic must be one that recognizes, practically, the difference between injurious and harmless drinks. Such a system would be found in the exclusion of distilled liquors, from use as a beverage, both by public opinion and by law, and the wise regulation in society and the state of the use of vinous and malt-liquors."

Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, who some years ago conducted for the Massachusetts State Board of Health an inquiry into the subject of intemperance, testifies as follows:

"I fully agree with all that has been said of the value of light wine as an aid to temperance, but I believe that the Germans are destined to be really the greatest benefactors of this country by bringing to us, if we choose to accept the boon, their lager beer. Lager beer contains less alcohol than any of the native grape wines." (About three and one-half to four per cent.)

Among the more important conclusions formulated by Dr. Bowditch, as a result of this "cosmic inquiry," the following are worthy of special notice:—

"Races are modified physically and morally by the kind of liquor they use, as proved by examination of the returns from Austria and Switzerland.

"Beer, native light grape wines and ardent spirits should not be classed together, for they produce very different effects upon the individual and upon the race.

"Light German beer and ale can be used even freely, without any very apparent injury to the individual or without causing intoxication."

Reports of the Internal Revenue Office show that in all the states where prohibitory or restrictive laws are in force, the number of licenses issued to retail liquor dealers increases rapidly, though not quite as fast as the licenses to malt-liquor dealers decrease.

Mr. E. Cauderlier, national secretary of the Belgian League against Alcohol, and a distinguished European sociologist, says: "The further I penetrate into the core of this question, the less can I appreciate the American movement in favor of prohibiting or even obstructing, by legal measures, the use of beer and wine. . . . In the south of France, in Italy and in Spain, wine has been used as a beverage for over 2,000 years; yet alcoholism is unknown. In the south of France, there are proportionately fewer drunkards and fewer paupers than in the state of Maine."

The policy of Belgium, in dealing with the

drink question is well known. It is tersely epitomized in the following extract from a report of the Belgian secretary of the treasury, relative to a law passed in 1897 abolishing municipal taxes on beer, wine and cider:

"By removing local tax-burdens from beer, wine and cider, the law, naturally, lowers the price of these beverages and increases their consumption, thus serving the interests of public health by substituting these healthful beverages for ardent spirits."

The same policy prevails in Switzerland, the "ideal republic."

The International Temperance Congress held at Paris a few years ago, adopted a resolution recommending to the Government two distinct measures, viz:—

1. That the sale of impure distilled spirits be forbidden, and that pure liquors of this class be heavily taxed.

2. That no taxes should be imposed upon healthy beverages, such as all fermented drinks, (wine and beer) and tea and coffee.

Let us look at another aspect of the question. The most formidable temperance organization now in the field calls itself the Anti-Saloon League, thus marking effectively for its purpose the chief object of its attack. The very word "saloon" is a bait to prejudice and a red flag flaunted in the face of respectability, though as might easily be shown, the term has very aristocratic antecedents. Unquestionably, the saloon deserves much of the odium attaching to it. There are altogether too many vicious, low dives passing under this designation, and the number of good, decent, law-abiding places none too large. But in making my investigations for this article, I was astonished to find that the brewers generally disclaim responsibility for these, and have even devised measures to suppress them—measures, too, as in Texas and elsewhere, involving the expenditure of much money—brewers' money, be it noted. I quote a paragraph bearing on this point from some resolutions adopted by the New Jersey brewers, as an evidence of the brewers' attitude through the country.

"That our business depends, for success, upon moderation and temperance, and it is, therefore, our duty to discourage all forms of intemperance.

"That we denounce all places of an unlawful and disorderly character, and heartily recommend the enactment of such laws as will effectually prevent them and severely punish those who attempt to conduct them.

"That we use our best endeavors and influence, both individually and as an association, with both national and state legislatures to spread upon our statute books such laws as will permit us and those who deal with us to do business as respectable and legitimate business men; and that, in enacting such laws, due consideration should be given all classes of people who constitute the cosmopolitan citizenship of this great country, as well as due regard for all classes of worshippers, so that each and every citizen may enjoy the personal liberty our constitution guarantees without infringing upon the rights of others."

This is excellent language for the brewer to hold, and I think it ought to be counted to him for righteousness, his opponents to the contrary notwithstanding. Perhaps it will do no harm to give him credit for his worthy intentions, and then hold him to them.

But let us see what the experts have to say on this very important branch of our subject. The saloon was specially and thoroughly investigated by the Committee of Fifty (whose work I have already glanced at), and its report thereupon occupies a considerable portion of the volume entitled "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," and the whole of the volume labeled "Substitutes for the Saloon." I subjoin a few pertinent extracts:—

"Latterly men have begun to inquire whether, after all, current views have consigned the saloon to its proper place in our social economy. If the saloon be but a destroying force in the community, how could it thus long have escaped destruction? Since the saloon remains, is it not probable that it ministers to deep-rooted wants of men which so far no other agency supplies?"

Speaking of the saloons in the Jewish quarter of New York City, south of East Houston Street and east of the Bowery, the Commitee says: "Here, then, we find saloon-keepers and saloon patrons of a most abstemious race, thrifty often to penurious-

ness, among whom drunkards are exceedingly rare. Yet they drink and the saloon is to them an important institution."

Of the saloons in the Italian quarter the Committee says: "Drinking to the point of intoxication is the exception in these saloons, for the Italians are a temperate people. To them the saloon means, in the first instance, social opportunity unpurchaseable elsewhere for any price within their reach, and without which their lives would be a dreary waste. Drink, though inseparable from the saloon, does not appear to be indulged in by a majority for drinks' sake, but as a means to great sociality and an unavoidable tribute for the privileges of the place."

As to German saloons the Committee remarks:—

"The characteristics of the ordinary German beer shops, such as abound in the typically German districts, are so generally known that little need be said about them. One observes in them a large consumption of beer and various foods, little visible intoxication, and an air of heartiness (Gemuthlichkeit) all the German's own. It is expected that the patron will take his ease here, every convenience being afforded for that purpose, and other means than drinking are at hand to pass the idle hour.

"In the degree that beer to the German is a necessary of life, in the same degree the saloon stands for beer-drinking, but not for a place of inebriation. If it were but this, would the self-respecting German workman take his wife and other female members of his family there? A craving for Geselligkeit (sociability) is probably more developed among the Germans than among any other people. The saloon provides the only place in which it can be obtained for a nominal price by thousands of sober and thrifty Germans.

"The tavern instinct of our Saxon forefathers is the chief impulse, aside from the drink itself, which draws their hosts within the saloons that line our streets. This instinct must be reckoned with.

Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, famous for his first-hand studies of social conditions, thus expresses his views as to the saloon:—

"It is a serious mistake to suppose that saloon keepers, as a class, are bent upon the destruction of their fellowmen, and callous to any appeal for help from their victims. They are often men of quite singular, practical helpfulness to the people about them.

"The saloon, in relation to the wage-earning classes of America, is an organ of high developments, adapting itself with singular perfectness in catering in a hundred ways to the social and political needs of men."

The committee devotes a special volume to the subject, "Substitutes for the Saloon." It concedes that the saloon is "the poor man's club in that it offers him, with much that is undoubtedly injurious, a measure of fellowship and recreation for which he would look elsewhere in vain." It points out also, that "the laboring man out of employment knows that in some saloons he is likely not only to find temporary relief, but assistance in finding work. . . . Many a man has been put on his feet by just this kind of help."

The committee asks in conclusion:—"Are there any true substitutes for the saloon in New York?" And it thus answers the question: "We do not believe that the saloon-keeper considers that he has other serious rivals than those competing with him for trade. We are mindful of the heroic work done by the settlements, churches, and missions, but it is on the whole of a preventive character, unless we except the influence of individual upon individual; and institutions to assume the peculiar functions of the saloon are not provided."

So much for the saloon. These extracts make it sufficiently clear, that if we may trust the able investigators of the Committee of Fifty, it has a well defined and useful place in our social economy. And—we are not to forget—the committee confessed themselves unable to suggest a good working substitute for it.

This same learned and impartial Committee of Fifty would seem, likewise, to have done a good work in exposing the gross errors that have gathered about the liquor question in its physiological aspect. The volume which it devotes to this branch of the subject is a marvel of learning, painstaking labor and intelligent research. I may confess that it has considerably influenced my own views, but I feel that I am in safe hands.

The committee points out that much of the method and substance of the so-called scientific temperance instruction in the public schools is unscientific and undesirable, and not in accord with the opinions of a large majority of the leading physiologists of Europe. It should not be taught, urges the committee, that the drinking of one or two glasses of wine or beer by a grown-up person is very dangerous, for it is not true, and many children know by their home experience that it is not true.

Further, it is pointed out that the "lurid pictures of the drunkard's stomach, given in certain popular pseudo-scientific temperance tracts, are drawn from the imagination and not from nature."

The committee condemns the compulsory so-called "scientific temperance education" laws that have been enacted in nearly all the states of the Union, at the behest of a powerful temperance organization.

After citing many statements from these textbooks, alleging the deadly character of all alcoholic drinks, and the terrible category of evils which flow from their use, the committee says:—

"The books, especially those intended for the lower grades, fairly bristle with statements of a character to work upon the fears of the reader, and remind one in this respect, of patent medicine advertisements."

Among the eminent physiologists and scientific men cited by the committee, as sharing its disapproval of this textbook temperance physiology, are many leaders of their profession both in Europe and America. The reader will pardon me if, for further details of this subject, I refer him to the committee's invaluable work "Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem." I must inform him, however, that the committee ascertained by a thorough canvass of teachers in New York, Massachusetts and Wisconsin, that a very large majority were opposed to the teaching of alcohol physiology, as promoted by the various temperance organizations. It points out, as a conclusion from the mass of evidence collected, that "under the name of 'Scientific Temperance Instruction,' there has been grafted upon the public school system of nearly all our states an educational scheme relating to alcohol which is neither scientific nor temperate nor instructive."

Finally, the committee proposes an educational scheme which might well take as its motto the words of the Chinese proverb:

"Intoxication is not the wine's fault, but the man's."

There remains much unsaid, and it will perhaps, be urged that I have slurred over or neglected some of the most important aspects of the drink question. Well, it is an immense question, and he would be an able man who should exhaust it in one article —or indeed, in a series of articles. Perhaps I have said enough to cast some light on the problem in its broader bearings, as affecting the destiny of the American people; enough to give us a good hope that they will not go wrong finally in effecting a satisfactory solution.

MR. C. J. BAILEY OF RUBBER FAME

FEW men are more prominently identified with the manufacture of rubber specialties than Mr. C. J. Bailey of Boston; in fact, his rubber goods are so widely and generally used in every household that it may be said that the name of C. J. Bailey is almost as closely associated with the rubber trade as is the name of Goodyear.

Born on a farm in Michigan, Mr. Bailey —reversing the advice of Horace Greeley to "go West, young man," "came East, young man," and located in Lynn, Massachusetts, where he engaged in the dry goods business, late in the seventies. For the past eighteen years he has devoted his time to the devising of rubber specialties, and his first invention, the Bailey rubber brush, is now a standard product the world over. This was but the forerunner of the sixty-eight or seventy patents that he has since successfully exploited on the world's markets, including the Bailey Ribbed Back Rubber and Watertight Foothold, now leased to the Hood Rubber Company.

MR. C. J. BAILEY

Mr. Bailey has made a close and scientific study of the uses of rubber, and it seems just as necessary for him to *invent* things as it is for him to breathe. Perhaps none of his inventions are more popular than the "Good Samaritan" hot water bottle, which has revolutionized the use of hot or cold water as a remedial agency. This new water bag is made of red rubber and has a solid disc insertion in the center, about the size of a dollar; the bottle being of peculiar shape can be applied to the patient without any tying or strapping. The rubber of which these bottles are made is as soft and pliable as a glove, and when filled with water the bottle can be run around the neck like a boa, or easily doubled for the feet or body; it is especially adapted for cases where hot water applications are needed, as it furnishes three times the radiating surface supplied by other bottles. This "Good Samaritan" can be held to the face like a warm cloth, but has a great advantage over any other hot application in that it retains the heat and is very light in weight.

A complete list of the rubber specialties invented by Mr. Bailey reads like a cyclopedia of the uses of rubber in these modern times, and one has to look at that modest and interesting 100 page catalogue to realize what rubber can do in sickness and in health. It really seems that Mr. Bailey has invented everything in rubber known to the American people, with the exception of "the rubber neck."

Many people think that the climax of Mr. Bailey's inventions is his Bailey's "Won't Slip" automobile tires, made in Clincher,

Fiske, Quic. Detachable and Dunlop. The automobilists who travel several hundred miles a week will appreciate what these tires mean to them. The Bailey Tires are now used extensively on motor bicycles, automobiles and all other vehicles requiring rubber-tired wheels. Eight of the largest rubber companies of the United States are manufacturing these tires, and up to the present time have been unable to fill all orders that have come constantly pouring in. One tire sells another, because among other virtues the "Won't Slip" greatly lessens the danger of puncturing and skidding, which is a great consideration when mud, sand, or asphalt has to be passed over. On such surfaces its perfect traction comes into play, and the full power of the car can always be utilized. This means a great deal to the ardent autoist, whether he is out merely for pleasure, or in pursuit of glory on the race track. It has been aptly said, that the Bailey "Won't Slip" Tire is to the automobile what the rudder is to the ship, and on long tours especially, the machine should certainly be equipped with the "Won't Slip" tires.

Nine years ago, one of the charter members of the National Magazine's advertising department was C. J. Bailey. If there ever was a man who believed in advertising, and who has used it to the fullest limit, it is C. J. Bailey. By this means alone he has created an immense demand for his goods, and the desire once created among the consumers, the request goes in to the retailers, and from them to the jobbers, and so on to the manufacturers. Bailey's Rubber Store 22 Boylston Street, is now the largest exclusive Retail Rubber Store in this country, and it is a singular fact that the wholesale is all handled without a single travelling salesman. In the first instance the success of the goods might be accounted for by the fact that they were introduced to practically every consumer by means of advertising, but this alone could never have built up this vast trade, for the only solid foundation for a business of proportions is *merit*, and this the Bailey products certainly possess.

Ever since the first advertisement inserted by Mr. Bailey in the National Magazine, there has not been an issue of the magazine

RESIDENCE OF MR. C. J. BAILEY AT NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

that has gone to press without an advertisement exploiting his goods, so that the National Magazine readers feel that the name of C. J. Bailey is very familiar to them.

Although in days gone by, when he began using our advertising columns, I knew Mr. Bailey very well, yet two years elapsed without chancing to meet him. The other day, passing down Boylston Street, my gaze was attracted by one of his windows, where an athlete was testing the latest Bailey invention, the "Bailey Rubber Exerciser." Crowds stood admiring the prowess of the man in the window, and during the few minutes I was there, several distinguished looking men passed into the store and made purchases.

On that day I chanced to meet Mr. Bailey, and I could readily see that he was in himself an excellent advertisement of his exerciser. Health, muscle and good red blood had evidently been the gifts imparted by the use of the new rubber invention, which I learned was devised on the basis of the old, but never to be despised motion of "sawing wood." This brings into play the muscles of the chest, back and limbs—in fact, every muscle in the body is regulated by this exerciser. It was entertaining to see what a fascination this simple invention had for the general public. The Bailey Rubber Exerciser had a charm for old and young, and suits everyone, requiring no lubricants. It works automatically and does for each individual just what he requires, as it can be precisely adjusted to any weight or height, and is better and cheaper than any other of the popular exercisers offered on the market at the present time. The experiments tried right there in the store spoke strongly for what this exerciser could do, but to me, the strongest exponent of its merits was Mr. Bailey, the very pink of health and good nature, with spirits as buoyant as the rubber which has become the charm of his inventive life.

Mr. Bailey has a beautiful home in Newton, where he takes his comfort, and probably builds up some of his muscle. He is making another trip to Europe this winter to keep in touch with the export trade, handled for him by The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio, and 7 Snow Hill, London, England. The demand for his goods is steadily increasing on all articles associated with the household. If there is a home in the broad land that has not at least one of Mr. Bailey's many rubber products in daily use, it would be difficult to find it; but if not in the home, most certainly on the road, where dashing rubber-tired vehicles speed by. There is not an hour of the day when Mr. Bailey cannot look upon his own products in active use, with all the resiliency of the rubber of which they are made, representing the highest standard in rubber production.

PROBLEMS IN MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. Jenkins

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

WHEN the National Magazine began the publication of a series of articles on the relationship between public service corporations and their respective municipalities, its purpose was to give the true facts and at the same time point out the dangerous consequences which would inevitably follow the agitation created by a class of political demagogues, whose only object was to secure votes by blinding the people with their hobbies. In their arguments to obtain political preferment, the opinions of experts have been absolutely and entirely ignored, and history, which is the only medium through which the future may be judged, has been entirely disregarded by the political tricksters, who have sought to inflict upon the people conditions that no public service corporation could meet and at the same time continue its service. It is undoubtedly true that there is a large class of people who believe that by making the rich poor, the poor will become rich, and it is among this class that the demagogue finds willing and attentive listeners to his pleadings. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the consequences of this agitation, because the average business man sees today too plainly its disastrous effect. Credit has been impaired and confidence has to some extent disappeared, and the origin of this undesirable state of affairs can be traced largely to the evil influences of the agitator and so-called reformer.

In my study of corporation questions, in a score of different cities, these facts have presented themselves in an unmistakable manner, and the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis do not stand out as any exception to the rule. The reformer and agitator are there, but it is perhaps due to these cities to state that their influence is comparatively small for the reason that the sober and conservative element of the citizens generally asserts itself at the proper time, thus saving not only the credit of its public utility corporations, but the credit of these prosperous and growing Minnesota municipalities. The average reformer cares little whether he impairs the securities of the great public service corporations upon which the progress of the municipality depends, so long as he can attain his political desires.

In my study of the conditions which surround the Minneapolis General Electric Company I have endeavored to approach the question with an open mind. I make no attempt to make results jibe with any preconceived conclusions of the corporation or that faction of the people of Minneapolis which is seeking to obtain rates under which the corporation claims it could not exist.

In the early days of electric lighting there were several unsuccessful companies doing business in Minneapolis until the Minneapolis General Electric Company in 1899 took over all these companies. Some of the old companies had franchises which were not assignable, so it became necessary to acquire the physical property or the stock of the old companies not having transferable franchises. However, there was a franchise which had been granted to the National Subway Company in 1887 for a period of thirty years and terminates in 1917. That franchise by its terms was assignable and was acquired by the present company. In addition to acquiring whatever franchise rights the old companies had, the company has constructed many of its conduits under a general ordinance passed in 1886 and which is now in full force and effect. Under this ordinance any public service corporation desiring to use the streets may petition the city council for permission and upon permission being granted may make such extension. The Minneapolis General Electric Company has petitioned the council pursuant to this ordinance many times, and in each instance the petition has been granted, and as a result many miles of conduit have been built and pole lines erected upon the public streets. The sum and substance is that the company is now operating and claims the right to continue use of the streets for the purpose of distributing electricity by virtue of the assignment to it of the thirty-year National Sub-

way franchise and also by virtue of the many permits granted to make extensions pursuant to the 1886 ordinance; and furthermore by virtue of the stock ownership of the old companies having franchises and which were taken over by the present company. The company continued to do business without any interruption on the part of the public authorities until February, 1907, when at a regular meeting of the common council that body without any notice whatever to the company, passed several ordinances repealing all ordinances previously passed granting to this

M. W. SAVAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, ROCHESTER & DUBUQUE ELECTRIC TRACTION CO.

company and its predecessors franchise rights. This action of the council apparently stripped the company of all its rights to the use of the public streets. The ordinance was absolutely null and void in view of the fact that the company had acquired vested rights to the use of the public streets as above mentioned. This drastic action on the part of the council is probably without a precedent in the history of public service corporations. No excuse whatever was offered for the council's action, and it subsequently developed that it was brought about chiefly through the efforts of certain persons who entertained malice towards the local company. The question then confronted the Electric Company whether it should institute proceedings in court for the purpose of having the repealing ordinance declared void or should appeal to the council for a new franchise. The latter course was decided upon. The council met the request of the company by appointing a committee of seven of its members to consider the matter of granting a new franchise. Many meetings were held by the committee, at which the public bodies and citizens were given a full hearing. A franchise ordinance was finally agreed upon as to every matter except a schedule of rates. The main features of the ordinance agreed upon were:

1st. That the franchise period should be thirty years.

2nd. That the city shall have the right at stated periods during the franchise term to purchase the property of the company.

3rd. That the books and records of the company should at all times be open to the inspection of the city.

4th. That at any time during the franchise term, but not more than once a year, the city council shall have the right and authority to readjust rates in case the existing rates were deemed unjust.

5th. That the company should surrender all its rights of every character under franchises theretofore existing.

Under the terms of this ordinance the company puts itself in such a position that its income is controlled by the city council, with this limitation, that the rates for service shall never be fixed so low that the company will not be able to obtain a fair rate on its investment. The ordinance is very properly considered as furnishing absolute protection to the public against undue exactions in the way of charges for its service. The ordinance is strictly in accord with modern public sentiment, and would apprise the people from time to time of just what the company is making on its investment. This is far preferable to municipal ownership because it gives full municipal control without the evils of municipal operation which lead to political machine corruption. The company requested the city to employ any expert it might select to make an examination of its books and property for the purpose of arriving at the true facts, the company offering to pay the expenses of the examination. This suggestion was ignored by the council committee. Because of the inability of the council and the company to agree as to a schedule

of rates to be inserted in the ordinance, negotiations were broken off.

The next step on the part of the city council was taken in June last by an ordinance being passed fixing the rates for furnishing electric light and power. The gross maximum rate for light under the printed schedule of the company is 12.6 per kilowatt hour for the first fifty-two hours' use of the customer's demand per month, and six cents per kilowatt hour for excess, while the ordinance passed in June fixes the maximum rate for light at eight cents for all using less than 200 kilowatts per month. Rates below this were fixed on a graduated scale depending upon the number of kilowatts used per month. Power rates were correspondingly reduced. The company immediately notified the city that it could not comply with this ordinance for two reasons:

1st. That rates so fixed would be confiscatory of the company's property, and hence in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

2nd. That the council was without authority to regulate its rates, such authority never having been delegated to the city by the legislature.

The question then confronting the company was: Shall suit be instituted to have the ordinance declared null and void because the rates fixed were so low that the property of the company would be confiscated, or should litigation be avoided through an appeal to the council to renew negotiations? Much public discussion ensued, and sentiment was divided, many business men taking the position that the company had been unjustly treated, and if it was compelled to observe the ordinance it would be unable to make needed extensions and keep up its efficient service, all of which would be to the detriment of the city. The result was that during the month of November a petition signed by several hundred of the most influential citizens was presented to the council, asking that a new committee be appointed for the purpose of renewing negotiations with the company and arriving at an adjustment of the question. The council promptly recognized the petition by appointing a committee of thirteen and that committee is now (December 20th) holding sessions and is giving all parties interested full hearings. The company has presented to this committee a full and complete inventory of its properties. This inventory was made under the supervision and direction of Professor D. C. Jackson, who has charge of the electrical department of the Boston Institute of Technology, and Professor M. E. Cooley, dean of the engineering department of the University of Michigan. Both of these gentlemen have had wide experience in matters pertaining to public utility companies, and they are recognized among the foremost experts in this line of investigation. The aggregate valuation placed upon the property of the Minneapolis General Electric Company by these two men was $5,000,000 in round numbers. Mr. Charles L. Pillsbury, a local electrical engineer, was employed by a committee of citizens to investigate the plant and business of the company and recommend what, in his judgment, would be a fair schedule of rates to be inserted in the franchise now sought by the company. All books and records of the company were turned over to Mr. Pillsbury during his investigations. His report has recently been submitted to the council committee. He fixed as ten cents net per kilowatt hour for the first sixty-five hours' use as a fair maximum rate, and a secondary rate of six cents

C. P. WAINMAN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE CO., AND ONE OF THE OLDEST TELEPHONE MEN IN THE UNITED STATES

net per kilowatt hour. In his report he presents facts and figures showing that the rates recommended would yield to the company but a fair return upon its investment, even after making due allowance for material increase in business resulting from the reduced rates. The company is willing to accede to the rates recommended by Mr. Pillsbury, and the question now confronts the council committee as to whether the schedule so recommended be inserted in the franchise sought. Mr. Pillsbury and also Professors Cooley and Jackson recommend the so-called maximum demand system as an absolutely fair and equitable system for furnishing light and power. This system is the one pursued by the company, and in fact is generally in use throughout this and foreign countries. Many of the citizens who have appeared before the council committee have urged the insertion in the franchise of a flat-rate schedule. All authorities agree upon the proposition that a flat rate is impracticable as well as discriminatory between long and short hour users of electricity. If electricity could be stored, as is gas, then a flat-rate system might be adoped, but as it is impracticable to store electricity, hence the company must be ready at all times with the necessary machinery and equipment to supply the maximum demand of its customers, and it follows that rates must differ depending upon hour use. The new rate will save the city approximately $20,000 on street lighting and $80,000 to private consumers per year.

The Minneapolis General Electric Company is under the general management of Stone & Webster of Boston, who are also general managers of twenty-seven corporations in various cities in the United States. Mr. A. W. Leonard, who has been identified with Stone & Webster interests in several cities, became manager of the Minneapolis corporation in December, 1905. Whatever may be said about previous conditions, it is no exaggeration to state that Mr. Leonard has succeeded in greatly improving the relationship between the corporation and the public; a spirit of progressiveness and intelligent energy is apparent, which commands the admiration of all leading citizens.

About $3,000,000 have been spent by the Minneapolis Gas Light Company for the development of a 26,000 horse power hydro electric plant at Taylor's Falls on the St. Croix River, about forty miles from Minneapolis, and part of the output of the plant is now being delivered to various manufacturing plants in Minneapolis.

Many people unacquainted with the conditions surrounding the electrical business are under the impression, and some even argue, that the manufacture of electricity is not different from any other ordinary business. Even a slight investigation will prove the absurdity of such arguments.

The furnishing of electricity differs from the furnishing of gas, on account of the fact that gas can be manufactured at a uniform rate for the twenty-four hours each day. Such excess as is not used can be economically stored until such time as it is required by the consumers. In this respect it is similar to the ordinary water-works system, where pumping capacity, instead of being sufficient to furnish the maximum supply of water at any one time is only of average capacity, and water is stored in reservoirs, to be drawn upon by the citizens.

The electric company must at all times be in readiness to supply the maximum demand made upon its system. Electricity must at all times be available and it cannot economically be stored. The company must make the investment necessary to supply every customer's demand at the same time, and approximately eighty per cent. of its lighting customers are demanding service simultaneously. The question of furnishing electric power varies somewhat from lighting in this respect: that, instead of eighty per cent. of its customers requiring service at the same time, the average is about twenty-five per cent. This is one of the reasons why power may be furnished cheaper than light.

It will be easily understood why a differential system of rates is used by practically every electric lighting company. The company must be reimbursed for its fixed charges, and it stands to reason that a consumer who uses his service for several hours a day is entitled to a lower rate. The lower rate is usually arrived at in this way: for a certain number of hours each month the higher or primary rate is charged to every consumer, and those using their service for a greater number of hours daily than is specified are entitled to and are given a much lower rate, therefore the number of hours' use per day

determines the average rate. As an illustration we will select two customers, one using ten lamps ten hours per day and the other using 100 lamps one hour a day. In the first case, the investment costs are spread over ten hours, and in the other case it will be easily seen that the entire investment charges must all be put into one hour. It will be noticed that the current consumption in each case is identical, while the company's investment in capacity in one case is only one-tenth as much as in the other. This illustration shows that to charge each the same rate would be unjustly discriminating in favor of the man with the 100-lamp installation.

OFFICE OF THE MINNEAPOLIS GAS LIGHT COMPANY

The Telephone Companies

The telephone history of the Northwest is punctuated by many successful and unsuccessful efforts to introduce the so-called independent exchange systems in the various cities of importance in the territory. That some of these efforts were coincident with the appearance of professional promoters upon the scene is not only a historical fact, but a matter of painful recollection to many well-meaning people who were induced to place their savings into the stocks of these independent companies. It was the same old story; the same assortment of promises to place a class of stock within the reach of the people that would eventually produce great earnings and large dividends, but which, as a matter of fact, have never been realized. True, dividends have been paid by some of these independent companies, but it would be interesting to know the channels through which these dividends came. One company in the Northwest has an interesting resolution in its record book. At a meeting of its directors, it was resolved that, "A dividend of six per cent. be declared and the company is hereby authorized to borrow the money to pay same."

The Bell companies have, during recent years, made rapid strides in nearly every city where competing systems exist, while the independent companies have invariably made but little headway and few have kept their

plants and equipments in up-to-date condition. Switch-boards are, in many instances, practically obsolete, and the poles have reached the limit of their life. As the renewal period seems to have arrived, which will involve the expenditure of large sums of money, and in view of the general unwillingness on the part of bankers and others to loan money on independent securities, the future does not present a very pleasing aspect to the men who are controlling these independent companies.

While the Bell companies are now on a firm financial footing and are making rapid strides in advancement, their history in the Northwest is punctuated by many conflicts with state and municipal authorities; but, happily, the main questions that involve the franchise rights of these companies have been settled by the legislatures and courts. Precedents have been established that will guide the future operations of the corporations without friction.

That many business men deplore the existence of two telephone systems is apparent to anyone who makes the slightest investigation. Consolidation would be a great benefit to the people. This business is unlike other industries, in this respect: as two telephone companies in the same city are an absolute nuisance, and their consolidation would not only be a great accommodation to the people, but a matter of considerable economy as well.

It was in the year of 1879 that franchises were given by the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company, a corporation which covers the State of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. The company experienced considerable difficulty in its early days in obtaining permission to use the public highways for the erection of its pole lines. Actions to enjoin the company were frequent, until the courts and legislature finally settled the matter. In 1900 the city council of Minneapolis passed an ordinance compelling the company to place its wires under ground in certain sections of the city. As the company made no attempt to comply, the city passed another ordinance revoking the franchise which it had originally granted the corporation. The original ordinance was merely a matter of permits and police regulation, and when repealed, the city refused to grant privileges for any further extensions. The company's employes who violated the provisions of this repealing ordinance were arrested. The corporation secured an injunction restraining the city from interfering with what it considered its rights, and the matter was thus brought into the courts. In the lower court the city won, but the supreme court decided that the company had obtained vested rights in the city of Minneapolis under certain acts of the legislature, and its rights in the public highways could not be questioned. Similar troubles arose in Winona and Duluth, which involved much bitter discussion, but which were finally settled in the court.

The independent movement in Minnesota began in Winona. The system was strictly local, and for a few years the Bell company was practically driven from the field. In the course of time, both plants became obsolete, and the citizens were furnished most unsatisfactory service. Finally the Bell company equipped a modern plant and raised its rates, and has double the number of subscribers of the independent company.

The history of the independent telephone operation in St. Paul and Minneapolis dates back to 1898, when franchises were granted the Mississippi Valley Telephone Company. After various vicissitudes, the company went into the hands of a receiver, and was reorganized as the Twin City Telephone Company. About five years ago it was again reorganized as the Tri-State Telephone Company. The rates are four dollars per month for business houses, two dollars and a half per month for residences. The independent company has never made application to have its rates increased, and what its plans are for the future seems somewhat problematical.

The history of the progress of the Northwestern Telephone Exchange system is coeval with the history of expansion and development of the states of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. It was one of the pioneers in the telephone business in the country, and while in the early days its apparatus, instruments and outside installations were necessarily crude and the service poor and inefficient, it is undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date subsidiary companies of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company today.

Early in the eighties the demand for service became so great that large amounts of money were needed for extensions and im-

provements, and in 1883 the local owners sold the property to an Eastern syndicate, which at once began an extensive system of development. New central office apparatus was installed, and the outside plant reconstructed and improved and exchanges were opened in a number of other cities within one hundred miles of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

At that time a number of local telephone companies operating in Dakota were purchased and merged into the system of the Northwestern Company, and from that date the remarkable growth of the corporation has been so great as to tax its resources to obtain material and men to keep pace with the demands for the services. In 1885 the number of subscribers was about 2,500, and the number of miles of wire about 2,800. In 1890 there were 3,800 subscribers, with 3,500 miles of wire with a total of 128 employes of all classes, and the average cost of per 100 connections to subscribers was two dollars and eighty-six cents.

During the panic of 1893–94 no material growth was made in the system, but in 1895 the number of subscribers was increased to 50,516, the number of miles of wire 11,154, of which 1,797 miles were toll lines. The numbers of employes were 156, and the average cost per 100 calls to the subscriber had fallen from two dollars and eighty-six cents to two dollars and eight cents.

During the succeeding five years the growth was still more rapid, the number of subscribers having increased in 1900 to 19,356, the number of miles of exchange wire to 35,000, the miles of toll wire to 16,000, the number of employes to 443, while the cost per 100 calls to the subscriber was one dollar and eighty cents. A still more rapid increase marked the next period of five years, the number of subscribers in 1905 being 39,900, the miles of exchange wire 69,850, the miles of toll wire 28,500, the number of employes 1,700 and the cost per 100 connections per subscriber having fallen to one dollar and fifty-one cents.

Since acquiring the Duluth Telephone Company and the Mesaba Telephone Company, the total number of subscribers is about 55,000, with 70,000 additional sublicensee company connections. Besides the Northwestern Telephone Company, the corporation is interested in several other companies which are being run as separate organizations.

Recognizing the value to its patrons of communication with independent companies, the Northwestern Company, in 1896, adopted the policy of making contracts for connection with such local companies as were reached by its long distance lines, it being the first Bell company in the United States to adopt such a policy. The cordial relations existing between these independent companies and the Northwestern Company demonstrates the wisdom of the policy adopted.

The remarkable growth of the Northwestern Telephone Company is similar to the growth in population of the three states in which it operates. New towns have been built as new land has been settled, and there is every reason to believe that even a larger increase in population in the future can be expected than this territory has gained in the past. The increasing use of the company's facilities, aside from the natural increase to be expected on account of the increased population, is probably due to the general prosperity of the territory and the fact that the company has, by reason of the expiration of several patents, been able to reduce its rates, which has brought the telephone within easy reach of all classes of people. The extension of the company's long distance lines and the furnishing of service to the farming communities also tends to increase the use of the telephone, and there is no apparent reason why the future increase of the business for a number of years at least should not be as great as it has been in the past.

It is no undeserved compliment to state that much of the prosperity which the company has enjoyed since its organization may be traced to the efficiency of its management, with their thorough knowledge of the telephone business. Mr. C. P. Wainman, vice president, is undoubtedly one of the oldest telephone men in the country. Mr. Wainman was manager of the American District Telegraph Company at Cleveland at the time of the inception of the telephone. In the winter of 1876, Honorable Gardner G. Hubbard, father-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell, went to Cleveland with a few telephone receivers in his grip. These instruments were objects of great curiosity in those days. Mr. Wainman connected these instruments

between the office and workshop of his company for exhibition purposes. Later the Telegraph Supply Company took the agency for all of Northern Ohio, and the telephone part of the business was placed in charge of Mr. Wainman. The first connection in that territory, and which was probably one of the first telephone connections in the United States, was made between the office of the Cleveland Leader and the residence of its proprietor, by Mr. Wainman. When an exchange with a hundred subscribers was opened up in Cleveland, in September, 1878, Mr. Wainman installed the central office apparatus. He remained in Cleveland as an electrician, then manager and afterwards as superintendent of the company until 1887, when he came to Minneapolis and took charge of the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company's system. He first was superintendent of the company and later was appointed general superintendent. Subsequently he was elected vice president and general manager.

At the present time the general officers are C. E. Yost, Omaha, president; C. P. Wainman, vice president; Charles A. Grant, Boston, secretary; J. W. Christie, treasurer; C. M. Mausau, general manager.

The company's rates for Minneapolis and St. Paul are as follows: $84 per year unlimited service; $72 per year two party line; $48 per year four party line; for residences, $48 one party line, $42 two party line, $30 for four party line.

MINNEAPOLIS GAS LIGHT COMPANY

No student of public service corporation affairs could fail to discover many evidences of over-capitalization, stock jobbing and franchise grabbing if he approached the subject in a diligent manner. The professional promoter has found this line of work a very fertile field, and it is not strange that much of the unfavorable sentiment towards public service corporations may be traced directly to the questionable dealings on the part of promoters with the municipalities in the early days of their history. The citizens have seen many instances of illegitimate wealth acquired by individuals as a result of slipshod methods on the part of their representatives in the council when extending grants to these original promoters. In the early days the average member of a common council was practically helpless when dealing with a professional promoter. Valuable privileges were given away, streets were turned over to corporations under conditions which enabled them to practically own and control the municipality, and it was not strange that the possession of such power created an attitude of arrogance and independence on the part of corporation men that embittered the people against all public utility companies. Today members of common councils are oftentimes going to the other extreme. Through desires for political distinction, they seek to advance their interests by recognizing the popular clamor that corporations must be throttled. Hence it is not strange that municipal governments oftentimes seek to surround corporation men with impractical and impossible conditions.

Where a corporation's record is clean and its history is one of liberality towards its patrons these facts should be well considered by men who are elected to office when renewal franchises are being considered or rate conditions are being adjusted.

During my recent visit to Minneapolis I became greatly interested in a public service corporation that is unique in several features, a corporation practically owned and controlled by Minneapolis men, the same men who went to Minneapolis in their boyhood days, and whose faith in the great future of this busy city of the Northwest led them to invest their money and apply their energy in an industry which at that time was considered of doubtful financial possibility. The corporation to which I refer is the Minneapolis Gas Light Company which has been owned and controlled by A. C. Rand, H. W. Brown and Mr. Rand's two sons, A. T. and R. R. Rand, for the past thirty-four years. The remarkable growth of this corporation has been co-eval with the growth of Minneapolis. Every stride in advancement made by the city has been accompanied by expansion of the company's system. It has never lagged behind, and its management, being Minneapolis men, who were at all times interested in the growth of the city, have generally been found at the head of the industrial processions that have gained for Minneapolis the distinction of being one of the most important commercial and manufacturing cities of the Northwest.

The history of the Minneapolis Gas Light

Company may be traced back to 1870, when the company was incorporated by D. Morrison, H. S. Southard, N. P. Westphal, F. A. Gilson and S. C. Gale. These gentlemen were all residents of Minneapolis, excepting Mr. Southard, who lived in Erie, Pennsylvania, and who at that time was familiar with the methods then employed in the manufacture of gas. Minneapolis in those days was a small city, but its possibilities attracted the attention of a number of men from the Eastern States, among whom were A. C. Rand and H. W. Brown, who had been identified with corporations engaged in the manufacture of gas and whose keen foresight recognized the possibility of the industry. The original incorporators of the Minneapolis Gas Light Company were experiencing many unexpected vicissitudes, and it is evident that the future did not appear in an optimistic light to these men. Mr. Rand and Mr. Brown, however were more enthusiastic, and began negotiations for the purchase of the property, and the sale was eventually consummated.

The original franchise granted by the city was approved by the legislature of the State of Minnesota in 1878. This franchise gives the company the exclusive rights for the manufacture and distribution of gas in the city of Minneapolis for a period of sixty years, but the city is given an option to purchase the plant at the end of forty years, a privilege which it may exercise in 1910 if the citizens so desire. Should the city decline to avail itself of this privilege, the franchise will continue without any modification until 1930, the end of the sixty-year franchise period.

There is no municipal ownership sentiment worthy of the name in Minneapolis. The people are abreast of the times, and are a very conservative class. Many are close students of public service corporation matters, and they realize that the manufacture of gas is a highly technical operation, involving the highest degree of skill and constant application of energy which could not rationally be looked for in a gas company under municipal control. Then again, before embarking in municipal ownership of a gas plant, the citizens would undoubtedly investigate the results of municipal gas control attempted in other cities, and would quickly discover the utter failure of such efforts as have been demonstrated in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Richmond, Virginia; Santa Clara, California; Wheeling, West Virginia; Hamilton, Ohio; and several other places. It is therefore unreasonable to suppose that the city of Minneapolis will undertake to go into the manufacture and distribution of gas at this privileged period of the Minneapolis Gas Light Company's franchise.

If there was any sentiment among a portion of the people to purchase the existing gas plant, the city would be confronted with a condition which would be most difficult to adjust. In the early days, a separate municipality, known as St. Anthony Falls, existed up across the Mississippi River from Minneapolis. A gas company was organized and the original promoters were given a franchise in 1872 for fifty years, and no reserved right on the part of the city to purchase the property was exacted by the city until 1922, the end of the franchise period. The cities of Minneapolis and St. Anthony Falls were consolidated some years ago, and the stock of the St. Anthony Falls Gas Company was acquired by the stockholders of the Minneapolis Gas Light Company. The original St. Anthony Gas Company's corporation still exists, but its business is being conducted by the Minneapolis Gas Light Company; therefore should the city desire to avail itself of the privilege to purchase the property of the Minneapolis Gas Light Company it would be confronted with conditions that would undoubtedly involve endless litigation and no beneficial results.

Under the terms of the franchise, the rates for gas for city lighting only can be reduced by arbitration, one arbitrator to be selected by the city, one by the company and the third by the arbitrators selected by the city and company in case the two are unable to agree. The lighting qualities fixed in the franchise are twenty-four candle power for mixed gas and eighteen candle power for coal gas.

Since the corporation has been in existence a number of reductions have been made to private consumers, and all these reductions were voluntary on the part of the company. The first reduction was made in 1878, when the price was reduced to $.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. Subsequent reductions were made as follows: in 1882, $2.50; 1886, $1.80; 1891, $1.60; 1895, $1.30; 1901, $1.20; 1904, $1.10;

1906, $1.00. The price to the city has been correspondingly reduced from time to time. The present rate is ninety cents.

In the early '80's certain parties made an effort to secure a franchise to install a competing gas light plant. The Minneapolis Gas Light Company immediately secured an injunction to restrain the city from granting any permission to these parties to install a competitive system. Judge Lochren, in his decision held that the Minneapolis Gas Light Company contracted for an exclusive franchise which constituted its principal value and which was the essence of the grant. Upon the faith of the contract contained in the ordinance, the company constructed its gas works and laid mains in the streets at an outlay of over a quarter of one million dollars. "Should the application for a new franchise be granted," said the court, "it would necessarily violate the contract between the city and the Minneapolis Gas Light Company." The city was restrained from permitting such violation. With this exception, no litigation has taken place between the corporation and the municipality since its organization. Every matter of dispute has been settled promptly in an amicable manner. A spirit of liberality is manifested on the part of the company towards its patrons, and its relationship with the city is most harmonious.

The storage system has a capacity of six million cubic feet. In 1907 the output was about one billion five hundred million cubic feet. The enormous gains in the number of patrons which have been made during the last two years are interesting to gas men throughout the country. During the years 1906 and 1907 11,000 additional gas meters were installed.

The Minneapolis Gas Light Company is perhaps the only company in the United States whose management has been unchanged during the past thirty years. The remarkable growth of the industry and its excellent standing have been the result of conservative and efficient management. The officers of the corporation have separated themselves absolutely from all political associations and environments, and it is perhaps one of the few corporations in the country that is distinctive in this particular. The officers are A. T. Rand, president; R. R. Rand, vice president and treasurer and W. H. Levings, secretary. At the present time the company has 320 miles of mains, thirty-five miles of which were laid during the past year.

* * *

In my study of the conditions which surround the history and present relationship of the St. Paul Gas Light Company, I have made no attempt to make results jibe with the conclusions of those who are interested in this great corporation, or any faction of the citizens which has supposed that its rates were too high, or its service unsatisfactory.

The St. Paul Gas Light Company controls the gas business and is the only company operating a central station, electric lighting, electric power and steam heating plant in the city of St. Paul, and serving the public generally. The company has consolidated with its own system the properties purchased from the St. Paul Light, Heat & Power Company and the East Side Electric Company. It operates the property of the Edison Light & Power Company of St. Paul under license, and the property of the St. Croix Power Company under an agreement which is equivalent to a perpetual lease.

The St. Paul Gas Light Company was incorporated by a special act of the legislative assembly of the territory of Minnesota approved February 13, 1857, and other special acts and amendments of later dates. The authority to carry on its electric business is derived from an independent act of the legislature approved November 12, 1881. These acts constitute the company's charter under which it possesses in addition to street franchises, the power to manufacture and sell gas, to generate, supply and sell electric current and steam for heating or power. As the company was incorporated by an act of the legislature before the adoption of the Minnesota State Constitution, its shareholders are not subject to the so-called double liability that attaches to the stock of every company except manufacturing and mechanical companies under the laws of the State of Minnesota.

The original charter provided that the city should have the right to purchase the property of the company at certain periods, three of which have been passed without any exercise of this right on the part of the city. On January 23, 1890 the corporate existence of the company was extended until January 1, 1950.

The company's water power and electric system would enable it, in case of electric competition, to sell power for a considerable period at a price so low that steam competition could harldy survive. Moreover, the present city charter of the city of St. Paul contains provisions that would so seriously handicap any competing company. whether a gas lighting or an electric lighting company, that it is unreasonable to believe competition would ever be undertaken in good faith.

An effort was made under an ordinance introduced in March, 1907, to reduce the price of gas from one dollar to eighty-five cents per thousand cubic feet. This matter was before the people at St. Paul for several months, and was finally disposed of without any reduction from the one dollar rate. A thorough investigation was made by experts who examined the books and records of the company and a complete and detailed statement was obtained of the cost of manufacturing and selling gas. The report was submitted to the council and was so exhaustive and complete that the advocates of the reduced rate were compelled to abandon their position when the facts and figures were submitted, the conclusion being that one dollar is a very reasonable price.

The company is operating at the present time under a new franchise which went into effect on the first day of January, 1907. The life of this franchise is twenty-five years, and there are many exacting sections which will mean quite an expense to the company in the conduct of its business, which are absent from the majority of public service corporations. A very high quality of service is demanded, such as the candle power of coal gas shall be not less than sixteen candle power, while that of water gas shall be not less than twenty-two candle power. The council was given permission to regulate and control the maximum prices to be charged by the company for furnishing gas, but it is provided that the charge so fixed shall be fair and reasonable. It is under this provision that the council sought to establish the eighty-five-cent rate.

During this investigation it was estimated that the valuation of the company's gas plant is $5,000,000 in round numbers, and the rate of one dollar per thousand cubic feet would give to the company a reasonable return for the use of its property, while the eighty-five-cent proposition would deprive the company of a reasonable return on money invested without due process of law.

The history of gas prices in St. Paul is similar to that of most American cities. In 1885 the rate was $2.35, which was reduced in 1886 to $2.00, in 1887 to $1.90, in 1894 to $1.50, in 1896 to $1.30, in 1904 to $1.15, in 1905 to $1.10, in 1906 to $1.05 and in 1907 to $1.00.

Artificial illuminating gas has entered upon its second century and remains today the most widely used means of lighting. Its manufacture and distribution are highly technical operations of which the average consumer knows nothing. He does not realize that the fluctuation in the price of materials means much to the operating company, and so long as price fluctuates all legislative control seems impracticable, because a due regard could not be maintained for these constantly changing conditions. Competitive gas companies can furnish no relief, and the history of American cities shows that attempts to reduce the price of gas by inviting new companies to enter the field, have, in the end, been very expensive experiments, and to the detriment of the people. Consolidation generally takes place in due time, and the citizens are compelled to contribute to the support of corporations that through the very nature of things have been able to resort to over-capitalization.

It is a mistake on the part of a great many men who are elected to office and who imagine that attacks upon corporations or agitation having an object to secure a reduction in rates will, on every occasion, be followed by real benefit to the people. These attacks and agitations oftentimes result in an impairment of the credit of the company, so that it becomes difficult to obtain capital to make necessary extensions or to keep its system in an efficient condition. The reformer does not realize that no improvement in a city like St. Paul can be rationally looked for that is not preceded by or accompanied with improvements in the local gas company. When suburbs are added to the city, the gas man is immediately on the ground, as extensions to these suburbs are demanded and must be furnished before any growth in the outlying districts of the city can be expected.

There undoubtedly have been many criticisms of a meritorious nature regarding the attitude and service of the St. Paul Gas Light Company in former years. But it would be unfair to visit the sins of the people who controlled the corporation in those days upon the men who have seen fit to invest large sums of money in the St. Paul Gas Light Company, and who are seeking only to receive a reasonable return upon the capital invested. The management of the St. Paul Gas Light Company is most efficient, and the corporation is separated absolutely from local political environments. The company believes that the best service is none too good for St. Paul and complaints when they are presented are promptly investigated, and when found to be reasonable are quickly attended to; in fact the public is invited to offer suggestions for improvement in the service at all times.

Nothing but the most modern machinery has been installed during recent years and every improvement in gas manufacture is immediately applied. Mr. Paul Doty, one of the most efficient corporation men in the West, has full charge of the system in St. Paul. The St. Paul Gas Light Company is one of the systems belonging to the American Light & Traction Company, of which Emerson McMillin is president. The officers of the St. Paul corporation are Emerson McMillin, president; Kenneth Clark, first vice president; Paul Doty, vice president and general manager; John P. Crowley, secretary and treasurer. The number of miles of mains included in the system at the present time are about 220. About $1,350,000 have been spent in additions and extensions looking to the improvement of the plant during the past three years. The relationship of the company with the municipality is most harmonious, and the people of St. Paul take just pride in the corporation. Among the local business men who are interested may be mentioned: Kenneth Clark, Crawford Livingston, George H. Prince, R. C. Wight, C. C. DeCosta, Dr. Hutchinson, C. P. Noyes, D. R. Noyes and E. A. Young.

THE DAN PATCH AIR LINE

That the resources and possibilities of the great State of Minnesota have been overlooked by the majority of the American people is undoubtedly true, and is well known by the people of the Northwest, who have watched the state's remarkable growth and industrial advancement during recent years.

Minnesota ranks first among the states in the manufacture of flour and mill products, while she is third in the manufacture of lumber and timber products. Her total number of manufacturing plants is over eleven thousand, representing an invested capital of $17,000,000 and the employment of eighty thousand people whose wages aggregate nearly $40,000,000 annually.

Minnesota's factories have a combined annual output valued at $365,000,000 of which flour and mill products make up at least $100,000,000. Especially has the North Star State forged to the front in the production of dairy products. Minnesota is now ranked as one of the greatest bread and butter states and annually produces about $14,000,000 worth of butter alone.

The state boasts of 160,000 farms representing over 30,000,000 acres with an estimated value of $800,000,000 and there are hundreds of thousands of acres of rich land that have not yet been touched by a plow.

Appreciating the possibilities of this great state, the men in control of Western railroads have used their efforts to bring desirable settlers to Minnesota, as well as to states farther west. They have scattered their agents throughout the central and eastern states, and the duty of these men has been to induce men and parties to travel westward and locate along the lines of some one of these railway companies.

* * *

President James J. Hill of the Great Northern has greatly increased the population along his lines by sending agents to Europe where they have induced immigrants to buy tickets to the American Northwest, and a premium has been placed upon the securing of settlers by the railway company's offers of free transportation to agents and parties.

All of these efforts have been instrumental in bringing thousands of settlers to Minnesota during the past few years, and the agricultural and mineral wealth of the state has has correspondingly increased. The steady growth of Minnesota and the wonderful increase of her importance, especially as a profitable field for the investment of capital, has until recently escaped the attention of

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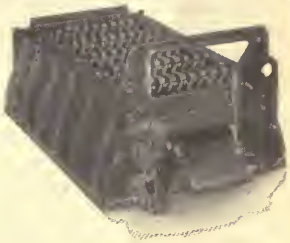

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DEPT. 18 **AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY** CHICAGO

the country's large financiers who have, for various reasons, taken their wealth to better known but really less favorable localities.

It is a notable fact that the industry which has attracted millions of dollars in the Eastern and Middle States has not been given the consideration which it deserves in the populous and growing state of Minnesota. This industry is the building and operating of electric interurban railways. Radiating from Indianapolis are interurban railways extending in every direction. The same is true of Cleveland, Detroit, Columbus, Milwaukee and other important centers. The companies financing these roads have achieved excellent and, in many cases, phenomenal results and are looked upon as vital forces in the development of their localities.

The State of Minnesota possesses unusually attractive opportunities for investments of this character. She offers a virgin field for interurban enterprises, and the men who first take advantage of the opportunities offered, and satisfy the already urgent demand of Minnesota towns for modern transportation facilities will undoubtedly reap a regal reward. There is a great work to be done, and those who do it will be handsomely paid. Not long ago a party of Minnesota business men and capitalists became aware of this condition, and what is commonly known as the Dan Patch Air Line is the result.

On October 12, 1907, the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque Electric Traction Company was incorporated for the purpose of constructing an interurban railway from Minneapolis to Dubuque, Iowa.

The latter company is now building the Dan Patch Air Line, which will enter Minneapolis and St. Paul over the tracks of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company and Dubuque over the tracks of the Union Traction Company.

At Minneapolis the famous old exposition building has been secured, and its lower floor will be converted into one of the finest electric railway terminal stations in the United States. Its picturesque location, commanding a view of Minneapolis and the historic Falls of St. Anthony, together with its immense floor, make it ideal for the purpose in view.

This new electric railway will traverse a thickly-settled, highly-cultivated and productive territory in Southern Minnesota and Northern Iowa. Its tributary territory will be an agricultural section where crop failures are unknown, and where values have materially advanced regardless of the lack of transportation. A part of this territory is entirely without railway service, and very few of the towns on the Dan Patch Air Line have adequate facilities for carrying on the trade of their respective localities. Residents who have seen fit to invest and build homes in these inland communities welcome with open arms the coming of this new line which will necessarily greatly enhance the value of their property and make their life a more attractive occupation.

The same conditions which have prevailed in the Eastern and Western States when residents of farming communities have been given access to large cities by electric interurban lines will be experienced throughout the sections of Minnesota and Iowa through which the traction company is now building its line. The length of the new road will be approximately two hundred and fifty miles. It will be of the most improved overhead electric construction, and the road-bed is being made of sufficient width to allow of double tracks when the business requires it. The company's bed has been cleared and made ready for the laying of rails for a distance of fifteen miles south from Minneapolis. Surveying, locating and right of way clearing parties will be kept at work all winter.

A $50,000 bridge over the Minnesota River, near the village of Savage, is now in the process of construction, and this work will be pushed to completion before the ice goes out in the spring. Ties, rails and some rolling stock have been ordered, and the directors of the company hope to have the first section of the new line in operation by the middle of the coming summer.

That the new enterprise is regarded as of great importance to the Northwest is evident from the character of the men who are identified with the new company. The officers and directors of the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester and Dubuque Electric Traction Company are among the most prominent business men of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Minnesota, while many of the leading manufacturers, bankers and others have invested varying amounts in the new enterprise.

The president and directors of the company are broad-gauged, successful men who

appreciate thoroughly the conditions and opportunities of the new enterprise, and they are men whose standing is above question and who cannot afford to be connected with anything but a successful proposition. This is probably the most important point from the stockholders' standpoint in connection with this enterprise, because in the last analysis it is on the honesty of the men back of a project that the stockholder must depend.

With the territory back of the Dan Patch Air Line and the backing of successful men of business, there is no doubt that the stockholders will reap large dividends.

I took the pains to make an exhaustive investigation into the merits of this enterprise. It is no scheme on the part of the promoters to acquire a large block of promotion stock in a project or corporation of a questionable nature; the undertaking is perfectly legitimate. It is being carried on in a business-like manner by business men who are liberally staking their own money. In protecting their own interests, they are protecting those of all the company's stockholders. They are selling their stock on a basis which gives the small stockholder just as much to say proportionately about the management of the road as the large stockholder, while their plan of giving the preferred stockholder a large bonus of common stock with the preferred instead of giving this common stock to Wall Street, makes the enterprise an exceptionally good one from an investment standpoint. It is one of the few corporation enterprises of this nature where no promotion stock is set aside for the benefit of the men who originated the company.

Outside of Dubuque and the Twin Cities, the line will pass through about thirty towns and villages, ranging in population from 100 to 9,000. When completed, the road will have a terminal population of 560,000 people; a local population, in towns and villages, of about 48,000, and a farming population, tributary to the road of about 68,000.

It is the intention of the management to build the entire road by the proceeds of stock subscriptions, so that the control will always remain in the hands of the people. If the road is built in this way, it will be unique in railroad history, but from the character of the men back of the enterprise, and from the progress already made, success seems assured.

Prominent interurban railway men have placed their approval on the new venture, and it is predicted that it will become a very important factor in the development of that portion of Minnesota and Iowa through which it will pass, and that it will, at the same time, be a successful business undertaking and a good investment.

The officers of the Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester & Dubuque Electric Traction Company are: M. W. Savage, president and treasurer, proprietor of International Stock Food Company, president of International Sugar Feed Company, owner of Dan Patch and other world-champion horses; T. W. Stevenson, first vice president, of Patterson & Stevenson; W. D. Boutell, second vice president, of Boutell Bros.; M. H. Boute, secretary, prominent corporation attorney. The following prominent men are included in the directorate: W. H. Eustis, capitalist and real estate; E. B. Savage, proprietor of International Stock Food Company, Toronto, Canada; D. W. McCanna, capitalist and land dealer; H. Wehmann, flour and feed exporter; Asa Payne, capitalist and lumber.

(The Twin City Rapid Transit Company and its relationship to the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul will be considered in a future issue.)

The Two to Tie to

The tie that binds consumers to Pillsbury is quality. Those who have used

Pillsbury's BEST Flour

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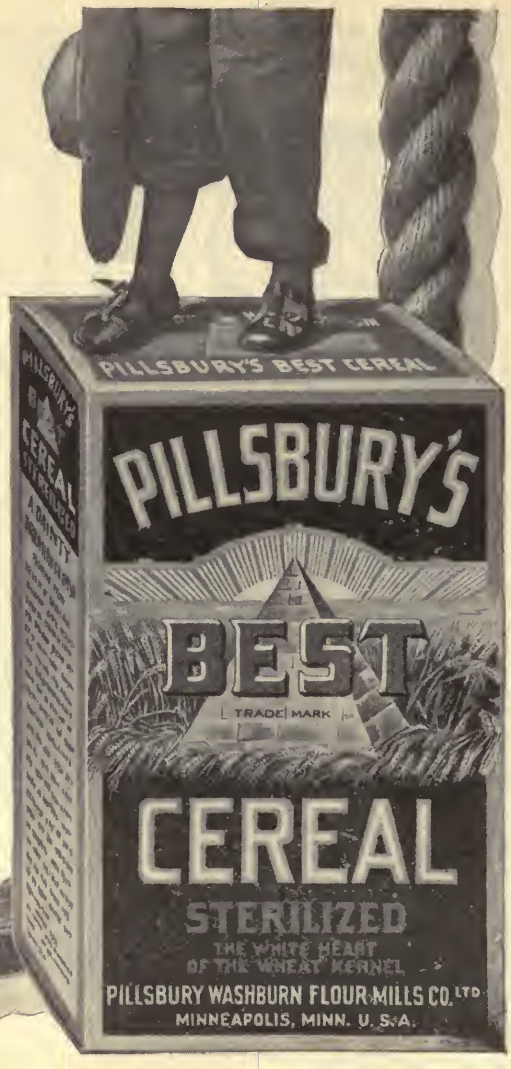
Pillsbury's BEST Breakfast Food

In these days of increasing food cost, Pillsbury's BEST Breakfast Food comes as a welcome addition to the table. Each package makes 12 lbs. of incomparable, delicious, white food at a minimum cost — Pillsbury Quality too.

Refuse Substitutes, — Some dealers may offer you inferior quality because of larger profits.

Look for the name Pillsbury on the sack or package.



IN the general rush of clearing up for the New Year, no duty assigned me was more pleasant than going over the Pleasure Books sent to us in accordance with the offer of nearly a year ago. It was certainly a compliment to the memories of our loyal readers to know that they had remembered the offer these long twelve months; for a year is a long time to bear a matter in mind in these days when our "forgetteries" are so often set to work.

The prizes aggregating fifty dollars were awarded as follows:—

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Brown, Pomfret Centre, Conn.	$10
Mrs. E. L. Rogers, Brookfield, New York	5
Lida M. Elder, Manchester, Iowa	5
Delbert Clifton Ray, Olive Hill, Ky.	5
Jane Potter, Pollock, Idaho	5
Birdie Grace Bowman, San Diego, California	5
Arthur J. Nickerson, Chicago, Illinois	5
J. S. Maguire, Jersey City	5
Mrs. Geo. W. Carson, The Avalon, Readfield, Me.	5
	$50

The different methods of keeping diaries are interesting, and one thinks of General Washington's example record of each day's events. The mere fact that such a record is kept indicates an optimistic and hopeful turn of mind in the writer. If some of the "calamity howlers" who go about with thong and lash or dissecting scalpel in hand would sit down instead and write out their thoughts day after day, in many cases there would be a change of heart from sheer horror at the appearance of these views when set forth in black and white. In many cases there is a diabolical plan to win attention by setting up a screech, rather than gain it by the sweet, old-fashioned, wholesome way of making friends and meriting them. Few of the chronic pessimists would have the courage to set this down in that hour of self-introspection that comes to the writer of a diary. The keeping of an honest diary is one of the most useful modes of gaining an insight into one's own character and cultivating a cheerful disposition. No cross-grained "hooter" could keep up his miserable views of life if he had to set them down each day. Words are so easily spoken, but to write them down coolly and deliberately is another matter.

The keeping of a diary also proves that the delightful epistolary art is not quite departed. To prove this statement, I wish it were possible, without violating the sacred confidence reposed, to print selections from these diaries, but they are too personal, too sweet, too sacred to expose to the public gaze. They renew and enhance confidence in the goodness of human conduct and intentions. Their enthusiasm is infectious. My diary for 1908 will be brighter and more hopeful because of what I have read between the lines and in the cheering pages of diaries sent me by readers of the National.

* * *

HOW delightful it would be if subscribers could drop in some of these winter nights and hear the committee trying over the "heart songs." I never looked forward with more pleasant anticipations to an evening with some favorite opera than I do to hearing these songs played and sung. No selection will appear in the "Heart Song Book" that has not been played over and sung and resung and carefully passed upon by the committees; no matter how old or how popular it may be.

Annual Special Sale

OSTERMOOR

Extra Thick

$30.00

French Edge

MATTRESS

$18.50

Delivered

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Catalogue Mailed Free if You Wish

Mattresses all full size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 4 in. long, *in one or two parts*, round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, as illustrated.

Filling is especially selected Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing.

Weight, full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

Coverings, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills—finest quality, pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Sale Price $18.50

These Mattresses are the very softest and most luxurious we can make, built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists; represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of excellence, and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

Price $18.50 Each

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States.
Offered only while they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited.
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If he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received.

Regular Ostermoor Mattress, 4-inch border, 4 ft. 6 in. size, in two parts, costs $15.50. The $30 French Edge Mattress is two inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners—soft Rolled Edges—closer tufts, finer covering, and is much softer and far more resilient.

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When ordering, please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.

This advertisement will not appear again.

Reg. U.S. Pat. office

The supreme test of all these heart song selections by the committee is not the musical quality of the composition, or the perfection of the technique, or the loftiness of its association—every song will be judged by its heart qualities—its power to stir human emotions—by the heart interest it has had in times past and possesses still. As in the "Heart Throbs," the essential thing is the heart quality, and every bit of driftwood will be eliminated—there will be no trace of anything that does not harmonize with general public sentiment in such matters as far as possible. Our idea is to have every page of "Heart Songs" illuminated with sentiment that has endeared itself to the hearts of the people, and will remain an inspiration for years to come, when preserved in this permanent form.

This book will be a flashlight cast on current history. The great reforms of the times are indicated more clearly and more beautifully in the favorite songs of that day than by any other method of research. In choosing the matter for this book, the committee will go through no treadmill discussion, and abide by no hard and fast editorial rules, or hearken to no narrow-minded anathemas but they will listen only to the voice of the heart. True reforms and noble actions in the great awakenings of all times have had their root in the heart impulse of the people.

* * *

IN recognition of the eminent services rendered to music and art by an American firm, Emperor William has conferred the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle upon Mr. Charles H. Steinway, as head and representative of the famous piano house of Steinway & Sons.

This signal honor is another evidence of the international recognition accorded to Steinway & Sons as the creators of the world's greatest piano, and again demonstrates the high regard in which the Steinway Piano is held abroad.

The new decoration is the second to be bestowed upon a member of the house of Steinway by the German Emperor—the first having been awarded Mr. William Steinway in 1893.

Mr. Charles H. Steinway is the possessor of almost every foreign decoration of value. In addition to the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, he has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, granted by the Republic of France in 1905; the Order of the Liakat, from the Sultan of Turkey in 1900; and the Order of the Lion and the Sun, bestowed on him by the Shah of Persia in 1906.

Apart from the distinguished decorations received by individual members of the house, Steinway & Sons have been, by royal warrant, appointed piano makers to sixteen of the reigning courts of the old world, and not only have the crowned heads of Europe endorsed the Steinway Piano as supreme, but the kings and queens of the world of music have singled it out as the one instrument worthy of their endorsement—a position held by no other piano.

* * *

I BELIEVE I cannot begin with anything else, though it may not be ethical or artistic to record it. The fact remains, unalterable, that the renewal of subscriptions and the accompanying checks brought a perfect flood of sunlight to The National office all through January. If you knew how, late at night, I sit taking my favorite recreation reading those letters from every corner of the United States, I think you would be eager to know just what there is in them of such absorbing interest; when you looked over my shoulder you would say, as I said, that it hardly seemed possible so much new, fresh interest and information could be brought in a batch of letters addressed to a magazine editor. Each missive has its own individuality—its descriptive force, fresh from the hand that penned it; and what suggestions are given!

For instance, one man writes telling of someone he thinks I ought to see and write about through the coming year—a man of prominence, but possibly one whom I might not otherwise have met. Another letter suggests a place that I ought to visit, following up the general policy of the magazine. A third letter taken up from the pile indicates a keen desire for definite information on certain subjects of popular interest.

Then comes a letter from a "shut-in," who though she has never seen us, knows that she has many friends in our office who are interested in her welfare. She wants us to write her for her birthday—what a privilege to do this for one who has seen no broader

A Lady's Complexion

can be made soft, smooth, and free from pimples, by the daily use of charcoal. It absorbs all gases, and stops fermentation. This causes a rapid clearing of the complexion.

MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

are composed of pure Charcoal.

FOR 10c. in stamps, a full size 25c. box mailed for trial. Once only.

A. J. Ditman, 25 Astor House, N.Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as **Beautifies the Skin.** No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. **Price $1.00, by mail.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample Bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit*, allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** and *prepay freight* on every bicycle.

FACTORY PRICES on bicycles, tires and sundries. *Do not buy* until you receive our catalogs and learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous special offer.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. N. 220, Chicago, Ill.

There is nothing so soothing as a mother's kiss, except

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial number 1098

Millions of Mothers will tell you

It softens the gums.
It allays pain.
It cures wind colic.
It is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
It is absolutely harmless.

For sixty years it has proved the best remedy for children teething. Be sure you ask for

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

and take no other.

Grows 40 Feet High in Any Soil

Plant it even where nothing else will grow and the first season it will produce a sturdy growth of 40 feet in height, covered with dense foliage close to the ground—affording deep shade—and crowded with great purple clusters of Wistaria-like blossoms, intensely fragrant. Covers arbors, fences, porches, dead or old trees and rockeries with marvelous rapidity and

Lives for 25 Years or More Without Care

Price of seed 10 cents per liberal package or 3 packages for 25 cents. We have also a limited quantity of fine one-year old Kudzu plants for sale at 25 cents each—3 for 50 cents.

Free Book of Northern Grown Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Fruits and Trees. Valuable information about farm and garden.

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$5 press prints cards, labels, etc. Circular, book, newspaper press $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

SEND FOR A TRIAL PACKAGE

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for $1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable Booklet on Hair.

Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co. 415 Groton Bldg. **Cincinnati, O.**

landscape than the four walls of her room for many years!

These are fragments, but they convey some idea of what these letters are.

Then there are those good friends who have sworn fealty to that little department which they themselves conduct. The usefulness of the "little helps" is so widely recognized that many suggestions that these be compiled in book form have been received. We are told that this department has done much to increase the comfort of homes all over the country. While some of the "helps" may have been already known to older home-makers of wide experience—may even have been told over and over to the girls before they left home—yet now, when they meet these same "helps" in print, they are an endorsement of mother's opinion, and yet have all the delightfulness of a new discovery.

We are becoming more and more like a great family; we hope never to get away from this intimate association, and the great point is for every subscriber *to do something* for the magazine. If anything does not suit you, let us know about it just as you would wipe the boys' footmarks from the hall floor at home, or wash the stains from the mirror in the parlor. The magazine is yours, and we want you to feel a perfect right to praise or blame as you think it is deserved.

Interest in the "Heart Songs" is increasing at a rapid rate as the days for closing approach.

* * *

THE Prudential Insurance Company announces that twenty-four million dollars of ordinary life insurance was issued during the first twelve weeks that the new low-cost policy of that company was put on the market, demonstrating the public welcome given the new policy.

The Prudential states that in comparing the rates of its new policy with the average rates of 102 other life insurance companies of the world, the rates on The Prudential's new policy are the lowest, consistent with liberality and safety, offered by any company of corresponding size, importance and responsibility.

The agents of The Prudential quote the following interesting statements, from policyholders and others, as to the reasons for selecting the new policy of The Prudential:

"You Prudential people have bested everything in life insurance"; "My Prudential policy is the cheapest and best insurance I have"; "The Prudential's new policy gives me more for my money"; "Policy eliminates all elements of uncertainty"; "New Prudential policy beats any policy I have examined"; "Rates much lower than those charged by other companies"; "Guarantees are better than estimates. I recommend The Prudential"; "Gives the public what they really demand"; "Keeping the dividends in my pocket looks good to me"; "I buy the Prudential policy because everything is guaranteed"; "You have certainly eliminated competition"; "We have been looking for just this policy"; "The rates alone, backed by the name 'Prudential,' catch the public favor."

* * *

RECENTLY, the sacred cattle of India have been imported by the farmers of the new State of Oklahoma. They are readily distinguished from the English breeds by the hump on the back. These cattle are esteemed owing to the fact that they are immune from ticks, and it is said that the meat on the hump is quite a delicacy, being similar in texture and flavor to tongue. The interest in stock raising is intense and on the increase, and earnest efforts are being made to improve the breeds by introducing imported stock. Here the Herefords, made popular by the Armour Company, and the Swiss, Holstein and Shorthorns, Jersey, Guernsey and famous Kerry cattle are all seen. One of the government experts told me that the Kerry cows are considered the best for milking purposes in many respects, but each breed is adapted to the peculiar requirements of various parts of the country.

THE STATE HOUSE OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
The Governor, standing in the center gateway, views all official parades as they pass along Beacon Street

STATE HOUSE OF MASSACHUSETTS

By JOHN E. JONES

IS it any wonder that Massachusetts is a proud old Commonwealth? And that Boston, its capital, is dear to the hearts of its citizens and the people of all America? On every hand is found that which is ancient and historical closely coupled with that which is modern and progressive. Down over the span of close to three hundred years, Massachusetts has taken first place in the great race for progress and development in the mightiest country on earth.

The oldest public building in the United States is the "Old State House," at the intersection of Washington and State Streets. This old building formerly served as the headquarters of the English government long before the Colonists met the British soldiers at Concord and Lexington.

The "Old State House" is still a respectable-looking structure, and the old Council Chamber and House of Representatives are still preserved as formerly used. It is the headquarters of the Bostonian Society, and many interesting relics are preserved within its walls. The basement serves as an entrance to the East Boston Tunnel. On its front can be seen the British emblem of the lion and the unicorn, and the old bricks from which it is constructed show little of the wear and tear of age and weather, and one would hardly realize, without stopping to make inquiry, that these same bricks were brought in ships from England across the broad Atlantic. This old structure was rebuilt in 1748, to take the place of its two predecessors, which were both burned, the first of which was destroyed in 1711.

Good old Faneuil Hall, famous in the history of freedom, is one of the greatest scenes of activity in Greater Boston, and here is

the center of the retail market and produce industry of the city.

While Virginia has just celebrated, by an exposition, the early settlement by English settlers, yet even Virginia does not long antedate Massachusetts, and surely in importance and in early development, and in the making of the country's history, no state can claim other than second place alongside Massachusetts, which was principal in point of importance in the birth of our Republic, and bore the brunt of the struggles of the Colonists in

OLD STATE HOUSE
Formerly used by the British and in which were held the first sessions of the General Court of Massachusetts

the final achievement of their independence.

Washington, when called upon to take command of the Continental Army, wended his way northward, and under a spreading elm, which now bears all the effects of old age and looks the part it played in our history, took command of the army. This grand old tree on Cambridge Common is viewed annually by thousands of people.

And as the scene of national freedom was first laid within and around Boston, so also does it appear that the first volunteer company of the Civil War offered its services to Governor Andrew on February 14, 1861, immediately upon the news of the breaking out of the Rebellion. This company was assembled in the historic Doric Hall of the State House. There were ninety-seven men, and their services were accepted on behalf of the nation, James Prentice Richardson, now of Texas, being elected captain.

* * *

The general court of Massachusetts held its last meeting in the Old State House on January 11, 1798, and for more than a century Beacon Hill has been the site of the Government of the Commonwealth.

From across the Common, dear to the hearts of the people, or from distant points by land or sea, the gilded dome of the State House stands proudly forth. At night its brilliant electric illumination is in wondrous contrast to the days of England's rule, when it was a warning signal station to the settlers, to advise them of the approach of enemies.

* * *

Boston was quite a settlement even in the middle part of the sixteenth century. We learn that exactly two hundred years ago, in 1708, there was a count of the population, showing 12,000 people inhabiting its territory. At no time since the Puritans first landed at Plymouth Rock have Massachusetts and Boston been unimportant in the development and growth of the country, but instead have always stood in the foreground, and Boston has justly maintained its title of "The Hub."

The same harbor which, in the early evening of December 16, 1773, witnessed the memorable "Boston Tea Party," is now the second largest port in the United States.

Historic Old North Church stands in a congested part of the city, surrounded by homes and business places, with a population composed for the most part of a foreign element. It is a familiar story of how Paul Revere, in 1775, took his station on the riverbank opposite this memorable edifice, and waited for the signal to mount his faithful steed.

> " . . . If the British march
> By land or sea from the town tonight,
> Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
> Of the North Church tower, as a signal light,—
> One if by land and two if by sea;
> And I on the opposite shore will be,
> Ready to ride and spread the alarm
> Through every Middlesex village and farm,
> For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Little does the country thereabouts now

resemble that of the days of "Middlesex village and farm." It was the same Paul Revere of Longfellow's inspiring poem who, as Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, laid the cornerstone of the present State House on Beacon Hill, July 4, 1795. The structure, known now as the Bulfinch front, was one hundred and seventy-two feet front by sixty-five feet in depth, and one hundred and fifty-five feet high, including the dome; and to this have been added new portions from time to time, until the State House is now four hundred and sixty-two feet long, with the original uniform width of one hundred and seventy-two feet. There are fountains and statues on its lawn, while its interior is rich in paintings, busts and trophies. Very interesting among the latter are its flags. A portion of the main floor of the building is devoted to displaying these trophies, and the visitor is requested to remove his hat when passing through Memorial Hall, and also to refrain from smoking,—in honor of their presence. Additional ornaments, trophies, etc., are to be found throughout the Capitol, and they

GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD

are fairly emblematical of and serve to perpetuate every stage of the Commonwealth's history.

* * *

The State House immediately adjoins the great Boston Common and Public Garden, which are among the most fascinating spots of Greater Boston. The people of Massachusetts are justly proud of their capitol, and of the government of the Commonwealth which has endured and stood foremost for so long a period of time.

They point with pride to their accomplishments, and it may be said with truth that no state has ever exercised greater care and caution in the selection of the public men entrusted with the affairs of the state government. Presidents, diplomats, statesmen, scholars, students, artists and philosophers have had their birth and lived their lives in view of that gilded dome upon which Massachusetts citizens rest loving eyes; there is in the recesses of many innermost hearts a happy consciousness that in this great portion of the New World the greatest and best things of all our country's history have been accomplished. It is a great distinction to have been born in New England; its sons have not only made for this particular locality a reputation which no other section can surpass, but it is such a record that in all parts of our land there is a desire to successfully emulate and copy. It is only recounting a fact to say that the one hundred and two Pilgrims who long since landed on Plymouth Rock led the grand work for a mighty community which grew into a colony and from which other colonies and states in time were born into existence. After a time there appeared emblazoned upon a flag thirteen stars, which typified thirteen states. Meanwhile, the Bay State grew and its people spread out over the land, finding new homes and helping to build up other communities, as a result of which descendants of our Massachusetts families now inhabit every part of our broad country. Notwithstanding what we have been and what we are still doing

INTERIOR SENATE CHAMBER

for other sections of the nation—and although this steadily calls upon our resources, Massachusetts has resolutely forged to the front, till today Boston is the second largest port in the United States, the greatest market for hides and leather in the world, and its markets of wool and domestic dry goods are nowhere equalled on the continent. It is the richest city in the United States for wealth per capita, while historically it stands almost alone. Boston has more people within a radius of fifty miles than any other city in the United States, excepting New York.

Cambridge, with its Harvard College, lies immediately beyond the Charles River, and to this famous educational institution the whole nation owes a debt of gratitude. Boston starts at the water's edge, and across the broad expanse of the Atlantic it is the nearest shipping point on the American continent for Liverpool and the Mediterranean.

Miles of beautiful beaches are within a short car-ride, while other portions of the coast show the rugged character of New England. It is possible to visit more cities of 10,000 or more in population in a day, by the train service running out of Boston, than in any other section of the country.

So it may be seen that, while passing rapidly over a long expanse of years, and covering but a few points of Massachusetts' history and progress, there has been no period or space of time in which its people were content to stand still; but being ever ready to meet conditions of the present, and to vigorously grasp hold of the possibilities of the future, its people have accomplished a mighty purpose, and have not only at all times been abreast of the times, but have been the leaders who have set a pace which others were to follow.

INTERIOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

* * *

The Governor's department and council chamber, the apartments of the legislative branch, and the different branches of the state government, together with the wide halls and corridors of the State House create a splendid impression, and it is doubtful whether there is a more beautifully arranged public building in the whole country. The House of Representatives is large and spa-

cious, giving ample room to the 240 representatives, and for its clerks and officers. There are spacious reading rooms, cloak rooms, reception rooms, halls and corridors, together with a large number of rooms that are used for the work of the Senate and House. The two branches are of course entirely separate, but nearly all of the committees are composed of a joint membership from the two branches of the legislature.

Every time I show a friend the sights of

HON. WILLIAM D. CHAPPLE
President of the Senate

Boston—after having appeased his hunger for Bunker Hill and taken him back to the foot of the monument to regain his breath after the ascent, I make a straight course for Beacon Hill. There it is a pleasure to introduce him to the President of the Senate, who occupies a room rich with scrolls of mahogany and decoration.

The President of the Massachusetts Senate occupies an unique position; he is not Lieutenant Governor, and he is not only President of the Senate, but also holds the dignity of the General Court in his hands in a manner that seems to accord well with the quietness that always broods over the Boston Statehouse. Here you may hear the clocks tick.

The Senate chamber is strikingly attractive. Its forty members have seats at desks arranged in a circle, with their president, William D. Chapple, occupying a position at the head of the chamber. Mr. Chapple is a legislator of long experience and formerly served in the House of Representatives, where one day he was called to preside in the absence of the Speaker. His ease and grace in the chair captivated the members and when later he came to the Senate he was elected to the presidency, and is now serving a second term in that capacity.

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One of the interesting personalities of the present legislative session is John N. Cole, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Cole, while devoting his attentions to directing the work of the House, still finds time to take part, upon rare occasions, in promoting important legislation, and he was prominently in the limelight a year ago, owing to his position upon the anti-merger bill, calculated to prevent the merging of the two principal railroads operating in Massachusetts. It is expected during the present session, he will exercise his influence in behalf of a petition of which he is one of the signers for the enactment into law of a measure to secure direct political nominations.

Mr. Cole is a model presiding officer. The members of the session of 1907 unanimously thanked him because he knew "how to combine courtesy and consideration for each member with a due regard for the prompt dispatch of business." In accepting a reelection for the present session Mr. Cole spoke, in part, as follows: "We are here as the people's representatives, chosen by them as the law-making body of the Commonwealth. Their wishes are of great importance in the framing of our judgments, their needs are the sole interests for you to consider, but neither their interests nor their needs can be brought here for consideration from the standpoint of benefit of any particular section of the Commonwealth without the mark of "Failure" being placed against this body of legislators; for it is not our mission to array one class against another, or one section against another, in the benefits that may be bestowed by legislation, but rather is it our mission to keep constantly before us the one purpose of the largest good to the greatest number in all our acts this coming year."

"A gentleman came to the platform a few days ago from the Canadian Parliament, and he said to me: 'I like to get into Massachusetts, and you do not know how delighted I am to be here in this State House, for your laws have, for many years, been a model for the laws we have made in our Parliament.' You cannot grasp the hand of any official of any state where the same tribute was not voiced by this distinguished citizen of the country on our Northern border."

As Speaker Cole faces the State's splendid representation of 240 men, he has but to cast his eyes upward where, between two central columns, is suspended the historic codfish, which for over a century and a quarter has been an ever-present reminder to legislators of the importance of codfishery to the welfare of the Commonwealth. Miss Ellen Mudge Burrell, in her splendid volume, "The State House," says of the codfish: "Possibly an emblem hung in the old State, or Town House, but as this structure was burned December 9, 1747, the codfish doubtless was destroyed. The State House in State Street, was erected in 1748, and although it is not known when the codfish was restored, in a bill of 1773, presented by Thomas Crafts, Jr., to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the following item appears: 'To painting codfish . . . 15 shillings.'"

The furnishings of the House over which Mr. Cole presides are of "elegant simplicity." There are comfortable desks and easy chairs, while rich carpets cover the floors, and the walls and galleries show the result of studied labor by skilled workmen, mechanics and artists.

The present State House is an imposing structure and represents an expenditure, which was estimated on January 1, 1906, to be $7,064,079.20.

* * *

Waiting in one of the spacious leathern chairs in the senate reading room, to meet Senator Eben S. S. Keith, who represents the famous Cape Cod district, I witnessed a scene that revealed an energetic, whole-souled and effective legislator. He was sitting at the desk, going over the records of the Senate, and by his side was a constituent from the Cape, who was one of those types of the citizens who has ably aided in the establishment of self-government. He had come to consult the Senator about sundry matters, and with spectacles well down on his nose, hat over his eyes and overcoat across his knees in concise sentences he gave the legislator the benefit of his views. There was a sparkle of admiration and confidence in the eye of the constituent, which told of the highest reward a public man can have—the confidence of those whom he seeks to serve. Every detail was considered, the Senator making notations, and evidently much interested in the report from the Cape. After the various measures had been scrutinized through those spectacles, the conversation came to an end, and the senator took his guest over to the House side. That little talk was as a flashlight thrown on the splendid work that is being done by one of the young men in the senate.

HON. JOHN N. COLE
Speaker of the House

Senator Keith lives at Bourne, and is the son of Senator Isaac. N. Keith, for his father was also a representative for that same district in the Senate. An active busi-

ness man, at the head of one of the largest industrial enterprises on the Cape, Mr. Keith gives the same assiduous attention to the needs of the famous old Cape Cod district that he pays to his own personal business. The people in that district know and believe in him, and although he is only thirty-five years of age, he has endeared himself to his neighbors, and they feel honored in honoring him.

The Cape Cod Canal is one project which has always been a legislative pet of the Senator, and his idea is to have all the harbors dredged in the interests of the fishermen, who constitute a large portion of his constituents and represent an important industry; it is hoped that it will not be long before waterways will extend across the Cape; and Mr. Keith believes that a half-million dollars spent each year would be money well

Photo by Chickering

STATE SENATOR EBEN S. S. KEITH

As chairman of the committee on counties, Mr. Keith has presided at all the hearings, and has been influential in effecting some very important legislation, recalling memories of his father, who represented Cape Cod for two terms in the Senate twenty years ago, and afterward served four years on the Governor's council. He established a great car manufactory at Bourne, which gives employment to a small army of men. Too much cannot be said in honor of the memory of the father, or in praise of the son.

invested by the Commonwealth. He is interested in several other commercial enterprises, but perhaps not quite to the same extent as in the canal, which would not only be a great highway for the coastwise traffic, but would stimulate the popularity of Cape Cod as one of the greatest summer resorts in the world. He probably feels that Massachusetts could just as well as not have some of the forty or fifty millions of dollars spent by the hosts of visitors who every season wing their flight toward the State of Maine.

It is remarked by some of the veterans in the Senate that the Senator is singularly like his father, and he is considered the worthy son of a noble sire—in fact, Senator Keith is very popular on Beacon Hill, and has a way of getting what his constituents desire; that little fish hook of land on the map is worthily represented in the General Court of the old Bay State by this young man who has all the originality and resourcefulness which have been for generations characteristic of the people coming from that section of land where the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot. Known and loved from Provincetown to the extreme boundary of his district, and a favorite with his colleagues in the Senate, Mr. Keith certainly has reason to feel gratified when he looks over the splendid work he is accomplishing as a member of the Massachusetts Senate.

* * *

All eyes are being directed upon the committee on railroads, and the developments in relation to the proposed merger of the two great railroads of New England which will be fought out before this committee, will be closely followed not only throughout the Commonwealth, but by the people in the several states effected. It is interesting to note something in connection with the legislative work of the chairman of this all-important committee, and a glance at the record shows that the gentleman who will have so much to do with the legislation in reference to the merger has already had the handling of some very important matters during his legislative career. There is not a more energetic man in the State House than Dr. W. O. Faxon of Stoughton, and it is safe to say that under his leadership the committee on railroads will eventually report some sort of measure that will be entirely satisfactory to those who are watching so eagerly matters in connection with the merger of the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Boston & Maine railroads. Last year the entire question of the merger was deferred for the present session, and now it will have a full hearing and a full discussion. It is interesting to know that since Doctor Faxon has been chairman of this committee that every report made by them has been sustained by the legislature, and when the magnitude of some of their work is considered, the record is all the more remarkable. Perhaps no single act of legislation was ever passed in Massachusetts, involving a greater expenditure of money, than the measure of a year ago by which practically all the railroad trackage in the city of Springfield was changed. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was compelled to move its entire trackage across the river, and grades, archways and everything pertaining to railroad operation in that city was so altered that there will be an expenditure of between twelve millions and

Photo by Chickering

STATE SENATOR WILLIAM O. FAXON

twenty millions of dollars before the work is finished. While in the House in 1905, Doctor Faxon was largely responsible—and is entitled to the credit, for the legislation consolidating the gas and public lighting facilities of Greater Boston, and in the following year he fathered the legislation creating the Springfield water board, and this is today credited with being one of the models in Massachusetts legislation. He also began the agitation in the same session of the metering of water, especially as applied to the metropolitan districts, and the results show some effective and beneficial legislation.

So it may be said that it is fortunate in this crisis in the affairs of New England rail-

roads, that there is at the head of this most important legislative committee a gentleman who has time and again made good, and thus gained the confidence in his ability and integrity of not only his colleagues and constituents but of the people of the commonwealth as well.

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Standing on the threshold of a room in the State House, in about three minutes' conversation, the conviction was implanted that Senator J. L. Johnson of Fitchburg is a jolly and an earnest legislator. He knows just what he is after, and the records show that he is making a splendid success. One measure that has absorbed his attention is the establishment of a training school for all industrial and manual occupations, at Fitchburg. Like many other legislators, he has an excellent business training, for he is the son of a famous gun manufacturer. His idea is the securing of an appropriation of $75 000 to establish an institution that will co-ordinate with the public schools in giving young men and women a broad, efficient training for industrial work. He believes that no city is so well fitted as Fitchburg for this school, and that it would be the opening wedge for new and valuable departure in educational methods. Manual training schools have been a great success in the West, and have been effective in stimulating and developing commercial genius in young people.

STATE SENATOR J. LOVELL JOHNSON

Attendance in such an institution gives the student a practical knowledge of work that is an equipment for any walk in life chosen, from the forge to the plane and hammer. The Stout Training School at Menomonie, Wisconsin, has been pointed out as an example of how a state and city can co-operate in obtaining the fullest possible benefit from those golden moments of youth, when the career of the student is actually determined: a career which will determine the progress of the nation.

Naturally, Mr. Johnson is interested in

the firearms bill, which promises to establish a precedent for other states, because Massachusetts legislation is always considered thorough, for the reason that every bill is given a hearing and disposed of before the General Court adjourns. There is no such thing as pigeon-holing, for here the fundamental idea of the "town meeting" prevails to a greater extent than is found in any other state.

* * *

On the fourth floor of the historic old State House is the committee room on street railways. Passing early one morning, I saw at the head of the table a man with side whiskers immersed in a bundle of papers. It was Senator Grimes of Reading, chairman of the committee on street railways of the General Court—where joint committees act on nearly all matters. When it comes down to street railway law, the statutes of Massachusetts stand for about the best enacted by any legislature, and Senator Grimes is an acknowledged authority on street railway law.

Photo by Chickering
STATE SENATOR JAMES W. GRIMES

A hard worker, but always genial and companionable, Senator Grimes has long occupied a conspicuous place in the legislative branch of the General Court of Massachusetts, serving several terms in the lower house, and a second term in the Senate. Although a Massachusetts man, Senator Grimes was admitted to the bar of the state of Iowa. He is a nephew of Governor Grimes, one of the stalwart historic figures of the Hawkeye State, and has all the careful, shrewd business instinct of the New Englander combined with the breezy energy and enthusiasm of Western experience. Senator Grimes is a close friend of Senator Dolliver and many other public men of national renown. Few legislators have ever been more thoroughly enthusiastic in their work, and the numerous complications growing out of the rapid development of street railway interests in Massachusetts have been met by legislation that safeguards public welfare and all legitimate capital interests. Whether it is street railway crossings or requirements concerning the construction of street cars, there is no question that is not given a full and exhaustive public hearing, and during the term of the General Court Senator Grimes passes upon as much and varied legislation as a judge during a term of court.

* * *

The first man to report each morning for duty in the Senate Chamber is the Honorable George J. Gallond, chairman of the committee on public charitable institutions and also chairman of the committee on engrossed bills, a member of the committees on roads and bridges, and towns, who is doing splendid work at the State House.

Mr. Gallond is a resident of Amherst, where he has been active in business affairs for many years. He is a quiet, unassuming man, but is possessed of great ability, and one of his characteristics may be said to be that he weighs all affairs of state with careful consideration. While he does not lend himself to oratory, still at all times he may be found doing effective work, and he occupies an enviable position in the State House.

Mr. Gallond's committee on public charitable institutions has before it some very important work, and its members have also made personal visits to many of the state institutions, and this will enable them to fortify their judgments upon legislation with their own views based upon their own investigations of the needs of the institutions.

Mr. Gallond has spent most of his life in mercantile pursuits, and is applying the same vigorous attention to the affairs of state that he has given to his own affairs, and may

readily be considered one of the most valuable members of the General Court of Massachusetts. He believes the numerous public charitable institutions of the Commonwealth are doing good work, and will advance any and all legislation intended to improve existing conditions.

Photo by Chickering

STATE SENATOR GEORGE J. GALLOND

Among the members of the House very much in evidence on the Senate side of the State House during the middle of the month was the Honorable Clarence J. Fogg of Newburyport. Captain Fogg is a good Christian gentleman who has sailed the broad seas and visited all parts of the good old world. Most everybody calls him "Foggy," and he is recognized as a past master in the art of getting through what he wants. This year he started in on the first day of the session to demonstrate to everybody that it is right and proper to dig clams on the Sabbath, and if there was anyone who thought otherwise, then the Captain immediately backed the doubtful one into a corner and began to convince him as to the proper way of thinking. His argument was good, and the bill went through. A few days ago the Captain thought he ought to have another senator with him, so he proceeded to secure a recruit by the usual process. Contentedly, then he started back toward the House, humming "Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More;" but the Captain, in counting up what he has got always makes liberal allowance for possible shrinkage. Representative Fogg is House chairman of the committee on counties. He was born in Newburyport in 1859, and still lives there, and will tell you himself that it is one of the finest—if not absolutely the finest—place in all the world—and he has seen mostly all of this terrestial ball.

* * *

An inquiry as to the busiest man in the Massachusetts Senate would probably bring the unanimous reply, "Senator James F. Shaw, of the Third District of Essex," who resides in Manchester, Mass. Mr. Shaw is the son of E. P. Shaw, former State Senator and Treasurer. He early showed an aptitude for political life, and has been prominently

REPRESENTATIVE CLARENCE J. FOGG

in the foreground as the manager of some of his father's campaigns, and the records show that his achievements in that direction have verified the ambitions of his friends.

Mr. Shaw is now serving his second term in the Massachusetts Senate, and despite the demands of large business interests he always gives his first and best energies to his public

work. Companionable, social and a real entertainer, possessing all the force required in modern business life, he goes at everything with that same directness and energy which produce results in commercial undertakings. He is president of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, without doubt one of the finest suburban lines in the United States. He is also a member of almost all the best clubs in Massachusetts, and as an enthusiastic republican believes in thorough organization. Senator Shaw was one of the leading supporters of President Chapple when the latter was selected to preside over the Massachusetts Senate.

Now that rumor has it that Mr. Chapple may not return to the Senate again, Senator Shaw's name is very prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of the upper branch of the legislature. There is also considerable sentiment in Senator Shaw's district in favor of bringing him out as a congressional candidate, and it would not be surprising that a man of his ability and force should be called to the highest responsibilities in public life. He is chairman of the committee on military affairs and a member of the important committees on rules and ways and means. Trained in the school of business, Senator Shaw is one of the many instances of the success achieved by the sons of distinguished fathers, and his enthusiastic and practical work in the Massachusetts Senate will not be unappreciated by the people of the good old Commonwealth.

STATE SENATOR JAMES F. SHAW OF MANCHESTER

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There is a hard-headed business man at the head of the committee on Mercantile Affairs, and the legislative work of Senator Winfield S. Schuster, of Douglas, receives the same care and attention that he gives to his own personal business, and this is certainly sufficient, when it is known that Senator Schuster is counted one of the most prosperous woolen manufacturers in Massa-

chusetts. His public service is conducted on methodical, business principles, and while he is happily the representative of a district that does not want much, still when there is any measure that interests the Senator or his constituency it is a foregone conclusion that every Senator is early conversant with the Schuster side of the question. Senator Schuster seldom occupies the floor of the Senate, but when he has anything to advance he clearly and forcefully makes his wants and views known, and that his services are entirely satisfactory to the voters of his district has been demonstrated in more than one election. I am told that his constituency is made up very largely of the laboring classes and that attempts have been made to arraign these classes against him in the interests of opposing candidates chosen almost solely on account of their supposed ability to get the labor vote, but the people of the fourth Worcester district have found that the fact of a man's wealth need not necessarily disqualify him to carefully consider and care for the wants of all classes of people, and it is indeed a splendid tribute to Mr. Schuster that no successful political combinations have been effected in his district that could outweigh the personal consideration and confidences of his people.

In the Senate reading room I met the Senator after a session that I had watched with keen interest. He was anxious to catch the 3:43 train—he is the kind of man whose plans are laid ahead, and he methodically carries those plans into execution. He is a friend of everybody, and his constituents are entitled to a full measure of satisfaction, for the State House has rarely had a safer and better representative of the interests of the people—and the Senator is always on time whether considering some problem for the public good—or catching a train. The complicated and intricate questionsg rowing

Photo by Chickering

STATE SENATOR WINFIELD S. SCHUSTER

out of the hearings before the Committee on Mercantile Affairs have been intelligently handled, and this committee under the guidance of Senator Schuster has done some splendid legislative work that is duly appreciated in the State House, and by people who have had measures which required a hearing. He is also a member of the committees on Military Affairs and Taxation, and takes an active interest in the matters coming before those two branches of the legislative work-shop.

* * *

It is a great thing to excell in any one thing, and to Senator Nathaniel P. Sowle is accorded the distinction of being the best posted man on coast appropriations in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Senator Sowle is serving his first term in the Senate, and was elected last fall as an independent candidate against one of the strongest men in the third Bristol district. He comes from New Bedford, which is one of the great manufacturing cities of New England, and has large business interests in that city.

The explanation given for Senator Sowle's victory in the most unusual contest last fall was that he "gets there on his personality" and while he is a republican, he is loyal to himself and to his people in preference to the wishes of his party when he feels that he must disagree with them.

He is chairman of the Committee on Drainage and a member of the Committees on Cities, Harbors and Public Lands, and is doing mighty good work at the State House.

Senator Sowle was born in New Bedford in 1857, and is known to practically every man, woman and child in the city. They trust and believe in him, and he appreciates their confidence and will justify their expectations by doing splendid service in the General Court.

* * *

The reception given by Governor and Mrs. Curtis Guild, at the State House on Washington's birthday, was by far the most notable event of its kind since Governor George E. Robinson instituted the custom in 1884. Each year since that date the Governor of the Commonwealth has given a public reception at the State House. At precisely ten o'clock on the morning of February 22nd. Captain Remington, sergeant at arms, led the way from the executive department, and closely following him came Governor and Mrs. Guild, escorted by eight color sergeants, and the procession descended the grand staircase and took up a position in the Hall of Flags. His duty finished the sergeant at arms retired, while the color sergeants each bearing a flag symbolical of the different periods through which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has passed, remained in a standing position directly behind the Governor and his charming wife. The record showed that 5501 persons passed in line and shook hands with the

SENATOR NATHANIEL P. SOWLE

Governor and Mrs. Guild between ten and one o'clock. These came from every walk of life, and there were men, women and children, rich and poor alike, officials of all kinds, scarred veterans of the civil war, children from the school for the deaf and from the Sunday schools, the Daughters of the Revolution, officers of the First Corp of Cadets, in spotless white coats, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Society of the Colonial Wars, and several veteran organizations. The members of the diplomatic corps was headed by Consul-General Wyndham of the British Consulate, while there was also in attendance the Boston Police Relief Association, the Letter Carriers, Scotch societies, and numerous other organizations. The gallery of the hall was festooned with pink tassels and large wreaths tied

with blue and gold satin ribbons, the colors of the Continental army, while the flags of the Commonwealth and nation were conspicuously displayed.

There were many pleasing incidents that might be recounted of the reception. It was a little thing indeed when the Governor stooped to greet the small children that passed in line, but when he picked up one of the smallest of these and held the proud child in his arms in front of Mrs. Guild, for her to shake the tiny hand, the act was so natural and unaffected that it produced an electrical effect on all who saw it. As the throng with its vast assortment of humanity, passed through the hall, each in turn received exactly the same treatment, and greeting, and the Governor's reception could not help but impress the observer with the simplicity—and the wonderful grandeur, of the government of the noble Commonwealth of which Governor Guild is the honored Chief.

One annex after another has been added to the State House as room was needed, and from the tunnel of the archway the visitor gets a glimpse of picturesque Mount Vernon Street; nearby is the famous old Hancock House. Just down the hill is the famous group in bronze by St. Guadens, representing Shaw at Fort Wagner, and adding much to the picturesqueness of the State House surroundings.

* * *

Passing through Memorial Hall we see the collection of flags, worn and faded, that never fail to tell their thrilling story, as we stand among them with bared heads, thinking of the heroism and patriotism that secured these priceless relics of a nation's struggle and birth.

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In the Senate Reading Room are portraits of the presidents, reaching back over a century—a veritable study of New England types.

WHERE LOCKPORT GETS ITS NAME

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

IN the center of the finest fruit garden in the world, (Niagara County, N. Y.,) on a high elevation, with streets shaded by big maples, stands the beautiful City of Lockport, noted for its good health rate. Her people enjoy a surrounding country of fine scenery, and the pleasures of Olcott Beach near by on Lake Ontario, which, with its boating, bathing, fishing, splendid hotel accommodations, dancing casino, amusement parks and rustic theater, is considered by people from all over the country as being one of the most attractive summer resorts in the United States.

Lockport derived its name from the combined locks in the Erie Canal, which were completed and the canal opened for navigation in 1825. Owing to the water power developed by a fall of sixty (60) feet in the canal at the locks, flour mills, foundries, sawmills, etc., were built, and Lockport soon became a great manufacturing center.

In 1825, General Lafayette, while on a tour of the country, and on his way to Boston to lay the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, visited here, and was entertained by the Ames Chapter at the Old Washington Hotel.

In 1850, Potter Palmer, who later acquired fame and fortune in Chicago, kept a dry goods and grocery store here.

The Village Clerk in 1829 was John Hopkins, who built the J. H. U. in California, and also in partnership with Collis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford built the western end of the Union Pacific.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil Millionaire, at one time kept a hardware store here.

The Union School System was originated and established at Lockport, and in its present state, consists of two central high and eight primary schools, also the sisters convent school, in which is taught music, painting and regular educational subjects, is rated among the highest in the United States.

Lockport has twenty-one churches of all denominations, many being of very beautiful architecture.

Lockport has three well established daily and weekly papers—The Union Sun, Lockport Journal and Lockport Review.

The Niagara County Court House, Niagara County jail and Sheriff's residence, County Clerk's office, the Federal building, in which are located the Post Office and United States Court Rooms, City Hospital, City Building, Odd Fellows Home, and Home for the Friendless.

The City has four hose companies, one hook and ladder company and one chemical engine, and the department is rated very high for its efficiency.

Lockport water system is being changed to an immense water plant located on the Niagara River at North Tonawanda, about thirteen miles from Lockport, the water being conveyed in a thirty-inch pipe, the work being well under way and to be completed June, 1908, which will give Lockport an unlimited supply of pure water equal to any in the country.

MAIN STREET, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

By the census of 1905, the population was 17,552, an increase of 1,000 over that of 1900. The bright prospects for the industrial growth of the Niagara section foreshadow a marked increase in the near future.

* * *

Lockport offers the best advantages in power, whether water, electric or steam. Electric power is to be had in unlimited quantities, and can be purchased at prices varying from $18.00 to $22.00 per horse power per annum, according to the quantity consumed. This gives Lockport the cheapest electric power in the United States.

Water power is cheap and can be obtained for about $12.50 per H.P.

Both hard and soft coal can be had the year round at reasonable prices.

Lockport is connected with three progressive railroads, the New York Central, Erie, International Electric Railway, Buffalo to Lockport and Lockport to Olcott, and also the great state waterway, the Erie Canal, which is being enlarged by the state into a one thousand ton barge canal. This enlargement will allow direct lake communications with Lockport. The two trunk-line railroads touching Lockport connect at Buffalo with fourteen railroads, which reach every part of the United States.

The American and Wells Fargo Express Companies give quick service.

There is a trolley service every half hour between Lockport, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and steam railway service hourly to Buffalo and every two hours to Rochester. In addition to this, a new trolley line is being built from Rochester to Lockport.

Lockport, though twenty-five miles from Buffalo, is located in the Buffalo freight zone, and takes the same rates as Buffalo, thus giving advantages in freight rates that are unexcelled.

Choice manufacturing sites with switching facilities from two railroads can be had at reasonable prices. The Board of Trade will gladly negotiate for sites.

Lockport is in the center of a rich sandstone and limestone district, and building materials are, therefore, comparatively cheap.

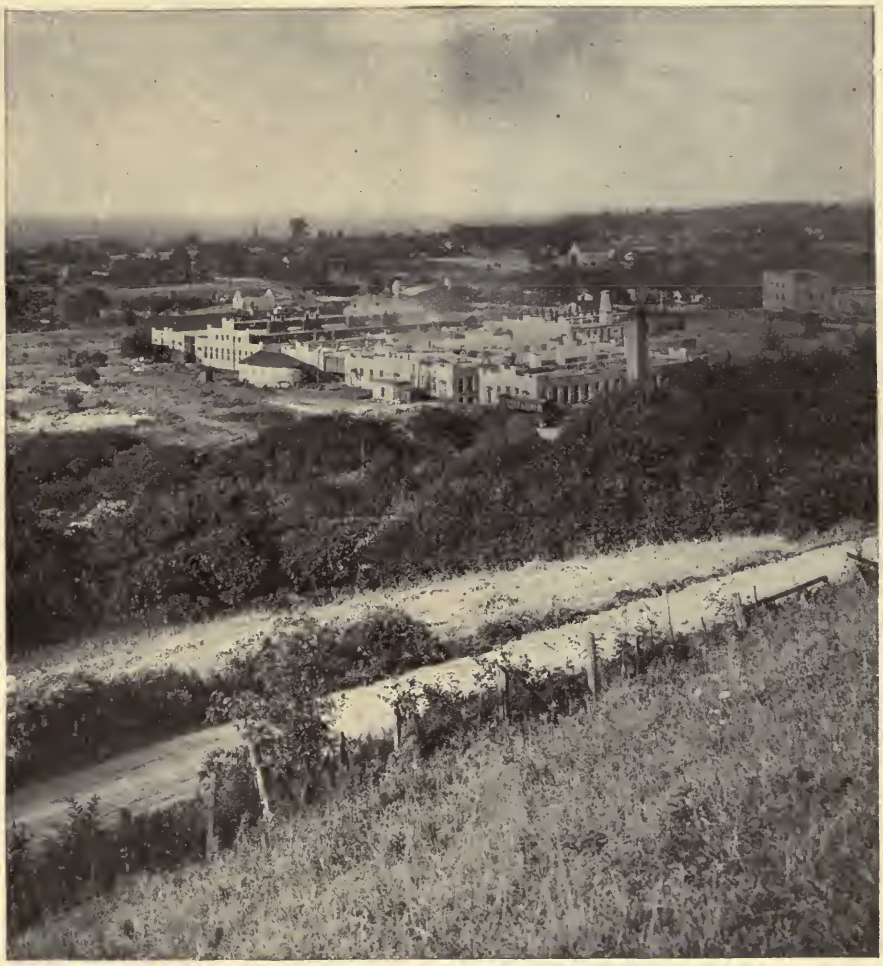
There are the banks with a capital and surplus of $640,000.00 and deposits of $6,500,000. The Niagara County National Bank, National Exchange Bank and Framers and Mechanics Savings Bank, rated among the best in the state, are very strong and reliable institutions, presided over by men of highest integrity.

Few cities and communities enjoyed the degree of prosperity of Lockport during the hard times and panic of 1892 and 1893. This was due, in a large degree, to its prosperous manufacturers.

Among the many thriving industries of Lockport, the success of the Thompson Milling Company is convincing evidence of the desirable facilities that this city affords large manufacturing plants in the way of cheap power and excellent transportation

service. This company commenced business in 1890 and the untiring energy and ability of its president, George B. Thompson, has built a business as substantial as this solidly constructed stone building, erected on ground that has, for nearly a century, been occupied by a flouring mill operated by water power.

Other large flour mill interests are, the Franklin Mills Company, whose products have world wide fame. This is the only mill in the country equipped exclusively for the manufacture of whole wheat flour. Franklin Whole Wheat Flour; Franklin (whole wheat) pancake flour is also a product



PLANT OF UNITED INDURATED FIBRE COMPANY

This company has adhered to the simple axiom: that the best wheat ground by the best machinery, without bleaching or adulterating, would produce the best flour, and this policy has established for their Angelus Flour a reputation second to none throughout New York State and New England, where their product is marketed.

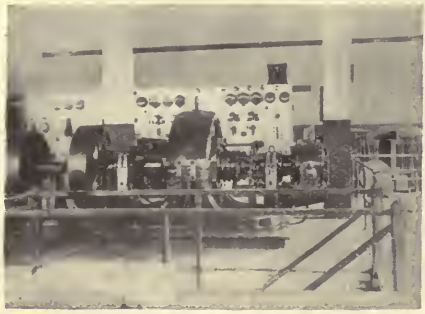
of this company, the acme of perfection in Pancakes and Wheatlet the justly celebrated breakfast food.

The Federal Milling Company, manufacturers of the highest priced flour on the market, (the Sphinx brand.)

The Gregg Milling Company. Manufacturers of fine flour.

Perhaps the most prominent, among the many advantages of Lockport, particularly as a residential city, is the fact that it has a Central Station Steam Heating System. In fact, Lockport was the first town in the country to possess a central heating plant, it having been invented or worked out by Lockport men over thirty years ago. Most of the older residents of this city can remember the time when excursions from New York, Philadelphia, and in fact all the larger cities of the East were almost a weekly occurrence to inspect the heating plant.

When the plant was first installed demonstrations were made to show how quickly all kinds of cooking could be done by the use of steam, and also at that time a large banquet was given at No. 131 Main Street, which is



POWER PLANT OF THE LOCKPORT LIGHT, HEAT & POWER CO.

now the office of the Economy Light, Fuel & Power Company, in which all the prominent citizens of Lockport participated, as well as interested parties from the large eastern cities.

There are many advantages worthy of consideration in having steam delivered from a central station among which are increased cleanliness, due to the absence of coal, ashes, smoke, soot, etc., a more steady heat than is possible to secure through the use of individual boilers, furnaces, or in fact, any other method of heating, the heat being available at all time during the day and night; decreased fire risk; increased amount of available space in cellars due to the absence of coal bins, ash bins, furnaces, etc., life and health is not jeopardized by coal gas, boiler explosions, etc. An excellent feature of a central station heating plant, and one which appeals to the housewife, is the uniformity and continuance of steady temperature of the house in which it is used.

The American District Steam Company of Lockport, N. Y., has recently perfected a meter, known as the Simplex Condensation Meter, which automatically weighs the water of condensation, and by this method of charging for steam the consumer is enabled to practice economy by shutting off radiation when heat is not required, instead of opening doors and windows when rooms become too warm, and thus wasting the heat, and the advantage to the operating company is also very apparent. The flat rate method of charging is one which is readily going out of vogue with central station heating companies, for the reason that in placing a flat rate on a residence or building to be heated, the operating company must fix a rate high enough to cover the item of extravagance and carelessness, which can be easily practiced in the use of steam, thereby depriving a consumer who might wish to economize the opportunity to do so. A consumer having a flat rate feels that he must pay a fixed amount under any circumstances, and therefore, there is really no incentive to practice economy.

In cases where houses are already piped for hot water, and the owners do not wish to change the system over to steam, the same service can be continued by supplying steam from the street mains to a special form of water heater manufactured by the American District Steam Co., through which the circulating water flows, and the steam thus condensed can be utilized and measured by meter, the same as in a building heated by steam.

It is only a question of a short time when every city in the country will possess a central station heating system, having heat delivered the same as water and gas. Underground refrigerating plants are also receiving a great deal of attention, such plants having recently been installed in Baltimore, Md., Detroit, Mich., and several other cities.

* * *

Few people realize the magnitude of the contracting business of the American District Steam Company. Mention might be made that they have installed in the past twenty-five or thirty years, plants in over two hundred and seventy-five cities throughout the United States and Canada. Their foreign correspondence is increasing very rapidly, and from indications it will only be a matter of a short time when the principal cities of the

world will give the subject of central station steam heating very great prominence.

The United Indurated Fibre Co., whose plant in Lockport is the largest in America of the kind, and the largest in the City, manufactures 164 different kinds, styles and sizes of articles making full assortments of pails, tubs, jars, mats, keelers, etc., for household use, and for package purposes, and for florists use, making twelve different sizes of florists vases. This plant is self contained, manufactures its own pulp, and makes its own varnish, employing about 500 horse power, water, 400 horse power of steam, and over 100 electric horse power. It is planning improvements that promise to add materially to its plant. The management for three years has been developing vessels for carrying acid of all strengths, and also Alkalis of all strengths, also material for insulation for electrical purposes. The fact has developed that Fibre can be used for making articles for holding acid for electrical purposes and compete favorably with all articles used in these important branches of industry. They are prepared to furnish insulation and to carry out ideas and designs for any one having special designs or ideas on this subject.

One of its latest inventions is a fibre covering and insulator for electric third rail, which is being successfully and rapidly installed by the N. Y. C. R. R. and other lines using the third rail system, thus doing away with all danger.

This material if only $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick will stand 30,000 volts without puncturing.

The Niagara Paper Mills are located at Lockport, N. Y. They are probably the largest mills in the country devoted exclusively to the manufacture of colored cover papers and high grade specialties. The business has developed so that they now make ten different grades of covers, a line of picture mounts and their well-known tailors pattern papers. This means that over eighty different shades and tints are carried in stock. The tonnage is about 30,000 pounds daily.

These mills are especially well fitted to manufacture special papers. They are equipped with a Fourdrinier and Special Machine. The latter machine is so constructed that it is possible to make a wide range of specialty papers.

On account of their favorable location, it is possible for the Niagara Paper Mills to obtain their raw material at a reasonable figure and to place their manufactured product on the market in successful competition with other cover mills.

Other manufacturers are the Lockport Glass Company, manufacturers of bottles of

Hodge Opera House

Lockport High School

Grace Episcopal Church

all classes; Electric Smelting and Aluminum Company; Merritt Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of cutting, veneer, dimensioning and drying machinery; Covert Motor Vehicle Company, automobile parts and complete light weight commercial cars;

American Motor Truck Company, manufacturers of heavy gasoline freight trucks and passenger automobiles; Trevor Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of paper, pulp and stave mill machinery; The Empire Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of cotton belting, rubber lined hose and unlined linen hose, cotton webbings and empire elastic surgical bandages, supporters and trusses, woven cotton hydraulic hose; Western Block Company, manufacturers of the well-known "Anchor Brand" wood, wrought iron and steel tackle blocks for manilla and wire rope, from smallest to largest sizes; Boston and Lockport Block Company, manufacturers of hand trucks of all kinds; D. R. Sillesky Shirt Co.; Joseph Dumville Shirt Co.; Tothill Shirt Co.; which give employment to hundreds of women and girls; Lockport Gas and Electric Light Co.; Gardner Foundry Co., manufacturers of plows, caldrons, fruit evaperator furnaces, building material castings (regular line and to order); McKim Foundry and Machinery Co., general machinists and foundry men; The Niagara File and Rasp Works Co.; Big Run Printers; Corson Manufacturing Co.; J. A. Ward; Roberts Bros. Co.; A. J. Laux; National Broom Co.; Evans and Liddles Broom Factory; Edward T. Dolan Hair Cloth Co., hair cloth linings for tailor trade; The Lockport Heel Company; The Halbur Co. and the Carlos Holly Co., general machinists; Joseph W. Turner, box manufacturer; W. G. Damerow and Joseph Whalen, sash and door manufacturers and planing mills; Niagara County Home Telephone Company, Bell Telephone Company; Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company give splended local and interstate service; Lockport Hydraulic Company controls the raceway built around the locks, developing a large water power in a drop of sixty (60) feet; The International Power and Transmission Co.; Niagara Lockport and Ontario Power Co.; Lockport Light, Heat and Power Company, local system of underground steam heating and manufacturers of electricity for lighting and power; Lockport Paper Company, manufacturers of building paper; United Box Board and Paper Company, card board manufacturers; Niagara Textile Company, towel manufacturers; Niagara Cotton Batten Company; The New York Cotton Batten Company, the only concern in the country manufacturing exclusively raw, unadulterated, long fibre, cotton batten, building new plant to meet increasing demand; Lockport Cotton Batten Company; the largest manufacturers of cotton batten in the United States; Oliver Bros. Company, brass and iron bedsteads; Ontario Grinder Company, pulp grinders and pulp compressors; Richmond Manufacturing Company, grain cleaning machinery, bran dusters and dust collectors for flour mills; Western Company, rolling mills, finished bar iron; Corson Manufacturing Company, manufacturers and printers of paper boxes and cartons; Niagara Rubber Company, manufacturers of automobile, bicycle, carriage and solid tires, valves, packings, and mechanical rubber goods; Merchans Gargling Oil, Liniament Company; Whitmore's sandstone

OLCOTT BEACH, INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AND DANCING CASINO

and limestone; Watson's, Stainthorpe's and Bendinger's limestone; Niagara Cooperage Company, manufacturers of fine cooperage stock; Charles A. Hoag, cold storage, refrigerating storages; A. I. Knowles, refrigerating storage; Niagara County Fruit Company, refrigerating storage; Huston Brothers, refrigerating storage; Lerch and Son, refrigerating storage; Lockport Ice and Cold Storage Co., refrigerating storage.

Hodge Opera House is up to date in all its appointments and presents a fine line of first-class attractions.

Splendid hotel accommodations are offered by the Kenmore, Niagara and Commercial Hotels.

The Niagara Guaranty Search Company gives reliable abstracts of title to real estate.

The Masonic Lodges, are Lockport, Niagara and Red Jacket, Genesee Commandery, Knights Templer, Ames Chapter, Bruce Council; Odd Fellows Lodges are the Cataract and Constellation.

As a manufacturing center, Lockport stands in the midst of the three great markets, the East, the West and Canada. It offers unusual railroad facilities and connections, competent and intelligent labor, cheap sites, good government and power opportunities enjoyed by very few other communities. It is indeed, in every way, an admirable location, and one that merits the closest investigation.

The Lockport Board of Trade will appreciate the opportunity of corresponding with those interested, and will co-operate in every possible way with companies desiring an "ideal home and industrial city."

ROLLING MILLS AT LOCKPORT

CENTRAL TRUST BUILDING

GATE OF JUNIATA SHOP, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

ALTOONA TRUST BUILDING

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

By E. W. Everhart

ALTOONA, situated among the Eastern foothills of the Allegheny mountains, is a city which has a population of 60,000 people and is still growing. Nor does it propose that the growth shall be stopped, but on the contrary, it is so arranging affairs that the expected increase in its population shall have all the comforts which go with the home in these days of hustle and bustle. It has been so busy growing that it has not had time to devote to blowing its own horn. It holds out no glittering allurements, but it does give work to thousands, and that is better than promises. People have come to it, looked upon it with favor and become residents.

Altoona is essentially a railroad town. It could not be otherwise when it "lives, moves and has its being" in the huge shops of the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company. These shops are being constantly added to or enlarged, until now they are the greatest in the country if not in the world. It is here that the bone and sinew of the company can be found. Here live the workmen who are employed in the shops to the number of between 12,000 and 15,000. Here, too, reside many of the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen, who man the scores of passenger and freight trains which pass over the Middle and Pittsburg divisions of the great railroad. Here are the offices of the general superintendent of the Eastern Grand division, of the general superintendent of motive power, and of the superintendent of the motive power of the road. It is also the head of the Middle division, whose officers are also here. Just on its outskirts is one of the largest roundhouses in the country, and what are known as the Juniata shops, from which the company turns out many new locomotives yearly.

It is a city of homes. The workmen believe it is best to own the roof which shelters them, and the consequence is that hundreds really do own their own "vine and fig tree." And, more to the point, the vast majority of them are paid for. It is a city in which the building and loan associations have done, and are doing, a great business, and it has been through these that the homes have been erected. Originally, the houses were of frame, but these are giving way to those of brick and stone, and these changes note the prosperity of the people more than any other indications.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad was being built through the commonwealth, back in the fifties, and it came to the foot of the Alleghenies, it became necessary to establish headquarters. This was done and the village was named Altoona. It grew apace, and in 1854 was incorporated as a borough. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the first house was erected in 1851. In February, 1868, it was incorpora-

Government Building

Eleventh Avenue and Twelfth Street looking south

Opera House

St. Mary's School

SOME ALTOONA BUILDINGS

ted as a city. This is how it has grown in ten-year jumps, according to the United States census: In 1860, 3,591; in 1870, 10,610; in 1880, 19,710; in 1890, 30,260, in 1900, 38,973. During the past seven years there has been such an increase in the capacity of the shops and other industries, and so much of the adjacent territory has been annexed, that the estimate of 60,000 as the city's population, is regarded as a most conservative one.

The growth of a town or city depends, to a great extent, upon its water supply. In the economy of nature there was no river or large stream placed in this vicinity, and it therefore became necessary to store water. The reservoirs which supply the city are situated about six miles west, and at present are two in number. The upper, or Kittanning Point reservoir, has a capacity of 65,000,000 gallons, an amount which, at the time of the building, was supposed to be amply sufficient for years to come. But it wasn't. This reservoir was built in 1887. It was followed in 1894-5-6, by the construction of an impounding dam, just east of the original reservoir, which has a capacity of 356,000,000 gallons. This increase was so great that it was believed by many that there would be no necessity for another basin being built. The demands made by the increasing population, soon made it plain that more water was needed, and now work is in progress on a dam, which will have a storage capacity of 1,600,000,000 gallons. This will be accomplished by the storing of the waters of two additional streams and a number of springs, as well as the overflow from the large dam immediately west of the one now being constructed. So far as the quality of the water is concerned there is none better in the country, as has been demonstrated through various tests made of it. The completion of the third impounding dam will place the city in a position which will permit of its being able to say to any manufacturer who may desire to locate here, that there is plenty of water. The lack of an ample water supply has been a drawback in the past. The water plant is owned by the city and is self-sustaining.

If Altoona is a city of note in railroad circles, it is also one which has the deserved reputation of having some of the finest church buildings in the state. Indeed, no

city of the same size in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania exceeds it in this respect. Every denomination is represented, and the stately structures erected by some of them are very beautiful. The frame buildings have disappeared, and in their places have risen those of stone and brick. There has been a healthy rivalry in this matter, and the city is all the better for it. The pulpits are occupied by ministers who are among the ablest divines of the denominations which they represent. Altoona is also the home of the bishop of the Altoona diocese of the Roman Catholic church.

The resident of Altoona can "point with pride" to its school buildings, and to the standing which its corps of teachers has attained among the others of the state. The public school buildings are substantial, and with few exceptions are thoroughly up to date. The high school, which has been but recently completed, is one of the finest in the commonwealth, and the course of study includes practically everything. Located therein is a manual training plant, the gift of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has a large number of pupils and which is daily demonstrating its usefulness. The parochial schools are all well attended. In the public schools there are employed 214 teachers, this number including the faculties of the High and Central Grammar schools. There are almost 7,000 pupils in the public schools.

While other cities of the state were thinking the matter over, Altoona came to the front by electrifying its street car lines which was done July 4, 1891. The first street cars were introduced in July, 1882, and the company was then composed of local people. These later, sold their interests, and the Altoona and Logan Valley Electric Railway Company is now part of the American Railways Company. Not only does it encircle the city, but its line also reaches t Tyrone, fourteen miles east, and to Hollidaysburg, seven miles south. It also has extensions to various suburbs of the city.

In the matter of suburbs there are many. The most populous is the borough of Juniata, which is the home of the Juniata shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Then there is East Altoona, South Altoona, Llyswen, East End, Eldorado, all thriving places, containing many handsome homes. It is only a matter of a few years until these suburbs will become part and parcel of the city.

In the matter of manufactures the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of course stands first. But the city has others. The silk mill employs a large number of people, and

NEW HIGH SCHOOL

the Altoona Iron Company is also a busy plant. There are in addition, a number of smaller industries all of which are kept busy. With the additional water supply, which will be the result of the building of Lake Altoona, the city can invite more manufacturers to locate, and thus the population will be added to.

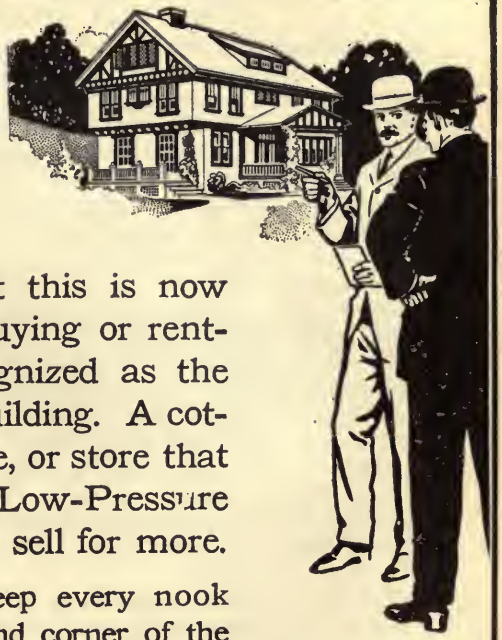
The banks of the city are among the best in the state, and the business is conducted

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

along the lines of a conservatism which has given them a deserved reputation for safety. There are three banks and four trust companies.

From the time the city was chartered, and previously also, for that matter, volun teer firemen kept watch and ward over the

How is it heated?



Haven't you noticed that this is now the first question asked in buying or renting? It is because now recognized as the most important feature of a building. A cottage, house, mansion, flat, office, or store that is heated by Hot Water or Low-Pressure Steam will rent for more and sell for more.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

keep every nook and corner of the building free from dampness or drafts, and clean, comfortable, and healthful for dwellers or workers.

Then there are the great economies to be considered. You save heavily at the coal-bin, burning, if you wish, cheapest coal screenings, poorest soft coal, coke, gas, wood—anything. These outfits do not throw ash-dust, soot, smoke, or coal-gases into the living-rooms, thus reducing house-cleaning one-half, and saving much wear on carpets and furnishings.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will outlast the building—require no repairs. When property is sold owner gets full money back, or 10% to 15% increased rentals. Quicker and larger loans are granted on property thus modernized.

ADVANTAGE 12: All fire surfaces of IDEAL Boilers are at such pitch or angle that they are practically self-cleaning. Note that a deposit of ¼ inch of soot, which is a non-conductor of heat, requires 50% more fuel than when the heating surfaces are clean. Ask for catalogue giving full ADVANTAGES.

Prices in Spring are usually the lowest of the year. In these less hurried months, too, you get the best workmanship—the quickest, most skillful fitters! Put your property in right heating condition now—ready for best living, renting, or selling. Don't delay investigating this big-paying building investment with its marked savings in fuel, labor, and repairs; besides the comfort, health protection, cleanliness, safety, low insurance, and durability. Quickly put into OLD buildings, farm or city—without tearing up floors and walls or disturbing occupants. Ask for book (free).

Dept. 18 AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY CHICAGO

town, and right well did they perform their duty. In 1895, however, the paid system was inaugurated, the property of the volunteers being purchased by the city. There has never since been a time when the municipality had reason to regret its action.

Prominent among the manufacturing enterprises of Altoona is the Altoona Gas Company. It was incorporated in 1858, and the original plant built in 1859. The business was a success from the start; so much so, that some years later, it was found necessary to rebuild the entire plant at its present location on Bellwood Avenue, where today, is to be found one of the most modern and up-to-date gas plants in the country.

It might be of interest to state that Andrew Carnegie was, at one time, a stock-holder in it, and A. J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was one of its directors.

The plant supplies the wants of thousands for light, and as many with fuel for cooking purposes.

* * *

There was a time when the city was known from Maine to California, and from the Gulf to the Lakes as the City of Boardwalks. That cognomen is no longer applicable. For some years there has been an earnest endeavor on the part of the different mayors, to have these walks removed and permanent ones take their place. It was not, however, until Mayor Simon H. Walker, the present incumbent of the office, took hold of the reins of government, two and one-half years ago, that a crusade was started and kept up unremittingly. The result is, that during this period of time there have been laid over thirty-two miles of sidewalk, and an equal length of curbing has been put in. During the present year there have been over ten miles of walks laid.

The city's thoroughfares, at one time, were of the muddiest. Now, all this is being changed and paving is being put down. From 1888 to 1906 there have been paved about ten miles of streets, and last fall there were awarded contracts for ten miles more. These are now in process of being put down. In addition, ordinances have been introduced and passed by councils which call for fully fifteen more miles of paving, and contracts for at least some of these will be let before the spring of 1908. In the building of these improved streets, the first were put down at the expense of the owners of the property which abutted on the improvements. Later this has been changed, and the city at large now pays one-third of the cost and the property owners benefited the other two-thirds.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Altoona has made the business section of the city very attractive, by the lavish use of electric decorative lighting, to the extent that "it is as light as day." The company's central station, which supplies the city with light, is modern in every way. It has a capacity of 3,000 kilowatts.

The company has inaugurated a very progressive policy to promote the use of electric signs and decorative lighting, it being its aim to make Altoona known as "The City of Lights."

There have been installed many large electric displays, which add greatly to the attractiveness of the city's streets at night.

The company is installing an additional 500 kilowatt Curtis turbine to take care of this class of lighting. A large number of the merchants are availing themselves of the attractive rates offered for window lighting, and are using this method of advertising, which is increasing their trade.

* * *

Altoona is growing. This is not a boom year in building, yet nevertheless improvements to the amount of $1,100,000 were made during the ten months of 1907. This refers simply to private property. In addition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has enlarged its shops and in some instances, new ones have been built. These represent many thousands of dollars.

Altoona has an unbounded belief in its future, and there is every reason why it should have. It has enterprising business men, its financial condition is of the best, Its people are law-abiding and progressive. Its buildings already rank with the best in the state, and the era of bigger and better structures has really only got under way. It does not believe it has reached its limit in population, but rather that it is to add thereto by presenting advantages which will bring a more diversified business. And it is in this belief that it awaits the future and all that it may bring.

MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE $800

FROM THE DAYS

when Helmholtz approved its scientific construction,
when Rubinstein evoked divine harmonies from its strings,
when Wagner acknowledged his indebtedness to the inspiring beauty of its tone,

The STEINWAY PIANO

HAS BEEN CONTINUOUSLY WITHOUT A PEER IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.

IT was created to be a medium to express the very soul of music, and Steinway genius made it a masterpiece, defying imitation.

It has maintained its pre-eminence because the inventions of each successive generation of the Steinway family have kept it far in advance of all other pianos, have seemingly exhausted mechanical possibilities and attained a perfect instrument.

The wonderful refinement of its tone beauty has never been equalled. The proven durability of Steinway workmanship has never been rivalled. Infinite pains and the highest skill have placed it beyond comparison.

Yet Steinway reputation has never been exploited for commercial ends. Steinway always means BEST,—one grade only. Every Steinway piano is an ORIGINAL, not a COPY made by alien hands.

What the Steinway has been to other musicians—a prized work of art, an object of affection, like a real Stradivarius violin, to be handed down from one generation to another—THAT the Steinway would be to you.

We invite your inspection of the Steinway Miniature Grand (price $800) and of the Steinway Vertegrand (price $550), ebonized cases. These prices are low for such masterpieces, and differ very little from those of so-called "just as good" pianos. Ultimately you will want a Steinway, anyhow.

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,

Steinway Hall, 107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York.

Subway Express Station at the Door.

MANY inspiring New Year's greetings were received at the National office—some in prose and some in verse, but few proved more interesting than that from Mr. E. B. Heiney, principal of the William Street School, Huntington, Indiana:—

Dear Chapple: what do you believe
  Will be the fate of those who burn
    Sweet incense at the Muse's shrine?
Will they, in the hereafter, grieve
  That in their youth they did not turn
    A deaf ear to the Mystic Nine?

Will they rejoice, with songs of glee,
  In heaven above?—or tear their hair
    And gnash their teeth and throw a fit
In—? Well, no matter—look for me
  'Way back in the big section where
    Ten thousand Hoosier poets sit.

Very truly yours,
E. B. Heiney.

* * *

HUNG out to the breezes in the teeth of the worst days of the financial storm, was the pennon of the J. Walter Thompson Company of New York. On it were inscribed these words:

WE ARE ADVANCE AGENTS
FOR
OPTIMISM.
No "CALAMITY HOWLERS"
HERE.

The word optimism in red letters suggests good cheer and hope. In one corner is the trade mark of the firm, the emblematic owl.

The placard made a hit. No sooner was it seen than it was instantly in great demand, not only in New York, but all over the country; for, as has been announced, one of the chief causes of the present depression has been pessimistic talk, and this motto urging the individual everywhere to do his part in maintaining optimism is being warmly welcomed, and has already exercised a salutary influence. I have noticed the cards hanging in many places in New York, Chicago and Boston, and it is curious what an influence these little bits of pasteboard have. No one can look on that red-lettered "OPTIMISM" without feeling the cheerful warmth of enthusiasm. It was just such proclamations that characterized the return of confidence in the stress of 1893, when the advance agents of Prosperity were announced. When the people paused to consider that there was no basis for distrust and suspicion, their fears were instantly allayed.

The fact that other firms have offered this card the "sincerest flattery," imitation, speaks volumes for its popularity, in fact, it is worthy of its inventor, for J. Walter Thompson is known everywhere as a close student of conditions, men and affairs, and has no peer in magazine advertising. Few men keep in closer touch with the subtleties of human interests. Since this card was issued, it has elicited much favorable comment from all parts of the country. The wisdom typified by the owl trade mark was never more manifest than in this courageous assertion of optimism that has done much to stem the tide of melancholic calamity proclaimers, and is certainly entitled to credit for aiding in the establishment of that confidence which does much to bring back prosperity.

No. 614. Fine Business Man's or Physician's Storm Proof Buggy with Stanhope seat. Door curtains work perfectly on spring rollers.

Price complete **$100**

As good as sells for $50 more.

Elkhart Buggies and Harness

are sold direct from our factory to the user. In buying from us you save the dealer's expenses and profits. **35 Years Selling Direct** is our record and we are today

The Largest Manufacturers in the World

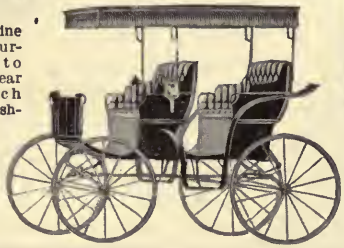
selling to the consumer exclusively. We ship for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery. No cost to you if not satisfied as to style, quality and price. Over 200 styles of Vehicles and 65 styles of Harness. Send for new, free catalog.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

No. 226. Fine One Horse Surrey with auto seats, bike gear and 1 1-8 inch guaranteed cushion tires.

Price complete **$110.50**

As good as sells for $40 more.



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E. Chickering Co.

Leading Photographers

21 West Street

Boston

PATENTS

JERRY A. MATHEWS

Patent Attorney

Colorado Building WASHINGTON, D. C.

Patents, Trademarks, Copyrights and Designs. Highest Professional and Commercial References.

President Suspenders

Their popularity increases in direct ratio with the activity of the wearers

Presidents are built on the principle of "give and take," to give freedom of movement and take up the strains. The action of the cords at the back equally distributes the tension, eliminating strain on shoulder and buttons and insuring

100% Comfort and 100% Wear

Presidents are made of the highest quality material throughout. All metal parts rust-proof nickeled brass.

The cord ends used on Presidents are infinitely more reliable than leather which is often of uncertain quality.

Various Weights and Lengths.

Every pair guaranteed: "Satisfaction New Pair—or *Money Back.*"

If your dealer can't supply you, we will, postpaid on receipt of price, 50c.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
725 Main Street, SHIRLEY, MASS.

In our office we have placed the Thompson placard directly beneath the genial countenance of Benjamin Franklin, who was assuredly one of the most noted champions of optimism ever known in this country. No matter how dark the days, there was always a cheery word and a smile from Dr. Franklin, and today his writings bring hope and courage to many who are attuned to the proclamation of optimism which has arrested the wail of the "calamity howlers."

DR. C. W. WATTS, OF FAYETTE, MISSOURI

THE most interesting people are not always those who have attained newspaper fame and national renown. Neither are they always dwellers in cities, for many original and delightful characters are to be found in remote villages and farmsteads, as well as in our smaller towns.

Among the National Magazine's correspondents is one familiar and conspicuous in history—Dr. C. W. Watts of Fayette, Missouri, who entered the service of Uncle Sam and served with General A. J. Smith during the Civil War, and has been examining surgeon since the time of President Harrison, does honor to his name. Dr. Watts resigned his present position twice, but was retained in office, and now expects to remain as long as he is able to work.

He has been active in uniting the veterans of the Blue and the Gray, and has also been an earnest worker in the Methodist church, while his labors in his profession require no comment. He early showed a trend toward medical study, and articulated his first skeleton at the age of fourteen—possibly an inherited taste, as his father was also a doctor. Dr. C. W. Watts graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1851.

There is something so hearty and genial in the letters that come from our good doctor-subscriber that I felt the readers of the National ought to know him, and so take this opportunity to perform the introduction.

* * *

AMONG the first books of the new year, and one which has already attracted much attention is "The Magnet," of which Alfred O. Crozier, a prominent lawyer and manufacturer of Wilmington, Delaware, is the author. It is a financial novel with a very interesting love story to give a relish to what otherwise might be rather dry reading for some people. Mr. Crozier has very pronounced ideas concerning stock gambling, and his aim in "The Magnet" has been to show the dangers of a conspiracy of lawless incorporated wealth. The scene of the story is laid in New York, and Wall Street methods, "swift finance" co-operation through consolidation for the purpose of strangling competition, trusts, pools, tips and "killings" are featured in a masterful manner in this powerful romance. Illustrations are by Wallace Morgan. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, publishers, 497 pages. Price $1.50.

International politics furnish the plot for

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the new work of fiction, "The Great Secret" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and the distinguished author finds plenty of material for a sensational story as he develops an attempt on the part of Germany to overwhelm Great Britain, rob her of her naval supremacy and put her very existence in jeopardy. Exciting scenes are numerous and the complications of the deep laid plot, with not a few romantic love incidents, are sufficient to hold the close attention of the reader throughout. Little, Brown & Company are the publishers. Price $1.50.

"A Romance of Arlington House" by Sarah A. Reed is a delightful love story, with associations of Arlington House of Old Virginia, in the days of Lafayette, on his last visit to America, giving vivid scenes of the hospitality of the National Capital and courtship in the early days. Published by the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston. Price $1.00.

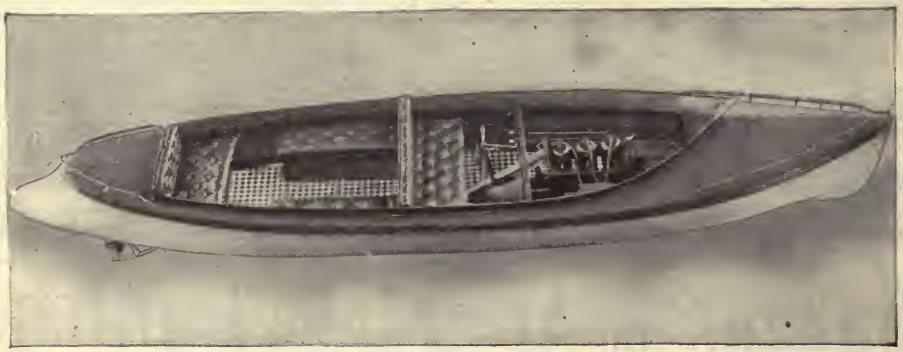
"Dr. Ellen" a new novel by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is attracting much attention on account of its dramatic intensity. It is a story of life and love in the California Sierras, and is likely to prove one of the most popular books of the year. Baker & Taylor Company, New York, publishers. Price $1.50.

* * *

IN the early part of February, while visiting the Power Boat and Sportsman's Show in Buffalo, New York, I had the pleasure of meeting the enthusiastic agent of the W. H. Mullins Company, Mr. F. A. Ballou, who was very enthusiastic concerning the charms of the new twenty-two foot speed boat, the lastest achievement in this line by the W. H. Mullins Company of Salem, Ohio, who are known the world over for the excellence of their pressed steel row boats and launches.

The new boat is guaranteed to make fifteen and a half miles per hour, the fastest stock boat in the world of its size and horsepower without resorting to eggshell construction. Dry, seaworthy, comfortable and safe, it is as staunch and durable as a small battleship, and magnificently finished, combining all the desirable features of a pleasant family launch with great speed at a moderate price.

The interior arrangement is a new departure, and certainly makes an attractive and pleasant boat. The engine is installed well forward in a special compartment separated from the cockpit by a handsomely-paneled oak partition on which is placed the special automobile steering wheel, also spark and throttle control levers, thus the passengers will not come in contact with the machinery or moving parts.



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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

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FIRST $1.00 BOX FOR 25c.

Makes the Skin **white, soft and smooth.** Positively acts as a **Flesh Producer** on the muscles of the face. A perfect Skin **Food** and Complexion Beautifier. Just try one $1 box—a three-month treatment for 25 cents in stamps. Only the first one at this price,

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special case, batteries, spark plugs, wiring and switch.

H. C. Squires' Sons, general sales agents, 44 Cortland Street, New York City will exhibit the Mullins boats in the National Motor Boat and Sportsmans Show at Madison Square Garden, New York City, February 20 to March 7, 1908. The W. H. Mullins Company will also have an exhibit at the Toronto Automobile and Sportsmans Show, to be held in Toronto, Ontario, March 21

THE NEW MONUMENT TO GENERAL WHEELER IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY

to 28, 1908. Their interests will be in the hands of N. R. Thompson of Brantford, Ontario, who has the general agency for the province.

* * *

THE annual statement of The Prudential of Newark, N. J., which is published on another page, shows the Company to be stronger in public confidence than ever before. The year 1907 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department of the Company's business. The Company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over 272 million dollars. The number of policies in force has been increased by over 400 thousand, bringing the total number of policies in force up to over seven and one-quarter millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion three hundred and thirty-seven million dollars. In payments to policyholders, The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its record for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policyholders over 18 million dollars, while since the organization of the Company the total payment to its policyholders has been over 141 million dollars.

A safe and profitable investment to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policyholders, on the security of their policies. The statement shows over seven million dollars loaned in this way.

The Prudential also shows a reduction in expenses in 1907 (on a basis of equal premium incomes in 1906 and 1907) of nearly one million dollars. The tax payments by the Company in 1907 also reached the enormous sum of one and one-quarter million dollars. The net gain in insurance in force was over 84 million dollars and this, the Company's officials state was a greater gain than the Company made in 1906, one of its banner years.

The Prudential states that through its splendid equipment, experience and organization it has given since the introduction of its New Industrial Policy and New Low Cost Ordinary Policy, more Life Insurance for less money than ever before, and to this, no doubt, is due the great success that the Company made last year, and is making this year. The New Low Cost Policy is described by The Prudential Company as the greatest success in Life Insurance, and this is due to the fact that it is sold at as low a rate as consistent with the guaranteed benefits and the absolute Life Insurance protection which it affords.

Send to The Prudential, Newark, New Jersey, for rates on the New Low Cost Policy at your age, and The Prudential Officials state that you will be surprised at the large amount of Life Insurance you can secure from that Company at such low cost.

MAY 1966
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